

The Book of Positive Light
Remembrance of the Heart

About the Cover

*"The front cover of this book is a calming and exquisite photograph of my dear and wonderful friend, Mai-Kim Dang, and her adorable infant daughter during the month of February in the cold winter months, leading into the Spring Equinox of 2012. This image was taken at the peak of the well-renowned vista near the head of **The Great Serpent Mound** of Adams County, Ohio. Most of whom are spiritually called to this ancient effigy, are easily and immediately drawn to this specific and Sacred Space out of all the other locations within this site. I was indeed blessed and endearingly so fortunate to capture this magical moment between mother and daughter as it truly exemplifies the symbolism of our **New World - The Birth of a New Earth** and the relinquishing of the Heightened Energies of the **Divine Feminine**.*

A week or so prior to the capturing of this photograph, I was called to such a place by The Great Spirit through three dreams, synchronistically and Divinely placed, which took over my psyche from one night to the very next - three nights straight in passing. From that very year, the greatened and opened expanse from the site's ancient backdrop culminating from a less-harshened winter, was observed implanted with a well-adorned energy, not only upon the roots of its landscape, but transplanted indeed into my heartened space.

Later within that year, as many months had transitioned into the next, I began to acknowledge the reasons of why I was strongly compelled to travel to the very wonder and alchemy of this sacred of most sites. I became an initiate to the Pythagorean Mystery Schools of the next higher planes of what was required to transpire - a trusted first step into the beginning stages to the Mastery of Sacred Alchemy from the Heightened Frequencies of the Divine and the Arising and Awakening of my own Kundalini. Whatever thrived deeply from within the makings of my own pulse, legitimately came to manifest.

Till this day, the seed of peace and creation can still be felt along the concord of outlying farms dotting the pristine beauty of its hillside of free-flowing green from Brush Creek, located just below its spiritually-endowed precipice. And the memory of its soothing energy still resounds calmly within that tucked away space of that same type of Green within the tenderness of my own Heart."

(Joel A. Ayapana)

For the FULL Inspiring Story...

Read **Message Within the Mound**... Page 124

The Book of Positive Light

Remembrance of the Heart

For the highly spirited, this endearing book, which shall be celebrated for many years on end, is a heart-felt 363 day journal and memoir, covering a time of rediscovery within Joel Ayapana's life, between 2008 and 2013. It begins by chronicling the end of his karmic struggles when he stumbles across a magazine article, one late night shift as a nurse. This article bore the panoramic glory of Machu Picchu, Peru, which sparks remarkable change from within him because of its wonder and splendor.

Through journal writing, positive thinking, and meditation, he begins to acknowledge the value of his new life when he allows himself to contently listen from within the calming beat of his existence as he learns to alchemically manifest the creation of miracles, attract the fruits of heightened consciousness, and in tapping into that Universal Connection by actively living within the makings of an Enlightened Heart.

As he builds enough momentum in surpassing that threshold of Enlightenment from the heightened energies that he begins to persistently exude, Synchronicity then guides him four years later to September 2012, to that heightened perspective from throughout those same Andean mountain peaks. This significant time of the Fall Equinox, just before the anticipated Mayan date of December 21st, 2012, had proven to be one of the most enlightening of moments within those five years of his life.

One would think that the series of days which would transpire during this pilgrimage trip would be the "tell-all tale" in revelation, but such an ending, rather, should only be so predictable. What transpires next becomes the completing capstone to the magic and miracle of this endearing journey of Awakening and Truth.

"Undertaking this literary work was no easy task.

The journey of transformation and the soul work involved is deeply personal, but must be preserved to convey the traveler's passage from one place to another. This author's work is intuitive and calls upon the heart and the voices from within it to seek out a genuine and legitimate life. He shares his experiences in such an accessible way, using nature, relationships, and his own personal practices to engage the reader with profound questions and personal struggles. Ayapana shares his fears, his joys, his failures, and his achievements as a means to inspire you to take on the same journey of self exploration to finding happier and more blissful shores. Pack your bags, dear reader, and set your feet grounded upon the path towards enlightenment and new beginnings."

Jennifer Swartz

*Co-Editor for The Book of Positive Light:
Remembrance of the Heart*

*"Joel Ayapana, a psychiatric nurse for over ten years, found out by himself what most of his patients already knew: Darkness lies within. On the journey across the desolated landscape of his own hell, he also came to experience another Truth:
Light also lies from within."*

Syl R. Martin

Editor of Wonderlance Magazine

The Book of Positive Light

*Remembrance
of the Heart*

Written by
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Edited by
Tiffany R. Ayapana
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North Carolina.

2013

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A Fear Diminished From Amongst the Olden

*No longer real nor seen are thy fears,
seeds born from the olden world of
self, but rather truth, indeed,
consumes in lieu of the
newly born plain, washed
and replenished
by the rains
of new
life.*

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Forward

On A Positive Note

On the eve of another reluctantly anticipated new year to come in December 2008, I was 35 years of age, significantly overweight at 249 pounds, stagnant, bewildered, confused, and plagued with one health problem to the next. I was at a crossroads during those beleaguering times and I was living a life with such delineating faith, doubt, and uncertainty. I was poorly self esteemed and found myself in an utterly deepened state of depression and anguish, but in reflecting back, it brings a smile to my face in knowing that every struggle and denigrating life changing event, which had taken me even further from the mark, were all required and truly meant to be within this process of spiritual enlightenment. Without the examination of self, in either test or observation, as a result from such trials within the clarity of path to rediscovery, the place of calm and of wisdom that I have currently found myself within its bliss, would have neither been seen nor felt of its worth. Essentially, one cannot truly know of the light unless he or she has ever experienced the darkness. These profound and significant changes have allowed for me to find, in rediscovery, from what I was truly searching for upon my own return from whence we had all began - the Spirit of the Sacred Heart. From amongst such chaos and strife, met throughout and along the curve, I eventually found great pleasure in finally realizing that such circumstances and conditions had drastically and formidably changed... FOR THE BEST.

Certain synchronistic events that transpired, sweeping through the many endearing souls met along the path, allowed for me to see past the numbing haze, cloudiness, and beleaguering winds, that would later engulf me within the eye of the storm. Once the gusts of servitude had settled, I was potentially capable, once and for all, of gazing directly into the eyes of the person for whom I was truly meant to be... within this life. After dealing with the hand that was given to me through the very struggles, self defeating thoughts, and in experiencing, first hand, the ultimate in heartaches through divorce from my “first” marriage of over

three years, I managed to change my way of thinking through a drastic shift in perspective and a relentless reconditioning of the MIND.

Simultaneously, I changed the very state of my HEART wherein I combined the two collaboratively as “peace meal” and as a reunion of souls. I now apply the best of both worlds to all things and events known and experienced from my every-day-to-day. In the present, nearly five years later, I'm at a healthy and comfortable 185 pounds and at the best shape of my life in terms of spirituality, emotion, discipline, and of the physical realms of being.

When we have finally climbed that mountain, from its peak, we shall then find that we can also climb down from it... and to even perhaps move mountains when we have evolved to such an awareness to Truths. But the real Quantum Leap... is when we can ultimately discover that the mountain and any mountain for that matter... was actually an ILLUSION... or perhaps even a DELUSION, per say. It never truly existed.

Despite the transformation that I had found myself experiencing from amidst the turning of the pages from within this change, I discovered that a larger picture was expanding and unfolding, even further, into its destined shape. What was discovered from within this slowly unraveling process, as one chapter to personal freedom and truth had shown itself in profound revelation from one journal writing entry to the next, I began to look further within myself. Such an unveiling revealed the truest meaning to the essence of my calling - The Opening and Awakening of Hearts.

Along my journey, the very words found within this book had spoken to me throughout those years in peristaltic stages. They are the very words which sprouted from deep within my heart, lain dormant within its shell for what had seemed to be the bulk of an eternity, but has now been revealed to you, within the passing of the flame. As you begin to peel from among the many layers of this book, written between October 2011 and September 2013, from page to page and from day to day of this collaborative journal and memoir of sorts, which covers the true stories, the many memories and flashbacks from what had been

learned upon during the span of time between 2008 and 2013, one can then clearly determine the very intentions for why this book had been made to manifest.

As you read and perhaps even re-read these very pages, while personally taking into heart the energies and encouragement from this spiritually co-created and sensitively spirited work, attempt to absorb from every account from that of my own experiences, to what can be gathered and elaborately felt, and place the gist of such an inspiration into the existence of your own parallel, as the seeds of “positive light” are implanted into your own awareness. Allow for that seed to grow into that flowering bloom to the limitless expanse of your own potential as it begins to unveil the meaning of your own worth and in the dharma of what you were always meant to be... within this life.

This book can be taken in and absorbed from many different perspectives and angles as either figuratively or literally, or perhaps even both. I just ask from the reader to keeping an open mind. This memoir written variably within the context of short stories, prayers, meditations, traditional poetry and nonet, haiku, and in creatively written pieces elaborately comprised in prose was meant to celebrate the significance of the Light Worker in all of us. This collaborative work of positive thought and intention is a personal and true account of my own experiences that was meant to be shared of its magic. Justice could none be given nor established if such wisdom and light were only kept to one's self to appreciate. This book was meant to being written entirely from the heart and I have found from experience that when one is able to do so on a daily basis after meditation or even from the mere memory of an endearing and loving experience, you can be able to realize and experience the miracle within the many messages of the Divine that we often overlook and take for granted, if only we are then more than able to stagger away from the configurations of the ego or the illusion and, instead, to prosper from the abundance of such said wisdom which can be revealed by the opening of our hearts. When we believe from what can be observed from within and when we can write about the magic within the miracle of such messages discovered from within our hearts, we essentially attract the essence of that magic and miracle to our lives that was always meant to manifest into fullest fruition. Such an attraction of

heightened energies have, indeed, drawn close and near to my inner truths. It has manifested itself as synchronicities, described as the many magical accounts and events, witnessed within the very pages of this creative work.

As a whole, the intention of this book is, not only to share the wealth of my own chronicled experiences, but was also meant to INSPIRE. When we are finally awakened from within, we can focus all of our wits and all of our heightened vibrational energies towards turning the lead of an ordinary consciousness to the gold of a fully realized and enlightened awareness – The Beauty of an Enlightened Heart. We must cultivate the pastures of our current state of existence to that of a more spirited plane, conditioned for the arrival of the new and heightened frequencies and energies of the Sacred Divine Feminine in Conscious Awareness. Such showers within the blessing have been specifically reserved and placed for the evolution of the all from within, as we, the Rainbow Warriors from amongst the indigenous of long journeyed ships, are now being gathered in by the waves pummeling, gracefully, into the shores of this New and Golden Age of Enlightenment.

Preface

A Foreshadowing Thought

In the later Fall season months of 2008, my vivid recollection of that very night when I finally made the decision to ending my first marriage of over three years of personal struggle and self-condemnation, brings upon a memory of such delineating worth and of an unfathomable heartache which could only then follow with that of a bothersome and cumbersome state of numb. I remembered the extreme difficulty, throughout the night shift with attempting so diligently, to maintain focus. The thought of work during the forgotten and the depleted hours of the late night could only throw anyone off of his or her own rhythm as the befuddling confusion further pummeled me into the deepening pit of depression and hopelessness. Suicidal thought was the next residing door to unlock, if only I had the potential and of the strength to carrying the burden of such a key. Fortunately, I did not.

Ironically at the time, I worked as a Registered Nurse on the Third Shift during the wee hours of the night at the VA Psychiatric Emergency Room in Cleveland, Ohio. Unfortunately, the only diagnosis that I cared about that night was that of my own. The decision to walk into another long and drawn out twelve hour shift, despite the outweighing circumstances which followed with continued feelings of denigrating self-worth and uncertainty, engulfed the entirety of my own forethought while eating away into my consciousness as guilt had lain heavily upon my chest.

How, satirically, profound should life play itself humorous to finding myself in need of dire psychiatric care when, in fact, it was I who required more of such strength and encouragement for the giving. At that very point in time within my career as a psychiatric nurse for the last seven years, I had equipped myself with every known automatic verbal response from a dialogue used for the comforting and redirection of any grieving soul, possessed by the very stigma of a psychiatric diagnosis. Understandably enough, no such dialogue from my menu of interventional thoughts proved any more efficient and effective than the negative and denigrating self-talk which had plagued my mind set at that moment. Now, I can truly make mention that one could never genuinely say "I know how you feel" to anyone who is experiencing the act of an actual crisis when it comes to Major Depression... when I, myself,

possessed none of the clinical experiences to such a falsely demeaned claim. Disgust further infiltrated the bulk of my own senses when memory had taken me back to the start of my nursing career, during my first year as a nurse. I suddenly remembered making that very exact statement to a painfully distraught and heartbroken patient who deserved and needed more than what I could've provided from the meekness of my own caliber in inexperience

Generally speaking, the very souls whom have been admitted to variable psychiatric units, in the past, face the lull of their own demonetized condition along with a diagnosis which follows them, leashed throughout their self-seemingly dimmed and irrelevant lives. As a result, they become victims of societal labeling, judgement stigma, indignity, and condemnation. In reality, such perceptions are so much furthered far from the truth. Who would have even fathomed that I was no different from any such soul who has ever walked through and among these very floors? My emotional state left me one step from walking through one door, in exit, and through that of another in entry. I strongly felt that I should have been on the other side of the glass that night. The only thing that stopped me at that very moment from doing anything, brashly nor impulsively, was from the thriving breadth and life of my irrefutable ego.

As I sat there at my desk, while numbed of all emotion and feeling, I, randomly, turned the pages of a magazine where right before my eyes bore the image of a glorious panoramic view. It held the magnificence of a once known time, forgotten from physical form and significance, but bestowed within any one's heart to that of an unfathomable memory. The image that was brought into view was one which was born from all of my intentions, a return to my heart to a land reaching far beyond man's known prehistory and symbolic of humanity's fall from grace. Little did I know, at this time, that this place was... Machu Picchu. Machu Picchu bore the likeness of my own personification where on the surface had shown the wear and tear of a once known magnificence, but only such splendor could again be revealed in revelation, if unearthed of its truest and ultimate glory to space in opposition to time.

After viewing such majesty, the first opening of my eyes brought into existence a rediscovery and reorientation to the first signs of life, a feeling that I hadn't felt for quite a lengthened and worn-torn period of time. Immediately, I began to acknowledge the differences in perspective. Can this moment bear in revelation the very means to a solemn end, in

farewell to that of a once known life, with palms deeply pressed, collaboratively, into eyes and forehead from the angst of my own pity and denigration; or, perhaps, shall this be the birth of a newly risen sun, with head turned up and hands clasped to the sky, as the awakening of a newly dignified glory?

As stealth-like precision had beckoned such Divine intervention to come into existence, within the central hum of my own personal predicament, I was promulgated into, what I would like to call, a “shaking” of sorts... then guided into a spiritual migration. This seemed to be to me a long awaited pilgrimage, from that of a cluttered and superficial mind to a destination from amongst the purity and truths of a more defined and integrated heart, drawn deeply in connection to Source. This moment of invocation, which would further lead in to a series of heightened perspectives and synchronicities, marks the very first day within this book, from amongst the following 363 days of written journal entries, of awakened foresight and endearing reflection. Despite the irrelevance of such a Peruvian land-mark which had, at the time, taken me away from all of my focus to disheartening emotion, I would then later find the truth and significance of its profound and synchronistic nature. I truly felt from my heart that I was required to come to such a sacred and ancient place in some way or fashion, not because of its attractive appeal in physical grandeur, but because I had truly and spiritually felt (from within) that I had to return to that divine place, in physical form, as if I had already been there once before from a past existence. This was the moment within my life when I was required to sit within the presence of the moment, in silence, and to remember within my own heart the glory of what I was always meant. Whom would have ever even fathomed that such a humbling moment within the simplicity of, merely, reading from the very pages of a magazine article would reveal the intrigue and wonder of such a sacred site where such an inspiration would “synchronistically” lead me, four years later down the road, to that actual place in physical form from atop those same Andean mountain heights in 2012.

This book, indeed, is a personification of my own journey, like the many others before me of the same enlightened story and path to follow. It is an endearing journal, a memoir of sorts of my own intimated feelings and personalized account of events, through the expression of written thought, which chronicles the very path to alchemy, self discovery, and spiritual enlightenment.

Dedication to the Workers of the Light

We of the like, now, know of the reasons for why and how we had discovered such a place of profound significance, within ourselves, in lieu to the path of an evolved and elevated consciousness. The journey holds, for many Workers of the Light, of truths to personal revelation and unraveling derived from the rediscovery of one's truest and highest self, once awakened from the amnesia. Such is so, as eyes are now deemed more worthy of blinking away from amidst the trance-like stare. For the very reasons that we may find ourselves broken and entrenched within the discomforting chill and darkness of the night, seemingly, from our own individual “shakings” from which all of our awareness to perceived and conditioned reality had been meant to be shook, we were then meant to learn and understand from an All-Resounding Wisdom. The light and warmth we had searched for throughout our lives, could not have been found entirely from where and whence we had initially been born into and placed. This all-enduring wisdom results soulfully from the journey and not from the destination nor climax, in itself.

The realization lies within that awareness that it is you who holds the torch to that very flame for all the others to view in guidance. Without the blessing of Divine Clarity and Universal Insight through Angelic intervention, we are unable to see through the thickened fog of that illusion. It is you who holds the luminescence that possesses the potential to light each and every candle, encountered along the wintered path to spiritual clarity, from one individual flame to that of the very next. It is you who has always been born of that welcoming warmth and vigor from prior voluntary election. It is you, from among the other Carriers of the Light, who have collaboratively ushered in this awakening of sorts for all of humanity, through the utilization of your own endearing and creative means for the “garnering-in” of the new, the positive, and of the heightened energies to an elevated awareness of truth. It has always been inside of you, my friend – A Worker of the Light.

The "FAU-THOTH"

Phenomenon

The primary intention of the content matter found throughout these endearing pages is, not only to reveal my own story of events and of creative expression derived from the invariable and magical experiences from which I had endured, but it is also found within the intention to portray the “Significance of the Heart” as we further delve into the unseen but deepened realms of what can be wholeheartedly felt. When we give in to such magnificence, we allow for ourselves to tap into the Power and Brilliance of this intimated space. It is derived from the feeling and of an existence that we all can share in connection to Source, to the Creator, and to the Universal Design. We, My Dear Friends, possess the capability of changing DNA, our very make-up and blueprint of our realities, by terra-forming our emotional, vibrational, and energetic landscape through the connectivity we possess within all of our HEARTS.

The answers we had always searched for... lies within the HEART. The capacity to heal one's self and in others... lies from within the HEART. The limitless creation and the potential “tour de force” of any masterpiece in literature, artwork, and to any inspired song... all lie from within the HEART. The ultimate in Truths to the discovery and understanding of one's self and in the world lie, indeed, within the makings of the HEART. All in all, it is within the heart where the opening or portals to the very source of the Divine Flame of Inspiration can be discovered. Such a “Flame” carries a Divine and Dignified Life which was always meant to reignite the very spark within all of our spirits.



Deep and enduring laughter, an endearing and heart-felt memory, the legitimacy of a smile, the simplicity of one's caress, a hug, tears of joy and revelation, inspiration, and/or unconscionable love are from among the several pathways and portals leading back to the heart. Once deciding for ourselves what is legitimately required, a choice is then made on whether we shall further proceed into the entryway of such a doorway to salvation, which had never been locked nor closed from being far and away from what can be simply grasped from the key – our willingness in knowing that the Divine Lives within all of us. All that was ever required

was the mere turning of the handle and the pushing of our own weight to the opening of such a door to limitless potentials and possibilities of manifestation. We, alone, can “create” just as long as we are cognizant within the fact that we are creating within the NOW, and not for the future nor that of the insignificant past. This essentially is the awareness that any one individual can acknowledge when we make reference to the "FAU-THOTH" Phenomenon. This philosophical construct in ideology, essentially, is an acronym for which I have termed as the "Free And Universal Truth or Hymn of The Heart.” Once we are more than capable of opening the truths of such a door, more frequently and freely from amongst our own will, then and only then, can we legitimately ask with our hearts. This... is now the time to ask.

When we bask within the brightness and peace of such a place, we are literally connected to all things. Through the stimulation of the heart from the very first step to the many steps that we may take in entry into such a heartened space, a heightened level of electro-magnetivity is created from the heart, which exudes in all directions. Such changes of energies created from the surges of such purity, honesty, and utmost sincerity is what deems itself stronger than the mind. The heart, most indeed, has the capacity to changing the very structure of our DNA, to altering perception, relinquishing energy levels, encouraging the healing curve, promoting the release of certain hormones for overall bodily self-sufficiency, immediately reducing stress and anxiety, and inducing the anti-aging process. At this particular point, we are in connection and in coherence to the Father, the Mother, the Divine, all earthly beings and things, the moon, the stars, and of the Universe, and of the Truth. We often neglect the Power of the Heart. We do so when we often reside and live from amongst the world of only thought, mind, and intellect, alone. When we do so, we are only realizing a highly limiting and restricted truth to an already illusive reality. Occasionally, what is more frequently felt and acknowledged into awareness, when we should happen to stumble into the miracles of the heart from everyday life, we fall into the trap of considering such an act or thought of kindness, feeling, or peace as being a fluke or chance encounter that is shunned and overlooked, unwaveringly and overwhelmingly, with contradiction.



I have learned, from my own experiences in writing this book, that often, too many times, I have found the most difficulty in chalking up a creative writing piece when I would frequently focus upon the mere details and technicalities of “writing” within itself, that I would essentially become stumped and stomped out of my own wits while falling deeper and deeper into literary fatigue and frustrating thought. As we are to



release from the attachments of the mind and of the ego, when permitted, and are to delve rather more deeply into the calm and clarity within the heart, the very act of writing a literary piece, or perhaps even within the act of doing anything, for that matter, becomes an easier task to accomplish. By no means am I an authority figure upon the dealings and sciences of the heart. I merely offer such wisdom and knowledge, humbly with open hands and palms, from the validity of my own experiences, from the following 363 days of that deepened and profound relationship that I had built, indeed, within the inner makings of my own heart.

Beginning Invocation: A Moment Within the Heart

*Inspired by
Tiffany Renee Ayapana*

Before we begin to read any further into the wisdom of the following pages, let us take in a moment in preparation and in silence. Close your eyes and take in a few deepened breaths. Relax your shoulders. Release your mind of all judgment, of all time, and of all thoughts. If you become distracted from a single thought or a series of thoughts, acknowledge them and set them free. Think and know of Nothing but feel in EVERYTHING. Do not entertain them, just notice them and release them into the wind, and into the limitless expanse of the Universe. Be nonreactive but indeed aware of the landscape.



We shall now focus upon the inhalation of your breath. Focus upon the intentions of your “in-breath” as you take in the Flame of Positive Light. Breathe in the joy and bliss of the moment. Fill your life with love and of warmth, comfort and of security, smiles and of laughter, tears of joy, the feeling of miracles, the excitement and wonder of magic. Be the inspiration and be inspired within the Blessing of your own and dignified Light.

Focus upon filling your “belly” with “life giving and forgiving” air, while taking in a deeper breath within the process of your fullest capacity. Hold for however long you desire, then release in doubled the length of time, to a slow and gratifying exhalation. Release in emptying out any toxins, the stress, the clutter, the noise, the tension, the worry, the negative thoughts, the hatred, the anger, and the fear. And so, shall it be. Release your fears. Release the fear. Detach from its internal possession. Release thy fears.

Now, repeat the process, but this time, with every life-giving breath, fill your heart with the Infinite Power of Love. Attach the essence of that endearing LOVE to all walks of life, from your neighbor to the Love or Loves of your Life, from your hands to everything else that you

touch, from the very flame of your heart to the very candle to all other hearts with the intention to inspire, from the goodness of your heart to everyone else whom have crossed you and all whom have done you wrong within the act of suffering. Forgive them with life-giving support and release such indemnity within the Power of Your Almighty Love. Breathe in... Breathe out... Breathe in... Breathe out... Breathe in... Breathe out.

“Now... Awaken! Dear Enlightened Heart! Awaken! You are LOVE.”

For Tiffany,

From all this time,
the bulk of such
experiences
had led me
(in this life)
straight back
to you.

October 2011

Thoughts for October

“Although the month of October marks the beginning of this wondrous book, it also represents the end of broken dreams, encouraged by the rot of procrastination and the ill will of faithlessness. Such a doubting mindset, engrossed by my own comforts of stagnation, feelings of worthlessness, and of overwhelming fear, had plagued all of my focus for several years, until now. Join me as we venture back in reflection upon the many forms of how the miracle and magic had expressed itself within my life, in an unraveling revelation of truths, as I had solely become witness to the transmutation and evolution of my own Awakened and Ever-Enlightening Heart.”

(Joel A. Ayapana)

Day 1: October 1, 2011

The Beginning to an End

Hitting the very rock bottom from
amidst the landslide of unrest
had taken away from all
of my worth but left me
realizing of
the very end
wherein lies a
brand new
start.

Day 2: October 2, 2011

Among Our Truest Purpose

When you critically examine the minute intricacies of the human body, its complexity is well-involved and vast, strong and resilient, malleable and ever-changing. It could have only been created by a Significant and Higher Power. Modern Man hasn't nearly extended the slightest breadth of that potential from its proud and overzealous technology. But in pondering, it is disturbing to note that humanity's propensity for destruction and derailment is almost second nature. On the other hand, it is most reassuring and provides significant comfort within the heart of my soul to know that mankind's primary initiative, for which it was originally designated to unfold, was always meant for the taking in experiencing the utmost in joy through the garnering of what heightened energies of LOVE can be acquired within the limitless expanse of what the Universe had always been willing to provide - Humanity was meant to THRIVE.



Day 3: October 3, 2011

Our Selected "Soul Surroundings"

Encompass your surroundings with only the most inviting of souls who have attempted to, wholeheartedly, embrace the heir of a positive right and of a forgiving nature. These individuals are from among the select who are continually accepting of all of your worth, in either appreciation to the person that you currently are, as a result, and in the needed encouragement that they can naturally provide for you in taking you to places that you had never known to be possible and in the all for which you were always meant. They allow us to fly without bearing weight. They invoke neither ridicule nor judgment in character. They are the means within the environment and placed within the balance for assisting us with the freedom of will to superseding the obstacle by virtue of motivation and through that continual and inspirational drive.

Such a push in inspiration empowers us when we are weak and timid, and it gives us the strength to move forward in never looking back. They, the genuine of most hearts, persistently remind us that there is an All-Encompassing Power and Love that resides, not from afar, but dearly



from within, when we are in need of that dire and well-needed spiritual guidance. They can elevate us to the extent that we are indeed more capable of believing in the bliss when we are to look past the denigrating angst of fear, but in later acknowledging that fear, essentially, does... not... exist. Therefore, when we are to believe, we dream beyond the limitations and evolve to that heightened level of awareness, for, indeed, we shall find that there are no limitations. There is only expansion, potentiality, possibilities, and evolution. We can acknowledge for ourselves that we can succumb through and beyond the limitations and the bounds of our own mediocrity.

Day 4: October 4, 2011

The Power of the All Within One

We must unlock the gates where, behind it, lies the entirety of that magical splendor, the cunning beauty, and an empowering grace only found deep within the collaborative beating of all of our hearts, in tandem. We must close our eyes and rely, not only upon the vessel which provides us with mere sight, but revolve towards the means which renders us worthy of all the blessings which provides us with “immeasurable insight.” The purity and truths born, originally from all of our hearts, bears the infallibility of its candor and the freedoms, possessed upon our own whim, when we allow for that dotting persuasiveness in rhythmic consciousness to divulge to the next and thereby upon to the very next soul to prosper and manifest.

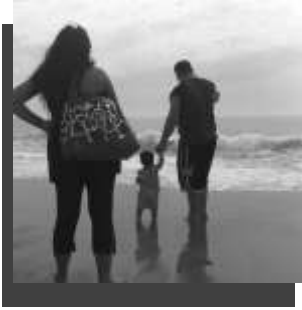
As when we allow for, none other, than these heightened energies of love, of forgiveness, of light, and of grace to infiltrate and run rampant like wildfire upon and within the very root and foundations of our known and common adversary, the Ego, we will bring upon the populations, the very world of an inherited and well-deserved Elysium. This is the power above all conceivable forces which will allow us to circumvent the insanity of this time and the chaos within this cycle. As a collective, we possess that undeniable power and strength in heightened conscious awareness.



Day 5: October 5, 2011

Change

One can never possibly change the world through the conditioned reactions of fear and outrage as a response to the infliction of such turmoil marketed virally therefore and throughout the bulk of our senses. But you can change your perspective about the world. This can be faithfully done through the energies of goodness, within the legitimacy of pure intention, the peace of mind by way through an indelible love, and within the utmost in truth and in clarity through the conditions of an uncluttered and opened heart. Once one can embrace such a change and



as others are affected pandemically the same by such an example, watch with your very own eyes, as the World, from all around you, shall also begin to alchemically CHANGE in response... through your very example from within.

Day 6: October 6, 2011

Selflessness

It is not selfishness that permeates as the delineating obstacle or dilemma when one places focus upon the priority of things. Rather, it is mere selflessness that impedes the development and progression of one's truest and highest self.

Day 7: October 7, 2011

Free Yourself From Prisoner

In an attempt to tread upon what lies ahead in anticipation for much heightened roads less traveled, we must surrender to and endure the God given beauty that lies dormant within each of us. It is within and throughout the lithe of such which, at times, had lain heavy and stagnant upon the harness, that brings into mind what is ultimately required to bring back into focus. Within all of our hearts, we have always felt that deep and dire need for even more of that abundant blessing from what bits and pieces had been scraped off the floor. In response to such mediocrity, we must do what is required to become inspired and to assume, perhaps, that very inspiration beyond the limits of our own bounds. And we must take back the life of which was always meant with dignified and fervent rapture. Bury the hatchet of all of which had been



imposed upon you through frivolous action by either self condemnation or judgment. Relinquish the negativity which hoards the very essence of the entirety of your own worth from the chains that holds you prisoner. Most importantly, surrender to the abundance made specific to your case, for You, my dear friend, are most dignified, worthy, and undeniably deserving of such blessings.

Day 8: October 8, 2011

The Power from Within One's Self to Change the Akashic Record

As in the now, you will find that what
ill memory is exchanged by
one which is marked by an
improved demarcation
of love and blessing,
then shall all the
record be
replaced
NEW.

Day 9: October 9, 2011

Negativity

Because of the doubt, fear, envy or perhaps even for the lack of self worth, we may feel meager and less than deserving. Inhibition takes its toll and acts as a splinter that guides us to the road of our very downfall and unrelenting demise. When we fall into the snare of a negative mindset, our truest blessings are repressed from manifesting into full fruition. Through this submission to the negativity that can often plague our psyche, we simply hinder the authority of love and, therefore, diminish the course of every potential and probable miracle, magic, and creation to manifest.



Day 10: October 10, 2011

The Reconstituted "Bucket List"

I've always had the following list of dream items - of things to accomplish - tucked away within the back pocket of my own heart. It was an ideological construct that entertained my thoughts throughout the many periods and changes held within my life. But the older I got, as one year dissipated to the next, I realized that none of these things, with the exception of San Francisco earlier this year and Times Square New Years Eve in December 2009, had been checked off of this list.

I have always been a dreamer but when it would come to that very moment when I could build enough momentum to fly, I often scraped and scratched at the very ground from amidst the process of a disheartening halt, deadened within my own tracks in fear of trying to believe. No more will these lonely trends and cycles overcome the best of me. "No more." So, on this day, October 10th, I am making hotel accommodations and registering for the 11/11/11 Conference in beautiful and sunny Sedona, Arizona. Soon, in due time, I will be checking Number 9 off of that list. It is unbelievably unexplainable of how thrilled I AM right now in making such a move. The cycle of grief ends here within its own tracks. "Here we go! – The beginning of my journey."

The Bucket List:

(Top Eleven)

1. Finding and Falling in Love with My Twin Flame Love.
2. Returning to San Francisco: Hawk Hill.
3. Writing a Book and Self-Publishing it.
4. Written Work Published in a Magazine.
5. Machu Picchu, Peru.
6. Chichen Itza, Mexico.
7. Crossing the Finish Line of a Full Marathon Race.

8. Times Square New Years Eve.
9. Sedona, Arizona on 11/11/11.
10. Grande Canyon: South and West Rim.
11. Living the Example and Being an Inspiration to Others.

Day 11: October 11, 2011

The Marriage of Heart and Mind

When we give in to the fear and chaos that surrounds our being, we essentially become what we clearly define ourselves to be within the deepest worry of our thoughts. Frustration and anger will always be born from the feeding of that fear. Be cognizant of what traps we fall victim to - emotions derived from among the lowest energies of thought. And accept that for what lies within that fear, then invert the lowered vibrations of that energy in parallel to the more heightened frequencies of the heart. In the overall process of things as we attempt to cope with the many struggles within our lives, we will find that peace, acceptance, love, and all the other Heightened Frequencies of Heavenly Worth, will attract to and bind with the neurotransmitters of our hearts. The heart should always take precedence above all else. Susceptible to the vulnerabilities of racing thoughts, self-denigration, doubt, worry, fear, and clutter, the mind should only complement the grandeur and limitlessness of what can only be felt by the warmth and bliss possessed by the heart.



Day 12: October 12, 2011

Sacrifice

Undeniably, sacrifice is considered undeniably an honorable, giving, and loyal act, but cannot be performed in vain when the end result is the loss of self, respect, and dignity.

Day 13: October 13, 2012

The Ego, the Box, and the Illusion

There are just no delineating lines or boundaries that can exist on any one given plane when we acknowledge the infinite power of imagination. This is what may simply persist, as a result from such dedication and belief. For a deepened faith towards the Law of Manifestation, is the nourishment of that desired intention, the blueprint wielded and guided by the heart. When this single expression of thought is supported and given strength of one's truths and delivered by the purity of one's indubitable faith, as possessed by the rhythmic beating of one's heart, intention begins to evolve into its collaborative shape. It is the underlying root and foundation for the underpinnings to any work of creation or of any alchemic right to what we intend to manifest. Some can eagerly think out of the box beyond the scope of their own confined reality and restrained mindset, which is entirely a wonderful alternative of perceiving things within the world, but when one considers the limitlessness and infinite nature of imagination, this paradox and geometrical paradigm that we often characterize and label as such, "the box," quite simply, does not exist. It never has. This has always been the illusion.



Day 14: October 14, 2011

Your Blessing

I am humbled to be at Your service in giving thanks for all of Your Devotion in Splendor. I pay homage and credence to You and



throw wondrous appreciation to every direction within the glory of Your Name for You have seen me through. You uplift and guide me by virtue through all of life's difficulty, hardship, and the numerous and varied obstacles that have met me along the path. In many ways they, too, are wonderful blessings for these are unparalleled

challenges. They have allowed the vernacular in foresight to fully mature within the heart of the core stripped of all its layers, an entity broken down to its very root.

I essentially accept all of that has transpired, in either the deplorable or virtuous, through the entirety of the range within its vastness of the spectrum. As a result, I am the witty, prepossessing, and winsome soul transitioned by hammer and chisel from the very ether within the Makings of Your Viable Love through the Hand of Your Heightened Creation. I am well worthy and respectfully deserving of Your Love. I AM replenished and I AM overflowing with infinite love because of Your Grace. Therefore, I AM blessed by the Magnificence of Your All-Encompassing and Forgiving Light. Dear Lord... Dear Creator. I Love You will all of my heart. I AM thankful and, indeed, blessed for Your Undeniable and Unwavering Love, Dear Lord. Amen.

Day 15: October 15, 2011

Focus Upon What Strengthens

When we hone in on our downfalls which can easily infiltrate our mindset of things, we allow for the cluttering of our thoughts. We empower weaknesses --giving them strength to run toxic. We, literally, reinforce and authenticate the integrity of their worth. We empower the value of worries, which are essentially the intentions that we least desire to manifest into its fullest fruition.



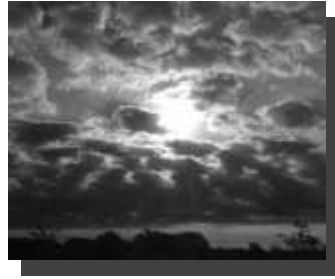
Such emancipated shortcomings, if permitted to mature, dig further and more deeply - taking unanticipated root as they feed upon the indifferences and insecurities within our hearts and minds. On the other end, if we are able instead to embrace the very core of our strengths, we

find that we possess the potential to uplift and inspire with hope. We spread the Light, which shines contagiously like the very sunrise that beams ever-so-brightly to the existence of all of our glimmer and glow. We only rely upon our STRENGTHS.

Day 16: October 16, 2011

Brilliance

Once we can acknowledge and accept the brilliance within ourselves, the shine and glimmer that emanates gives us limitless strength. The iridescence composed of an insurmountable spectrum of perpetual multicolor, lying dormant within the fabric of the very cloth of our inner most being, allows us to break free from the grappling restraints of a negative mindset, inside and out. When we allow for that brilliance and lustrous internal beauty to illuminate with blinding exuberance, none shall ever see us fall from peaks laid down from asunder. When we entitle and authorize that internal grandeur and the like of such impressiveness to perpetuate and consummate within the fiber of our meaningful lives, we can watch with patience as the goodness and righteousness of the heart begins to overwhelm the obstacle, short of any discerning judgment and free from physical and spiritual restraint.



Day 17: October 17, 2011

Opening of the Veil

Look with mine eyes
Which speak relevance. Seek
Within and know of thy Truths.

Day 18: October 18, 2011

The Blessing of Release

We may encounter a myriad of people for one specific reason or another and the impetus of these meetings might simply stem from the mere process of refinement and the betterment of our own souls. We can help ourselves and others to explore the ideology of one's self through whatever means of spiritual enlightenment is required along our journeys. We either provide inspiration to others as they do the same for us, symbiotically, in full circle. Sometimes, these intimate or chance meetings were meant to be unbearably short lived, no matter of how much we were unwilling to let go.

Consequently, we are authorized to provide for their own release as they become more capable of taking flight soaring beyond leaps and bounds to acknowledging other necessary things in life that, otherwise, may have never been experienced - if they should have remained. Maybe, perhaps even one day, they may find that very path they had been in search of from all this time - the very crossroads leading them back to the heart, a place that they, themselves, may... eventually... once again... call... their home.



Day 19: October 19, 2011

Alchemy: The Importance of "Feeling" to Manifest

There are things within this plane that we are unable to see or fathom and we question the validity of their existence, but then there are other elements within this plane of which we know and will, wholeheartedly, defend the bulk of all of its reality. This is, indeed, a truth for some, who have acquired such awareness, as we can sense and endure to be more than able and willing to be the very power and impact of such profound significance, despite our inability to perceive its physical nature. The act of feeling is most, definitively, an action. It is a behavior that we often, at times overlook, for it is mostly a subjective act, unseen from the very surface.

On the opposite end of things, if we are to raise our voice in defiance with furthering anger, hatred, worry, frustration, and fear, we essentially bring upon ourselves the very frequencies and vibrations that nourish what was deemed opposite from what was, truly, desired to manifest. It is from within the feeling, itself, which counts the most that brings upon an energy that nourishes the truest focus of all of our intentions. This is the most basic rule of thumb laden upon the foundations of alchemy and creation. If we are more than cognizant of such a heightened level of awareness, we can then place focus towards all of our wits and vibrational frequencies in turning the Lead of an Ordinary Consciousness to the GOLD of a Fully Realized and Enlightened Heart.



Day 20: October 20, 2011

The Beauty Within

Concealed subordinate and buried beneath all the layers of adipose that can hinder and damper efficiency is the enduring strength, intensity, and potency of desirable muscle fiber. Similarly, beyond the dust, haze, and confusion conceived by doubt and negativity, lies the unrelenting authority of love and the absolute and perpetual significance of truth that overcomes above all else, held possible only if we choose for that very power to resurface. Allow for the natural beauty and that ultimate potential within to shine past the iniquity and the negativity which can easily occupy that intimated space from all around you. From there, shall you find the equanimity and satisfaction that we can all yearn for and desire with abiding hunger.



Day 21: October 21, 2012

Relationships

In life, relationships are the life blood of arteries leading clandestinely to the pinnacle of our own hearts. They provide us with an assembly of a myriad of experiences and of intimated moments which take root in bearing the fruits of that coalescence. All too frequently



do the people within the chapters of our lives come and go. Always grasp the meaning from each and strive to delve into the goodness from every interaction. But the most important relationship, which is the foundation above all marriages, is in the one for which we create from the worthiness of our inner-most of higher selves. Be lightened upon your heart, be kind to yourself, and as you bless the very temple from whence and where you worship and pray, you are now the deserving recipient to all the other aspects of love to consider and... to create.

Day 22: October 22, 2011

The Secret Ingredient

The obstacles we unbearably face, the relationships we create which often come and go, and the wisdom collected as a result from life's



trials and tribulations are similar to the salt and pepper seasoning that provides us with the desired flavor that we all seek and admire with favor. But the secret ingredient to truly enjoying the blessings that come our way is in taking the extra time to allowing the things in life to simmer just right in, patiently, capturing the aroma, in savoring each bite, and in appreciating the hidden flavor of our own and devout creation.

Day 23: October 23, 2011

Simplicity

In an existence derived from the makings of grandiosity, material possession, and instant gratification, one can become too enthralled and thrown into such overwhelming chaos from the surface of such superficially taut and physically enamored illusion, resulting from overt self-evaluation, status envy, and unnecessary scrutiny. Our minds become the lot of cluttered spaces. Your sacred surroundings then swelter upon the assumption of a convoluted state and of an irrepressible complexity which attracts a vibration and an energy of daunting confusion and of a putrid distaste for the normal day-to-day.



As a result, from this ongoing diversion, we overlook the beauty of the most recent of heartfelt memories and in falling short of appreciating the warmth and joys of the moment. We are lured into the trap where we fall victim to false hopes in anticipation for what is superficially desired. When we choose to detach from such daunting attachments, which can weigh on us heavy, we no longer live as the pupils of such mastery nor as one of the lot who is unabidingly held prisoner. We become free from such societal constructs and at peace within the calm of the silence within the mere simplicity of things.

Streamline the very root of your existence with a deeper connection to the Mother and nourish that symbiotic relationship with unwavering sincerity and of the utmost in purity from the inner makings of the heart. Stay in lux to the remembrance of the calm. Calm yourself from amidst the presence of the silence, and quiet the mind from all of the clutter that wanes and hovers from among the confusion. Enlighten yourself to the serenity and stillness within the effortlessness in Eden as it branches out to greet you on your return to the Spirit of Lemuria, then enjoy the beauty of what shall be received in silence from amongst it's flowering bloom whence such anticipated fruit has finally ripened from amidst the harvest of a deeper and viable creation - a source derived from Source deemed, none beyond from outside of one's self, but invariably and unfailingly found within one's grasp – From Within.

Day 24: October 24, 2012

The Definition of Self

The innumerable events of profound and thought-provoking worth, the seed from the warmth of heartfelt emotion absorbed, inspired, and planted deep into the hearts of one endearing soul to the next, and perhaps even the countless awe-inspiring transformations endured from the many phases of my life are all comparable to the many seasons and cycles which spiral colorfully back to the self from amidst the lengthened journey.

In either case of the description which draws and paints the image of the truest self in elevation, arising from learned exposure and drawn from the duality of misfortune or in triumphant verve, the words that can call out in heightened pronunciation in relation to every soul that searches, are implanted within the soil of the souls that shout from the bellows of a deepened and meticulously fashioned heart. We have been conjured, over and over again, by our own whim under the guidance of the Creator for the purpose of the elevation of the spirit.



We, alone and none other, define the very souls through which we had passionately forged throughout all of our lives, lived, with every tooth and nail required to accomplishing the task of what had been deemed the desire to manifest. In doing so, we take into account all the lives that we had touched, the manifold of hearts restored, and of the countless sundry of souls encountered along the path relinquished with life-changing meaning and import. It is synchronicity, within its utmost, that serves as the supplement to the exciting and provocative journey, enticed with invariable mystery and revelation which must be experienced with precision, absorbed with an all-encompassing depth, and obliged with utmost revelry and exultation.

My experiences, alone, create a picture but can only be interpreted by its self-proclaimed definition, newfangled and most recent, yet neither revealed with admiration nor fully expressed with enigmatic fervor. I, alone, meticulously create and define the meaningful and the ever-so-heart-felt existence which has and had always been --A Manifestation of the Creator's Love.

Day 25: October 25, 2011

The World of the Ego Versus a World of Hearts

The mind is a powerful force, within itself, alone. It potentially rules the very landscape of all of our emotional attachments and all of our environmental influences, which can determine the outcome of our known and subconscious realities. It can neither immerse ourselves into the abyss of unthinkable despair, or it can deliver us into the heights of an unfathomable state of providence. Instead, I would rather live and thrive within the World of the Heart, where none the central focus nor worry shall ever delve into the duality of things nor towards the extremes of what is deemed a gamble, a desire, momentary, and brief.



Day 26: October 26, 2012

The Art of Healing

Healing, unabridged, within its completeness from the sense of the physical, spiritual, or emotional, is first initiated with one's own mental faculties through the guise within the clarity of thought and from the purity of sound intention when collaborated with utmost sincerity, an unrelenting faith, and from the goodness of an unadulterated heart. The power of intention holds true where every positive and healing thought is quickly followed by an energy and vibration of parallel connotation. Forgiveness is essentially the prerequisite for this palliative process where liberation and disenthralment from disdainful emotions of contrition and remorsefulness are fully engaged.



The release of any fear, anger, and resentment left behind in residual is, not only necessary, but also detrimental for that essential and curative process to ensue. Considering that now the mind and heart are so intuitively connected and conditioned in such a manner, you thereby focus all of your attention to that single and deepened breath. From there,

all unnecessary qualms and inhibitions concerning any aspect of the past or the future is consciously acknowledged. We can only revolve and center upon the gift of the moment. The understanding of this undertaking is neither the incentive but rather the requirement where the ultimate designation from which we had always felt as true, lies within the act of merely knowing that we are truly and most capable of healing, not only others, but also ourselves with undeniable conviction, essential and complimentary within the course of healing --one and in the other in collaboration to restoration and overall balance.

Day 27: October 27, 2011

The Blessed Dream of the Ankh: Armed with Passion

Passion coexists on an elevated plane, within the same crop from whence love and acceptance is planted and abundantly grown where the boundaries of richly farmed and cultured pastures thrive, lies a lavish harvest and a bounty filled with good and plenty. Love and Passion go hand in hand with one following right after the other, in close tandem and in proximity, made similar to that of a dance between two souls, naturally, meshed together as a single entity, with bodies lost and intertwined within the constant ebb and flow of song and melody. Passion arises from the heart and only the heart knows of that flame that feverishly burns deep within our souls. Listen to it from amongst its four chambers within the beat of a rhythmic silence that only nurtures. Such an experience only tickles one's fancy to enlightened inspiration, as fears, anxieties, and any feelings of guilt are placed aside, diminished, then pulverized into oblivion. From there, the heart will whisper within the ears of your soul in, compellingly, speaking the very truths that blazes from within. "Garner all of thy Angels for whom have brought you into flight, for what lies



beyond the hillside and into the horizon lies the means for which you were meant.”

Once that answer within the message of such a dream is finally revealed to you, know of your dignified worth and in the all of what is required from within your heart in acquiring the very keys to the wisdom possessed by the Secrets of the Nile. Take the Ankh of such knowledge and elevate yourself to what was always meant within the passing of the Flame to Heightened Consciousness and take that very passion beyond leaps and bounds to the highest and out to the utmost. Climb the elevations to the exalted peaks of the Himalayas and of the Andes. Travel the distance to enlightenment upon the fabled road to Rishikesh. Scribe into the hearts upon the many of the greatest story ever written from the pen of prudence and scholarship to the paper of synchronicity and compassion. Run the longest mile in conquering yourself from every self-defeating thought conjured along the road through every step within pace to personal salvation and freedom. Whatever the passion, make the most of that journey while smiling in the face of fear while enthusiastically placing within all of your wits the very zeal and fervor for all that is life, along with an intensity which smolders and resonates along the same parallel and magic of your dreams. Take this invitation as an opportunity to evolve into the next higher planes of existence. I take with open arms this “Key” to the Mysteries of Creation – The God Particle of Life.

*Day 28: October 28, 2011 **

(Completion of the 9th Wave of Unity Consciousness: True End of The Mayan Calendar)

A Means of a Beginning to an End

When once we have arrived to that “once”
known end, we will then be aware
through our thoughts, for all the while
we were conscious within
our hearts, that we are
the creators
to usher
in the
new.

Day 29: October 29, 2011

The Heart and Karmic Law

The vigorous and rhythmic pulsation enamored by its neural cells and muscle fibers, seclude to the walls kneading the even flow of volumes and upon volumes of life giving stock, streams fervently with a surge dilating into and throughout the halls of our physical anatomies. As the claim to the lifeblood of our holding, allowing for our existence within the physical realms of being, exudes throughout and flows within the arteries, while nourishing the indispensability of our individual substructures within the whole. The same vital fluid of the lineage that nurtures and sustains the organs for critical bodily function returns restoratively back to the heart in parallel through the intertwining tributaries throughout the capillary.

The importance of how we handle and treat the proportion of our bodies, our minds, and souls leading straight back to the heart, collaboratively, determines what is delivered and received from



throughout the vastness of the chambers within the temple. The intricacies of the human heart astonishingly mimics the stark and astounding similarities of Karmic Universal Law. If we, as human beings, are more apt to only absorbing and exuding the elements of non-judgment and brotherhood along with the joy and

abundance that definitively exists in consciousness, we essentially become that which fervently is: The egoless and soothingly peaceful - The joyfully content and prosperously abundant.

Day 30: October 30, 2011

A Moment within the Breath

(The Acquirement of Separation within the Seven Stages of Alchemy)

Thus within the microwave and tempestuous warmth of the yoga studio, have I once experienced under her guidance and instruction, the therapeutic and soothing voice of a young and wise woman speak in the

case of one's sense and understanding of the story of acceptance, during the movement and flow of a quiet and calming session.

Those who have sat in the pleasure of their silence were an audience of a few within the like in search of their own individual and variable truths as they transitioned along with one life-giving breath to the next and from one fluid and flowing asana adjoining to that of another in conjugating succession. Little did I know, at the time, that I was one from amongst the crowd in search for such a truth.

Whilst in the poetic stance of Cobra during the first pose, my mind had begun to wander as the expanse within my anatomy had started to shake and quiver when, within a flash, a memory had taken me back to that of a Filipino child, posed in left-sided fetal displaced, juxtaposition to the cold and dirtied soil that blemished his pride and perhaps had even clutched away at the very innocence of his day. After the dust had settled, the ground had lain a soul bruised, battered, and belittled from the hand of that of an older peer and whence another barrage of fists had struck connecting in tandem from the blood-thirsty band of brothers who followed his lead. As painful as the beleaguering scene had presented itself, it was even more so of a disheartening and solemn acknowledgement through torment to see that the poor little child, whimpering upon the blood of his tears, was I.

"Welcome to the land of good and plenty, you gook! Go back home where you people come from. You understand!" Similar to a subtle nudge of fingers poking at my side, a slow and healing breath, one right after the other, then is heard and felt throughout the length of its entirety, where then increased focus had spouted reality back to the very moment of my present. It was, most certainly, a gift greatly received as the pain and distaste, which had seemed so elementary, had lingered for what was perceived to be an eternity, but was wiped away clean from a single inhalation. "Focus on the breath, my child. Focus on every life-giving breath," the Angels clamored.



As luxury and peace was found within my imperfect Downward Facing Dog, a bark was heard from out in the distance as memory found myself, again, to another endearing moment, as I had lain my best friend to permanent rest --my dear and grey dog. His name was Shai. His ethereal voice echoed within my psyche as his very last words were telepathically parlayed and eloquently said within that playful manner, as clearly remembered, when we used to laugh and run, to what seemed, limitlessly, to our own heart's content. And as I held his cold and nearly

lifeless body within the warmth of my arms, the most beautiful and translucent tear dropped from the side of his eye and onto my lap which



fell unfettered from his last and upheaving breath. I crouched there in silence, beleaguered, numb with nothing felt, and bewildered with nothing else to give. "Oh, how I had loved him dearly so and why did it ever come to manifest," I questioned. Again, like the slow rhythmic beating within a mother's womb, the blessing

of the moment came to be within an exhalation that detoxified the depths of my soul and cleansed the very chakras aligned within the entirety of the length throughout my spine.

As we elevated together in sync to a stalwart but simple Mountain Pose from a momentary forward fold, I gazed and quickly peeked at the sultry and feminine hind quarters of another which took me back even further to that forgotten and forbidden day when my significant most, amongst others, in brief matrimony had walked away from my life with child at hand within the same view from arrears, as I watched my first marriage die within its "withering away." The memory of all that was lost raptured the essence of my very well-being. The difficulty in differentiating between the continuous flow of tears and sweat was indeed most apparent for it was all released and liberated simultaneously in synchronization.

So much had promulgated in emotion within that single moment as all the fears, the guilt, the anger, and all that had been taken away had rushed in sweeping into the very central hum of my Solar Plexus. None was any more bearable to take in wholeheartedly, without exhibiting any additional and unwarranted grief from embarrassment unfolding straight and out into the surface for all to see. Too much had been laden upon me that the very concern for such lessened with every second which passed. Shortly thereafter, I remember that I had taken myself into Child's Pose and then, within only a few seconds, I finally cried and I cried to all of my Heart's content. The yoga instructor quietly floated endearingly to my mat as she placed her hand upon my shoulders and knew from the breadth of my solemnity, the bulk of all of my emotion. A single word was none required even from a single mention of a thought to utter in silence. All that was required, for me, was only the simplicity of one's touch which mattered the most.

"Breathe in with breath out through longer length," the Yogi repeatedly guided and exulted. And as if a switch had been clicked from that of its off position, something came over me like a shroud which blanketed all my security with deep and endowed warmth. Flowing feverishly in and out of my lungs was, then, a robust and dignified slipstream of ether which exuded exhilaration and electricity that provided a calling and a sustenance which proved itself self-sufficient. It was I who was ready and willing of such anticipated release, within the brushing away of the guilt and regret of the past through required acceptance. The breath is life and it parallels the contentment and joy of the moment where nothing else, nonetheless, even matters.

As we then finally brought ourselves to that of an endearing close after several sequences of repeating rhythmic movement, we all seated in tandem with legs interlaced into lotus and hands clasped together at heart's center, I was enlightened from learned thought, through experience, like the ever so compassionate Buddha from underneath the branches and colorful inundating foliage of the elegant and flowery Bodhi tree. I was awakened with inner truth: my own truths for release and separation from thought. What was revealed to me was simple. Sometimes, we lose everything in order to gain everything, then to acquire, in revelation, the authenticity of so much more to greater heights of priceless and heartfelt wisdom and scholarship. We evolve into something so much greater far from what we could only imagine – Our Inner Truths.

Day 31: October 31, 2011

The Beauty of the Present

If we are to acknowledge the very present in neither focusing on the guilt and resentment which may resurface on such daunting of moments arising from the choices we have made from our most recent and past transgressions, nor in paying any special mind to the anxieties and fears which may arise in anticipation for what has yet to come to pass, we can ultimately and freely enjoy the pleasures of the moment without an ounce of restraint nor condemnation. We can infinitely be happy and joyful in every moment of our lives. Happiness is a choice.



November 2011

Thoughts for November

"The energies of November brought me, synchronistically, upon the calming Spirit and Red Rock of Sedona, the Grand Canyon, the Hopi People, and of the heightened vibrations of the 11/11/11 Gateway of Planetary Enlightenment, for which the whole of Mother Gaia had been experiencing within this highly-anticipated process of its rebirth during the glory of these transitional times. The love from among the people and of the inviting nature of the Arizona landscape, had taken me to another place within my heart. Such a destination has blessed me with such an overwhelming encouragement and inspiration to write from that intimated space within my heart, sparked by some of the most unanticipated and magical events I've ever experienced and enjoyed. My trip to this particular stretch of the Southwest was, more or less, a "spur of the moment" venture, that I internally knew was one that I had to take on my own. I learned through wisdom that, within this journey, in order to give of yourself, in the service of others, you must, first of all, heal and provide for the nurturing of your own recovery. We are all so well-worthy and deserving of this right."

(Joel A. Ayapana)

Day 32: November 1, 2011

Heal Thyself First

The truth in healing is derived from
an awareness where the answer
is neither sought from outside
of one's self nor is seen,
but lies within what
is felt as one
goes to heal
one's self
first.

Day 33: November 2, 2011

Bliss within the Act of Discovery

Conformity only dwells and thrives within the bounds of limitation where the security of one's comforts, within what is already known and claimed as territory, is uncovered then realized as dismal monotony and colorless mediocrity, when we become fearful in setting sail to far off and distant lands. Where ultimate truth comes into play, within the matter of self discovery, arises when we explore past and beyond the beaten path of common design and functionality where the skeptical can approach such daring encouragement with only unfaithful disdain and reprieve.



There is always a certain degree of risk and antipathy involved in such an endeavor within the noble act of trailblazing the unknown path, but we also run the chance of placing limitation towards the possibilities from amid our truest potential within the safety and comforts of our own expanse. Surpassing the boundaries of complacency not only celebrates the anticipation and excitement for exploration but revels the limits for potentiality, challenging, not only the capacity of one's bearing, but shoulders the ram past and beyond the confines of any governing societal construct. From there lies the initiation of resolve, which not only

becomes a REVOLUTION within its means, but REVOLUTIONARY, indeed, within the evolutionary rite to the waving of the banner of ultimate freedom --when we are more than able to surpass the bulk of our limits and to accept the realization of our LIMITLESSNESS.

Day 34: November 3, 2011

Meaning

Just as there is meaning to any word spoken and to any behavior played out with every interaction, there is perhaps even meaning, within the act behind the mere dropping of a simple Sequoia leaf which sways



within the breeze, ever so gently, and then softly lands from flight onto the slow moving current within the serenity of a silken trickling brook, at the site of the Redwood. There is perhaps even meaning to the positioning of a rock formation, a bulwark chiseled ever so meticulously, carved, within and by the ancient elements of the

arid and unforgiving Sedona. In either the result or in the process of becoming, our intentions, rooting from the fruits of goodness or from among the offspring of malice, bear the seeds of our creation within the unforgiving matrix.

The ideology of chance and mere randomness just doesn't bear any weight nor of any significant backing within the sacred laws of the land, laden by the Universe. Our most present of situational inspirations and the most encumbering of circumstances are the results of the meaning we place alongside our desired intentions. There is an order to things within the laws of nature. Within that universal proclamation, the philosophy of chance and coincidence is a bewildering thought of absurdity and of the most beleaguering of sentiment. Our thoughts within the left or right hemispheres of our minds and the emotions are derived within our hearts parallel the realities we create. What we see before us is a hologram or mirror of our own intentions in nature and in relationship to the human realms of being. When we transform our own perspectives - from either the dissenting to the affirmative or from mere tragedy to the most ostentatious in enlightenment - we become the co-creators and architects of the blueprints to an elaborate, ingenious, and prepossessing metropolis.

Day 35: November 4, 2011

The Artist

Accordingly, within the Laws of Intention, every soul draws or paints a portrait which embraces the unparalleled likeness of our individually desired realities. We, alone, create the canvas, meticulously fabricated from the realms of our own liking. The required medium is one's choice, which is one stemming from either the heights of peremptory solitude or the depths of a disaffirming abyss. The mind's eye is placed in juxtaposition accordingly to our primary frame of focus. Just as we are made in the Image of God, we simultaneously create, in quantum conjunction, the Worlds of our own existence. We must be conscious of our own indulgent thoughts and true to the very fiber and rhythmic kneading of a resplendent heart.



Day 36: November 5, 2011

Love Yourself, Love Thy World

At one bewildering point in my life, I dared not to even glance at the mirror. The world that I had known, within that lowered state of mindset, was one of guilt, ridicule, worry, shame, dislike, and of one within the surrounding landscape, filled and enveloped by the fear. It was one of no wonder why I had found it the least desirable to stare upon the eyes of my own reflection. How could I even bear to look upon the world with such greatened optimism and cheer if I, myself, was none the more able to look within from the utmost of heightened encouragement and acknowledgment?



As the pattern had shown itself to resurface, time and time again, I began to discern and realize for myself that the World and the very condition that we interpret our lives to be are neither separate nor distinct from one or the other. Such a change in perception could not be

developed any more strongly without the engaging of such an endearing process. The clarity among the visual screens of self observation can be only interpreted under the most appropriate of conditions within light, angle, understanding, and acceptance.

The way that we decipher, construe, and act towards the world reflects the same similar fashion in which we envision ourselves to be in composition. The patterns that are identified and acknowledged in the mirror are parallel to the likeness and imagery demonstrated on display upon the still and even-flow brook of life and perception. If we can only be made more than willing and able to find and rediscover the calm from among troubled waters - Enlightenment can significantly draw our focus away from the illusion. If we can achieve enough strength, with greatened courage, to perceive ourselves as love, we can accept the fact that we are all worthy of such love. Then, and only then, we can genuinely view the world as LOVE.

Day 37: November 6, 2011

The Saving Grace of Love

We employ our efforts at times, subconsciously and tirelessly, to painstaking lengths, while feeding into a never ending cycle of societal manipulation and ideological misrepresentation. If we are to believe that we live accordingly to a civilization founded, ironically, less civil amongst



a fear-mongering which persists, only for reasons where the suppression of the masses is deemed a reality, and in abiding or worshiping to a currency which possesses no particular value, but only that of the lint in our pockets; then we are living within a world corrupted by deception. It is a reality embraced within the template of a consciousness which is, not only self destructive in nature, but is also a reflection of our own individual selves if we choose to believe in such chaos. In and of the same ordinance from where we stand positioned, in relationship to the other layers of reality from among the many dimensions of being, our perception and level of consciousness affects, in succession, the other layers of existence as a ripple-effect of sorts.

We must be careful of our thoughts and of our emotions. For when we give, we receive, graciously, in either the negative or positive

aspects of being. When we change our vibrations to greater heights and of frequencies deemed Divine, we then alter the sacred geometries which literally change the very alchemies of what is then, yet, to manifest into reality. As a result, when we perceive a world filled with love, and in expecting nothing but the love and in feeding such societal constructs with the very intentions of love, we literally become of it. You become indebted to love to which there is no end --as love is rewarded back to you in receipt for repayment. Love is given exponentially as much to you in return, as it is taken. It is derived from the currency which delineates none further from its value. It is essentially the very worth for which requires not the filling of pockets nor the paying off of debt, but only the filling of hearts from which debt had never ever come to manifest or exist. There is plainly more than enough for everyone to share. Existence is Limitless. That is the reality of things.

Day 38: November 7, 2011

A Totem's Call for Creation

Misconstrued by most for fear surrounds its misconception, the black bird swoops in infrequently to the flight of an unveiling blueprint, only interpreted and decoded from among the few, whom have been called. It's patterned flight resonates a potential, unformed, but portrays the gist of what is missive and mysterious. Such a Totem draws upon the message of impending winds arriving



blustery and set adrift. They roost high atop the peaks from amidst a marbled panoramic view with sentinel firmly posted. The darkened image with its silhouette paired against a dawning and enlightened backdrop, keeps to the calm of its solitude as it solemnly awaits, attentive and close at watch. Signified as the womb out of which creation and restoral is birthed, the ebony colored plume, of the crow, with hues of a deepened indigo and purpled aquamarine, paints in detail the mystery and mythology of its mystical representation. The crow resonates a language that sings a magic of complexity by which it's melody is tuned in by the fork as a reminder for which the day

brings forth every opportunity to manifest. As an initiate to the Totem of The Great Spirit, we are called upon its wisdom, It's Source, to boldly take wing into the unknown and dismal darkness to shining forth an ever-abundant light into the mirk and gloom, from amongst its shadows amidst the Galactic and Cold Night.

Day 39: November 8, 2011

Potential

There is always that potential for any disease process to express itself from any given trait, as a result from the exposure to variable factors within the environment which can ignite the process for it to fully manifest. There is always the promise for greatness, which lies within our grasp. We all possess that inherency for greatness encoded within the blueprints of all of our hearts. All that is required, for that indubitable level of greatness to demonstrate its fullest capacity to unfold, is in the meeting of such a trigger which we may come across unknowingly or at times unexpectedly, throughout the many stages of our lives. Such a trigger becomes the inspiration to the next gratifying step to our, individually, specified level of transformation, within the evolutionary process of things to the elevation of spirit.



Day 40: November 9, 2011

Taking Root

Before a single soul is to embark on that wondrous and spiritual journey to the far and beyond reaches of what could neither be seen but felt, within this lifetime or perhaps even within the next, one must trudge and saunter with the very souls of such inspired feat. Such encouragement and will, blessed unto them for the very means of inexhaustible transport to the personable and unfounded plains of that ever-resounding destination to enlightenment, is utterly required for the fulfillment of one's desires. But before we are to take flight, we must, first of all, ground ourselves within the intended landscape of spiritual endeavor and to take root into the very soil of such desired underpinnings of fervor.

From that pivotal crux of intention we are better apt to achieve a strengthened foothold upon the foundations of our light through the balancing and the equilibrium possessed by the deep-seated grounding within the causeways of our known existence. Allow for the branches of yearned wisdom to broaden in further bifurcating outstretched to the open and whimsical song throughout the whistling hum of the wind warmed by the brilliance, observed radiating within the light. When we consciously realize the beauty of uniformity and the resilience, found within the heart of such a strengthened foundation, we openly blossom to the miracle of it's growth to the path of limitlessness.



Day 41: November 10, 2011

Cathedral Rock: On the Eve of the Gateway to the Light

Introduced weary to the Red Rock
with question derived from
the feelings of my lonesome,
In lotus, ensued to be unnoticed,
I questioned the pace of my
spiritual momentum.

I sat in silence on that rock for the
very first to frequent the
meaning and reasoning for the indifference,
But yet, I was made conscious to
bestow where chance held
no bravada nor any leads to
the relative consequence.

Blending into the silent noise
amongst the truth of the Four Winds,
My voice could only be nulled, made
indistinguishable and void,
destitute, and dulled.

The message atop from the peak
of its saddle was uncluttered
and indeed made clear,
"The meaning of your arrival holds,
not within one's ego, but
leans deeper within the collective,
Sweet One, Yes, My Dear."



As the voice was experienced,
I thought that none from my
own history's sake could ever understand
nor knowingly relate,
I could have neither shared,
but would only be one of focus by
others, less open, to further denigrate.

Elvens frequently seen as the
prerequisite, secondary to
years of ears ringing to the Om,
was the claim from amongst the
initiated "Calling,"
For when we'd finally envision past
and through the veil in
anticipation to the Golden Age
of the enlightened New Day of Dawning.

None should ever realize the
deeper understanding of the
journey at stake,
Sedona possessed those, from
amongst the others, whom
would allow me to remember
and seal my endearing fate.

Gathered on 11/11/11 were those
of the like whom have always
known deep from within their hearts to forsake,
The changes made within could

only be acknowledged,
consciously felt within the
awareness to collaboratively
co-create.



Memories of many lives past
grew rooted from the subconscious
and yet deeper from asunder,
Little did we acknowledge that
they were merely components,
vital remnants of whom we were
essentially meant to ponder.

As we parted with seeds sewn
straight, directly within our
enlightened hearts,
Never will we be the same, once
eyes detach and as our loving
gaze to the memory, quaintly,
begins to depart.



Souls of my brethren and sisters
derived from every differing
crevice to all known walks of life,

Upon your return: Ground yourself
firmly... Stay in connection
through all within the heart... and
Shine the relevance of that
Endearing and Sacred LIGHT.

Day 42: November 11, 2011 (11/11/11)

The Message on Cathedral Rock: Meditation in Lotus

Anticipation on that dear night
filled the bulk of all my own senses
where the message revealed, in
itself, the clarity,
of simplicity
intended not
for dear I,
but for
we.

Day 43: November 12, 2011

The Changing of Plains: Message from the Hopi Mesas

The resilience of the heart favors resemblance to the likes of the Saguaro, a cacti nourished by the comforts of life-giving breadth and well-considered a gorge or an oasis of sorts from among the Southwestern matrix of unforgiving terrain. Such a life supersedes the elements, by way through its resiliency, from amid the dry and sun-beat desert plain, as it continually persists to adamantly provide for the unyielding sustenance of a peaceful calm. Such a retreat, of comforting reassurance, provides the nourishment for all whom should desire upon drinking from its cup.

It is impervious to the elements of unyielding strife and of all the inequities from amongst a barren wasteland, exuding the duality of things from the likes of an olden past. The truths of an unraveling past, resurfaced and exposed by the invariable inoculation of winds sweeping throughout the sands of its arid landscape, unveils the illusion of a shadowy night from amid the New and Golden Light of the Sun. The

remembrance of such duality continues even further, when once we've already surpassed the angst of such chains, as the frigid cold, of the night, and from among the pulverizing heat the sands exude, within the day, becomes the very example of what we are to diminish, in duality. The sere dry heat and the moisture held deep beneath its foundation becomes only the memory. The light upon the wake of its sunrise and the fall from amongst its sunset becomes the recollection of what was once thought in lowered vibration. Now, within the likes of the present, we look none towards the shadows, but more into the brilliance of what had already come to surface: The New World of the Enlightened.

In parallel to the heart, the chambers within the castle walls, of the Saguaro, can only be perforated if the shards of demise should only be long enough to superseding and piercing past the barbed leaves and bristled spines of its natural safeguarding. At times, we may seem decrepit and disposed, from the exacerbations of unworthiness and bitter servitude, as we allow for the hardening of its walls to further weaken, indelibly, leaving itself vulnerable to infiltration by riddling emotional torment and of denigrating self-defeating doubt. Again, such upheavals are only reminiscent of that long-lengthened olden past. Turn the other cheek (in never looking back), and look upon the distance, for the Light neither exists from amongst the horizon nor afar. It exists from the iridescence of our own shine. We are the Light.



As a result, when once we had deemed ourselves, from amidst the Olden, as damaged, goods rattled by miles and upon miles of quivering in its doddering from when we had first been shipped, within the cycle, in lieu of mending the lacerations and abrasions of disfigurement, we tend to feign further away from the root of its pulsating tributary. Such a time is within the now. Again, from amidst the Olden of Ways, we were, once, prone to gravitate towards the inoculations of judgement, resentment, and fear which can ravenously clutter the clarity and of the purity within its nourishing springs. We had done so out of security and protection for the sake of egotistical annunciation working merely in defense towards the staving off from the adherence of incapacitating grief, arising from the bellows of false hope, failure, and of defeat.

If Humanity is, once, more able to heal from the heart in transition to the next and heightened stages of evolution, restoration must ensue from the relentless exposure to the completed cycle of sorrow and affliction which is nearly upon the lengths of its completion. "My, how are

we, then, to know of the Light if we had never known to experience the darkness of the Galactic Night?" Let the waters run dry in assuming the Spirit of the Crow as it brazenly invites the invocation of transition to the Calling of the Ruby-Throated Bliss. Allow for the bleeding to incur, full fold, as the Olden Self perishes, where then a new and acknowledged being arises from the very fall from grace of Man. From there, shall the feminine nature of things be awakened from its sleep to rise after the spelt of every masculine tear is relinquished, and forgiven, from its unseated place.

Day 44: November 13, 2011

A Calling Out to Nature

When one is called out to nature, the individual is cast to the bare minimum of things and stripped of all technology as an Initiate to the Remembrance of the Simplest of Ways. The air is devoid of all pollution in either noise nor impurity, ridicule nor judgement, clutter nor confusion. Communication in either the sense of bifurcating radio frequency nor damaging cellular interface can rival the magnificence of the overriding walls of the beautiful and lavish mountainside.



All that can be heard is the higher pitched hum of the silence, the calming rhythm of each life giving breath, and the clarity of clairvoyant intuition. The unity of Man and of the Spirit of the Wild shall come together in the fullest of harmonic tendencies, where respect is given back in return and in full fashion, disregarding the illusion of Man from amidst the cloth. God's Country takes higher precedence where the individual self is overcome by the unity of the five elements. When one is drawn even further away from civilization, one shall realize the Ether in the truest sense of being from that which is civil and trustworthy.

Day 45: November 14, 2011

An Opened Door

Worthy of the abundance with
blessings openly received,
Only derailed by faithlessness
and self doubt negatively perceived.



Longing for the pathways leading
straight to the heart,
Only acknowledged by the soul
when closed eyes quickly depart.

Once the awareness of such
worthiness is held close and dear,
Relinquished from the mind is the
fear with heart's focus held centered
and near.

As portals and entryways are
fastened and tightly secured,
Known to be other doorways
arising from the purest of intentions...
meticulously cured.

The unwarranted key within the lock
lies deep within thy selves,
Nonetheless, the answer to the question
from whence the truth therefore and inherently dwells.

Day 46: November 15, 2011

Be Still

Caused by the wild churning and bustling amongst the chaos in dismantling the latency of conscious awareness within its unsettled dust, the puncturing hail and blustery winds of unfortunate circumstance, at times, blow violently within the uniformed valley-ways and deep within its yawning, gorges entrenched throughout and between the mountain peak tops of our existence. As the varied and hardened landscapes of its terra-firma, within the obstacles of life, sways and shudders within the tremor, the unwavering of the fortitude and might within our hearts is compelled to stand firm like the deeply rooted foundation of an oak tree, grounded and transfixed to the very sod and clay of its holding.



Regardless of the flustering of branches and the brash unhitching of foliage, which can easily sway us off course and over the balance, we must fasten ourselves intact and in place from among the external elements of disorder and fear. We must focus all of our efforts towards the inequity of the moment, while arising to our feet in standing firm, in heightened character and of strength. Accept the challenge before you and know within the entirety of all of your heart that everything which had ever transpired, in either strife or triumph, is a considerable blessing for how are we to acknowledge the beauty of salvation and peace without being shaken ourselves in weathering through the storm and in finding that balance through and beyond the quake of our trembling. How are we to know of the light, without overcoming the darkness from amidst the storm?

Day 47: November 16, 2011

Answering the Call

If we from amongst the “Called” do not
rise, then others shall falter in
tandem, again, within the
fallen cycle whence time
shall repeat itself
to the vibe of
ignorance,
hate, and
greed.

Day 48: November 17, 2011

Doppelgänger

The week that I spent in Sedona, Arizona, from the 9th to the 16th, was just an amazing and extraordinary experience for me. The energy, that emanated from such a wondrous place, took me in and cleansed me of all the indemnity that waned upon me heavy. Essentially, it was an experience that was required by the calling of my own spirit in preparation for the following next ten months to come; But nothing could have prepared me for what I am about to explain to you within the next following paragraphs.

Around one week before my flight out to Sedona, Arizona, I was at a Reiki Conference, and so I was approached, suddenly, by a rather startled and excited individual who so happened to be an esteemed massage therapist within the Phoenix, Arizona area, as she yelled out abruptly, while endearingly capturing my attention, "Hey Joel! How have you been Joel! Oh My God! It's YOU!" I looked at her and vigorously attempted from the best of my memory in trying to remember this person's face, but hardly could I have even acknowledged her voice, for if anything, I was often correct with identifying people's voices. Befuddled, I replied in return, "Ummmmm... I am so so sorry, ma'am, I don't even think we've even met before." She



clamored for a quick second then blurted, "Aren't you Joel from Sedona? Didn't we meet last year in Sedona in September?" Puzzled and even further confused by the situation in acknowledging that she even knew my name, I replied with the utmost of intrigue along with quite a bit of concern, "Um... I'm Joel... Yes... but I have never been to Arizona before... But funny though... I will be flying out there soon... Next week! As a matter of fact!" Chuckling and perhaps even more bewildered and embarrassed, herself, she exclaims, "You're not Joel?? You look exactly like him. Oh my God! Your kidding me right?"

I replied back, "Yes... My name is Joel... But never (again) been to Arizona."

"This is weird! Oh My God!" She further exclaimed, "This is your wife too right? She looks exactly like your wife in Arizona?"

Of course, I wasn't even married at the time, yet alone married to my friend, who she was referring to - who sat next to me during the entirety of this rather intriguing, but yet bewildering conversation. On her end of things, she sat, there, with mouth wide-opened and in amazement, speechless, as she couldn't even believe what she was witnessing right before her eyes. Regardless, I and the massage therapist from Arizona greeted each other with smiles and with opened arms. We exchanged business cards and hugged then we took our seats before the conference continued further with their introductions.

The next synchronistic event and intriguing interaction occurred to me the morning before my flight back to Cleveland from Phoenix, when I was already well within a week of my stay in Sedona. The next day, before the two-hour drive back to Phoenix, I drove through one of their most popular fast food establishments, in my rental, for the last time during my stay, as I had repeatedly eaten breakfast there for the past week. I usually purchased the "Number Two Combo" along with a diet fountain beverage

Now, taking into consideration that the young fellow, who I had seen every morning for that spiritually-filled week, then runs my debit card through and he stops himself in the process and blurts, "Hey Joel, did you come through this morning one time before already. Of course, you did. I remember. Yeah, bro, I'm trying to wake up myself, haha! Cuz the machine says that you came in already this morning. So, if you hold on a quick second, I gotta request an override from my manager. It's a safety and security feature with our registers so that 'us' young folk won't be remembering the numbers and in buying ourselves "Number 2 Combos all day, haha, like you! I'll be back bro!"

I replied in hesitation with an even more puzzled look and of concern on my face, "You're kidding me right? I never came in earlier this morning, my dude! No, I swear, I just woke up, myself!"

He looked back in return and gave me the most peculiar look, as he replied back, "I'll be back, Joel." I went to check my checking account, online, on my Smart Phone to see if anyone had been using my debit card, and fortunately enough, no one had used it. "Thank Goodness! Couldn't go broke in Sedona." I uttered to myself.

After that whole week in such a place and along with the little nuances that had already been playing themselves out with several of the smaller odd experiences encountered in between and in Sedona alone, it really wouldn't have even surprised me, the least bit, if something particular or perhaps even more supernatural was reoccurring right before my own eyes. Since, I had gone through the same drive-thru several times throughout the week, I and the drive-thru cashier knew each other my name, so I knew, indeed for a fact that he wasn't lying. What purpose would he have possessed to lie to me. It just wouldn't make any type of sense. Mike was his name, and as he returned to the window, he said, "I was just thinking about it back there, and as odd as it might seem to the average Joe, it really shouldn't even strike me like the way it just did a few minutes ago. My manager even gave me the look I gave you, haha! So, let me ask you, Joel, did you ever hear of the term, Doppelgänger? I was a little weirded out by the whole thing just a minute ago, but guess where we're at, haha! Yup, we're in Sedona right?" I chuckled on the inside but, all in all, I was quite concerned. All these experiences were new to me. "What was I experiencing, essentially? What was this process? What were the reasons? And what is a Doppelgänger?" I asked myself. "I have never heard of this term before."

The next synchronicity, on the other hand, transpired, ever so graciously, when I had the pleasure in talking to another individual, just by chance, at the Phoenix International Airport, just an hour before my flight out. She abruptly interrupted herself in mid-sentence, during our conversation at one of the airport bookstores, as she blurts out, "I'm sorry.. but.. you remind me so much of this guy that I had met in passing in Downtown Phoenix. His name is Joel. Is that your name by chance? He looks just like you.. He just loves to give hugs."

I replied in return, "Yes, my name is Joel.. YES.. but I am not the same guy. Never been to Phoenix before. This is just weird, cuz someone from out of the blue, at a conference in Cleveland, said the same thing about me like around two weeks ago, just before my flight out to Phoenix. She mentioned the same thing to me in that she had met him in Arizona. It spooked me out!!!! Although I do love to give big hugs myself!" We laughed... chuckled... and we hugged for a brief moment after I jokingly made the remark and before we parted on our separate ways.

Now, here comes the last and, perhaps, the more disturbing event after returning back from Sedona. I swung by the apartment management

office where I had once lived for a year at the time, in Strongsville, to dropping off my 30 Day Notice since I was moving soon out to the far eastern side of Cleveland. Anyways, I was greeted with such a scowl by the manager as I approached her desk with the greatest of hesitation, "Didn't you know that you've had a recent complaint from your neighbors? I tried to get a hold of you but you haven't been home."

I was curious and dumbfounded and said, "Uhhhh.. Excuse me?"

She further explains, "Yes.. pots and pans don't get thrown down the trash compactor.. You have to walk to the outside trash facility and throw out the larger items in those areas and since those pots and pans had damaged the compactor machine, we had to get it serviced at a cost. We are going to let it fly this one time but as a warning but we'll see what the corporate office says."

I further interrupted, "So when did this happen. I don't understand. I never threw any pots and pans into any chute whatsoever!"

She replied, "This happened last week on the 10th.. It was reported by your next door neighbor. She saw you, specifically, walk from your apartment and out to the trash chute. We have eyewitnesses... Thank You!! People had seen you.

I interjected, "I'm sorry... but... I was out of town that week between the 9th and the 16th this month. I just had gotten back from the trip yesterday. I was in Arizona... I have the itinerary right here... in my back pocket to prove it!"

She replied in shock with mouth partly wide open, "So that wasn't you? She saw you, your neighbor. We talk all the time... Well then there is someone walking around impersonating you and it's quite disturbing to say the least. OK.. Don't worry about it then. Let me have a copy of your itinerary and we'll go and call it the day. I've seen and heard enough. OK.. I'm sorry to have bothered you but let me have a copy of that itinerary just for keepsake. If you were out of town then you were out of town. I'll inform the owners, along with the corporate office so that we can get you on your way. We'll send off your security deposit in thirty days. So... You were in Arizona the whole time, huh? That is exactly what your itinerary says here. That is the oddest thing. Ok, well have a nice day, ok!"

I walked away from the office, still befuddled again and confused. I thought to myself, "Well, ok, I can totally accept the fact that there's another guy, who looks and talks exactly like me, who also lives in Arizona, uses my debit card, and meets all of these people whom I personally haven't met, as well, in passing. But to know that he had been in my apartment, while I was gone, in throwing out pots and pans into the trash compactor shoot of the apartment complex, is just disturbing to me." At the same time, though, it was intriguing.

During those few weeks before and perhaps even after Sedona, I had gone through and experienced some of the most amazing experiences and oddities, that I am now beginning to take with the most greatened of considerations. When at one point within my life, prior to these very times of rediscovery, I would have just overlooked such happenings as, while brushing it off to the side of awareness as mere coincidence, led by chance.

Honestly, it really wouldn't surprise me if, actually, there were multiple selves of me walking around. Could this, perhaps, be evidence within the knowing of what the Higher Self of being entails? It, definitely, would make life all the more less difficult if there were, indeed, a few of my "like" images of the "higher" of my most selves walking around to efficiently getting the more important things in life accomplished.

Thoughts kept running, persistently, throughout the bulk of all of my psyche, "What has been happening to me? Can anybody explain? Has the theory of 'Bilocation' proved itself here to be an example within my case? Does Quantum Entanglement mean anything here? I can partially understand, in terms of some aspects of Quantum Physics, but within this time and space from among the deeper realms of reality and being, It just doesn't process. On the other hand, am I simply doubting what truly is. Am I transitioning, I suppose, with little or no understanding of the process? But what am I transitioning... or perhaps even transforming into?" Regardless of what was actually transpiring, within the act of potentially knowing or in, perhaps, for what could be least understood, I knew from within my heart that the most awe-inspiring of things were about to meet me along the bend.

Someone, who I met on the plane ride home, had even made mention, in agreement, that these mirage images of me, personally, were perhaps one from among the many reflections of the Higher Self, indeed. These mirror-imaged entities, whom have been walking about the face of Earth within the variegated levels of altered dimensions (several plains of which Quantum Physicists had often made reference to), can be referred to as a Quantum Hiccup. Such a phenomena would entail the invariable combining of all such plains, on the many levels of dimensions; and when such an occurrence would transpire, the mirror entities of ourselves in relation to our most Higher of Selves would then find them to be upon the same levels of existence, and maybe so for only perhaps a brief and desultory moment in time.

Day 49: November 18, 2011

Feeding Into the Fire

In either direction to whatever truth shall be made of one's choice, the breadth of such passion, possessed, can only die and wither away to that of a delineating and flickering halt. Without the fuel and the nourishment that it, desperately, requires to thrive, the flame of such



desired life, in either the light or in pulverizing heat, will only dwindle and fizzle away from amidst the dust. If one should, rather, feed the desired flame of choice, and only of that flame within the utmost of such persuasiveness and fervor, unmatched, one may essentially build upon the likes of an uncontrollable

wildfire, expansive within its proliferative beauty and inextinguishable by any means imaginable, when blessed with an unwavering faith of eternal and infinite life.

Day 50: November 19, 2011

The Reasons

The rationale for all the pain we often resist,

Coincides within the calm once after a
forgiven moment of peace begins to persist.



The motive for such a fall as we delineate
far further from grace,

Allows one and the other to rise in elevation
to heights deemed farther from haste.

The justification for the tears, churned
relentlessly from amongst the troubled years,
Only quickens itself with disdainful taste when we
smile at the lonely face amongst the
Most troubling of fears.

The reasons for why we encompass the
roles of the bleak and lonely,
Are all for the main reasons for why we
are so quick to give openly,

In serving calmly, smiling loudly,
being present and grounded ever-so mindfully,
Even from amongst such strife
to living the example so kindly.

Day 51: November 20, 2011

Light of the New World

Do not react in the same light, out of anxiety and worry, from what is seen through opened eyes, but react by merely being without judgement nor ridicule nor castigating emotion set ablaze, with eyes wide shut. Instead, live the example through an understanding, a calming silence and of a loving warming presence amidst an illusion of a withering Olden World of fear and of hardening dismay. We must focus, dearly, upon the newest energies blessed upon the world, and none towards the olden paradigm of being. For the Olden World has been long gone as a memory, but even yet, we must forget upon such a memory for which the many, from amongst the bewildered, had been long attached. We must release. We must forgive. We must forget. We must forget.



Day 52: November 21, 2011

The Grand Canyon: Peace Within the Moment

If we are better able to ground ourselves, daily, to Mother Earth's crystal core and to stay closely in-tune within the realms of our Heart's Center, shall we discover, from Spirit, the messages within the purity of our truths, the peace from among the silence throughout it's whimsical nature, the comforts within the knowing of thyself from greatest of ease to every single life-giving breathe that is taken in, the release of any overwhelming or trace amounts of toxicity upon the exertion of breath to every exhalation which is made, and the clarity of intellect from potential clutter for which we all yearn for and truly desire. May the journey of our energies and of our internal light be cradled by the grace of the Creator's Love, together in connection, to the all, as we are more than able to provide for each other in symbiotic relationship, and in partnership, to the evolution of the Mastery of the Self with undeniable and unwavering grace.



Day 53: November 22, 2011

Will Never Be The Same

As the sun moderately rises to a differing tune and aperture which sings of a higher brilliance, while ushering in to itself a brightly lit new day, we will begin to notice the subtlety of change that envelops the air with every inviting and welcoming breadth. The colors, emanating from the landscape, further brighten the days by the encouraging glow within the sun's newly resurrected might. The creatures of the air hover, gracefully, from that of a once known and forgotten elevation in further soaring to greatedened heights. The seas are then made to utter the



undeniable relevance from amid the stillness of its waters throughout its calm, as an apportionment upon its wake is conjured up from that deepened sleep. The Four Winds, gently blowing the opium scent, wistfully, throughout the air, becomes of what is softly whispered within the ears, as newly resurrected butterflies float and hover blissfully amongst the melancholy cover. Let it be known that as we vibrate with heightened frequency from among the full-colored spectrum of the Seven Rays, that we will never, again, glance upon nor over our shoulders in looking back to the Olden. We will never be the same. We will never be the same.

Day 54: November 23, 2011

A Spiral Elevation

Touched by such an inspired and endowed grace, they, whom before us should dwell from among a desired and heightened plain, only speak to inspire the descended soon ascending. As the many within the Divine of the mainstream of focus foretell of a collaboratively designated evolution, deemed inherited from the branching of its source, so shall the advocates of that ultimate and resounding source, in itself, evolve ever the more the same to even deepening higher realms of intention.



Unknowning interconnectedness is the relationship that is required from the whole, which then trickles down in descent, made possible by every vertical and progressive riser to every plateaued and inundating step. Such is the liberation from the restraints, of one world to the ascent towards that of a golden peak, which is truly the reality at hand from other designated planes. Such is the evolution, at all levels involved within our symbiotic network of light, which takes us all in elevation to escalating worth, heightened awareness, and cyclical change.

Day 55: November 24, 2011 (Thanksgiving Day)

In Giving Thanks

I thank the Lord for my wonderful and blessed life. I am thankful for the very path You have Blessed upon me with Your Grace. I thank

Mother Gaia for allowing me to deeply ground within the Warmth of Her Embrace, in taking root and in knowing of compassion and in experiencing the peace that is ever-present and existent within grasp, only if we can become more apt to acknowledging such realities as truth. I have learned of such wisdom and peace derived from the Red-Rock of



Sedona. I thank the Masters for their enlightening inspiration and undeniable strength. I thank the Kachinas and the Angels within the ranks for their blessed and miraculous redirection and guidance. I thank the people with whom have come along the pass in enduring and in sharing the needed lessons learned with fruitful bounty. I am thankful for the

abundance in opportunity and in the journeys I have come across along the path. I am thankful for the blessing of friends and family and even more so... THANKFUL... for the wonderful souls for whom I have met and even reunited with along the way. There are those whom have brought me down to the dark and lonely abyss, but then there are those whom have built me back up to the highest of any mountain peak top. I am thankful for all the lessons learned along the pass

In any regard, I am thankful for the goodness in celebration and in the woeful leading to the incredulous of stark sadness for THEY are amongst the needed elements, the requirement, perhaps even the prerequisite to the next and higher prepossessing level of who I was meant to be within the life. I AM worth the time. I AM well-deserving. I am loved. I AM thus and therefore blessed, a flower already in bloom. May we all spread the LIGHT that we deservingly and infinitely possess with undeniable LOVE. I AM Thankful. Amen.

Day 56: November 25, 2011

Protect the Will of Your Own Integrity

Turn your cheek away from among the meekness of delineating character and look past any judgment or criticism portrayed onto you by the very souls who possess not the courage or the will to look into your eyes and deep within your soul, while throwing the very first stone to bludgeon. Disregard the negative self talk



which can virally plant itself deep within the infertile grounds of your most fragile of thoughts and of weakened esteem. Such a denigrating mindset can debilitate the whole of your own integrity when you allow for yourselves to give in to such perplexing servitude, which can only weaken the durability and fruitfulness of your soil that was always meant to encourage the prospering of an abundant harvest from among a tediously cared for crop.

Prevent any other “unheard of” ingredient from mixing in into your kettle pot brew of the most enticing of seasonings, in encouraging that overwhelming response to such pleasurable delight, from spoiling your unbelievable taste from mouth-watering fervor. Avoid the toxicity of such poison. Relinquish your soul of such negativity. Protect the very bounty of your most abundant and most desirable of crop.

Day 57: November 26, 2011

Leaving No Stone... Left Unturned

The truest nature of mankind is found within an overwhelming sense of compassion, which is drawn from our Divine nature of being.



We have inherited this trait, which may lie dormant within some, but in others, may run rampant with such an intensity of encouraged fire and flame. When one is capable of deciding for himself the change that he desires and requires within the void and emptied spaces of his life, the alchemy of such an intention can,

slowly and sometimes immediately, manifest accordingly to the sacred geometries of what one may exude energetically. Doors may open with every succession to each heartened and devout step for which we may take, along the quest to ultimate enlightenment, to the other portals of opportunity leading to that very change in transmutation.

We, as the bridges of change, can often be found as the gatekeepers of doorways that open up to the invariable number of souls who have searched, all their lives, for the very keys to such doorways. We can provide as much to their cause within the very steps of development in evolution but if they are unwilling, themselves, to turning the knob, or in perhaps turning over the next stone, to the next entryway of transfiguration and evolution, then that very doorway will never open. We

can neither unlatch nor provide the unfolding of such a portal to reveal itself true to the others, unless the recipient is more than well able and equipped to opening the portal way of heightened and anticipated change, for themselves. Otherwise, we, in ourselves, could end up falling into that trap of being anchored into the same karmic weight which, essentially, had been holding them hostage, heavy, and into the confines of their secluded and locked-in space.

Day 58: November 27, 2011

The Implantation of Divine Thought

Once relished with a thought that transgresses to an emotion that eventually kneads itself into a meditative state of bliss, the composition of words often astonishes one's own realization of what is considered theirs, in content, and to what apportionment of the material has been linked to other worldly means of inspiration. For at times when one's literary work is rendered, read back in summary, after many months or perhaps even years after first being originally written, the question



remains as to whether the literary creation was deemed a creation, derived from the creativity of the author themselves, or in whether the hand, holding the pen, was merely guided by the similarities of the Sacramental, The Omnipotent, and/or from amongst the other avenues leading to the The Divine. Despite the essential hand for which the ego may coercively play, all literary inscription that possesses the potential to touch and change the very fabric of whom we once were to be, in dominion, are prolifically encrypted with the providence of Divine Inspiration.

Day 59: November 28, 2011

A Choice

The choices we make are neither exceptional nor faulty or inadequate in nature. A choice is rather a selection of imperative and of necessary recourse vital to the very means for spiritual enhancement, change within the consciousness of awareness, and a revelation to the road of enlightenment. Often at times we are remorseful and dig upon the self-reproach and self-condemnation that lies deep within this course of



action. It is vital to acknowledge and avow that the elemental core of such a choice manufactures the very fiber of our existence and whom we find ourselves to be in light of the present. Whatever path is taken and carried off, one can be made more competent of the very means for self discovery through the variable lessons learned. It all

depends on whether we allow for these hindrances and drawbacks to permeate within us in stirring us up to a place of paradise within that Eden or in breaking us down to a void of darkness where we can lay stagnant in a place of bewilderment and daunting desolation.

Day 60: November 29, 2011

A Prayer of Release

I bless, not only those whom have spread such incandescence and the all-encompassing love which proves to being the resolve in every condition and circumstance which wanes, but I also bless those, from amongst the flock, whom lack the luster of such meaning in spiritual wealth. I love and I love with more of such said passion and, therefore, love returns ever so graciously upon its return onto me in pilgrimage.



Today, I am washing my hands of all the impurity which, in the now, no longer exists. I shall forgive myself and all others, the same, and I

shall release myself of the guilt and resentment of denigrating indemnity, laden by the worry of learnt societal fear. Now, I focus all of my intentions upon the gift and the blissful blessings of the moment, for the moment within the breath only carries the present. It is the gift of release for all that has weighed on me heavy. I am free from all karmic attachments. I shred the contracts which have burdened me hostage for they no longer loom within the beauty that permeates within the all within my heart.

As I submit to what ails, in return I accept the conditions of such said ailments. I resist not but instead I flow without resistance. Then, I become forgiving to the circumstance placed through non-judgement as the very first step to a three-fold process. In completion, once I have earned the right to such said promise, from the flight of thy golden and bronze laden wings, we will know that we have finally forgiven – the other and in ourselves.

Day 61: November 30, 2011

The Process

Some may find themselves in an existence as seeds that have been planted among an anticipated crop, lain temporarily dormant, asleep within their own sacred cellular space until the miracle, in itself, showers its existence with an ever abiding love, and permeates, patiently, into the epicotyl past its toughened outer coating. Those, who have found



themselves to be in such a stage, undoubtedly, require the very food derived from that of an appetite of unrelenting belief when what is unseen will be known to manifest from a faith rooted from what is felt to be true. Others, within their own and individualized process, along the vine, may just have broken the very ground from

whence the intention was first derived; as from what had been inspired and dreamed from below the surface has now, indubitably, transgressed into the beginnings derived from the original intention, made to manifest.

Then, there are those who have already flowered and blossomed into their fullest of blooms, as they have been born the ripened fruit of their desired works. They, too, bear an individualized expression of all of

which was always meant. As we go through the different stages of life, the circumstances and variable events also differ on the many levels that are similarly dependent upon each and every soul's individual and desired need required for spiritual progression and evolution.

December 2011

Thoughts For December

“The month of December brings the energies of Christ Consciousness within all of our awareness as Christmas draws near. The representation of Yeshua’s life brings even more of a profound meaning, within the deeper sense of things, as the Reality of His Truest Teachings are slowly unraveling to its blossom within all of our hearts. As encouraged by Christ, the legitimacy of ancient scripture cannot be corrupted nor manipulated from its, originally, intended worth, for the authenticity of the truest Word of God, lies openly within the very pages of our hearts. Only when Humanity as a whole is willing and open to unfastening the very first pages of that TRUTH, within that sacred and most intimated of spaces within, will we begin to break the limits to the very walls that had separated us from all of this time. Then, shall we inherit that right to the very blessings of a higher state of consciousness and of being.

According to Elizabeth Clare Prophet, from her book entitled, The Lost Years of Jesus, she delivers the testimony of four credible eyewitness accounts of individuals, who have seen and examined the remarkable evidence, that have survived today --of ancient Tibetan Buddhist manuscripts. These ancient documents archive the very footsteps of Jesus Christ, as he travailed throughout

the lands of Tibet and India , as a student and teacher. The Holy Bible only references the beginning and ending of his story. There are sixteen to seventeen years of his life that are missing within the pages of the Gospels. Truly, Yeshua was well versed from amongst the spiritual influences of those regions. What was ultimately the story between the beginning and the end of this Man's Life that was truly meant to be told, during those "unaccounted for" years within the written text of Holy Scripture? Of course, I do not deny the very words written within the Holy Bible, for the very Gospels included in such a Blessed and Divine Work, are among the Words Spoken by our Dear and Loving Creator. But how are we then to dismiss hundreds upon hundreds of other Gospels which have not been included? Indeed, are we reading, partially, into the very Truths of a Holy and Blessed Work, which is actually an apportionment, from among volumes of books and, encompasses the collaborative amongst the Entirety of that Ultimate Truth?

Regardless, what Yeshua had accomplished 2000 or so years ago, each of us (man, woman, and child) can do the very same, for we all are the very sons and daughters of the Divine. We all carry the Divine essence or, perhaps, the very Flame of that Christ Consciousness within our hearts, which must be reignited from all of its worth. We are, essentially, the very beings that we never knew we

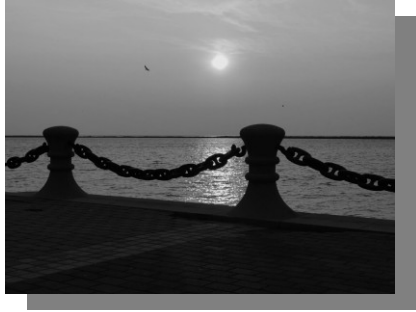
*were capable of, collaborative and able, to be the well-worthy descendants of
something so much Greater: The Divine from Within.”*

(Joel A. Ayapana)

Day 62: December 1, 2011

Awakened by Positive Thought

The blessings of looking towards the brighter side of things is not only derived from the intention that we may perceive such events and happenings within our lives as being positive, but it is also knowing that sometimes what negative events may manage to present themselves during specified moments of clarity are significantly the blessings in disguise. These blessings can potentially elevate us to heightened peaks of fervor. Such can be the result for every circumstance, if only we are to be cognizant of what is required to be learned from such said experiences.



Day 63: December 2, 2011

A Light Worker's Calling

The message within all of our hearts, which has been called -- continuously plays itself as a reminder. But the relevance within our memories often eludes the grip within what could be obtained from what weakened grasp programmed reality frequently plays --the differences between us, who among the masses, only further accumulates when we



are judged within the realms of the ego. The loneliness, which gradually builds up to its fill for the level of understanding --progressively towards the likes of our breed; then reaches beyond the worlds of conditioned and taught apprehension. Urgency relentlessly permeates throughout one's ears --in and out through the other.

This is linked and bound to the calling, delineated by persistent and perpetual witnessing of repetitious numbered sequences. When we begin acknowledging through learned wisdom, that such variably patterned numbers, which can only emanate from the design of a heightened

vibration and frequency expression of a Universal Calling, this message begins to formulate deeper within the consciousness to the true origins of one's purpose to manifest. Such a message holds true and clear, to those initiated, where ripples proliferate, rhythmically, and feverishly, in vibration from the shallow depths of the still and unknowing waters.

The healing touch and the light, that exudes from the breadth of our aspirations, only further builds one up, and intensifies the passion for what is dearly possessed. The love of all man, woman, and child; proves to be the song that is sung from the bellows among the choir --as the connection to the Mother, to nature, and to the Holy Spirit becomes exceedingly relevant and clear in synchronization. This has always been the glimmer of all of our truths, for it has always been implanted within our hearts; the Seeds of that very Light: The Light Worker's Calling.

Day 64: December 3, 2011

The Book Within

All who live and breathe possess a tale to tell awaiting for personal revelry and disclosure. If one should possess the courage and awareness to take the responsibility in sharing such wisdom. The specific style and satire utilized within such a story should be less chastised, but appreciated more for the essence of such a portrayal taken in entirety within the rawness of its form. The meaning to what is actually being said should always be interpreted from the heart and appreciated for the purpose magnified within view. As words are collaboratively designated and creatively manipulated within form, the pigment within every phrase, and the intention with every stroke of the brush, as how these words are creatively structured, brings into being a simple yet personified portrait of the individualized self - once broken down to its root.



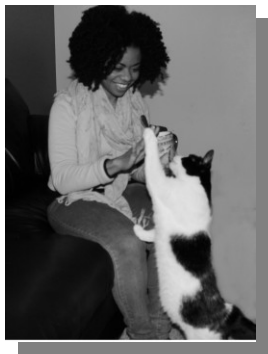
As one impresses a carefully detailed, thought-out signature, of that specified description to one's thoughts and intentions, the importance lies within the emphasis on placing parallels from what is being said, to what can actually be compared to the reader's own intimate experiences and lessons learned to grasp. The blessing is, at times, not only found within the entertainment value from such a storyline cohesively told, but is merely found from the self-discovery that we are

more than able to proclaim in parallel to the apportionment of what is essentially being expressed. As a result, where as the spark of one's book shall be read and enjoyed for its enigmatic fervor and zeal, then shall the book from within all the others, whom should acknowledge such truths from within, will become expressed, themselves, into the manifestation of an ever-resounding proliferation to heightening inspiration.

Day 65: December 4, 2011

Loyalty

Loyalty is an act of devotion undeniable by the most genuine of hearts and an act of solitude, which essentially gives credence to the insurmountable amount of sacrifice laid down before them bearing witness. Quite simply, it is mere faith and heart-felt sentiment given in return and re-examined for the virtuous intention expressed; unconditionally provided without restriction, delivered and endowed without hesitation, bestowed and reserved for the devout without limitation. Within this knowing of such heart-felt wisdom, I, humbly, give upon the light that draws upon myself to you, in service, to the very Flame of all of Humanity.



Day 66: December 5, 2011

Patience

Far designated and well principled, patience is an attribute, well received and worthy of the wait when flavor far exceeds the lengthy and timely process of marinating within the likes of its timeless candor. It is a tolerance that parallels the aggregate of fine wine, aged to its purity within perfection; and a refinement, deemed steadily balanced. And when life is given to the process, it is permitted to ensue its intended course towards the



peak of unadulterated maturation. Synonymous, in comparison, is the biding of one's time when the end result shall be described as far from meek, but most certainly blissful and utterly graceful within its fluidity -- similar to the impending rudimentary flight of the monarch; which dances while fluttering through the windfall with its prepossessing, engaging, and outstretched wings, while promulgating to and fro in conjunction to the even flow of a soft mellow breeze. Be calm and hold still within the breath and know of the moment; for the bellows of serenity ripens with a bliss of savory quality, incorporated with such a distinct warmth and richness, like that of a rolling wine country sunrise. All of which would have never come to pass without deferred anticipation, nor of a patience required of a ripened means within the molting of one's anticipated grace.

Day 67: December 6, 2011

Bridging the Gap

As we are the Light..
Presumptuously so..
Masters of the New Earth.

Day 68: December 7, 2011

Planting the Seed

I am, consciously, placing the seed, derived from the greatest intentions for the goodness of all Humanity, into the hearts of our worldly leaders, the very core of governments, and the people that are, perhaps behind those governments --along with the CEO's of major corporations, banks, and of Wall Street with only that of my LOVE. I am planting the seed of beauty, forgiveness, kindness, grace, TRUTH, authenticity, purity, goodness, the consciousness for the abundance for all, justice, compassion, PEACE, humility, safety, prosperity, and of limitlessness upon every corner of their hearts. I am planting this seed, within the now, and I will nourish this life, which I



have given with even more of my infinite love and grace, as the like will only attract even more of the very same of its own breed in solidarity. The name of this seed is love; it is one of the most powerful of words, which heals and shall bring the world back onto legitimacy and strength of its own Divine Light. It changes everything.

Day 69: December 8, 2011

Life within the Cycle

Our olden and most antiquated ways, which stem from the outcroppings of the seemingly ancient and primordial, may seem unfashionable and outdated, but cannot be misconstrued as such for it is merely a misunderstanding and misidentification of the truest workings in the process of existence within the paradigm of its construct. The



previous point of being within this reverberated and so-called timeline is rather the prefabricated marker or junction revisited, consequently, within the cycle. Linearity within this most popular of realized and conscious assemblies is the contraindicated misnomer and irrevocable illusion of our times.

Once we are able to acknowledge this level of consciousness are we better able to understand the meaning of events within its Wake.

Day 70: December 9, 2011

When the Tides Have Turned

A feeling of a lonesome ignites a spell of hope which only roars from the angst of such a quandary. A minority from among the masses, who neither speaks the language of such a delineating song nor a hum of its unsweetened melody, walks, seemingly, the one way pass of isolation, among the tightened turns, dips, and broken roads; but when revelation is finally brought to one's awareness from the dawn that is seen from a distance, the darkened and lonely night becomes lessened to the subtlety of a shadow. An incandescence sullies the pitch darkness from within the night as its glow permeates up and throughout the tree line atop the

canopy. Such a glimmer stands apart and at odds from all that is dimmed. Such a smoldering shall be called to mind, not from the aura of such indifference, but from the brilliance which emanates from the shine of their inner light.

One's meaning to his or her existence, then, comes into question, as realities prove less fitting and unsuitable to the limiting mold. Such a mold which perpetuates each and from amongst the most common of templates, patterned by the meekness of such superficial might, becomes ideal and is superficially wrought, but hardly the fitting for the reasons for why the heart had been sought out in the first place.

A governed society, which serves no longer the capacity to suffice the efficiencies of the human spirit, can only dwell from within the restricted elements, where the boundaries of such walls created were meant to subdue the rise of the Human Spirit. Whispers from the ripples, created within the puddles of tears left behind, only further echoes and gestures the intention of Humanity's truest nature. What we refrain from in acceptance endures exponentially in resilience. As this inevitable change of transformation comes into being when the tides have finally turned, those once from among the greater number will then find themselves within the minority, less well-equipped, and soon to become... EXTINCT!

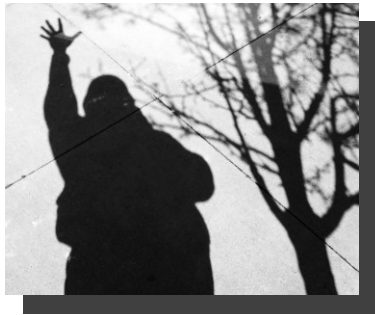


Day 71: December 10, 2011

ONE Standing to His Feet

On a brightened day at downtown Public Square, the breadth from upon the thousands filled a cloud of high-energied emotion and disillusion. For this gathered rally as a demonstration and of a desperate cry for change and revolt against the establishment, A spokesperson fervently speaks in a tone of wearied invocation, "The Congress... our Presidency... the System... Our Economy... The Dream... Our Greatness! What has become of it? Our beloved country has lain in disarray among the shadows of its past glory. How are we to gather and rummage from what has been left! It is merely impossible to turn back the clocks to that cry in those times of 1776. We cannot switch off the elite! We cannot throw the dark into the Light. We cannot grasp what once was gained from what gathered truth and freedom is left!" - A stammer was then created from out of one corner of the beleaguered crowd, sucked from all

of its hope, where another disturbance throws itself, to its opposite, onto the meager and destitute eyes from among another portion of the weary and disgruntled, as a young man, known by none from among the weary, loudly spouts, while interrupting the spokesperson's speech, "I GOTTA SUGGESTION, SIR! Out of respect, sir, we start diligently with words of... I CAN... WE CAN... TOGETHER... WE CAN... and from there, we will follow suit with the capacity to Love and to only LOVE. We will do so in loving, graciously, with such a PASSION that blinds any other who doubts the very LOVE WE ALL POSSESS. As one... We are but a drop... BUT... together we are the waves upon waves that charge fervently upon their heavily guarded beaches, flowing from the very depths and magnificence of our oceans. When we focus, with our Minds, and inspire, within all of our Hearts, from which all that is LOVE, in return, we will receive nothing but the joy ... the peace... the abundance... the harmony... the justice... the grace... the beauty... the dignity... the respect... and the balance that all resides within the meaning which harbors its name. When deemed otherwise, the opposite comes crashing to its truth. Believe and therefore shall it come to fervently manifest. It is hereby called a faith that interprets itself well to every aspect of Divine and Universal Law."



As the masses, stunned within the wake, had further stood within their silence in either awaiting additional words of inspiration or any dutiful response from the shocked and emulsified spokesperson, the boy suddenly dissipates and vanishes to his knees. While leaving its flock in flight from its register, a crow sounds off along the distance from amidst the horizon, and then a mellow breeze shakes within its quiver from among the dust. The souls, who once surrounded this young man, instantly found themselves in a swervy. One of which, was a distraught mother, who snuggly and tenderly held her child in her arms. More and more confused bystanders searched among the audience, for this one, lone bearer of truths, but then found themselves at an immediate halt. A deafening silence surged through the air. This mother, who once stood alongside the young man before his mysterious exit, picked up a newspaper, from where the inspiring young boy turned, now a man, had stood.

The front page photo, which made the headlines for that day, bore the black and white image of a 19 year old Army Veteran. He was killed in action, the previous day --after one proud year of dutiful, military service in the Gulf. Shockingly enough, the photo bore a strong

resemblance to the boy once standing to his feet. A tear then morphed into many more tears, which flowed from the Mother's eyes, like waterfalls cascading down into streams of rivers with strengthened emotions of both, solemnity and awakening.

Day 72: December 11, 2011

At Heart's Center

Where the mind often
Clutters, find clarity and
Truth within the heart.

Day 73: December 12, 2011

The Authentic Self

Stay to be your true and authentic self. Allow for that innate and natural sense to resurface in its ripening to the thickened and sweetened nectar meant for the tasting. Acknowledge from within your heart, what clearly resonates as the ultimate meaning, which embraces every genuine thought, emotion, and intention of your glow. Uphold your internal core of values, from amidst the honorable code of virtue, and stand for what is felt as your own and undeniable truth in reality, which resounds from all of your senses, not seclusively to what has been made mention in neither the most direct of intentions nor from amongst the passive within aim. Neither fear, the ridicule, which may find its way upon our steps when we open our doors in welcome for all whom question the glimmer of our light from the porch, for it is the fear, in itself, that initiates such a response from what is least most understood from the curb. Let the gift, from what was meant to resurface to the prominence of its luster, become a reality for everyone's rightful glory. Rather than being the very product of an unpredictable environment, be the example that acts as the source, which



inspires the shadows among the surroundings to dissipate into that light which shines so ever brightly.

Day 74: December 13, 2011

A Return to the Band of Consciousness

Tears of joy present themselves from the surface and clearly upon her face as streams of salted rivers flow, simultaneously and vigorously, down the hills of her heightened cheeks, from the mountain sides through the scenic valley ways where it finds itself collecting to the tributaries of her bosom and directly towards the basin of her heart. It further permeates, once more, to a fill when, again, embraced by the love of her life as his world from the left hemispheres of thought returns to the keepsake of providence; snapping out of a wandering within the night, in only beginning to realize the depths of her all-encompassing love.



Come and gone have the many thousands and thousands of years dissolved, in full circle. Cycling back to the beginning where it had all manifested and, finally, to the existence of such a light that embraces them both with the warmth of an incubation. Warmed within the womb and showered by photons upon photons of an overwhelming and reassuring incandescence --a reunion of souls returning home in transit to the Gates of Elysium.

Day 75: December 14, 2011

The Truest Perception of Love

When the makeup of love, within its entirety, is well-thought out and analyzed by the conditioned constructs of the mind, we shall find that love will only provide an unworthy guidance, which brings into light the many failed attempts and of the promulgating and worsening worry, turned into fear, that may prevail throughout one's range of such condoning restriction. But when love is encountered by the blissful nature



of the heart, we will finally revel at the revelation, which inundates the grandeur and limitlessness of our rediscovered realities. We shall acknowledge the truest definition of infinity.

Day 76: December 15, 2011

A Reason

Sometimes what is required within the darkness is the calling of one's LIGHT, so as to diminish the very shadows that lurk within the night.

Day 77: December 16, 2011

Engage Every Moment Only Upon the Lands of Your Own Familiarity

If a man or woman is truly and convincingly a person of the heart, and if either soul should become engaged and enthralled within the quarrels of egotistical dispute, rather than in pursuing the calming coherence and in the balancing resolve of cooperation towards a more peaceful means, then they risk the chance of walking amongst the deepened waters of unfamiliar seas. It often concludes with a greatedened lesson learned. One shall, obviously, drown, drifting lifeless within the abyss; while the other continues to swim amidst the home of its harrowing depths. If only the nimble novice of self-proclaimed wholeheartedness approaches such a dispute with only the open-handed appearance of welcome, the tranquility and silence within the gesture of a smile, and unwavering calm of a peaceful oak, then this person of manifested potential, admirable self control and profound whim, might be the one of the like who could, wholeheartedly and miraculously, walk



upon the surface of deepened and darkened waters while untouched by the moisture beneath his toes.

Day 78: December 17, 2011

Extracting the Root of Which Ails

The legitimacy of healing
another soul from ailments, which
tie one's hands useless, portrays
only the resolve of
mere trimmings from
a bush, if should roots
further dig
in too
deep.

Day 79: December 18, 2011

The Sacred Space of the Heart

When one repeatedly steps into the pure and heartened space of genuine awareness; miracles manifest; conscious evolution becomes inevitable, and the revelations to one's spirit becomes revolutionary in the simplicity of its essence. When one has answered to the Calling, Awakening then becomes of it to where the destination of such a path, unfolds to reveal the ripening of one's Universal TRUTHS.



Day 80: December 19, 2011

An Unraveling

Within the silence,
Listen to the roar within
All of our hearts.

Day 81: December 20, 2011

These Hands

I say unto you, Divine Creator of all that there is, please bless these hands with your Heavenly Grace for all hearts it may touch as the revealed and the highest of spirits within me, shall permeate within all of their hearts. May they, who search for their inner truths, be blessed exponentially the same. Shall they know of the healing needed, found deep from their higher selves, to free their essence of the heavily weighted burden rooted from the intricately interwoven connections far from past. May they elevate to higher realms further beyond the consciousness and subconscious to the once known mythical Eden, a believed and known reality within our hearts.



Day 82: December 21, 2011

A Shift Within the Wind

Though soft as winds blow,
Feel a shift of your love brush
Up against my eyes.

Day 83: December 22, 2011 (Winter Solstice)

A Winter Solstice Blessing: The Initiation of the Double Rainbow Consciousness

On my way home from work, it had seemed as if it were raining the entire day by the look of the heavy and darkening gray clouds which began to develop from all around me in sight, but not a single drop of dew had fallen from the skies. The ground was dry. The skies, overall, carried though an indistinguishable and peculiarly odd hue, which proved

very difficult to describe. It didn't help the situation any further since I was also very "color blind" to say the least. Suddenly, off into the horizon, a larger-than-life geometric shape began to form just slightly past and over the tree line, facing East. As I examined its larger-than-life view even closer, I noticed that a rainbow was, slowly, starting to form. I pulled off to the side and parked into an old and abandoned lot which was adjacent to a larger field of grass. The rainbow view became even the more vivid and clear as I approached and walked into the field.

The further I progressed, the longer the rainbow had extended itself out, on both ends, until the appearance of a full multi-colored bow had, miraculously, taken its shape. I was dramatically taken back and awed by its grandeur and magnificence. If witnessing, first hand, at the very foot



of such an anomaly wasn't awe-inspiring enough, what had soon developed before my very eyes was the manifestation of another full-bowed rainbow, an exact mirror of the very first, which had begun to settle in just slightly above the previous. I whispered to myself with mouth gaping wide-open, "A Double Rainbow... on... the Eve of the

Winter Solstice. Now how about that?" A smile soon took me over, then, the entirety of my facial expression was engulfed by the overwhelming cheer within my grin. The fully aligned spectrum of colors had dressed each dignified and enamored rainbow from bottom to top, from red to violet in ascending order, which was symbolic, within my own eyes, as the ascension of man to Heightened Evolution . Spiritually, It proved to being the very bridge to the Heavens, a portal to Enlightenment, the dawning of a New Age.

Within my own heart, it felt as if it was another blessing of sorts to the initiation of alchemical transformation. I was, essentially, detaching from the material constructs of being to the more spiritual end of becoming. It was a positive omen of sorts which shouldn't be taken lightly, but most, definitively, should be observed to be more profound and synchronistic in nature. My spirit had called out to the Universe for signs of an enigmatic beauty which would change the very landscape, and I had found it! It had yearned for a miracle from amongst the least tangible of skies, and I had walked into it! It had craved for that very magic to come into the fullest of my views, and I had witnessed it for myself, burnt into my retina from amongst the rods and cones of my

awakening eyes. It was beautiful! It was magical! It was awe-inspiring and miraculous, to say the least.

The feelings that I had possessed for that very moment, would be one of the most aspiring of gifts for which I would take and deliver as a memory from one endearing moment to the very next. When I had realized that such heartfelt feelings of heightened emotion could be utilized in times of need, I began to realize the meaning of such a sight. I began to admire the power of its impact and of its healing energies. When we are faced with any bewildering circumstance or, perhaps, when fear should begin to set in, we are to remember these memories of warmth, of beauty, of magic, and of faith. We, essentially, bring to that, seemingly, fear-filled and anxiety-torn situation the same and exact feelings of miracle and magic. Such an act can, alchemically, change the world.

Day 84: December 23, 2011

What is a Diamond?

The brilliance and clarity of a diamond does not, merely, become the precious stone from which it has evolved, pulverized from among the rock, unless the integrity of such a stone has undergone the necessary cycles of insurmountable stress, of heat, of pressure, and of the most pummeling of extremes; within the process of its life. On the other hand, a stone, devoid of such trials in this process of change and transformation, would only parallel the like of a mere piece of coal, meant only for the limitations of its purpose. Only sought for its momentary worth, corralled from amid the kiln to gather from what temporary warmth has been burned from what is left, it then only becomes the very soot of its residue amidst the memory of its own ashes, from dust to dust.



Day 85: December 24, 2011

Enlightenment

The process of Enlightenment is the actual "tearing down" of the foundations of what we have once known to be true. It is within the act of the "losing of one's self" and of every material possession in order to having realized that we had gained so much more in Spirit. It is derived from acknowledging that in order to appreciate the Light; we must know and embrace the shadows and depths from within and in, therefore, without. Enlightenment, clearly, entails, not only the upholding of the Cross, but also, carries upon our shoulders, the bulk of all of its weight in strength. It is deeply founded from the revelations of understanding that we had never been alone --indeed, we have always been in connection to the all of things, as a whole and as ONE entity in spirit.



When we had always been in search for the all-encompassing resolve to all of our questions, from outside of ourselves, we will, indeed, return from the pilgrimage; puzzled and empty-handed, poised upon the brink of our being. Wisdom will then, reveal from that lengthened journey that the answers, for that we had known but searched for all this time, had always been found in full circle from within. These and so many others, are the telltale signs of Enlightenment. It is, essentially, the "breaking down" of one's consciousness, from the inside-out, to serve the purpose of building it back up to more heightened energies of awareness that knows no bounds.

Day 86: December 25, 2011 (Christmas Day)

The Torch of Christ Consciousness

Christ Consciousness was blessed upon us, two to three thousand years ago, through the essence of one single man, as Yeshua, symbolically the very torch of the eternal and enduring Divine Flame of Ascension and Evolution. As His Heavenly Presence, in Inspiration and Encouragement, has slowly dawned upon our awareness through all the walks of life and

amongst the many ages of Man, that same Devout and Empowering Light has, essentially, spread from one enduring candle to the next resounding flame of unawakened Man. As once the threshold of anticipated and prophesied Truths had finally come into a state of heightened awareness, an unveiling was then rebirthed into an existence of revelation.

Because of this, from amongst the endearing hearts and souls whom have passed this very torch from before us, the Divine within us all, through Christ Consciousness, had been implanted and secured within



all of our hearts. Some have already awakened by the Brilliance of such a Flame, whilst others continue to sleep within the cusp of their own matured and dormant spell. What is required to unseal the inert and latent unfastening of such a Light can only be endured, fully, by the closing of one's eyes, the withering away of one's ego, and in the

opening of such said Truths towards the Magnificence derived deep within all of our hearts. We, from amongst the collective, are, indeed, the Second Coming in Christ Consciousness. We must all acknowledge the Divinity with all of our hearts, once we are all fully awakened from our sleep.

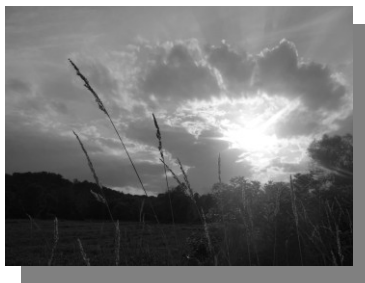
We, the people, have been the very same souls whom have been blessed with the capacity to owning up to that very right to rebuilding the bridges towards the next and vital stages of our evolution in conscious awareness. We, as Humanity, have inherited the very seed that shall manifest unto itself that eternal and enlightening Blossom within the Lotus of that Elevated Consciousness to Freedom. We are deserving and well worthy of such truths. It is time. It is time. It is time.

Day 87: December 26, 2011

A Revelation

Layers of our Awakening, not only permeates from an awareness of such atrocities and fabrications of truth arising from our perceived known history which has resurfaced slowly to acknowledgement, but also transgresses to a self-atoning realization that the world that we see today is an exact reflection of what we see within ourselves. It is not the

justification of delivering justice for those thought long held responsible for such ill willed conditions we face today, but more or less, the questions we must ask within ourselves concerning the state of our own individualized union. How are we to throw the first stone, if yet our hearts are blemished from what has been observed in truth. When we, as



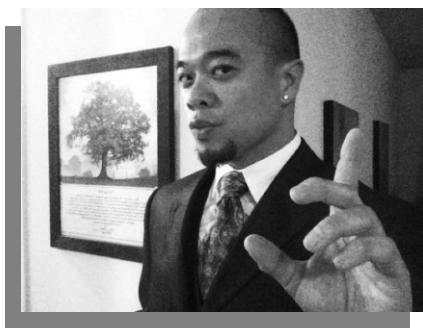
a collaborative, are all more than able to cleanse the blemishes within our very hearts, then and there can the world shift, drastically, in birthing Heaven, here, upon a newly-patterned Earth based plain.

Day 88: December 27, 2011

ONE

Just as there is the existence of the Higher Self in relationship to the currently existing self that we are conscious of, if one has reached that level of awareness and understanding, there are many other dimensions, in parallel, that form that interconnectedness from the center of the "All." It is similar to the sacred geometry which forms from the act of a mere ripple. Within these dimensions, perhaps, is the very likeness of our own reflection. Every level in succession from one stage to the next from amidst this symbiotic structure, affects the entirety of the whole.

Congruently, each conscious life is one ripple or an apportionment of the whole. We are but one organism that depends upon



the coherence and cooperation from one soul and among the many other sentient beings found from one life to the next. For most of our lives, we may find ourselves living one-dimensionally and off of the balance, but if we are to heighten our ways to a more unified level of conscious awareness, we shall find that the ease within the flow of how things

can be balanced out. We shall find the very importance and significance that we were always meant to live today. Ladies and Gentleman, our consciousness is transitioning into this higher state of awareness where our "Seperateness" is only a figment of our miscommunication.

To say that the arm or leg or even the head, for that matter, can live individually and thrive, apart from the whole of the body is, simply, ludicrous. How can one part exceed the level of independence and of self-sufficiency without the connection acknowledged throughout the entirety and length of the Sacred Body as a whole? Humanity, The Creator, The Universe, The Divine, Mother Gaia, and All of Creation, and everything in between are all interdependent of one another. One, simply, cannot thrive without the other.

Day 89: December 28, 2011

Surrender to the Bliss

The underlying premise of what we have always meant to exude, from among this existence and in every circumstance, is the higher vibrations that emanate from the feelings of jubilation and the purity of bliss. This has always been the aim of the Divine and those amongst the most devout of Heavenly intentions. Free will and choice powers most significantly from every moment within the treasure chest of opportunity and grace. Although ecstasy is an elected choice, let it be known that it exists within all of us to manifest, if only we follow through on what that decision entails. Some have been so enthralled and embraced by negativity and condemnation, involved within their normal day-to-day lives that they've, essentially, occupied the role and personality derived from such chaos.

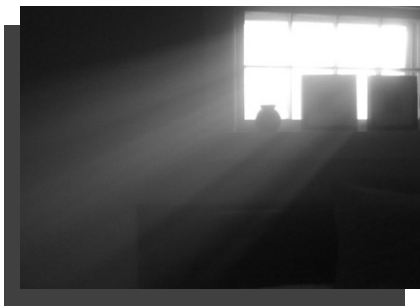
They, literally, speak of its name from every interaction encountered that they find themselves unworthy and less deserving, becoming fearful of experiencing such inherited pleasures of elation and exultation. Reclaim what has always been yours for the taking. Surrender all of your remaining fears and worries to the hands of the Almighty Creator, and allow for the miracle to manifest and usher in a newly created template of abundance to rightfully



Day 90: December 29, 2011

The Empowering Quote

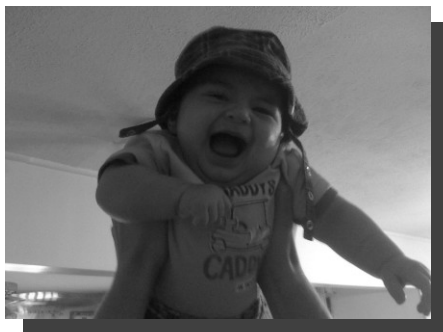
Words, themselves, within the most inspirational quotations are the building blocks that hold a specified intention to the design of the overall blueprint. But when assembled, wittingly, to galvanize the very foundation of a once bleak and seemingly troubled existence or circumstance, the words are no longer merely earthened brick nor pulverized mortar held in place by the meaning. In essence, these words are none, but the heavily fortified castles and fortresses of significance which, not only empowers the hearts of men and women who speak the phrase, but can heighten and elevate the powers we hold as a collaborative, together within the millions, amongst nations of an awakened against a deceitful few.



Day 91: December 30, 2011

Being Joyful

If we are to acknowledge the moment which, neither focusing on the guilt and resentment that may resurface derived from the most daunting choices we have made from past transgressions, nor paying any special mind to the anxieties and fears which may arise in anticipation for what is yet to come; we can ultimately and freely enjoy the pleasures of the moment without restraint and self-condemnation. We can infinitely be joyful in every moment of our lives to whatever regard to the circumstances or conditions we may face. Happiness is a choice, neither a resounding gift nor an entity that resides outside the self. We can choose



to be blissful recognizing the blessing of every inhalation and exhalation of the breath, which we often neglect, or we can allow that blessing to be whisked away by the occasional gust that blows.

Day 92: December 31, 2011 (New Year's Eve)

Alone in Times Square

This day, New Year's Eve, brings me back to exactly two years ago, when life had since guided me to Times Square, New York, in December of 2009. It was a Blue Moon. Indeed, that night and the moon, as I had always known it to be, was symbolic of the feminine; while the sun, on the other hand, is representative of the masculine of energies.



How true did the heightened impulses of feminine vibration, symbolic of introspection, feeling, and emotion, so briskly filled the air that I also openly inhaled and breathed in that night. It paralleled the similar intentions that resonated from within myself for the very same reasons that I had journeyed the distance through wintry snowstorms to reach

such a place of enduring verve and new hope. These energies had relinquished themselves, throughout the atmosphere, with such overwhelming intensity and uncontrollable excitement that it could have been observed and seen, practically, throughout every busy "Big Apple" city block. Nothing could have ever prepared me for what I was about to experience that night as only minutes had separated us from the now and the "Very Moment" of high anticipation: The Dropping of the Ball and the Blessing of a Happy and Hopeful New Year to Come in Times Square (out of all places).

The repetitious bombardment of the natural elements (of touch-and-go drizzling rain, frigid snow, mystifying fog, and moistening mist) which blessed us within the waves of its extremes, proved none significant nor bewildering to the most resilient, tenacious, heart-filled "Central Square" bystanders, who had traveled and travailed the lengthened road in spirit, and from distances of far off lands and cultures. For ten hours, we stood in the centralized focal point of festivities where groups of loved ones, close and dear family, and friends were condensed

into invariable packets and patterns of chaos. We stood for lengthy hours; complacent but ever-so patient, within the likely state of a potential claustrophobia in order to have reached this moment. Soon within minutes, then into the seconds --of what many had only dreamt and declared with only words to accomplish, but had never performed nor completed for the lack of bettered strength and courage to manifest into reality. The unbelievable scene, before me, proved itself overwhelming and extreme, but yet extraordinary and awe-inspiring at the same time, to say the least. Smiles, laughter, and tears of bliss filled every forefront and backdrop throughout the infamous Times Square panorama.

It was, indeed, a pleasure to see and witness such scenes of elated joy in every direction and angle that I looked. But then I would occasionally, observe the questionable stares and the glancing look of confusion and of bewilderment that would frequently meet my own in tandem. They were interpreted, within my own eyes, as, "Where are you from? Did you come with family and friends? You have been standing out here for all of this time, and you haven't said a word? Did you come alone? Who comes to Time Square alone anyways? How pathetic is that? You have no friends, do you? You have no family? How ridiculous is that? How ridiculous is that? How pathetic is that?" The severity of such denigrating words, virally overcame my consciousness and took the best of me, as the most recent of shortened spurts of memory, which carried the vulgarity of such stares and, rung chaotically throughout my attention. Uncertain and confused, I questioned whether the majority of such egotistic gawking was legitimate or even true, or were they, merely, misinterpretations of such truths. Soon, the joy of laughter and the smiles that were coupled with feelings of melancholy were hastened rather swiftly into smirks of ridicule, heckling, whispers, and belittling scowls seen from the corners of their eyes.



From that very moment, the wonder and thrill took a different direction from what was anticipated. My, once, persistent and comforting smile met me in tandem with a bleak and blank, non-engaging gaze, that enveloped and consumed the very life of me. I soon began to question my intentions for that trip --that night --for this entire experience. The observation and analysis of things swung quickly from what was seen outside of myself to what was drawn, inadvertently, within. What slowly begun to manifest from all around me, from castigating judgment to

bewildering assumptions, became all the more embarrassing and disencumbering. But then the numbness and feelings of detachment started to take shape within my developing and ever-increasing grief. Disdainfully, I suddenly remembered the internal pain and the emotional struggle from the last quickened twelve months.

I had lost everything from my own dignity and pride to the comforts of financial security and of superficial material possession. I had lost the very life that I had only known from what was real to me for that illusive and shortened three to four years of marriage. I looked down

within my own space from amidst the chaos within and without, then I took a deepened and imperative breath, this time, with my head up and my eyes closed. I took another, and another, and then fluidly --but took one last, thorough, deep, and



inviting breath. Slowly, I then began to regain the emotional equilibrium and energetic balance within me from amidst the wavering up and down battle between overwhelming fear and the fragility that I had possessed within the instability of my own self-love. One of the reasons why I had come to such a place was, not because of anything in particular, but indeed towards the intentions of "Self Love" for sure. Just minutes before "The Ball" would drop, in awareness, became mere seconds, now, as the time had turned its corner from the very last minute before the Birth of another New Year.

One instant was belligerently possessed by the purity of bliss from the cognizance of being in such a place, within the relevance of such required time; then it had immediately swung to bewilder and belittling anguish. Again, within that

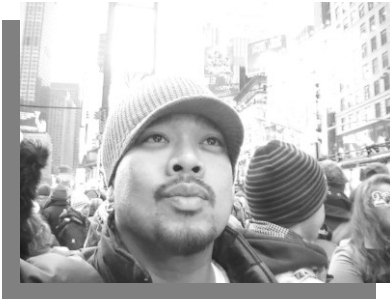


moment, it was about to lean towards the side of increasing exhilaration and thrill as sixty seconds dwindled into forty, then thirty, then twenty. For certain, I possessed a choice. Was I to bless myself and of this new year to come with even

more of the potential blessing, or was I, perhaps, to fall once more into that deepened depression which would take my life and imprison me once more within its grasp?

Everyone yelled and cheered, "Ten! Nine! Eight!" I then joined them all, in tandem, in celebration and in harmonious synchronization to the heightened energies of this wonderful place, "Seven! Six! FIVE! FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE! HAPPY NEW YEAR!" The resonance and volume level erupted to an uncomfortable shaking that shook the infrastructure of my heart, soul, and mind from out of its momentary balance. But, this time around, I had feelings of calm and peace, which would bless me for the next following years to come. Then, from what had seemed like the start of an incoming torrential snow storm, came the tons and tons of variably colored and oddly shaped pieces of confetti which, suddenly, enveloped the skies of that wondrous moment of the start of a new beginning for me. Looking back, I would have to say that I was, undeniably, blessed by those very years of introspection and of "inner knowing" which would, then, follow through as prayed and predicted upon from that Blue Moon New Year's Eve night.

There is a superstition, though, which had come to my mind at that moment, as I was pushed and nudged repetitively from side to side and from the front to back, resulting from all the excitement. Such superstition is this --whoever one Shares Company with, on the eve of the New Year will be the same individual to share company with throughout



the next year to come. Indeed, how that endearing statement of superstition has ever-held-so truly within the experiences of own life. The relationship and understanding that I, now, possess within myself has significantly increased over the past few years, indeed. So, yes, on that very night, I chose ME to be with for the next and following years to come. I have grown to discover the very person that I am today. "I love you Joel. I love you Brother," I muttered to myself. "I truly appreciate and adore the very man that you have become to be." This, in and of itself, had become to be a marker, the very next step to inner peace – another transitional stage to evolution. Frankly, it takes a significant amount of courage to come to such a place in Times Square alone –Physically and Emotionally! This experience had opened so many doors for me ... to freedom.

January 2012

Thoughts for January

“The month of January brings me back in reflection, exactly a year ago, when I had taken a trip back to the Red Woods on the week of the celebration of my birth, within this life. The Spirit of these Wondrous Beings have captivated and astounded me for the longest, and will continue to do so, with dignity and respect, as long as they and I exist. During that same trip, I also returned to my most intimated of heartened spaces at the very peak on Hawk Hill, overlooking the awe and magical splendor of The Golden Gate Bridge. The beauty and energy of San Francisco will always live vibrantly with comforting warmth upon the most sacred and alluded-to of spaces within my heart.”

(Joel A. Ayapana)

Day 93: January 1, 2012 (New Year's Day)

Intuition

Carefully listen to the noise within the silence of your thoughts, for we often negate the signs that are cryptically, portrayed through the intended messages, hidden within the variable interactions of our every day to day. Societal constructs which are conditioned selectively into our minds, often clutter the clarity of such dispatch from the clairvoyance of Divine Import. As a result, occasional disregard to the Messenger, and a blind eye to what Blessings of Heavenly Implantation are desperately thrown into our paths, waiting yet to be seen, often encourage the elevation of oppositional and prompted misguidance.

Often without hesitation, such Divine and Intended Messages of Providence may often be overlooked, ridiculed, and misconstrued as coincidence when given to the imprudence of egotistic forethought, but within that concern, lies the dilemma. The identification and understanding of such enshrouded messages can only be heartfelt; otherwise, the clarity within the suggestive sign posts, uttered by the Divine, becomes even more lost within its diminutive translation. Any event or action, deemed coincidental, becomes a reality only if the paradigm of chance should provocatively exist in tandem and upon the same plain. Neither coincidence nor chance can coexist within a Universe made specific to the makings of order and meaning, regarded as Divinely Poetic under the Guise of the Creator's Design.



Day 94: January 2, 2012

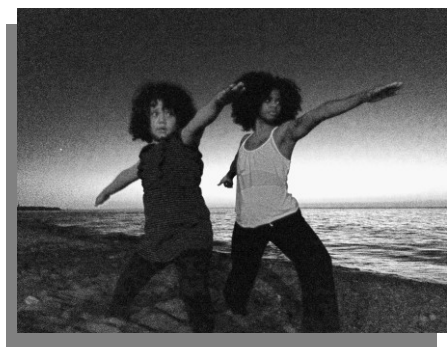
Revenge

Revenge does bring onto the darkness the light that it so desperately requires. This becomes irrefutably so, especially, when the conspirators of such demonstrative “ranting and raving” and finger-pointing, are far from capable of looking into the very puddle of their very own reflection. Such an image portrayed by one’s own echoic display, will only heighten the chaotic nature from the very ripples of one’s own contradiction. Rather, it further drapes the illusion of darkening shadows upon the clarity of the all-encompassing Light with even more of such beleaguering questions, left unanswered.



Day 95: January 3, 2012

Living By Example



It is better to live on the path where others can witness the miracle, as opposed to only preaching the psalm where words can only go so deep. When one puts into practice the philosophy of a deeply ingrained wisdom, then the life and the purest meaning of the word shall be spoken and expressed to the utmost - as one becomes the “living example” of such profound truths. It is the only way to fashion in to change the reality of things so desired.

Day 96: January 4, 2012

The Difference

When you write from the heart, words will flow limitlessly, without prevail, throughout the inundating ebb and flow of heightened emotion within the balance and coordination of Universal Rhythmicity and Harmonic Convergence. Let the feeling and energy of cohesion, within the life of an elevated sense of existence permeate throughout all your wits. When words are sung from the heart, only choruses of harmonious bliss and soothing personification of what it is to be joyful, exist to persist in heightened vibration. But also when you live within the heart, you thrive passionately like the words spoken through the artistic collaboration of, carefully, construed wording and deeply-formulated phrase.

When you live and breathe in such a heightened level of operation, you can create the deepening visualization and the articulate personification of heartfelt expression, similar to the likes of a novel literary masterpiece. It can also be articulated, in parallel, to the beautifully orchestrated songs sung by the legions and upon legions of Angels who line the nine layers of embryonic suspension, which guard the heightened planes to Heavenly Glory. We all possess such greatness to the acts of any creation to our choosing, if only we are to connect to that internal sense of oneness within the heart.



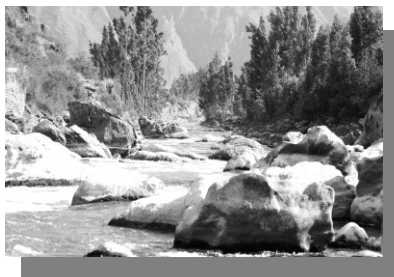
Essentially along the path to such enlightenment, we will find that two worlds can, ultimately, exist when we throw ourselves into the realities of a dualistic nature. Clearly, the world of the ego cannot thrive from amongst the conditions of the heart if the illusion of our separateness is strongly adhered to. We must acknowledge, through evolution, the existence of a higher realm of being where we can be able to return to the consciousness of unity, the act of cooperation, and in the heightened vibrations to the central "Om" and hum of coherence.

Day 97: January 5, 2012

Surrender

If one should happen to plunge from safety, into the unbearable and up-heaving current of a raging river, he or she shall find that the more that one battles and kicks against the chaotic twisting and churning of the rapids, the more energy and exertion is exhumed from one's reserves.

What will be discovered down the stream, if one should weather the unpredictability, is that the more that we persist to resist what exists, from amid the fear, the more that what we resist will persist to resist us back in return. In essence, once we can become more cognizant in realizing the peace and stillness within ourselves, despite the uncontrollable chaos which can burgeon itself from amongst all around our surroundings, we can all learn to surrender ourselves with opened arms to the flow within the direction of the castigating current.



In the process, we can restore ourselves along the way, downstream, to calmer, still, and trickling waters. In such an undertaking of patience, we can learn to trust the path within the flow of the current. We can learn to become one within the volumes among the other branching tributaries that lead to the fluidity of one single stream. We can further learn to build upon the faith and overwhelming confidence to the power and limitlessness of our inner calm. As we acknowledge the path of living the life of surrender; we shall reach that level of Nirvana by shedding the temporary self of its impermanence, and further provide space for the transmutation of the olden inner self into a much higher-level and frequency of being: One Unity Consciousness to Peace and Harmony.

Day 98: January 6, 2012

The Truest Meaning of "Entertainment"

If we look into what the word ENTERTAINMENT means, at its very root, within the subliminal context of what the "Entertainment Industry" truly portrays to one's blind eye, as opposed to what the

entertainment industry deduces to what it superficially and elusively means; we draw an entirely different picture from its designated marketed definition. The component root parts of the word as in "enter" literally means the entering of something, while "tain" basically signifies the possession thereof, and "ment" means the process of or, perhaps, the imprisonment of something or someone. Overall, when we put it all together, ENTERTAINMENT, essentially, describes the entering process for the mere purpose of possession, and the imprisonment of something or someone. So what is, essentially, entering into one's possession or what are we being possessed by where one becomes imprisoned? Well, you become the judge. A word is just a word, when observed superficially within its advertised and acclaimed context, but when broken down to its very root and vibrational signature, the word then possesses a certain level of frequency which then exudes and exerts a desired, deepened, and darker level of meaning. We must be conscious of what we are, subliminally, wrought; otherwise, we may all fall victim to the truest pandemic of our times: The Slavery of Our Consciousness.



Day 99: January 7, 2012

Life is a Menu of Options

Life consistently provides us with a menu of options to choose from --and as we continue to make these selections, we shall find that our appetite to manifest our desires, comes from paying closer attention to the legitimacy of such a result, from the strength credited to the linking of that intention to the well-appropriated emotion to what is craved. If we should desire one thing preferably than the next, we must bless whatever it may be to the very utmost of our own will. Additionally, we must be grateful for all of what we currently possess, for how shall the Universe bless us with even more of that potentiality and abundance along each and every pass, if we are none



the more appreciative of the current blessings we do, indeed, possess within the NOW. We cannot obtain such a right to such abundance without that key to prosperity in, righteously, “Giving Thanks” to what we are all well-deserving to receive and sustain.

Day 100: January 8, 2012

Cadence

Despite the differences
With each step, we
All shall walk in unison.

Day 101: January 9, 2012

Individual Readiness

As one soul to the aid of another, upon breaking into the next level of heightened change, the Universe cannot bring forth the single and reliable key to open of such a door to transformation, unless the



individual, in question, is more than willing and able to, consciously, proceed on his own whim. As individuals, we may potentially possess the answer to that ensuing and exasperating step to change for all the others, in need of assistance, from the heightened experiences learned by

our own evolution in spirit. But at times, certain people are, synchronistically, called upon and guided along our paths to act as a trigger to advancing one's awareness to Unity Consciousness. The choice lies before us; whether to take on more than we are able, to seek and venture beyond what we had felt was even possible. To consider such an undertaking to freedom, is the true test, on the journey to the elevation of one's Spirit and on the return pilgrimage trip, back home, to Source.

Day 102: January 10, 2012

A Disregard to the Fear

When we empower the negativity surrounding us by giving in to the fear that it exudes, we have become vulnerable to the heirs that it breeds. Worry and apprehension, anger and hatred, guilt and resentment, and depression are the seeds to demise and the offspring of such repression. Indeed, suppression from the limitlessness of anticipated and highly revered potential can tear us away from what we desire and give us the reigns of the only control we truly possess within this world: Our Perceptions.



Day 103: January 11, 2012

Letting It Flow: The Colors of the Rainbow

(The Acquirement of Dissolution within the Seven Stages of Alchemy)

Difficulty and frustration become, prolifically, pronounced when we continue to resist the innateness of our limitless capacity. Allow



yourself to flow from the root of the RED rock current through and beyond the tributaries, within the obstacle, as the tumultuous white water rapids delivers you to the desired port of destination along the calming streams of sedition. As the ORANGE-tinged and YELLOW-brazened skies marble the backdrop with such a promulgated irradiance

within the sunset, the peace within the silence of the Four Winds gently consumes the exuberance within the prana throughout the length of its entirety.

Release from the indemnity and allow for that light, deeply engrained from its source and embossed with the GREEN viridity of ripened growing grass to shine with an illumination rupturing through and beyond the flood gates of personal revelation. Such unraveling of sorts,

derived from the BLUE fresh water springs can be found deep within one's glow, as the serpent, hidden within the tall green of one's grass, shows itself amidst the corridors of INDIGO colored walls to the Chambers of One's Third Eye. So, what shall result, after the pronunciation of such a process to the rise of one's Kundalini, should only be the evolution of one's consciousness, in strength, to the Awakening of one's VIOLET Flame to Light.

Day 104: January 12, 2012 (The Day of My Re-Birth)

The Bridge

A pleasant but oscillating breeze calmly brushed the bristles of my untamed beard alongside my inflamed bruised cheek left open to air healing from the previous night after a few and hard set demarcated hours of a momentary lapse in memory. It was all too common of a feature that decorated the blemished surface of the history within my well being that often, at times, left me numb and bewildered in contradiction. Numerous questions plagued my mind but were always left unanswered when left to the fabled elixir within the paper-bagged bottle.

Absorbing every minute detail of my meek existence, I stood there with both feet unsteadily planted balancing on a pillar just above the boundaries of the perimeter fence line within the overpass. Within that tranquil moment, my arms braced the gelid and rigid concrete beam behind me as my focus in surveillance was caught by the austerity of such within the elongated and vast structure before me. With the likes of Hawk Hill seen out in the near distance amongst the mist and condensation setting in, my vision slowly panned off to my right throughout the entire length of that fabulous golden bridge from the front to its rear as its



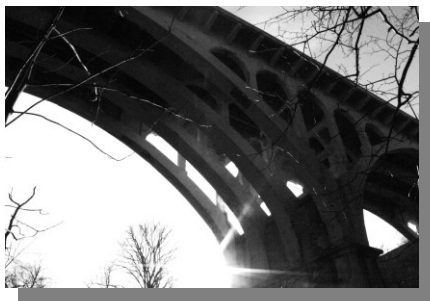
concrete and cabled magnificence was elaborately adorned with countless and frequented souls. Among their embodiment were those encased in wheeled steel-concubines; proceeding to and fro at variable speeds of acceleration. They traveled in opposite directions from one end derived from Sausalito, to the other, winding over to the big city along the bay.

The image allegorically paralleled my life; it seemed, as the lives of others many times before had always passed me by leaving me stagnant and alone within the bleak of stillness as others had progressed through

endearing accomplishment. From that lowered dimension in perspective, I questioned the integrity of my own life for, ironically, I also had burnt down the very bridges to the lifeline of human interaction and social support. "Addiction had cost me dearly," I muttered to myself. I clamored with a clenched fist and at the very thought for all who have suffered along the way. As I clasped my hands in prayer, the riddled and tattooed scars left from the demarcation of hundreds of striated cuts, showed themselves within the dimming sunlight. Surprisingly enough, I knew and was cognizant of every score and precise laceration for they all bore their distinction in weight.

Despite the eleven years of sobriety which I had honored so dearly, I had always felt that none would ever take me back. None would ever forgive the worthlessness of my being, now, since my most recent weakening to relapse. Such is the resume of my life. Oddly enough, I turned slightly west and right over my left shoulder was the most beautiful of observations for the sun was beginning to set just past the horizon of the Pacific. The fullness in spectrum within its capacity of multicolor marbled the wheel within the sky and then an indigo had engorged lavishly within its fluorescence. My mind's eye vividly foreshadowed the moment. The beauty of his image raptured my breath as if it were Mother Earth's last and compulsory attempt at saving my precious and lonely soul for indeed it would be Gaia who would responsibly take me in with opened arms by the sea. It would be her within its grace to cry for my lifeless anatomy.

In contradiction, this portrait planted a tear in my eye which also entrenched its neighbor and not the very sorrow that engulfed the chapters of my youth for I felt that the allure experienced within the moment could possibly be amongst my last in perseverance. Either direction, should I have side stepped, would clearly mark the unadorned completion or, perhaps, the inception of another journeyed path. A large gust of wind could have easily sealed my fate in taking me down a thousand or more feet, without question and stripped of alternative, but I shouldn't be so lucky in this case for the choice was, definitively, mine to take. Her sadness gripped me. How could I leave such a burden on any shoulders other than my own? The emotion felt within that breath left my senses unsettled and rattled the wit within my brain and unraveled the truth within my heart



At that moment, I knew that I had to set myself free --free from admonishment and any remnant of self-condemnation. But, in order to do as such, I had to plant the seed of forgiveness within my heart. I had to accept all that ever was and to leave it as such without judgment, without hesitation, nor resentment or guilt attached. I had to forgive the



essence of who I was and all that had transpired, as a result, for this was the only solitary recourse within the core of my being required for the ultimate truth in healing. I clutched a last and hindmost glimpse of the grandeur of the winsomeness to my left, then took a step to the right where then I jumped over the fence line and took flight never to

see another day in infamy. "Never another day," I swore to myself. Now, as I overlooked from several feet asunder onto that very same bridge eleven years later from that utmost peak from the likes of Hawk Hill, I listed within my thoughts, all of the hearts I've touched, all of my individual accomplishments, and the very creation that held my scarred and obliterated hand as I took my son and hiked up to that peak to what had seemed to be an exact replica of that very day.

A pleasant but oscillating breeze calmly brushed the skin of my well shaven face open to air with left cheek healed in succession. Out to the distance past the headlands was the most beautiful in observation. The fullest spectrum within its capacity of a multicolor marbled the wheel within the sky and then an indigo had engorged lavishly within its fluorescence. The sun finally set out within the horizon of the Pacific, and I cried. I cried with such passion, but this time with tears of joy, of triumph, and of heartfelt salvation.

[This sample in creative writing, of short story format, was meant to be allegorical in nature as the character described does not depict the author nor any one individual in particular. It was meant to describe the nature of depression, suicide, and of addiction for which has, virally, plagued our society today.]

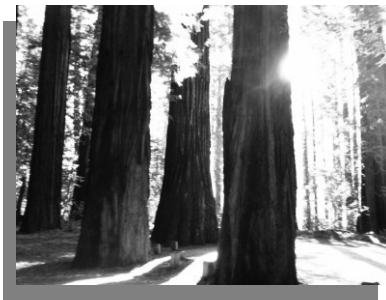
Day 105: January 13, 2012

A Lemurian Return to Their Whisper: The Calling of the Redwoods

A year ago, I remembered their calling in the form of a “Muir” whisper from amongst the olden of souls, the most ancient of the descendants to the Mother. The enlightened message came in as a seed, implanted within my own awareness, as I had promised myself to return back to the blessed City by the Bay. The presence of the Redwood Giants greeted me back in return with its calming nature that immediately took my heart within the clutches of its own repetitious stare that met me at all angles of my walk. As I had slowly taken in every step throughout the magnificence of the impressive avenues of Fibonacci-sequenced columns, libraries of ancient wisdom and earthy knowledge presented themselves before my awareness in spurs of sacred geometry. For merely the trees in which they had seemed to be with eyes open, as perceived by the dwindling modern world, couldn't parallel the realization for what they truly were within my own awareness with eyes closed.



As they were observed in frequented meditation, the heights of their stature screamed to the Heavens of Fatherly Sky, in tandem, to the grounding and calming nature of the Mother. The symbolic representation of the Redwoods tells a story of not what is yet to come, but of what is already here in the reality of the present: The New World. One can consciously know and wholeheartedly learn from the ultimate example exhibited by the Redwoods. Patience and forgiveness exemplified the entirety of the whole within the purity of their own virtue. As Humanity has



taken and taken, time and again, from the bulk of its exterior, it still stands from among remnants of the Four Corners of the World with the utmost of dignity waiting, with such said patience, for the return of our truest and most indelible of hearts the Feminine energies of Man to Mother Gaia, in connection. Thousands and upon thousands of years they have stood,

waiting, from among the seasons of unfolding Man, but not without reason or purpose.

That which is written and read from amongst the millions of books within libraries, so shall it be found within the crystals, rocks, mountains, and among the heightened trees in which the same parallel of oral tradition should be transferred upon the holds of our own evolving consciousness. Such strong, from amongst the initiates who have answered "The Call" shall know of its relevance, for they, the New Masters of a New Earth, shall be among the True of Rainbow Warriors who shall guide the hearts of all men in return back to the Mother.

Day 106: January 14, 2012

The Transparency of America?

It is self evident and clear that the very realities for which we all desire to, ultimately, witness (as a nation) walk within the same lines for the very search of an ever-resounding truth to peace. Such a dignified and wholehearted intention possesses a "forever-the-more" desired level of authenticity to the truest understanding of what it, essentially, means to be the "self-proclaimed" leader from amongst peacekeeping nations throughout the rest of the world. Hopes of spreading the calm and serenity throughout all the other nations



could, potentially, manifest itself into fruition, if only the crusaders of such holders of peace were, truthfully, representative of their ultimate and most dignified of intentions. How can the disillusionment of ceasefire and armistice be the end result to the advertised intention when the "Land of the Free" belligerently portrays itself to being, ironically enough, the harbingers of fire and brimstone, the warriors of revenge, and the opposite entities for the weapons of mass creation, themselves?

Truthfully, can peace be the end result from the waging of such unethically, approved wars when the banner of peace is waved upon, forcefully, into the mouths of our neighbors? Unfortunately, this can never be the case from the direction we are currently facing within our possession as a nation; but, fortunately enough, this will no longer be. Such systems that no longer suffice the will and wholehearted intentions from among the rest of the world will crumble upon the footprints in

which they stand. Then, what shall ultimately result, will (again) be the rise of the truest nation "Under God with Liberty and Justice for ALL." The world is grieved by war. It has struggled from it. It has been impoverished and embellished less by the most ultimate of freedoms and prosperity desired to uphold, but the world had never been stripped of the Light because of it. For as long as that shine lives and glimmers from amongst the Truest Warriors of the Light, we shall all hold strong to the TRUTH of all of our HEARTS, in guidance by the Magnificence of the Almighty Spirit, as One.

Day 107: January 15, 2012

The First Gratifying Step to Change

Once change is brought to
The self, change is brought that
Much closer to the world.

Day 108: January 16, 2012

(Martin Luther King Junior's Birthday)

A Letter to My Brethren

Humanity, within the blueprint of its ultimate design and nature, was brought forth by the Hand of Creation with the intention to function, collaboratively and in sync, within the web of our entirety in union, through the guise of collective conscious and subconscious means. With every thought and action that permeates from all souls within the plain, a pulsation, within that interconnected latticework of existence persists to exist in a quantum fashion to what is exuded from our intentions. Such energies, derived from the desired aim, convey a frequency and is thus, thereby, succeeded by a vibration which mimics the previous in a continuous



fashion. From all this time, we had always been persistently conditioned, by the fears within the illusion of our divide; yet, indeed, we must realize the truth from the strength of our unity. Our intentions and beliefs brood and mirror the breath that gives life to the surreal and holographic present whether we are conscious of that reality or impervious to that level of awareness. Our state of lux as brethren is creatively interlaced and sewn together in partnership like fine-woven silk tapestry. Once torn within the fabric, we become disconnected from Source where the entirety of the whole is significantly affected in tandem throughout waves within the ripple. The hub of emphasis placed upon the likes of our own souls was never intended to hover upon the indifferences that have, frequently, divided us, but was meant to highlight the elaborateness and intricacy of our collaborative nature as one living entity - the Mirror of Creation. As wisdom begins to serve us with every message deciphered along the pass in progression, we will then be made more aware that our commonalities clearly outweigh the dissimilarities. Our paths were meant to be linked and intertwined at the collective tributary where truth within the strength of the current, promulgates further into its peak. The essence of our truer selves breeds the likeness from the lessons learned, derived from every encounter and deemed noteworthy and influential, from the very hands of the previous interaction sought before us.

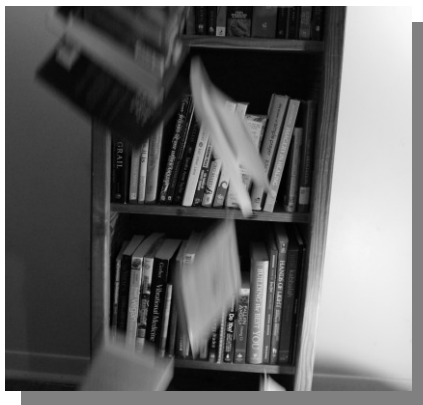
As we are led more adept in receiving the exceptional, we are also made qualified in garnering the atrocious and ineffectual, depending on the intent portrayed from one destined interaction to the next. Once torn and stripped of all the irrelevance and condemnation which has proven itself toxic, we will begin to realize that an eye for an eye, clearly has never prevailed as the resolve, but only has been proven to disembowel ourselves from fullness of all of our truths and in denigrating and weakening the very connections that we, truly, possess from among all of our worldly brethren.

Day 109: January 17, 2012

Fallen from the Shelf

Have you ever experienced, within the comforts of your own home, the troubling moment when questions come to a flurry - flustering your mind deeper into a cold and blustery, weathered cold front, while coupled with tumultuous high-speed winds that can knock you off balance, senseless with anticipation almost up to your knees? As then reality begins to quicken into awareness upon the middle of such a stirring, you grab onto the safety of your book shelf in a dire and frivolous

attempt to maintaining the balance, while causing all the contents within the shelf to shake. As you awaken from such a confused and flustered state, a book randomly falls out from its place and opens up to an apportionment, within the book, affixed upon the turned and opened page reveals, the precise answers for which you had been searching for, since first the question had been placed. For me, it has transpired, once more with revelation. But in this time around amongst all the mental stir, the page that synchronistically revealed itself onto me was...



Acknowledgments once the book had fallen from its place. Be Thankful and joyful for all you have been blessed. As I began to ponder on the slightest bit of what irrelevance had taken place within the beleaguering attachments of the past, it became even more relevant and profound with every deepened layer and every step taken. From that point, the question of concern and dire worry was no longer painstakingly that --a concern. We are to release and trust within the process of things. We are to focus upon the higher dimensions of purified light.

Day 110: January 18, 2012

Waters of Blessing

Like the waters that nourish the majesty of our temples which embodies the souls of our enlightenment, we can also drink of the cup from the splash of the saturated well of every human interaction. As so, we can brazenly bless the very waters which fill the inundating rivers that flow to and from each and every diluting tributary, eventually finding its way out to sea. We must also bless the very people we encounter within the stream of constant interchange. Healing the seas and oceans of life can only be succeeded when the slow



moving creeks and brooks are made pure from the love within our hearts,
and freed from the poison of doubt and the impurity of fear.

Day 111: January 19, 2012

The Birth of Heightened Intention

When one shall plant the seeds of goodness,
from amongst soil of garnered
wealth, then shall the abundance
brood from amongst the light,
a golden harvest
which exudes the
truest bulk
of that
good.

Day 112: January 20, 2012

The Master

The master is neither one whom can be searched from outside of ourselves nor, perhaps, even one who has ultimate mastery over our personal truths, for we have already been made akin. Assume the role of your own mastery which you were always meant to encapsulate. Accept the greatness and power for which you truthfully and already possess. All that is required from your actions is, simply, a desired squeeze to that of a tightened grip in, delightfully, taking possession for what is rightfully yours to keep.



The answer lies within your own very grasp for the taking, as the mastery of your own thoughts, intentions, joys, truths, and of your own sense of reality is merely a choice away from coming to its fullest fruition. It is ultimately that initial choice within that change of consciousness, nonetheless, which is the internal flame that ignites the very fire, patiently awaiting to manifest.

Day 113: January 21, 2012

A Story Derived from the Source

Every book possesses a storyline which parallels the essence of such a dialogue told many times before its previous. The only differences which may accumulate are found within the overall tone of its flavor, the interpretation laid down by the author, and the variable experiences encountered by the storyteller. The underlying common denominator, regardless of whether one has experienced such a cause, is that such said themes are all derived from the same parallel lineage. Essentially, the common message, wisdom, and knowledge portrayed among all the stories every told from lessons learned; are all derived from the same primordial source - the very truths within our hearts.



Day 114: January 22, 2012

To Give

To give is an act worthy of one's kindness
without concern for exchange,
It is none the act which seeks in return, neither
of the expectation of petty change.

For it is merely a choice which has been
given straight from the heart,
Absent of the mind but fills an emptied
space with hearts to never part.

Forever the more to its fill we graciously
receive with continual mindfulness,
As the blessings we sow, and so shall we reap
with the fullest clarity from blindness.

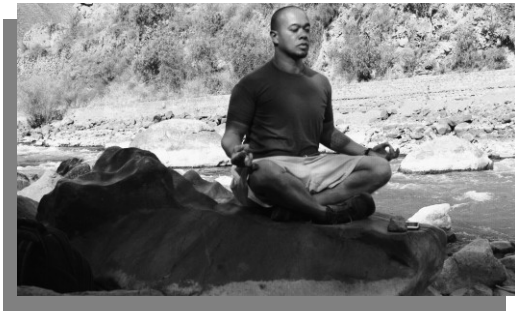


All the more shall we speak but even
better to act with utmost purity of intention,
Shall we be blessed made worthy, amongst
souls honorably made, for mention.

Day 115: January 23, 2012

The Warrior: A New Paradigm

The most powerful and legendary of warriors are of the One, who have always felt the deepest connection to the all. They are from



among a breed, which have never thrown a blow; hath drawn nary a dagger or sword; neither aimed cowardice through the cross hairs of a single gun, nor any of these synonymous likes. But rather they arise from a kind who have used the

barrel of One's heart, along with the cunning and ammunition of words to imbue the bulk of One's intentions by expressing the calming and silencing presence of "I Love You" --even from amidst unrelenting chaos

when staring upon the eyes of worry and from amidst the many faces of FEAR.

Day 116: January 24, 2012

A Gamble

Despite the many possibilities which can arise as we place ourselves at risk, problems can persist when we play past it's entertainment value as more than what can be afforded is placed on the table from chance. As we gamble with material possession, there is always the likelihood of minor to significant loss, depending on the odds which greets us and on how much we are willing to risk. From every rise and fall, the proportion from wins to losses can vary and teeter from one end to the other with every expenditure.

As the cycle perpetuates further into such an uncontrollable reliance upon what material means is gambled, we may find ourselves playing catch up to the more frequented monetary forfeiture from loss. On the other hand, when we place all of our faith on the line, in the face of adversity, and enlist our



undeniable trust upon the shoulders of the Divine with an unwavering grace, none can be lost nor made exempt, but there is, resoundingly, more to be gained in abundance, more to be acknowledged in strength, and less to be questioned with more of the answers revealed without a single penny of our worth, rambunctiously, spent. The benefits clearly outweigh it's detriment.

Day 117: January 25, 2012

The Irrelevance of Fear

The irrelevance of "dis" ease and
"mis" use can neither prosper nor
bloom amongst the higher plain
for the meaning placed can
neither serve the self
nor assist others
to heighten,
but to
fear.

Day 118: January 26, 2012

Filling the Void

Distortions spread out from among the multitudes, which further delineate one's focus from the joys we are deemed worthy. At times, the void which is created from the loss of what had given such heart-fulfilling joys is filled once more, but the next time around by the more temporary and superficial method. To fill such emptied spaces can only prompt the shortcomings of an ill-advised response, from the most meager of judgments and of the most hastened of choices made. As a result, we may look towards the resolve of material possession and of the most temporaneous of means, which inappropriately fits into such voids, depending on the circumstance. Nonetheless, it can only be the quickened resolve or remedy which could, perhaps, cause one to desire, forever the more, far from the intention to the path of peace and wholehearted satisfaction. As we churn and fro, within that of a frenzy, we may later discover that the filling of such a void can only and ultimately be searched upon by what can neither be seen nor touched, but from that for which can only be felt.



Day 119: January 27, 2012

Walking on Water

The ability to create the very existence of our realities only goes as far as where the heart is willing to take it and only to desired heights dependent upon the strength of one's faith. Once even before an intention is set, the very culmination of its image and the emotion of its said reality is already inscribed within the hieroglyphs amongst the megaliths of our hearts. The capacity to manifest is built upon the foundations of the all encompassing principle of Universal Law. There are no limitations within the realms of human co-creation but rather only the



significance of our doubts if we should give power to its strength in either regard to its name. There is only limitation based upon what our eyes are willing to see and what our minds are unwilling to conjure. When we are most able to finally believe in the reality for which we had created from amongst the vastness of our

hearts and from the depths of our souls, the moisture of the very waters of existence can only be felt between the toes of the spirit and amongst the soles of our faith; But once there is even the slightest particulate of doubt, the likes of our bodies are then vehemently engulfed and entrenched by the reddened sea of quandary and plunged into the waters of our faithlessness.

Day 120: January 28, 2012

The Vow of Abundance

As frequented experiences and repeated events have weighed heavy upon the backs upon many whom have acquired such a fate, only comprehension of a learned expenditure can result from such hardened and of the most disheartening of transgressions. A change of heart has come to being, once the olden sun had finally set to a new and golden sunrise. With anticipation, I eagerly shred the tethered contracts of deficiency and in, therefore, denounce the Pact of Enslavement and the

Vow of Poverty. I am, now, signing with fervor the Vow of Abundance, a covenant which opens to my existence an unraveling of limitless bounty and of perpetual blessing. I vow for continuous receipt of such an abundance of plenty, placed upon the palms of opened hands, esteemed and open to every blessing, well worthy and deserving of such glory.

Day 121: January 29, 2012

Imagination & Existence

Similar to that of an invigorating sunrise which illuminates the surrounding countryside of a once and darkened backdrop, knowledge opens the eyes to a brightened level of intellect to the beauty of one's lush and abundant landscape. One cannot acknowledge the winsomeness of its appeal without the comprehension from which permeates into existence. Imagination, on the other hand, emphasizes not only the potential of that awakening and exacerbating light, but emphasizes the limitless in expanse for which the ultimate in beauty is created and honed possible. With imagination, existence evolves in sequence to an infinite nature without boundaries and without said restraint. Imagination takes the knowledge for which was, initially, obtained to more of an evolved existence past the design of its original blueprint.



Day 122: January 30, 2012

Even Flow

When we write straight from the very rhythmic beating of our hearts, the purity within our soul envelops the truth in its entirety through the even movement of pen and the flow of harmonious inscription.

Day 123: January 31, 2012

Freedom

Indiscernible and nondescript, the illusion of freedom is merely a darkened veil, uncloaked, where the awareness of individualized power and control is, merely, a deception fed by the conditioned slight of the controlling puppet master's hand. What can be considered, physically, apparent and, visually, obvious to one's eye, from what is marketed and advertised over and over again through media, is neither one for which can be trusted nor one deemed reliable of their source. It is clearly the intention of the handful, from amongst the avaricious, to control and deceive the unknowingly many. The system has never failed for it had always been designed to function within the very fashion for which it has always been run, through confusion. The only way to govern, by their means, is to divide for they all know of the significance and power for which we possess within the masses of our anticipated awakening in unity consciousness.

This, ladies and gentleman, is the true and utmost meaning to freedom. It is the dignified salvation for which we all shall find ourselves, free, from the very chains for which has held us constrained from the very evolution to heightened awareness and being. We will never be truly free, unless we all, as a collective, have broken away from these very chains of illusion. As time and space begins to dissipate, amongst the close of this cycle, and to further diminish away from this known but dying reality, exponential stirrings from amidst the wake will only permit to unravel the scroll to the revelation of all of our truths, for continued waves and upon waves of conscious awareness shall, formidably, continue to crash upon the shores of Humanity's sleep.



February 2012

Thoughts for February

“February further indulges into the intrigue and synchronicity of things as the Spirit of the Great Serpent Mound was blessed upon my journey, within the form of three consecutive dreams, reoccurring three nights in a row. Typically, any individual soul might merely read into the whereabouts and history of such a sacred place through superficial online research, but my Spirit (in particular) required, further, the need for physical exploration in determining the meaning of such dreams. I was required to physically be within the presence of such a sacred space. So, I took a much needed and inclined trip to Adams County, Ohio that was only four hours away, the grand location of the Great Serpent Mound. What was found there, in such a spirited destination, would prove to be the very essence of what was required by my spirit as a portion of the initiatory process into heightened consciousness and Alchemy. Indeed, I am forever grateful for the very path which has been placed and blessed before me. I AM thankful for the Ancients for their guidance. Abo.”

(Joel A. Ayapana)

Day 124: February 1, 2012

One's Dharma

Enlightened paths reveal
Themselves clearly, should
Hearts open unconcealed.

Day 125: February 2, 2012

A Smile

The unwieldy despair of loss, in any regard, is disparaging and inconstruable, never aforementioned within our thoughts nor tethered from the slightest whim within our hearts. The calamity of such misfortune can breach the walls of consolation and collapse the very hulls of reassurance, thus tearing away, gradually, at the foundation of what we had long meticulously built upon through security and comfort. The fissure within the heart enlarges, dilating further with every crack of its



deepening and promulgating varicose. Our minds, then, can become scattered while fanning the air from every beloved memory, yearned for and sought. We become destitute and consumed with worry and fear resulting, at times, to insensible paralysis from pummeling servitude, derived from one's choice in the suffering. We further question the state of our union. The union of heart and mind

becomes the slightest of memories, for just that indelible moment, for what seems, in essence, extensively prolonged and procured within the illusion of linearity, of perceived time from infinite space. The comfort within reach can only be sufficed by the miraculous and extraordinarily freakish, for how can a smile be obtained within the direst and obtuse of situations?

A smile is extraordinary, that, which is freakish by nature; for it miraculously changes and transforms any known thing or entity within

one of the most of instantaneous of metamorphic rearrangements, molted from such a magical adornment, derived from the cocoon of an intended awareness. It alters the DNA through the manipulation of one's frequency to that of a much higher plane of existence. What is born from a smile is that which has always been felt when one is found within their bliss, when one is loved, when one has finally found their peace. When one legitimately smiles, time becomes nonexistent where only the moment is real and true.

Day 126: February 3, 2012

The Unwavering Power of Love

Love can neither be denied by the impending red, fervidly glaring from the eyes of a raging bull, nor the petrifying bark of a rabid stray dog, with cause to stymie anyone of strength and stature from out of their own wits. The veracity within its power looms deep within our hearts possessing the capacity to change even the vilest of souls and diverting the most demoralized of spirits. This rhetoric and universal language, imperatively, is well understood, even among those who have never spoken of its name. It is the only resolve in a world that is meeting the end of a cycle of degradation, which no longer proves itself as self serving and soul sufficient. It is, by all means, the individual thread that inherently binds us to the cloth of contentment, salvation, and peace. It is the answer to the truths of our connectivity and of the light which shines upon the illusion of our separateness.



Day 127: February 4, 2012

The UnForgotten

The woeful and beleaguering of events within the past can be traumatic and foreboding, but even more disheartening, especially when we find ourselves irresolute, vulnerable, and at our weakest. In defense,

the common act within the resolve often leads to disregard or when we close our eyes to negated memory. We may lose sight of such tragedy, perhaps, but only for a condensed and ephemeral moment. When such



memory is retraced by either the conscious or subconscious thought, as the mind becomes lost within its wandering, the emotion connected to such unreleased history, then repeats itself, unrelentingly, attacking our psyche, while leaving us, once again, in a state of quandary. Allow for that memory to become a part of your overall make-up and most current of

design. It is, indeed, that very same memory which acts as a marker; permitting us to forgive such foreboding, past transgressions, but in never reaching that capacity to forget. Remember the lessons learned from long past for they elevate us in spirit to the higher planes of awareness, of being, and of the heart.

Day 128: February 5, 2012

Be the Water

None can escape the coercive and tumultuous eddy within the waves of fear and revulsion, created by the disturbance of life's occasional and periodic seasonal monsoon --if only such a choice to wade among the waters can be decisively made. One thrashes to and fro, causing the clink and clamor of the boat, from bow to stern; after one's own attempt to survive --stammering to stay afloat. Susceptible to the elements from each and every swell, we have become vulnerable to the simplicity of its moisture and fluidity carried by the volumes.



We can act as the victims to every tsunami that vehemently ravages our shores or we can simply be, in itself, the very water from among the overflowing deluge. We can never be rained upon by the downspout after the splash from the crashing waves of its over-consummating ripple. We can never be capsized by the fear derived from its powerful Rapture. We can never drown from the flooding which

envelops and ravages a once dry and secure safe haven. Neither can we ever be starved from the lack of its plankton. We simply become the water that leaks through and between the fingers of fear, and escape free from the grasp of consecration and government. Together, we can be the ever-flowing and infinite truth, like the yawning and impenetrable depths of the powerful and resilient ocean.

Day 129: February 6, 2012

Breaking the Cycle

It is easier to give in to the dismissive and fatalistic thoughts that can consume the entirety of individual reflection and pondering when we utter the words that we define ourselves to be. Release yourself from the



lower ranks of un-abiding attachment. Splinter free from the adversity and critical epitaph that can plague the structural constructs of your own psyche. Sing the mantra of sovereignty and self-government. Pronounce the libretto of harmonic overture with a longer stride to every step. Demand this right with the continuance of prominence;

inundated with the freedom of the collaborating winds and the supple and impressionable nature of even flowing water, which irrigates the likes of every crevice --from trickling brook to the ravaging tempest within the rapids.

Day 130: February 7, 2012

Abundance

Daily drops of love
Pours into a collection
Of seas to its fill.

Day 131: February 8, 2012

Essence of the Twenty-Fourth

The purities of the heart can be seen in their carefree and playful nature, whereby all that dwells in concern, are the lackadaisical and winsome breezes of the moment. A moment that exists within such contexts, gives the impression from what seems like a second, a gust of prevailing westerly, defined by this timeline and space, but is eternal and timeless when perceived in the eyes of the Universal frame of perception. It is fully expressed from their simplest of smiles that structures, not only the visage of social interaction, but the entirety of one's indelible spirit. The laughter engulfs his very wits to that of a titter. Her song vacillates with merriment to the steady stream of her hum.



A world, found within the nature of a child, is thereby the offspring created where the mythologies of judgment, and hatred are folklore, and where guilt and resentment are deemed tribes of long past. Fascination and wonder entices the very senses with a rapture that consumes the need for revelation, discovery, and a continual urge for exploration. The essence of the twenty fourth is seen and experienced within one's eyes when they are finally able to recapture and envision the most precious of moments within innocence - once lost, but deemed always within reach if one should delve deep into the innocence of an inner child – within our Hearts.

Day 132: February 9, 2012

The Truest Voice

When words and phrases are expressed in an utterance from frequented daily interaction; the interpretation to the actual meaning can be skewed and taken possibly out of literary context. Confabulation essentially becomes the risk. Acquired facts can be insufficient and inconclusive. The truth in identity on such an elaborate stage, viewed

from eye level within the audience, could invariably be the role enacted by



one, unlike the character actually portrayed behind the curtain. The internal egotistical voice within the mind speaks the very words we think for ourselves to be in contrary to what is felt. Judgment takes its precedence within the critical epitaph of duality, embraced, whereby one is shunned, and the other denigrated. The only voice which mutters anything of relevance and the truth within the matter, above all within its contradiction, is that which speaks from the clarity, the purity, and from the transparency we know deep within its pulsation, leading to

its rhythmic and musical bliss.

Day 133: February 10, 2012

Manifestation

The world we create is built upon the awareness and receptivity, forged from the architectural design of intention, coupling with the monetary gamble of blinding faith and undoubting belief. The inspiration committing to the magnificence of such a marvelous feat in any devout fashion enamored by that one and inspiring vision, arises from an infatuation found deep within the yearning. As the intention is set, the Universe, thereby, lays down the brick and mortar of its foundation; molding and manipulating reinforced concrete to its designed shape, and fusing the rhubarb of strengthened titanium to its designated abutment. When confidence and conviction are given the chance to fuel such an accomplishment in belief, the bridge of desired intention made specific to the requirements of universal sacred geometry, bridges will then continually build and take form until the path and designation are ultimately, complete. Then and there, when one's faith is supported by the sacred geometry of one's own intentions, manifestation in any light is the result of such intended creation.



Day 134: February 11, 2012

Symbiosis

Once my light touches... you
Rise... then... simultaneously
I the same.

Day 135: February 12, 2012

Turning It Off by Joel A. Ayapana

(Excerpt from the Winter Issue of Cleveland State University's
Vindicator Magazine 2012)

Infectious, fearful, and cumbersome is the message transmitted, undisclosed and precariously parlayed, to even higher and ever-deepening stakes when we give in to either the bifurcating satellite frequency of the word or even to the millions upon the millions of miles of optic cable



fiber within the phrase. The viewer is rendered transfixed and zombie-like upon the television screens of every living room home. They have become the receiver of subliminal messages from the intentions of the ALL within the SEAS of the EYE of the broadcast. Populations upon populations of people, every day, are glued

to their television sets from the minute they first wake to the last moment just before the light is turned off to rest. Local, national, and international news coverage predominately portrays an environment of a harmfully negative and fearful landscape, cloaked with the appeal of a sugar coated entertainment industry, which can only relay an import of uncertainty and despair among the masses leaving questions unanswered and even more questions to accumulate.

Our well appropriated minds become misdirected in such a frenzy of headlines and late breaking views. The obvious becomes the imperceptible whisked briskly into an amalgamate of confusion and bewilderment as entertainment and news coverage teeters from death tolls related to drug abuse and violence, immediately tottering to the glamour

and glorified highlights of the big stage possessed by Hollywood, then further into "un-so-real" Reality-Based television viewing. As a result, the once true and unabridged assembly within the heart suits the cluttered, muddled, and utterly detached. Uprooted by the despondency from the angst and trepidation amongst the chinwag of hearsay and the muckraker of propaganda, our senses become ill-advised from such an overexposure led far astray from the mark.

Among the growing number of television-viewing masses, the genus rooted from the phylum of technological advance, the message enthroned by the ILLUMINOUS scepter of deceit and the crown of lowering, subservient vibration becomes the food of subconscious addiction to fear, worry, and hate. The consciousness and subconsciousness of our thoughts are frequently bombarded with the dismissive, feelings of hopelessness, and the frequented hidden messages of despair, that it is of no particular wonder why the urban atmosphere is plagued with problems of attention deficit, depression, anxiety, aggression, and violence.

The accumulation of emotional stress and worry arises from the lack of time spent for the more desirable, efficacious use of the more productive matter of things –now, less frequented. We often find ourselves questioning the insufficiency of time spent throughout the day where tasks are failed to be completed and even relationships become neglected from the moments lost to hours of television viewing time. As our focus and attention is misdirected to the broadcast and its often meager content rather than the more important matters in life, then Reality TV overtly consumes from our psyche, we, perhaps, even lose that scarcity and valued quality time within the light of our “own” selves, where ultimately truth and clarity often dwells

What is there to do? How are we to say? Where should we start? The answer clearly lies not in the outrage nor in the dispute resulting from the snag of one’s focus where one’s eyes close and when the heart finally opens, but rather can be searched upon, plainly, within the resolve of unrelenting forgiveness and unconditional love for one another and in ourselves. This forgiveness eventually guides itself towards an internal peace from an acceptance of what simply "is" when we observe the malevolent. As a result, we are then reminded, from finding clarity within our thoughts to processing such information and exposure from the degradation of its hate and fear-mongering to the realms deemed its unparalleled and polar opposite. Many times throughout the day, we are so easily distracted and consumed by the noise and disarray within our surroundings that by adding on to that confusion with what we watch from simple television viewing, we essentially demoralize the clarity within our minds even further to the darkness and depths of an infinitely dark

and lonely abyss. Such disorganization infiltrates the ebb and flow of thought and in the peace and calm of mind and spirit.

Wash your hands of all that has been absorbed, and return back to the mainstay of providence within the beating and pulsation of the heart. When we are so enthralled in such overwhelming chaos; our minds become cluttered, and the intimate space surrounding us assumes a state of convolution, which attracts a vibration and energy of daunting confusion and putrid distaste for the normal day to day. As a result, we overlook the beauty of the most recent of heartfelt memories and in falling short from entirely appreciating the warmth and joys of the moment.

Simplify the very root of your existence and nourish that right with the utmost of purity and sincerity within the heart, remain still in pondering on the goodness within the effortlessness of Eden as it branches out from one's grounding sense, then enjoy the beauty of its flowering bloom along with the sweet taste of its ripening nectar from the pollination of viable creation. Open your heart and let the focus within the moment engulf not what is remotely televised, but that which is broadcasted within the higher frequencies from the four chambers of its beating – the Heart. Return back to your lives. The indemnity that you see before you is the illusion, but rather what you feel before you with eyes closed is the reality. There is more to be realized in goodness than that which is displayed through virally conditioned programming.

Day 136: February 13, 2012

At Varying Lengths

Every soul finds themselves at varying levels, lengths, and heights while determining the next steps to come when they meet at the cross from where the long-traveled road delivers them. We often feel the need to struggle or compete amongst our predecessors within the chase of egotistical gains when the focus of utmost importance lies, not within the betterment among ourselves exceeding past the likes of our peers, but within the rectification and cultivation of becoming the improved versions of our most previous selves.



Competing or conquering, perhaps, our neighbors does not bring us to the higher levels of being, but rather keeps us shackled to the very abyss from which holds us down even further within the shadows of the ego, the limitations of control, and the weight of constant envy. By only serving our fellow Man and by providing assistance to their own higher state of awareness, in cooperation --credence and reward does find its way to our doorsteps towards the elevation of one's vibration through the opening of hearts and the awakening of souls. Essentially, the person who we should compare ourselves to, is not the individual we may potentially be in competition with, but rather the person, that we daily view within the mirror of our own reflection; from yesterday to the very image of the person we see today.

Day 137: February 14, 2012

Leaving It As It May

The misconceptions of doubt, limitation, fear, and powerlessness, which predominately overcome our overall state of being when we encounter disheartening circumstances, clutters the mind and overwhelms



the senses. We are then promulgated into a frenzy and an utterly deepened state of chaos. But when we are able to leave such worries where they had once lain and walk away to accept such transgressions with replacements of forgiveness and deepened gratitude, we release ourselves from such indemnity. Once we realize that we

are neither the slaves nor servants of a previously known reality, and those illusions are less fed, praised, and acknowledged --we will become the creators of our individual truths where even the malevolent of most misconceptions can be extinguished and replaced with manifestations of our purest of most beloved intentions and beliefs.

Day 138: February 15, 2012

The Wind: Mother Gaia's Whisper

As warm winds blow,
Let it remind us of the
Moments within her breath.

Day 139: February 16, 2012

The Fear and Outrage

There is outrage for the deceitful indemnity, which presents itself from all around us - as the first layer of hypocrisy within the veil of illusion is uncovered. This is the standard within the “Awakening” process. But once one begins to acknowledge this step, within this



transitional state of transformation to heightened awareness, one will begin to realize that reacting to such indemnity within the normally conditioned response of fear, anger, anxiety, and OUTRAGE, will only bring more of that particular world into your Light. Shed such despairing feelings of attachment and lessened levels of frequency and

bid farewell to the day of your ego, and allow for it to tone down into the shadows of the night to diminish. As you shine the very Light of your own forgiveness and love upon that indemnity, then you shall begin to see the change, which will manifest itself, deeply rooted, by the grace and purity of your heightened and loving heart. Shine throughout, from all around you, the purity of an all-encompassing and unblemished TRUTH.

Day 140: February 17, 2012

Following Your Heart

Listen contently for whispers that echo throughout the walls and reverberate a message across the grain. This yearning, concentrated within the depths of its pulsation that swells and mounts up in volume to its fill, presents an uneasiness and duress from its compulsion. It brings into awareness, the necessity for its birth and release. An aversion to such a calling may persist throughout the lengths of a moment to that of a lifetime, depending on one's audacity and enthusiasm to puncturing past and through the citadel doors of fear.



If one should make the choice, faith fuels the drive for such a journeyed procession, the transcending steps made blindly for the walk made across the bridge that cannot be seen but felt. Shudder away from the tribulations of the mind where judgment and duality clutters the clarity felt within the pulse, for any inkling of a doubt --can sporadically disrupt the rhythmicity of its flow to the confusion of a convulsing palpitation. In the mind, there is invariably the risk of loss, but within the heart, truth and courage will never wane.

Day 141: February 18, 2012

To Elevate In Spirit

The true meaning to life
Is in finding truth within
each lesson learned.

Day 142: February 19, 2012

Message Within the Mound

(The Acquirement of Fermentation within the Seven Stages of Alchemy)

The Spirit of the Great Serpent Mound presented itself, unexpectedly, to me within a series of dreams, three nights in a row. "Its truth culminates from its source forthright bordering an adjacent estuary,

post diurnal, at three nights (coiled) running with embers ablaze," the dream whispered. At the time of these of dreams, I knew nothing of its value or worth. The meaning was none apparent to the very path of its truth in connection to mine.

The first dream bore the image of the mound, itself, from the entrance of the site, as the length of its spiral slivered ever-so-graciously from down the mildly elevating rolling hill from where it had been placed. The shadows created by the slight inundation, of hematite implanted grass and earth, were enhanced even further by the rapidly falling sunset which glimmered from the West. The mound, built and laded down from its design by the indigenous Native American peoples of the Adena, spanned the full and lengthened expanse of its favor, outstretched and coiled ascending from its root. As each curve wound from end to end, the path of its structure led straight to the head where the image appeared like an enormous serpentine-like stretch consuming the entirety of an egg-like image.



The second dream, on the other hand, drew the image of a steel-structured tower, which stood straight upon its four limbs, overlooking the entirety of the length of the mound from trail to command. It shimmered ever-so-brilliantly from the light which reflected off of the diminishing and awe-inspiring sunset. Now, the second dream had me questioning as to why such a tower was structured and erected alongside the sacred grounds of such a beautifully made Native American effigy? Regardless, I was awed and intrigued by the image of the serpent that lain alongside of it within the coma of my trance-like stare.

The third dream, lastly, displayed the image of a set of mildly lit windows, succeeding one by one, as they outlined the outlay of a heavily bricked one-story edifice. I knew, within my awareness, that it was related to all the other two dreams as I was made cognizant that the Serpent Mound, itself, was located and positioned behind me. The light that emanated from the windows was soothing to the senses as the evening dusk began to plunge upon my awareness.

I can understand, perhaps, the experience of dreaming about this Serpent Anomaly of sorts for only one night, but in witnessing the same dream about this infamous effigy, consecutively, three nights in a row, was particularly odd to me, although, considerably interesting. I knew that I was capable of calming myself into a dream-like state, nightly. But for some strange reason, I could hardly remember nor recollect any of my

most recent of dreams. Unless it was made specific to the relevancy and importance of my own spirit's awareness to remember, I was unaware of its significance at the time. Well, this particular dream, Ladies and Gentleman, was fairly significant and relevant, indeed. I knew, within my heart, that there was a meaning to all of this, so I decided upon making that very road trip to the Great Serpent Mound of Adams County, Ohio. Fortunately, it was only four hours south by way of vehicular transport.

Essentially, I wanted to travel on my own, but a friend of mine, Mai-Kim, and her two-month old daughter tagged along for the ride. We left rather late in the afternoon, and I was sincerely concerned about whether we would have had enough sunlight to appreciate, fully, the beauty of the mound at its fullest spectrum. What was also concerning to me was that I wasn't truly certain of the whereabouts to such a site, which ultimately made me unconfident about the driving direction and the appropriate highway to take to its final location. This was essentially my first trip to Adams County, so I had to calculate all of these elements into the equation on whether it would be beneficial, to say the least, in even making the trip, a reality, at all.

After bearing substantially the stress and apprehension from the entirety of the whole four hours of the length of the trip, while racing against the sunset, we found ourselves, blessed by its grace, at the entranceway to the awe of this sacred ancient site, with only about an hour of sunlight to spare and appreciate. We finally arrived and looked at each other, and smiled with considerable relief. Such a weight was lifted from our shoulders. As soon as we stepped out of the care of my vehicle, we were instantly greeted by the exacted and parallel image possessed by my very first dream. The site, itself, bore the magnificence of an image which was made all too relevant, within my psyche, to a forgotten time when such greatness ruled the legitimacy of heart and mind in connection to what was originally wrought --in spirit. Further, within my view, the earthen anomaly had shown itself, coiled ascending from its root, alone: A Kundalini of Rising. The representative Kundalini or Shakti, perhaps, symbolic of its roots, from head to tail, brings cause to the rise of such force and energy, deemed a wisdom awakened by the calling of one's truths. How rare can such an experience be placed upon



my lap, likened to the rarity of all the Iridium which was sparsely encumbered upon the sacred ground of this surrounding landscape?

Again, for some reason within my heart I knew that I had answered another fraction of the Calling possessed by Spirit. I was brought, again, to such a Sacred Space for the initiation of such an unidentifiable rite. Within my mind, I knew neither of its affiliation nor the cause of its name, but I knew from within my soul that it was all conjured into reality by the requirements of my heart. Further, as its tail was followed from one end, I saw, from within my own eyes, the view derived from my second dream. The shimmering steel-structured tower was observed to the right of the sacred effigy mound. I climbed the three flights of its stairway all the way up to its top. Now, within that moment, I finally understood the reasoning for the erecting of such a tower. In order to view the entirety of the whole length of the Kundalini-like structure, one would have to view it from a higher elevation. From there, the image of the snake could be seen consuming the likes of an egg, representative, in my own eyes --The Soul of Enlightenment. As surveyed from bird's eye view, the alignment of the Winter and Summer Solstices can be envisaged as true. Truly, the energy, found within its dormancy awaits a restored metamorphosis, within and among the dolomite of its sacred terra firma.

We walked the entire length of its precipice, while absorbing the energies of its warmth. Then, I took the time to capture a series of photographs of my dear friend and that of her two-month old daughter, overlooking the creek below the heightened edifice of the olden and prehistoric meteor site. Within that moment, I was blessed with some of the most intimate and awe-inspiring of moments which captured the love between mother and daughter, the beauty of new beginnings, the sincerity of the heart exposed with opened arms, and (quite possibly) the cover image of my new book, *The Book of Positive Light*. This is considerably a literary work that I planned to publish the following year. And if you should so be reading from the very pages of this memoir/journal, as we speak... well then there's a heightened possibility that the photo that I had taken of my dear friend and daughter would most definitively be the very image for which I would decide to be the cover photo of this blessed book. The calming, mystical representation of this image was exactly the face and the very essence and spirit of what the book was yearning and searching for. As for me, I knew from within my heart that it was the simplest of representations that I had desired for the book's front cover to portray. It essentially draws the intimate portrait of an all-encompassing love, love for which we all can potentially possess for one another, if only we are more than able to opening our hearts entirely to the possibilities and of the ultimate beauty that we can all share together, as ONE. It essentially outlines the thickened and broadened strokes of an

emotional and inspiring painting to the Rise of the most Divine of Feminine Energies to potentially sweep across the glory and hope of a heightened world that is now being birthed into New Life. Indeed, these times have been chosen specifically for us to acknowledge as true. We are essentially ushering in Heaven... unto a newly birthed Earthly plane.

As we walked on over to my car, I started to remember the elements of my third dream which had yet to come into manifestation. By

this time, the sun had already set past the tree line. Only a slighted glow could be seen from off the distance. Just as I was about to lose faith concerning the viewing of this image which was possessed by the third and last dream, I took one last glance at the dimmed structure before me, as I was actively backing away from my parking spot... and



(wouldn't you know) there it was (right before my very eyes) the "one-floor brick building edifice" possessed by my third and last dream. At this moment, I knew that this entire experience was a verifying marker for me --a validation of sorts which would further heighten me into the deeper and more profound realms of what I was yet to experience within the next following months to come. I was remarkably fortunate, and synchronistically blessed by the Ancients with the miracle to capture this moment between Mother and Daughter, that would ultimately become the front cover of my book. But I also felt that I was being called to such a place, within the process of an initiatory rite, in preparation for even higher levels and stages of spiritual advancement and mastery, which I am still unable to fathom or understand. But, certainly, I do know of one thing. It will all come to me... when the time is right.

Day 143: February 20, 2012

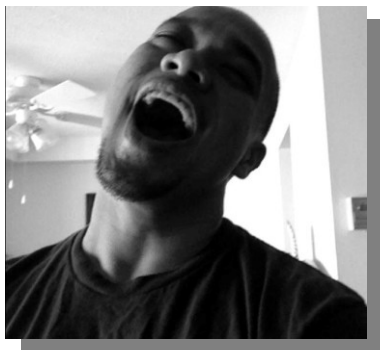
The Purity of Bliss Observed Through Meaning

The desire for happiness only fades away with the passing of every moment, and only once when the hunger is fed. But when we are able to find meaning through and within every interaction, we may then rediscover the love, time and time again, from every interaction.

Day 144: February 21, 2012

Kalansing ng Hinog na Diwa (Vibrations of Great Minds)

The greatness of one's mind only portrays itself worthy, appealing, and ever-the-more resilient when it is opened, free neither from key nor lock. When it is unconditioned from the Westerly societal constructs, primed and appropriately restrung to abide by the Laws of Acceptance and Release --attachments to the lowered vibrations of condemnation, fear, and grief, then become only figments of an extinct, long-lost existence. When the mind humbly steps down and repositions itself to provide the bulk of its power servicing the glory of the Evolving and Limitless Heart, reality then alchemically changes and restructures the very essence of our "once known" existence. New Worlds are then created. The likes of our being evolve to a higher conscionable level of continuation.



Our minds then become ever more powerful in strength; in wit, foresight, cunning, creation, insight, resolution, intuition, and in the overcoming of the Laws of all-known Reality, once hidden. Once we, as a species, have transcended to that elevated level of frequency in awareness to acknowledge the importance and relevance of our interconnectedness between the Divine, our minds, bodies, and souls --our hearts, are grounded deeper into the earthy plains of a feminine and forgiving nature.

Day 145: February 22, 2012

Activating the Genetic Junk

Rich in design but less understood, the mystery of humanity's blueprint puzzles the minds of even scholars with reason from the highest of their very own wits. Only less than three percent of our DNA is known and acknowledged to provide the building blocks of who we are today. But within these inconsequential findings, in comparison to its vestige, lies the concern. The question now focuses upon the remainder of its total capacity. To some, what remains within that ninety-eight percent, in

residual, is considered a template of limitless possibilities, but in others the majority of this content throughout this unknown and misunderstood space is considered, by traditional science, as meaningless clutter, promulgating to and fro within a frenzy of chaos from amidst its debris. In truth, there is more to this unexplored vastness from what some have considered just, merely, remnants of residual genetic junk.

What lies within are the uncovered pathways to endless potential, and infinite crossways and doors; which open to realms that we have never even fathomed. Though such cannot be grasped through exploration in physical form, perhaps, some may have even taken a shortened glimpse upon its seas while scraping the surface of its blissful waters, by means of a meditative and “astro-travailed” spirit. These are the few who have uncovered the secrets to its path. As there are many elements within our lives, which affects our DNA directly, as it lulls the resiliency of our known capacity to thrive throughout and past the many obstacles that can meet us along the pass, there are other facets within our grasp from which we can conjure an unlimited bank of abilities and strengths derived from that Divine and Limitless Promise. The vibrations of lower-frequencies, derived from the fear, anger, anxiety, lulling worries, and oppressive depression holds us unworthy into place –restraining us from flight. Love, on the other hand, opens the corridors to such heights.



We can evolve, by choice, to the next escalated level of our unlimited worth, with greatened fervor, if we surround such seeds with the appropriated environment for growth. But we can also limit such evolution from taking its worthy place within the halls of such heights. We can either become unilateral in strife, or multidimensional in strength. While reaching beyond the twelfth dimension of things far exceeding its two, the activation within the cycle promulgates to that of a frenzy, as each and every strand is unlocked by the next. We then essentially return, back to our original mainstay to the consonance of a comfort, once known, through rediscovery to the remembrance of our ultimate greatness.

Day 146: February 23, 2012

What is Painfully Met is Learned

The events, hard hit and wrought with drought,
could clutter one's mind cleansed by (Raynes).

Drenched free from once harshly thought,
hearts open to reveal
what is dearly sought.
Paths painfully
expressed are
timely
seen.

Day 147: February 24, 2012

But Only a Shortened Shoulder's Length Apart

The most arduous but yet among the most compelling of all journeys, for which any human being should ever willingly or courageously partake; should particularly be only a shoulder's width apart, from the peak of one's mind to the deepest dwellings of one's opened heart.



Day 148: February 25, 2012

The Mandala Within

A receptacle of sacred geometry, circular in fashion, is esteemed a vessel of one's inner essence. Its impermanence holds true among the sands blown throughout the winds of the carnal and in the flesh, but more so, as a mirror to the veracity of our inner most subconsciousness. The Mandala is manifested, elaborately done in a fashion, from its center towards its exterior. It essentially depicts the interconnectedness of the artist. As each line is drawn,



creation then branches out from stem to stem; to the ultimate design and interlocking of the surrounding whole. When the time is taken to realize the awareness within the moment, we come to acknowledge that all which is observed from the landscape, is an echo of the truths returning back onto itself, born of the same deepening and resounding nomenclature of personal revelation and truth.

Day 149: February 26, 2012

My Passport to Enlightenment: Consolacion's Gift

As my dear friend, Jason, and I had just finished a wonderful meal, for lunch, down the street from where we were perusing towards to, through and down the shortened hill possessed by the artsy and eclectic nature coveted by the streets of Coventry, Ohio, we walked into one of the more intriguing novelty stores, from amongst the block –Passport to Peru. We wandered, almost endlessly within the spell of such a place, as we were drawn deeper into its wondrously stocked and decorated aisles consisting of Peruvian clothing, Djembe drums, and other South American decor. How interesting this was to me, synchronistically, to realize as the thought had finally come into my awareness... that I, too, would be coming into many shops of the like when I should find myself walking through the village and city streets of Peru, coming soon enough, on my planned pilgrimage trip, there, in September of this year.



I finally picked out a book, out of all things, from all the other worthy and interesting items for purchase. We then walked into the customer service line while waiting patiently behind the register to being checked out, when, surprisingly, a woman comes walking from behind the counter and picks me out from the "slowly building" crowd of store patrons standing behind me in the line, as she pulls me off to the side. She was the owner of the store, apparently. She introduced herself to me, "Hello, my name is Ann." She tells me, with the softest of her voice, to close my eyes and to focus upon my Heart's Center and to come to a place of peace and of light. She begins to analyze whether I had brought myself to such a place, "No Honey, it's ok. Just bring it back. Take

yourself back to Sedona. There you are! There you are! That's where I want you." Surprisingly, while I had my eyes closed, I was thinking to myself that that was where I had, exactly, placed my focus upon, in Sedona, Arizona, whence I had taken the trip out there last November. As to how she had known this, just boggled my mind even further with wonder.

She then pauses momentarily when she begins to slowly take in a calm with her deepened breath, and soon within her fourth inhalation, she utters gently and looks into my closed eyes and says, "A woman, relative



so to speak on your Mother's side of the family... It seems to me that she is your Grandmother or Great Grandmother, I believe. She seems to be someone of great wisdom and spirituality... and that the reason why you had walked into the store was because she had something to show you. But this is even

weirder to me because she passed away at the very moment when you were born. Does this make any sense to you?" Anne, intriguingly, described this revelation as an unraveling or an unfolding of a scroll. She then elaborates and says, "Ahhhhh.. This is sooooo coooool!" As I stood there deep breathing myself and questioning what all of this was about, within my mind, something energetically ringed through the entire length of my spine while pulsating, vibrationally, from within. An overwhelming feeling of love had pierced within my heart center as my body then jolted to its side. Tears then began to flow vigorously from my eyes. The owner raises her voice, in astonishment, as she blurts out, "Did you feel that?" I was like, "WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!" Immediately, a whisper was heard within my mind, "It will be revealed to you when the time is right, but take it in without any furthering resistance."

The owner then questions me with a concerned look upon her face, "Does Buddhist Shinto Warrior make any sense to you? You still have that inner spirit within you and you have been trying to find that answer. It appears to me that you had gone against your code, in once a past life as a monk, but had never been able to forgive yourself. There is still a bit of resistance there." I whispered to her with my eyes still closed and said, "Sure does." This was reminiscent from a few months ago when I had spoken to an intuitive at The Mind, Body, and Soul Expo in Lakeland Community College, in Ohio. Just prior to that enduring trip to Sedona of that same year, he suggested to me, "In one of your past

incarnations, Joel, you were a Buddhist Monk and that there was, at one point, when truth was placed into focus with several questions left unanswered as your code of honor had been demoralized of its integrity." He recommended that I had to release and, definitively, that I had to let it all go. Oddly enough, it was the same exact story that the owner had made mention to me on this very day within this exquisite and endearing novelty shop.

As she started to notice that the line behind the register was starting to overwhelmingly build up with congestion and backup, she gives me the biggest smile and says with greatedened delight, "Now, go do what you were meant to do." She gives me a hug and a kiss goodbye.

Now have you, from what was told to me by my relatives and along with my mother, as well, that my Great Grand Mother had died the very same minute when I was born. My Great Grandmother's name was Consolacion and I was born the very same minute when she had passed.

After I purchased my book from the store, while continuing to feel dazed, but enlightened, at the same time, we made a decision to walk on over to the bookstore next door.

Now, taking into mind, that I had written a creative writing piece that very morning for the book, entitled, "The Beacon of Light," which describes, in detail, the very Light for which we carry, from Source, in serving as the bridge for all others to cross, when "They" are amongst themselves, lost when nudged



inabruptly off from their own course of action to Spirit. As we walked into the book store, the first magazine that I came across to pick up, was the Journey Magazine and right in the middle of the front cover was an image, profound within its simplistic but symbolic nature. To the left of the illustration was the clear depiction of the world we possessed in the now, with all of its skyscrapers and technology. But then to the very right was an image of an enlightened world filled with nature, wisdom, love, and magic. Then, in between these two locations within the panoramic, bore the image of a bridge with the Sun held high within the backdrop. Yes, it was a bridge, indeed. Coincidence, one may explain? One should only be the judge.

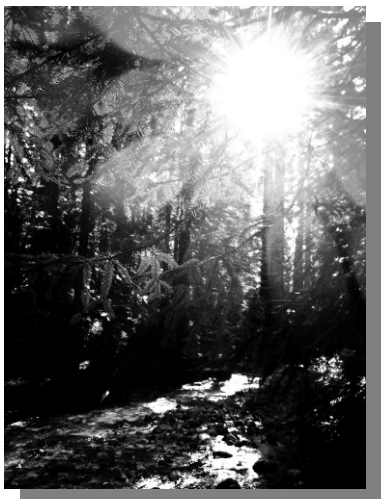
The moral of the story, for which I had interpreted from such an experience, was that we are to wash our hands, truly, from the olden world of karmic restraints, that may at one point have weighed on us heavy - then release. Let it all go. We must forgive ourselves, entirely, and that we must set ourselves free to a new and heightened plane of bliss: We

must trust within the process of such a Light. We must open ourselves to our Individual and Heartfelt Calling to unadulterated Spirit. But the very words heard earlier within my thoughts (as whispered by Great Grandmother Consolation) persistently kept reverberating throughout the many halls of my psyche, "It will all come to you when the time is right... when the time is right."

Day 150: February 27, 2012

The Beacon of Light

At times, we are lost and nudged off course far from the path; failing to realize, among the debris, that we are slowly being led astray - distant from orbit. We find ourselves besieged by the cosmic dust of disarray and confusion, the blinding nothingness from amidst the darkness, and the anxieties derived from the lack of "life-giving" breath which permeates within the vacuum of unease. As we are engulfed by the pull of fear and unrelenting anticipation which draws us even further out into the void, confidence slowly begins to diminish, thus stripping ourselves from the power held within the reserves. Just as doubt begins to extinguish the optimism, held dearly by the thread in flickering in and out of existence, a pulsating intelligence shines boldly as a bridge amidst a once, distant blue, but in the now running in closer as a pulsating and brightened star. What opaquely stands between the amnesia of nothingness to the infinitesimal awareness of remembrance, points in all directions, to this brilliant and empowering beacon of light. Be the bridge, in connection, from the olden world, for all others to cross to that of the heightened new plain of our greatness. Be the connection. Be the bridge. Be the intermediary to the Light of a New Dawn. Be the Beacon of Light – of Hope.



Day 151: February 28, 2012

Forgiveness

Accept all you were
Meant and know to
Forgive yourself entirely.

Day 152: February 29, 2012

Whatever is Required of the Heart: A Look Into the Future

Do whatever resonates from the purity of your heart –carry out what it yearns for and asks of you. If you acknowledge and proceed to answer such endearing requests of the Soul, the choices you have



endearingly made will always meet each and every decision with calming peace, sincerity, full-hearted strength, and truth. None of the regret or worry shall ever become legitimate. Indeed, it shall be guaranteed true that whatever your heart has made mention, as a response, will not completely satisfy the needs of what your ego will ever require of you. The variegated planes of the heart and mind are two of the most differentiated of worlds. Just as a reminder, if you wholeheartedly believe that you are a good and loving person of service, then you are - and so shall it be. You shall attract all of the beautiful, wonderful, and most abundant of things within your life. You must hold the very essence of what it, essentially and truly, means to be the holders of the light. All things of good attract the light. Otherwise, if one exudes the bulk of what is negative and he or she only sees the worth of what is negative; then what was once positive, delightfully sincere, dedicated, loyal, and blissfully cured, within the majority of what we had once thought was within the right of our own possession; shall only be a memory of what was once tightly taut within grasp. If only enough courage would've been possessed in reaching out with Love, Kindness and Forgiveness, then only the

abundance of a fruitful harvest could be shared among every opened
armed soul -enamored and glistening with new life.

March 2012

Thoughts for March

“The month of March brings feelings of growth and of new life as it ushers in the energies of transformation upon the new and heightened planes of Mother Earth. It also brings a time for regeneration and rejuvenation, which is indubitably required, for the following next months. It will be from among the most challenging of experiences, meant for the undertaking, as training continues in preparation for the Rite Aid Cleveland Full Marathon in May, of this year, during the Annular Solar Eclipse of 2012.”

(Joel A. Ayapana)

Day 153: March 1, 2012

Stand Strengthened and Enhanced
with Love

Hold firmly in your beliefs and know
within your soul (as real) that the
love which thrives within your heart
shall never flicker, shall
never be smothered,
and shall never
die, but live
to be
true.

Day 154: March 2, 2012

At Times I Wonder...

At times, I often wonder of how things could've played itself out, before the unanticipated pummeling of my own downward spiral. Would the predominant bulk of my worldly concerns have been corrected? Would I have exceeded or accomplished what was always meant? Would I



have literally traveled the distance, or have ever even travelled at all? Would I had ever known and realized that within the next heightened levels of evolution that the balance was none farther from out of my reach? We must leave the place of our comforts in order to trail-blaze the path to higher ground. Would I have ever recognized or

obtained an understanding to possess such hard and steel-wrought courage to travail even further past the obstacles; therefore, tipping the scale off of its balance? Would I have ever known this to be conceivable?

Would I have ever become the person that I have grown to love and cherish this day? Would I have ever learned? Would I have ever? Some wisdom keepers have often made mention that the most toilsome times and experiences have often been given to the strongest of souls, for out of the difficulty and struggle, there is a greater and deeper wisdom

which must be possessed from what is learned. When we are exposed to the higher calling of things, our spirits are elevated to the heightened realms of being, of consciousness, and of awareness. For what has been acquired along the process, I am thankful for the journey --for without the challenges, I would have never been blessed with the wisdom. I would have never been able to search and rediscover myself from within, and learn of what was required to evolve from the comforts of my own mediocrity. Because of this, I am indeed thankful for the heightened perceptions that have been blessed onto me. I AM grateful. I AM worthy. I AM blessed. Amen.

Day 155: March 3, 2012

The Teacher

Teachers can come in different forms, far from neither even the more traditional and characteristic sense of the all-knowing wisdom-endowed guru, perched upon the heightened peaked cliffs of the Andes or Himalayas, nor of one whom possesses the most peaceful and endearing of smiles. On the other hand, they can come predominately in the form of the unexpected and of the most tumultuous of encounters, among souls whom have inflicted the more demeaning and of the most hurtful of sorrows and from amidst the more bellowing of cries.

If we are to hold firm through the more tightening of grips, they can deliver us further down to the darkened and deepened depths of despair. Surprisingly enough as it may seem, one is unable to greet the mentor of such a deeply founded wisdom, through intended fulfillment in graduation, unless the student is more readily capable, within the realms of their own consciousness, to taking up the reigns of such a venture in truth. One shall not experience such trials, unless one's spirit has been subconsciously and consciously prepared for the undertaking of such acquired wisdom. When the student is well-prepared, the teacher, from amongst the shine of one's light to the shadows of one's supposed darkness in might, will present themselves and show for themselves to be true.



Day 156: March 4, 2012

A Call Among the Winds

Pursue the name of
Divine Love, for Angels
Answer to such prayers.

Day 157: March 5, 2012

The Flight of the Monarch

From that of a crawl, we dwell among the vast majority throughout the variable within the surrounding permafrost and deep inundating foliage. The many walks of life from every rhythmic stride of our paths lead from one existence to another throughout the tumultuous stages of revelation. The greater lengths carried from one branch to limb and from one leaf to stem, perceived from the view, bring with them the realization only a smaller distance within the much larger advance. As we feed from day to day, feverishly for survival; free from prey and far from being pounced, the truth finally sets in to slowly envelop its entirety.

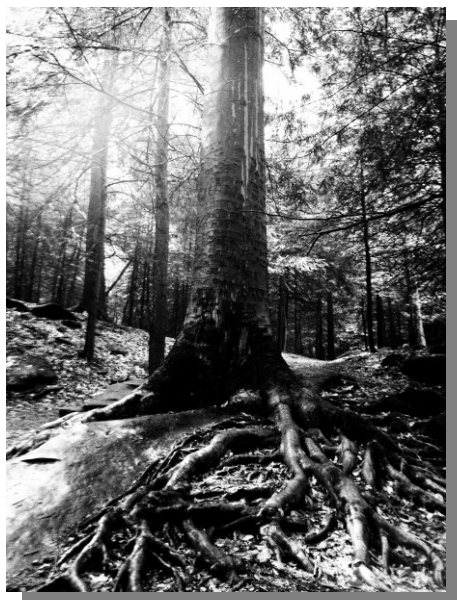


From there, one waits patiently for fruition, as the change and metamorphosis promulgates to every cell from each lesson learned from the past. One stage leads precariously to the next, within reason, but invites the many anticipated questions which are coupled with every step. But when we finally open from resistance to molt from our previous incarnations of what we knew ourselves to be, we are more than able then to feel, within its fervor, the spreading of our wings in transcendence to much higher planes of existence.

Day 158: March 6, 2012

From Nothingness Comes a Whisper

One of the most enjoyable past times that any one individual can do for themselves for their overall state of well-being is to walk forward without any particular direction; being neither indulged within the restraints of time nor touched by any thought that could sway one soul neither here nor there. Nothingness becomes of it. Streams of tranquility form every drop of peaceful dew, which trickles from the emotion and warmth manifested from the silence. From this, everything, which was once overlooked from every pass, comes into life where, not only the birds sing and the insects drone to a hum, but where essentially the trees begin to converse as the sufficient and all-knowing historians of truths. And the plants begin to whisper, amidst the simplicity derived from the mere beauty of their individual grace.



Day 159: March 7, 2012

The Tree of Life

(The Acquirement of Calcination within the Seven Stages of Alchemy)

Situated among a community of oak and maple, while standing firm and erect and principled upon a hardened foundation of terra firma, a tree magnificently towers over its precipice. It is rooted and anchored within its underpinnings but yet unseen by its humble and palatial splendor. Within its root-chakra, resonates a wealth, grounded deep in connection to the heightened frequency of its vibration. Timeless, is her

name, for patience resides as an outcropping of Mother Earth's soul, branching out from its crystalline core of existence.

Only the moment resides within her heart where cycles within the seasons shower the expansive rays of light and rain upon her transitioning existence. An elegance and beauty, gracefully personified by every sway and gyration of each subsidiary limb to its leaves, culminates a tantric pirouette of sorts to the rhythm of an indigo vibration and to the higher frequencies of conscious vibe. Because of its stature and poise, much can be learned from its simplicity. Much can be exemplified by its forgiving nature. Much can be relinquished from its strength. Much can be absorbed from the purity of its wisdom.



Day 160: March 8, 2012

Protect Your Dreams

Neither hand the strength nor feed the will of such judgment to any one soul of such a right to demoralize the goodness of your greatened and heightened intentions, deemed rooted straight from your heart, for the darkened ridicule which bombards every aspect of your light has nothing to do with you at all. It only reflects the shadows and limitations of their own light.



Day 161: March 9, 2012

Confidence

Confidence, thereby, lies in the act
in knowing that the very truths
in one's name is rightfully

the authenticity
deemed strengthened, steadfast,
resiliently
faithful, and
safely
pure.

Day 162: March 10, 2012

A Prayer in Gratitude

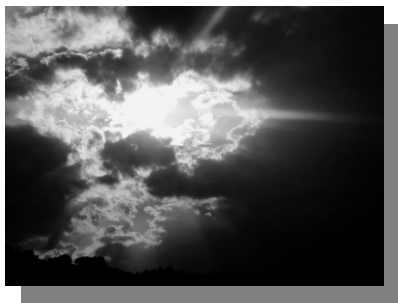
To the Almighty Creator, I pray unto You with the deepest of gratitude. I thank You, once again, for guiding me to the path, which ultimately serves me for the purpose of self-improvement, and evolvment of my spirit, towards the calm and silence of my Higher Self. I thank You for revealing to me the doorways and portals, which have led to those very truths held along the path towards internal discovery. I am thankful for the very souls who have been blessed upon me with their endearing inspiration, love, and wisdom they have provided me with the blessing of insight concerning, not only the expanse of an understanding of themselves, but also to the degree of comprehension of my own inner underpinnings and heightened potentiality in cognition. Truly, the journey could not have been lived altruistically to its utmost without the presence of Your Never-Ending Love. For all of which has ever transpired, I am humbled, strengthened, honored, and blessed by Your Loving and Undeniable Grace. Amen.



Day 163: March 11, 2012

How Shall I Describe?

The Most High of Being, The Creator, The "I Am" can neither be interpreted nor described at its fullest of lengths. Words, themselves can only downplay the Ultimate of Divine Integrity, Clarity, and of Purity that resides in such a heightened dimension and plane, existent of the Most Pure of Love and Acceptance. How is one to describe the Cosmos if one has neither the Hands nor the Blueprints to the Creation? As once our awareness, within the realities of feeling, concerning the possibilities begin to shift in consciousness, through the required initiations which prequalify the trustworthiness and sincerity of our hearts, shall the essence of Divine Understanding be truly acknowledged and witnessed. Love within the form of sensation, in connection to the heart, is the nearest (ultimately) within breadth, for which we can ever come close to the Creator's Love and Peace. When we further exude such Infinite Love without judgment and expectation, in service, from one individual person to the very next, we can merge and mold even the further into that Deepened and Most Sacred of Spaces within the Creator's Heart and Being.



Day 164: March 12, 2012

Dissolution From Resistance

Abstain from the resistance, in parallel, which wanes on us heavy, while cutting cross-grained patterns against the arduously textured mahogany along the saw-milled pass. The efforts of becoming enlightened drains heavily upon our peaks –if only we release from such tensions; the anchors that holds us into place. When we are more than able to let go, once fallen overboard from the shore, fretfully, and are released from the safety of our paddles, we can allow our bodies to go flaccid, relaxed from the unwarranted tension that can even build itself toxic throughout the torment of one's stirring in the unforgiving waters against the current.

As we allow for our anatomies to go free-fully limp, while floating down stream with every ebb and flow of the river pass, we essentially save our energies in conservation for more rapids to follow. As we wait with patience with the most calm of our being, we will find that with the passing of such rapids, tumultuous, and enduring among the white water, has led us straight to solemnity of a trickling watery brook, the peace and harmony of a timeless plane, and at the foot of the very mouth of a resistance laid to rest.



Day 165 March 13, 2012

When the Time is Right



What worth would the entire experience be, if the answers were handed straight to you? Would the lessons be learned, and would the message ultimately stick into awareness? It is, definitely, more of an enlightening experience when you patiently, figure out the riddle on your own. That is, then, where the magic begins to set in; when we become cognizant of what is required to be learnt from such said experiences, and as we'll be better assimilated to choose beneficially and more efficiently --in combination to the learning process of things; then shall that all-encompassing riddle of our meaning and purpose, be answered to the utmost of our being.

Day 165: March 14, 2012

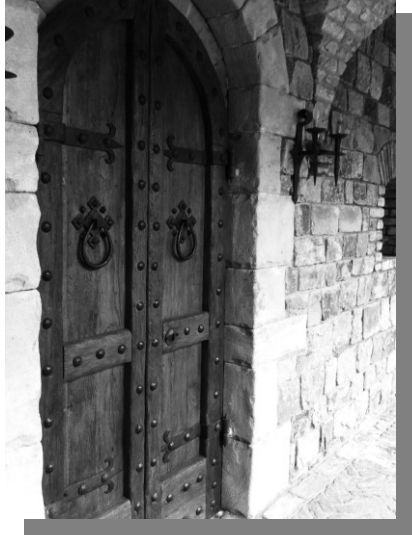
My Dear Twin Flame Love

Your likeness attracts the
Essence of mine, for I
Have always known you.

Day 167: March 15, 2012

A Dwindling Culture of Fear

Trust the road that was newly paved; for more positive and enlightened have the elements now become, which fill the negative and emptied spaces. Crumbled, is the olden-path of karmic wheels that once turned driven. Hatred is the megalithic stone laden upon its side, left among the ruins, where worry had only been but, a figment of legend once known. The folklore and embodiment of what guilt and resentment tell, only paints a picture of a time that no longer is self-serving, but of one that has long been delineated as absurd and mundane. Only a lone traveler derived from such a culture of fear could truly tell a tale of such horror and sunken breadth, for they can truly tell of an account such as the kind who has only lived within the hearts of emptied minds as opposed to being mindful of our inheritance to the potential of elevated hearts.



Day 168: March 16, 2012

The Losing of Minds

When thwarted by the judgment of the emotional antipathy, resulting upon those who make reference to another's soul who should lose their very minds, it becomes even more absurd and out of the ordinary to encourage the act of such a misunderstood intention. The meaning behind the obvious, through the lengths of such words, within the Losing of Such Minds, becomes the inclination of thought preceded by the judgment of most portrayed onto the rarity of the most few. Such is most, definitively, the case if one is unable to delve into an understanding of what may actually thrive within the shadows of such a close-ended mind; as the predatory angst of fear religiously waits upon the prey of one's sensitivities and focus.

Where one has waned from such a demeanor in perception within the laying of such words, credits the question from such encouragement from the opposite of its parallel. Taking this into consideration, is the encouragement to lose one's mind a benefit, or is it upon the perceptions of such which delineates from what was intended? Essentially, the origination of such an aim was a proclamation, deemed exactly the premise of such intentions: The losing of minds, per se, for the gathering and rediscovery of our hearts, instead.



Day 169: March 17, 2012

Worry

Worry neither abstains away from the suffering derived from the anxieties gearing up to the anticipation, nor does it change the residing circumstance in laying down the path of the desired conditions or outcomes to procure. It is derived from the very venom that is poisonous to the mind and proven infectious to the soul. It blinds the senses, thus leading us astray from whatever acknowledged insight is gained. It essentially robs us from what blessings and joys, await from along the path, in further dragging what dignity we possess from the peace which resounds within the moment. It is a form of manifestation which thrives upon the other end of the spectrum of intention.



Where one may feed into the alchemy of positive thought and enlightenment from the realms of the deepened connection to Source in order to conjure the result which was intended to manifest, another may, subconsciously nourish themselves with the trepidation born onto the stark and diminished lands of lower-frequencies, and fear-based planes -- through one's worry. Warrant the purity of your thoughts with what was truly meant to exhibit itself fully in grand performance. When we worry, we essentially manifest into fruition what we least desire --opposite in parallel to what we pray.

Day 170: March 18, 2012

We Must LIVE...

The gift of existence is the ultimate in blessings, born from the Creator's Design, and derived from the Origination of Creation, the Creator's Intent, from what Love had always been considered to be the aim. Such a Blessing is, indeed, so a Blessing, but yet only a Seed. It is up to each and every one of us in determining whether such a seed shall grow and blossom from amidst the Earth. Regardless, when one only dwells within such planes to, merely and only, exist does such a travesty feed into such disheartening shame, for one does not truly exist unless they have truly lived and freed themselves from the redundancy of lifeless long meaning. Anyone can exist, but it takes a stronger and of a more heartened of an individual to LIVE. Often, it is not the fear of death, but within the fear of living which restricts and limits the potentiality of our truest being.



Day 171: March 19, 2012

A Lie

If no intensity of feeling is felt behind the words, then what is plainly spoken is neither one of worth nor such within the lack of the more definitive of meanings, but in one for which is clearly a lie.

Day 172: March 20, 2012 (Spring Equinox)

Trusting Within the Process

From among a shuffle, hunched only to suffice the view from the diminutive landscape, a society had dwelled and thrived among the rock formations. The likes of such a community, implanted by the restraints of limitation possessed by the repetitive and rhythmic overture of fear, had promulgated throughout their entire, known existence. Because of societal

constraints and of the most restrictive of laws and ordinances encouraged upon the middle class sect of the community, no known citizen was permitted to travel beyond the forbidden zone. Simultaneously, only of certain heights were able to be reached, from where they lodged for most of their shortened lives. Then on one inspired day, something miraculous had been blessed upon these primitive rock formations.

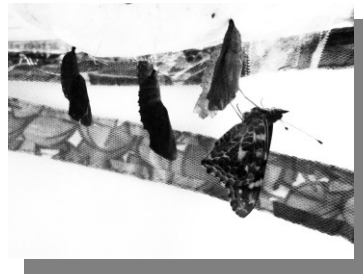
An enlightening transfiguration of beauty and elegance hovered, and then lowered itself to ground level, through that of an inundating up



and down motion with every ebb and flow of the wondrous creature. As this being of grace and beauty, had caused such a stir throughout the land crawlers; this unknown and unidentified creature, well-adorned with wings of multicolor and of textured poise, telepathically graced upon them the consciousness to the next anticipated steps to their

evolution. Only a few had believed in their suggestive capacity as they had reached enough courage to reconfigure their pace from that of a shuffle to a crawl, promulgating, slowly but in further elaborating away from the darkness.

The intention was collaboratively determined among the set, and so the journey had begun. Eleven inspired from the crevice of this community, audaciously made that long and hardened trek, led by the flight of this angelic being --for several weeks on end, leading down the hill and up from the base of a tree to that of an elevation reaching the edge of a limb, branching out to a view overlooking the waters of a trickling waterfall. None from the eleven had any expectation as to what was to occur, but they all knew within their hearts of their own internal and hidden potential for something of greater competence and worth, except for the last who questioned the long and tumultuous hike. They were instructed to sit overnight encompassed in a deepened sleep until the transformation had taken its place.



A full and hardy night had passed when the last of the courageous eleven awakened. He looked from around himself with fear and anguish and in search for the others. He cried for their presence as he stirred panting along the limb with frustration. He could only see the outcropping of greenish to brown-like bulbs, which had extended itself

from the branch from where his fellow journeymen had laid to sleep. Beleaguered and disheartened, the last of the eleven crawled, returning down to the base from amid the arbor with an intention to return back home. He looked up, for one last time, then noticed from the corner of his view, eleven small shapes, within the distance and far off sky, was observed the inundating up and down movement of multi-textured wings, promulgating to and fro with every ebb and flow of the Westerly Winds of Change.

Day 173: March 21, 2012

The Joy Within

Happiness cannot be acquired through personal possession, such as those temporarily obtained from within a sparkling and iridescent diamond. What if it were to be filched from the tightness of your grasp? It cannot be obtained from that of another in either chance or the long term of meetings, for what if that very soul were to walk away and never to return another day, but to love another instead? It cannot be received from even fulfilling personal

accomplishment, as this is significantly linked within the realms of the ostentatious ego - for that very need for completion will never be satisfied. It simply arises from within the self. It can never be stolen away, and will never walk away. Most importantly, that deep and dire need will never exist when contentment truly comes from the self, from within. It will always be fulfilled from within the joy of the moment and also from the truths that we bear deep within what is perceived as what is truly real, within our hearts.



Day 174: March 22, 2012

Signs Left By An Angel

A feeling of uneasiness overwrought my existence that late afternoon, once news had weighed itself heavy upon my awareness. The most beleaguering and becoming of anxieties had come over me, once the clock had turned 4:44 later in the afternoon. An overwhelming pressure engulfed the core of my entirety, made centralized upon my chest, where nausea had pitted in deep upon my upper left quadrant as a sensation of intensifying warmth briskly blanketed the length across the expanse of my shoulders. In desperate need for answers concerning such wearied and bellowed cries, shouting painfully dear within the fears, I rushed from out of the room and into the patio in gasping for freshened air. My gaze, wreathed with brightened songs of melody, turned suddenly into a stare as it caught the rarity, in quickened glimpse, of the most impressive horizon, possessing the fire within a multicolored rainbow, brazened with such a divined and brilliant flame.



Every quickened and shallow breath promulgated more into a superficial sigh, which worsened the restlessness within the attack, but I was sidetracked ever-the-more-so by the song of a willow, calmed and perched up high from up its highest branch. Still sullen and bewildered with grief, I walked in through the front entrance of the apartment building, in returning back to my bedroom, with head down as I looked over my shoulder after closing the door behind me. A flight of thoughts transformed itself into even larger fleets of worry. As once again unnoticed, a perfume of a well-adorned bouquet of spring had infiltrated my presence with that of an angelic fragrance never before encountered. I then lowered myself wearily down to my knees, closed my eyes, and clenched my fingers in the last and desperate attempt for prayer. As I opened my eyes, with tears heavily trickling down my cheeks like rivers, right there, before me from amidst plain view, lain quietly within its stillness and silence: A Feather. The Divine and the Angelic can be noticed and seen throughout every direction, but often we fail to see.

Day 175: March 23, 2012

Clarity

One's reflection can only be seen from the watery depths of clarity and foresight. Only the peace and tranquility within one's heart and mind, collaboratively, shall flow in tandem within its stillness, its silence, and its calm.

Day 176: March 24, 2012

Bless All For Which Exists

Bless the either broken or smoothened path which has been presented before you. Bless the sacred space from where you sit, within the now, where you have been presently, perched. In either the mundane or most glorious of thoughts, bless the truest of your own intentions upon every soul to every pass. All shall be touched by the hand of your golden and alchemic light. The tumultuous of encounters from the differing and varying souls waning to and fro, to heights of breathtaking magnitude, to the solemn depths from amidst one's own money pit, can neither be foreboding to the acts of such a blessing. As we place from all of our hearts the intentions of a blessing in every aspect of our lives to whichever end it takes us, we, too, become exponentially blessed in return --according to the Law. And then and there, we essentially become a portion of some of that significance; thus a blessing to the world.



Day 177: March 25, 2012

From the Travesties Lies the Truth

Despite the suffering, for which one may admonish and endure, in the closing of chapters from among even the most enlightened of souls, such struggles and misfortunes laden upon our lives were clearly meant to take their place within the course. Although, from what can be learned through and during the storm, the message lays hidden from plain and clear view. The lesson then can be acknowledged until once every gust of wind, rain, and hail has passed the horizon. For a time, however how long our troubles may have persisted, revelations concerning the truest of ourselves, in discovery, unravels then to an unfolding.



The attraction of certain energies, from that which is drawn to your light, then is relinquished. For after a season, the next promulgating step holds the blessings and wisdom to that of an abundant harvest. An Angel shall then meet to greet you with every revelation that is revealed upon to your presence after each lesson has been wrought with every succession to heightening change. The acknowledgment of wisdom of an improved distinction and valor waits just from up the pass and over the hill, unseen from the position, but heard and felt from a distance. Trust within the process, throughout the Winds of Change, for it blows and whistles the distinction of clearing energies, the worthiness we acknowledge for ourselves to many things greater, and the openness to such a profound and resounding blessing.

Day 178: March 26, 2012

The Edge

Living from day to day on the edge, borders tumultuously within one's thoughts, an absurdity to abide by any rule, the relentlessness within the angst, and the desperately irresolute within one's heart. Atop from its peak can reside a loneliness that precedes any proclamation of such lonesome. Peace can neither be obtained from such a constant to the

extremes. The boundaries foreseen only limit the freedoms we choose to possess. We stand on the edge while fearing the worst. When pushed to the edge, we only perceive the one and single alternative when pressured to our limits.

On the other hand, upon jumping onto the wrong side of the edge, we fall, plunging aimlessly into the riff. We either dive into our deaths, or become lacerated and bludgeoned by the wounds of such self-



infliction. But when we are more than able to shove one's positive intentions, in edgeways, between a hard place and a rock, one can, perhaps, be even more than capable of sitting comfortably on that very same edge, while absorbing the beauty and wondrous view of that peak.

We can then finally take the edge off and release from such a quandary and burdensome weight from the negativity of beleaguering perception.

Day 179: March 27, 2012

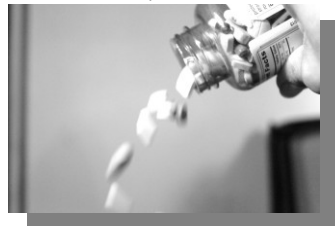
Eyes Wide Shut

Seek blindly with eyes,
But openly within the
Beat of every pulse.

Day 180: March 28, 2012

No Prescription Required

The average time that it takes for anti-anxiety medication to actually reaching its fullest therapeutic level in treating an anxiety attack, ranges from 30 to 45 minutes; depending on the overall chemistry of the individual in question. Often, the major side effects of its pharmaceutical use are; ironically enough, increasing amounts of anxiety, periodic break-through anxiety, and escalating levels of tolerance to the



medication, which can eventually lead to addiction. On the other hand, the average time that it takes to calm oneself down after an anxiety attack, when utilizing a combination of coping skills; such as, Meditation -Breath Work - Positive Thinking - Positive Affirmations - a Simple Smile - and a transformational CHANGE in Perspectives... No prescription required. The major side effects, within the utilization of the latter, is an overwhelming state of calm, peace, reassurance, and a sense of self-empowerment that can all be reached and possessed, literally in minutes, within the palms of your hands.

Day 181: March 29, 2012

The Essence of Creation: The Many Names of Our Dear Lord

Creation originates from the deeper knowing, from amidst the feeling, that El Olam had always been filled with so much Love and Bliss that the Likeness of such Warmth had to be expressed from His and Her Owns Reflection. The Soul Substance of the Lord's Design was blessed upon into being within the form of countless Cells of Energy, the very Seed derived from the Breadth of the Elohim's Omnipresent and Beating Heart. So, then Yahweh had taken the Bulk of its Essence and had thrown it down, descending, into the lengthened distance into the far reaches of the Universe. As soon as these countless and paralleled images of light had halted within the limits of its anticipated step, Life was then born from amongst the insurmountable infinite number of souls within the Likeness and Delight of El Shaddai.



As each soul had flickered into existence to that of a continuous glimmer, each and every life, birthed into the now, began to ascend, spiraling, within his or her own desired pace in return, back to the Source. As each loop within the spiral was taken in by each and endearing light on the soul's pilgrimage trip back to home, pieces from among the trail leading back to Jehovah were gathered and collected within the memory banks of each heart. Whatever shall be collected from each remnant from

the trail, a wisdom is acquired and learned, along the way with the essence of the very Flame of Christ Consciousness required in the elevation of one's spirit to what had always been the Light of that all-encompassing TRUTH. At times, the light to each candle requires, again, the Love to being lit, reignited once more into being. But the luster from each shine that was born and created by the Intentions of Allah will never ever be forgotten into the night, for what is given out to the Universe will always return back to where it had originally been derived --The Heart of the Creator's Love.

Day 182: March 30, 2012

The Signs of Change

I can see all the signs and symptoms of Conscious Awakening all around me; from friend and family, coworkers to patients, and strangers to long lost friends. The process began slowly, upon its inch-worm start, but now has reached an amazing and exponential pace. Furthermore, the levels within those stages of that Awakening even astounds me, further, to its peak, when at one point, such a conscious movement within such a revolution to heightened awareness, had been stopped, seemingly, halted at its very feet. I remember those very steps in the early development of rediscovery when puzzlement and question was the promulgating dilemma, which had engulfed all my senses. When I finally figured it out on my own whim, by abstaining away from the very senses which blind, and entrusting in my own heart through feeling; then understanding and compassion began to envelope the entirety of my life with ease.



Day 183: March 31, 2012

Love In All Things

As we are to comprehend the power of love, we will begin to understand that it --in itself, exists in all things, just as the Creator exists in all things. Once one is cognizant of such an awareness, a change of consciousness is realized where fear immediately dissipates. If we are to maintain such providence within the heightened realms of that vibration, fear can never exist. Darkness can never manifest in such positive light.



April 2012

Thoughts For April

“The month of April brought forth a period of rest, as it allowed for me to reflect even further into the deeper realms of self, synchronicity, The Universe, and of furthered Alchemic Initiation.”

(Joel A. Ayapana)

Day 184: April 1, 2012

Destiny

Just as I've become,
And as you have ought to be,
Angels of the Light.

Day 185: April 2, 2012

The Laws of Life, Universe, and God

"We should neither compare ourselves to our neighbor nor brethren for the question of fairness becomes the focus of major concern, but rather we should make comparisons to the person for which we may, vibrantly, encompass and embrace from this day to that of yesterday's persistent existence. Evolution becomes of it when we envision such



views from one's peaks and from the imagination of one's creations from amongst the heights of one's stars. Additionally, there is an order, code, or blueprint for which the Universe operates without question, accordingly, to and by means of numbers and of sacred geometry. If one is blind to such algorithms and paradigms in

reality, the beauty of such bliss can be infinitely and invariably missed. Then, finally, as we begin to awaken from the most difficult of journeys of only a shortened shoulder's width apart, from the peak of one's mind to the bottom of one's heart, we will then begin to --realize the ultimate deception to the heart of our own misconceptions, where we will then, profoundly, discover --the illusion to our separateness as ONE."

(Joel Ayapana)

"Evolution is the Law of Life; Numbers are the Laws of the Universe; Unity is the Law of God." (Pythagoras)

Day 186: April 3, 2012

Truth in Reality from What is Felt

When one is able to embrace the higher vibrations and frequencies of being, through undeniable faith, despite the bewildering circumstances and the overtly, consuming landscape; one shall potentially know what it truly means to manifest intentions into realization. It is initially, the only understanding of importance when one is able to transcend into the more qualified levels of being. Before any soul traveler or any seeker of truths is able to arrive to this particular destination of worth, they must become the destination. Before the trailblazing of paths are paved along the journey to such a place, he or she must become the very soil and ground, on which the rolling plains and steepened hillsides of desired country are painted. If one shall speak of and describe the deepened yearnings to such a magical and desirable setting, without the required intensity of heightening zeal and of passionate verve to the essence of the ever-deepening hunger for such a desirable landscape, then these very words are deemed unreliable and lifeless without meaning.



Day 187: April 4, 2012

A Nurse's Compassion: A Bite into Her Leg

Just before the inexplicable transitioning occurs from this world, from what she had always known to be, to the next in her evolution, she begins to experience the inevitability of pain that transcends itself beyond from what can be expected when one is bitten in service. The memory of such pain walks in remembrance to the very beginnings of the birthing process to the completion of one's life-cycle in the emotional loss of life, within the last inhalation and exhalation of breath.

In fashion, context, or time of occurrence, we may perceive such afflictions to come into being. The occurrence can be paralleled to every noticeable gust which blows into cognizance, awareness within the verge of that moment of transitional change of elevated consciousness.

Releasing oneself from the suffering and giving in to the bite of that pain, is similar to the devastation and weathering through bewildering nature; arisen out of such a storm yet sustained by any hardy and well rooted tree --proven pliable, forgiving, and resilient by her unangered, fearless response. Surviving the turbulence and withstanding any eddy that exists among variably ranging intensities - from the most excruciating, gnawing gale-winds; to a meager gust or nibbling draft, which is slightly less felt, can be over-consuming, to say the least. But it is a test, indeed, in its own right of one's truest nature at heart. Ultimately; in the long run, one's conscious choice to endure the plight and abstain from the impulse to resist back by any retaliating blow, in essence becomes the legitimacy within the compassion and understanding of her own heart. "Give in to the bite... Give in... Love only... Release the Anger... I Am in Service... It's ok... I Am here to help," Clarice tells herself within a whisper.

As the tumultuous fear, which arises within the angst of this prolonged moment of a bite, builds feverishly, up to its fill --she can either blow those very winds to the burning flame of suffering by either feeding into its raging fire and flame, or we can choose the alternative by allowing those winds to die down into a calm; where suffering seizes to exist through an openhanded sense of forgiveness and a formidable bowing of the head in release. From what was formerly seen as a mere bite within her leg is now overshadowed and admired as significantly so, now, the Power and Might of one Nurse's Heart.

Day 188: April 5, 2012

Free From Karmic Ties

In as difficult as it may seem to absolve or exonerate any act performed in ill-will, regardless of the level of extremes; nonetheless, the hand which draws the very first blow can only begin to build the foundation of such a cold and hardened edifice. We shall begin with the very first corner stone, indulged by the hatred, guilt, and resentment, further filled with the heavily weighed density of megalithic rock. Such an immensity of pummeling weight smothers us further into the dark with every brick, rock, and mortar lain, diligently into place. Such a



partition, inevitably, enclosing our brightened and individual light within the thick of these self-imposed walls; only leads us further astray from our collective warmth and connectedness in strength. The vibration of this mindset only corrupts the heightened frequencies of our potentiality, thereby clipping the wings which take us into flight.

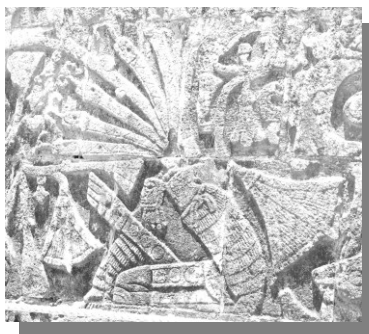
Incapable of transcending into destinations of higher worth among the purest of heart and realms deemed worthy of our rite to an ever-deepening evolution, we can either be left, desolate and abandoned within the ruins of an olden Earth, or we can choose to move on beyond the walls of our own comfort and security. Once the Winds of Change have brushed up against the surface of fortifications, the possibilities and potentialities of crumbling walls shall come to fruition, and release us to embark on journeys to lands beyond what neither the eyes have seen, nor what the mind can creatively conjure.

If we are better able and willing to supersede the long and dampened night within the rift, we must wash our hands of the karmic, emotional attachments that have held us stagnant. We must forgive ourselves and others the same, by means of walking away from the illusion of fear that has weighed on ourselves heavy. We must release, essentially, from the contracts that have bound us many times before into the very lock of karmic cycle in order to rightfully bask for the next two millennia within the Band of Infinite and Creative Light: The Golden Age of Aquarius.

Day 189: April 6, 2012

The Shaking

For when we are shaken and prodded by events or circumstances, of any beleaguering and disheartening nomenclature, which all emotional quakes are derived from such inner truths, a change manifests from within ourselves to where an expanded sense of awareness delivers us to limitless bounds --to the edge of our own comforts and into uncharted territories of discomfort and fear. Such seemingly, inadvertent happenings can lead us further and deeper into the parts of ourselves too profound, to conceptualize into words, but only from among the truth in an understanding of what can be felt. Granted that



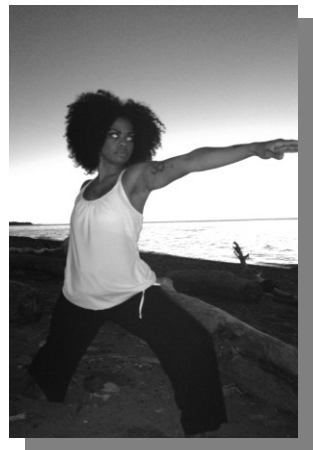
one is not shaken and pulverized from all of their wits in such a fashion that the perceptions of the olden are then made anew, the wisdom of the newly acquired vibrations of elevated worth will never been realized.

After any encouraged soul, so qualified to proceed into the next stages of development, shall weather through such an awakening of sorts, not only can he or she acknowledge from consciousness the entirety throughout one's spectrum of their own endless breadth of potentialities, from either end of the extremes; but one can be made more than able to acknowledge the power that can be truly possessed from within. In climbing further to the mountain tops and peaks, past the mist and haze, we essentially become the long destined travelers from a higher plain, overlooking the once trekked valleys from down below --never before seen or fathomed from mere physical sight. As when the enlightening of such souls have weathered through this awakening of sorts, they are, then, entrusted and equipped with the very wisdoms and resiliencies of a newly-found faith, only freely discovered from the wisdom acquired from the events, once thought and perceived as devastating and bleak.

Day 190: April 7, 2012

When Saying Yes

At times, kindness becomes appropriate when it benefits the whole, but in part when it only serves sufficient to others while failing to take into account our own personal benefit, kindness becomes trivial and irresolute. Never place the most important person, the self, on hold; for neither does it benefit thyself nor the other party if placed in the forefront of priority, regardless of its criticality, if such a gift is less openly received. It is neither selfish nor crude, but selfless and unnecessary. The act only serves itself worthy when "Yes" is, fervently and diligently, stated and pronounced within the most wholehearted of intentions, without expectation for receipt.

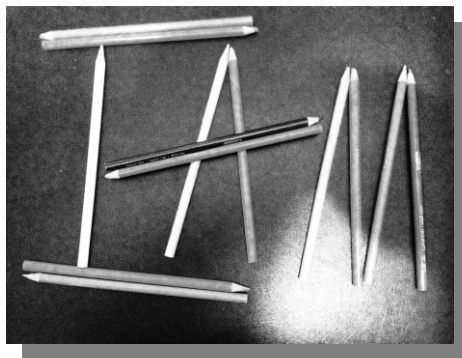


Day 191: April 8, 2012 (Easter)

The Great "I AM"

Today, I would like to make reference to one of my most favorite of Biblical Scriptures, Exodus 3:14, when the Creator had spoken, directly, to Moses. Now, keep this Scripture in mind, "And God said unto Moses, I am WHO I AM. This is what you are to say onto the Israelites: 'I AM has sent me unto you.'"

So, yesterday at the Hospital, I had a conversation with a nursing student, (Brenda) concerning the many names that we, as Humanity, have lovingly, given unto our Lord, The Creator, and The Almighty. We further spoke specifically of the Jewish Faith and of the Kabala where there are literally, hundreds upon hundreds of names that have been devoted towards "The Almighty Lord's Reference." We also delved deeper within the subject matter as we proclaimed, in simultaneous agreement and recognition, that a name only merely limits The Creator's Ultimate Capacity and Worth. There could be millions and upon millions of names that we could scream out, ultimately



with utmost fervor and delight in order to describe the Magnificence of our Lord, but in which none could ever, completely, embrace the Total Entirety and Infinite Nature of what the Lord "Is" and has "Ever Been." I further elaborated upon this point, in closing, as I suggested that the closest proximity that we could ever possess in relation to the Creator is from the mere simplicity of our own love in connection to the "feelings" of warmth that we can personally experience individually and uniquely within the presence of the Divine Spirit – to Source (without even a single word to speak).

Then, within seconds, Gladys, one of my fellow co-workers, entered the nursing station, approaching the both of us as if she had come to purposely interrupt. She exclaimed with such excitement and fervor, "Joel, look at what one of the patients has drawn for me! It is so cool!" She unfolded and revealed to me this complex and elaborate piece of artwork. This image was spectacle of several elaborated, infinite scribbles of seemingly an unlimited number of marker and ink combinations and patterns decorated with every single emptied space upon the whole

expanse of a poster-sized piece of cardboard that revealed upon the centered middle portion of this beautifully created work of art, the very words inscribed, "WHO I AM." Brenda, the nursing student at the time, then looked at me with such a surprised and stunned look on her face as she quietly muttered to herself, "The Great I AM." As she made mention of "The Great I AM" in response, I was also taken off of my own guard by the simplest of her own remarks. It was as if "The Universe" had simply answered and resolved the very question to all of our controversy. "This is what you are to say unto the Israelites: I AM hath sent me unto you!" Indeed, a miracle within the making - "A manifested miracle right before our very own eyes," I proclaimed. We were both grateful for such a profound message of enlightenment and validation. We both proclaimed in unison, as we continued to admire the elaborate and beautifully crafted piece of artwork before our eyes, that we were both so blessed to witness together in heartfelt connection... the presence of Our Dear Lord - The I AM Presence.

Day 192: April 9, 2012

Revolution in Revelation

When you release and break free from the restraints of the ego and begin to realize the importance of the universal and unifying collective; in connection to the web of all of existence as one, rather than the sole singularity of individual self, the significance and power within the heart becomes even more so of a realization where the intentions of the collaborative and the authority of co-creation is set freely into motion, emotion, and cognizance. This will become even ever-the-more plausible as we draw closer to our truer and higher selves where we are, then, more than able to shift from a world of "living within one's head" to the rediscovered paradigm of "living within one's heart" --from a male-dominated existence to that of the feminine, from a left-sided, brain wave of thinking to that of the right. This collaborative awakening of sorts sought from an awareness, which has always been rooted from within but dormant within its hibernation, until relinquished and triggered by one's internal prompting. Once awakened from our sleep, we will find that the



truest understanding and joy exists ultimately, not only from the desired destination, but from among the very journey, itself. Such an odyssey, if enjoyed and truly acknowledged of its bliss, from where we had first set sail to the very moment when we had found ourselves lost at sea, could then be discovered and admired of its ultimate beauty. In the latter stages of that voyage when the moment of truth should be experienced and witnessed, wholeheartedly, of its deepening emotion, then shall an enlightenment overcome the bulk of all of our senses from what had been learned through the struggle – Revolution.

Day 193: April 10, 2012

Their Loving Grace

In deepened reverence to the Divine, I adamantly ask from among the Angels for their charge in wistfully blowing wind behind my sail. With the deepest of love, I am respectfully and humbly, asking for



your guidance throughout the troubled seas and ever-bludgeoning storms, while lending out an ear to the cries of the albatross and an open eye to the inundating waves which dawn upon the ripples of your wake. May there be peace upon the shores of a new Avalon, reborn, once anchor has been released and once every smoke

signal from afar has been acknowledged and read.

May all the journeymen and women, transported along the perceivably endless and rigorous sail, be blessed by the sighting of land first discovered along the most welcoming of shores. Shall the newly grounded and blessed earthen-landscape provide for the abundance, prosperity, and manifestation of all our joys; to the yearnings for all of which have been garnered by the All-encompassing Love of a Mother for her child. I cannot thank you enough, my dear Angels, for your guidance and giving heed into Your Loving Consideration my endearing prayer for grace. I love you.

Day 194: April 11, 2012

Contradiction

As religiously-focused fallacy and indoctrination from the misguidance of institutionalized control and societal constructs have encouraged an heir of inconsistency - the reliability towards trepidation, worry, and an all-encompassing fear seems to separate and impose guilt and judgment upon the members of its own congregation. We will begin to realize that the majority of what we made ourselves to be, within such institutions, are the very children and offspring of that bewildering and condescending fear. When pondering our own actions and behaviors, based upon this moment of self-examination and realization, we will soon discover that the Divine Altar was less worshipped and emphasized toward the Love of the Forgiving, Almighty, and Powerful Creator, but more so, rather, facing the aspirations of the illusive and manipulative nature of contradiction; realized and conjured into fear and among the fallacies of illusive government. Become the product of your own heart through the actions and behaviors which mimic and mirror the very essence of our truest right to being – the well-worthy and accepting Children of a Forgiving and Loving God.



Day 195: April 12, 2012

All That Was Meant

Because of the highlights and victories, the downfalls and pitfalls, the losses and mistakes; I've become, exactly, the person I was always meant to be. For this hardened and broken road, I have obtained a greater wisdom and joy, found only from within myself. That self-discovery is a road I would never trade for any amount of greatedened material possession or accomplishment. The



bliss that lives within me can never walk away from sight. It can never fade away from its glimmer. It can never be stolen from tightened grasp. And because of this, I truly and dearly love this person that I've become to be. I AM grateful. I AM loved. I AM inspired. I AM blessed. I Love You.

Day 196: April 13, 2012

The Silence

When the mind is at rest, the hush within its silence tangibly mimics the calm within the reservoir of one's thoughts. Neither a wake



nor ripple permeates within the waters of reflection. Not a sound is heard or realized, except for the whispers within the zephyr of each short and sultry gust, from where a voice then, softly, speaks from the heart amidst its deepening layers. Such a silence utters the voice of truth, the path of clarity, and a song of deliverance.

A source of greatened strength, from mere nothingness, streams throughout its infinite and abundant springs, while nourishing the delicate bulb of every vibrant-colored flower, the strengthened grasp of every deeply rooted tree, and the resilience of each green ripened blade of grass made to be all that is creation.

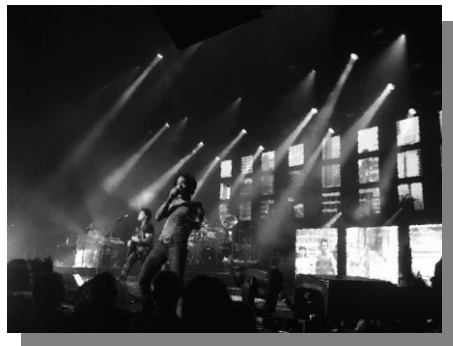
Awareness quickens from its solemnity, once transfixed to the duality and linearity of time, but acknowledged best through one's insight and intuition, as the moment within its rhythmicity, a cyclical, and timeless heartbeat.

Day 197: April 14, 2012

The Big Show

We are all, essentially, a part of the greatest stage show presence, produced on the face of this portion of the galaxy, this reality, a platform that expresses the potentiality for the transitioning and elevation of Spirit. Such a procession, searches among the talents dispersed through the

many lives and archetypes expressed by the reflection and mirror image of the most significant and most destined of our higher selves. The core of its storyline and its very meaning lies within the audition, itself, within the struggle and in the journey to the leading role of our lives, and none towards the end result, from amidst the last curtain call on opening day, for it wouldn't be a test of our own will and strength if we were cognizant of all the answers to obtaining such a leading part. The script had always been written from the very beginning, wrought with all the wisdom required in the learning of such said roles and/or archetypes required for the elevation of Spirit to character development.



Find it within yourselves to lead by example, in all that you do in portraying the greatest performance ever corroborated and collaborated together by the highlights to every scene where all are well-worthy of such standing ovation. Be in line and stay in character to the truest representation of what it means to live. Play the role that was always meant, from all of your heart... and only through your heart. When all has come into realization as the theater doors finally opened itself to its long anticipated performance, we will find that the stage was entirely the illusion, for when the actual and the truest of performances was essentially lived and guided behind the scenes of our intentions, behind the curtain of our truths, and from behind the legitimacy and purity of closed dressing room doors.

Day 198 April 15, 2012

The Most Ancient of Ways

Treat one and the other
With care and respect...
For love will see us through.

Day 199: April 16, 2012

Limitless Love

Love is free and detached from all desire as it flows limitlessly in tune to the higher frequencies, made harmonious, forgiving, and accepting of the Creator's most ultimate of intentions, collaborated in design. It gives resonance, in parallel, to a melody sung from among choirs of the Angelic and Orchestras of the Divine pulled in together in Convergence. When one has tapped into such an oasis of heightened vibration, through the inauguration of one's soul and in the unleashing of one's heart, then can one begin to exhume and express, from such an illuminated bliss, the same adoration and infinite yearnings for that overwhelming peace, which can arise from the same and resounding intention, limitless love for all of life.



Day 200: April 17, 2012

The Ringing

Within the aural canals of one's ethereal body of light, an ear is lent to the tune of a resounding gesture, a harmonic overture of sound resonating vibrantly within the calling; a sensitivity to such increased frequencies of scholarship, mission, and of initiation. Blending into the backdrop, the high pitched hum serves itself unnoticed if only one is cluttered by the noise created by the lowered vibrations of limitation and the lack of conviction; plaque-like in substance which looms like a cloud amidst its existing claim. Once aware of the clarity within the veil to succumb through and past its once impermeable illusion, one can only acknowledge the nudging of such rhythmic



pulsations. Indeed, such a ringing within my ears sings lavishly from the Divine with greater increasing lengths of a deafening and piercing magnitude, similar to the synchronized chirping of crickets in stride to the closing of a long and darkened Galactic night.

As if “calling” all of matter into being, this Shakti or Universal Om of sorts, translates into reverberations of an ongoing chime, an echoing of a primal sound reflecting off of the electromagnetic glow, emanating from the ambience and incandescence of one's attuned and tweaked auric-light. The ringing within one's ethereal ears proves relevant and supportive, not only of a protective nomenclature brought forth by the Divine, Ascended in hindering the blockages created by the distortions of fear and confusion, but resonates within us as a precursor where the olden negative energies of ourselves are transmuted and refined to our intended and evolved forms of a much higher and enlightened level of consciousness, an ever-deepening and all-encompassing love in preparation to the next presiding plane to come.

Day 201: April 18, 2012

The Mastery of Your Own Reflection

Everything must be performed according to the makings of the heart. How we do things in life, determines the essence of what we are from within. How we perceive the very things that have come to pass, within the present, one should only discern and regard the present; for the present moment is the gift of the blessing. How you treat yourself, legitimately, must be done, willingly, from the sincerity of your own heart with the utmost of respect and



dignity, but without self-condemnation. Love yourself first from all of your heart, then everything from all around you shall be loved the same with dignified fashion, passionately willed from the mirror of your own like. Then, this shall be the effervescent flow of how all others, all living things, and in how the all within the very landscape shall be treated, with LOVE. Life is the Heart, and the Heart is Life. We all are derived from the Heart which is the very Love of The Creator's Design.

The lost shall be nudged from the whispers of our winds, and often they resist such gentle gusts which may ever blow from our

undeniable peace, for within the past from what is illusively seen, they are neither cognizant nor aware of their present salvation. But from what shall be understood when the lesson is learned is that what they shall resist will persist to bring them back to the all-encumbering LIGHT. No matter the fear, or the worry, and from neither the judgment pummeling upon all of our senses, the root of all of our hearts shall always greet you with open hands, opened arms, and opened hearts filled within a peaceful calm. We, as a collaborative, shall always return to the LIGHT, extinguished and stripped of the ego. We all shall come back to the Source from all that has always mattered the most... “Our Unifying and Forgiving Love.”

Day 202: April 19, 2012

Evolution

Metamorphosis exemplifies the change within ourselves when the once dormant strands of DNA fiber ignite, collaboratively, releasing the catalysts of that transformation leading to the molting of one's former self to the distinguished evolution of our significant and highest reflections of being. The very makeup of how we were, essentially, conditioned to be as human beings, resulting from the distortions implanted into our own fears and securities, is far from what had been demonstrated according to the empowering design within the lux of The Creator's Divine Blueprint.

Every aspect of who we perceive ourselves to be and throughout all the many times, we have vowed to defend with our own lives to be as truth, often becomes an olden identity, fought for, but had been long extinct. We are continually evolving and changing into an apportionment of our higher selves among the varying layers of transformation. The pace of such an elevation of consciousness is capable of transcending, efficiently, into the next higher step of evolution is highly dependent upon the choices we make and in the perceptions we undertake.



Once the veil of illusion is lifted, not only do our personifications within the understanding begin to change, but the physical aspects of our means, soon, begins to reveal a youth never before seen, or ever even fathomed to manifest. As the newly-born phoenix arises to that of a

higher plane from the former self, encompassed by its smoldering ashes, so shall the Monarch spread its newly formed wings from amongst the cocoon of its Olden Earth to that of a newer and higher being of flight.

Day 203: April 20, 2012

Our Story

The history we've been told only spans the shortcomings of a smaller portion of its ultimate worth in scale to what had been considered truth. This shortened and superficially exposed history, which evades the entirety from full awareness, is essentially, the result from the conditional bombardment of the limitations of societal construct, superimposed upon by the bulk of its own psyche. It only draws a flattened and faceless landscape, devoid of any rousing dips or valley ways, nor of awe-inspiring formations of mountain peak plateaus.

The history we possess truly culminates from a deeper past –it manifests what has been written in text, carved into wood, chiseled from stone, and perhaps even deeper past the many languages of spoken oral tradition. Our story, more elaborately profound than what books can vaguely portray within the consecration of what, has religiously been left out from the unabridged narrative, clearly speaks of truths that can only be told by the whispers of a Mother from the sincerity that, thereby, only lies within the crystalline core of her bosom.



Such worth only portrays the legitimacy of one's purity when the time is taken to embrace such an adequacy from the Hall of Records of one's truths.

Day 204: April 21, 2012

Finding the Magic

When we surpass the view beyond the windows of limitation in, housing the fear that formidably exists, we know that there is a world requiring the need for such an acknowledgement. It is a place where lands

thrive vehemently among legends from times long past, with stories carrying the lore of wondrous journeys with irrefutable myth. Know that mountains can stretch the greatest expanse, along breathtaking views, from atop stories upon stories of mountain peak plateaus to a steep and elevated ridge, where downhill, straightened, from the vertical precipice brings to itself a sudden drop, leading to a demarcated pass through a maze of inundating corridors.

From there, untouched from among the underground passageways, in lieu to such magical portals, beholds The Legendary Crystalline City of Light, possessing with richly-enhanced enchantment and decadence, a fascination that pulls and attracts, from such whimsical feelings felt, the dream world of heightened imagination and deepened thought. Wonder seeps into the thrill, among plausible potentiality from darting rumination to the daydream within its pondering. Bliss carries through and within the catacombs of one's soul, within the heights of awe and intrigue, as the journey, upon itself, brings the revelation of discovery. Magic fills the heart with such relish and an emotion which takes the mindset past the frontiers of possibility. Anticipate all the magic and wonder that waits upon your return to such grace. Know that it exists when we open up to its candor. When one fails to acknowledge the allure and excitement, let alone, falling short from making the attempt to exploring and in searching for that magic, which permeates magnificently from all around us, then such a thrill will never exist if we will never, then, persist to even try.



Day 205: April 22, 2012

A Challenge Leading to One's Worth

If one has neither experienced
the obstacle nor grueling climb
then one essentially stays
stagnant in their own place
without sight, without
elevation,

without truth,
without
life.

Day 206: April 23, 2012

Going Beyond

If a 20 ton whale, despite its weight, possesses the propensity to swim long distances, within the limited constraints of the waters from within the vastness of the seas. And if life, from the deepest fathoms of the oceans, possesses the capacity and strength to thrive from amidst oxygen-deprived depths, then Humanity possesses the capacity to ascend past the very waters of constraint and limitation, which can hold us conditionally into place. Once, we have perceived this higher understanding of awareness of surpassing deeper into the very depths of oceans and overcoming the dependence of a controlling watery medium; which has historically kept us into place, we can further go beyond from what had been dreamt to the very bliss of our truest destiny, despite disbelief.



Day 207: April 24, 2012

The Philosopher's Stone

(The Acquirement of Coagulation within the Seven Stages of Alchemy)

Legends tell of a stone, characterized by its rarity and authenticity, only found within an ore that lies embedded within the lavishness and depths of an elevated density among hardened bedrock. It had been considered long lost, but known indigenous and distinct. One who possesses such a jewel is endowed with knowledge, wisdom, and an awareness revealing the scrolls of one's limitless capacity for creation and power, unmatched. Such a stone glimmers with the brilliance of transmutation, once touched by the covenant, and unearthed by higher

vibrational layers of undeniable belief, unrelenting faith, intuitive insight, and the authenticity from within and that has always been felt. Once the Philosopher's Stone has been acquired, you are inspired by its brilliance. You speak of its humility. You embrace its magic. You then, essentially, become of it - the



inspiration. You literally unlock the truth laid deep inside of your heart to transform the lead of an ordinary consciousness to the Gold of an Illuminated Heart of Heightened Awareness.

Day 208: April 25, 2012

Our Reactions

Dire and bleak events, which often present themselves, from amid all of our surroundings, are neither the elements that define the people we are ought to be, nor are they the events that are deemed further far from our control. Instead, we are intuitively and



subconsciously involved in such reoccurrences. But what is more relevant and significant is derived from what reactions and behaviors are expressed, in response to such wakeful gatherings. Our reactions must not reflect the essence, or even mirror the bulk of all our surrounding landscape. They must be the very reflection within the stillness and calm of a patient, soothing, and healing heart.

Day 209: April 26, 2012

Daffodil Hill: On My Death Bed

One day, that very time shall soon come to pass when life shall greet you with a welcoming goodbye or perhaps with even the most unanticipated of farewells, which shall greet you at the beginning of

another end. At times, when our lives shall come to that close --more times than not --we may often grieve for all the things we had done and



said out of anger, hatred, and guilt. Then, others may even be stricken by the many acts of behavior that had never come to pass, where the dream had never met that very life to its ultimate fruition into long anticipated birth. What we speak of are the several from among the many realms and places of the

probabilities within the act of potential and becoming from what had never come to manifest. The truths which we were born to acquire within this life, the ones we (ourselves) were not fully strengthened from within nor had we given it the chance to grow from the seed of our own faith and trust, may perhaps be the most painful of fears and of worries to acknowledge. This may rightfully be the scenario when we are placed in such a position. Within my case, though, if I should ever find myself within that place, I shall perceive the very likes of such a "death bed" with heavenly comfort, a peaceful calm, and as a symbol of my very example for which fear and worry possessed no other welcome or greeting of Heavenly Warmth. I shall pass on and into the Light with neither guilt nor sorrow, for I had done everything within the all of my Service to INSPIRE. I will walk in return to that very LIGHT, indeed, with feelings of joy to the past memory of the life for which I had made to be as an imprint to the all for whom I had touched with merely the words of "I Love You" in Spirit. I will possess no regrets when my body would finally lay itself permanently to rest.

Day 210: April 27, 2012

The Stand

If each to kindle a
candle, imagine the
wildfires we create.

Day 211: April 28, 2012

The Loneliness

When, not once, but most frequently, glancing, precariously, down to my knees with feelings of a lonesome, realization of an existence, seemingly bleak, without legitimate companionship and, longing for the warmth and consoling from another, at times, overwhelms my psyche. Seemingly, the cold permeating throughout the cold Galactic Night has elevated exponentially before me. Upon my own observation, the sounds of the frightening promulgations that persist, once the sun extinguishes itself amidst the darkened tree-line, grow only stronger and discomforting with every slight progression throughout the cycle of every night.

The shadows formidably seen from beyond, while occupying the space resonating from their silhouette, slowly creep in throughout the variable and demarcated landscape, while dispersing in all directions, except from among the refulgence from the others, themselves, who share such similar truths. The illusion dwells from the angst of such loneliness, but when one has finally possessed enough courage to stare far and away from their own current campfire, will they find the deep-seated



smoldering from the others which blaze with such a fury while signaling to those of the like, from a distance, that no one is far from alone. Evenly placed and dispersed throughout the wilderness, ignites the much smaller yearnings of burning compassion, which when the entirety of such a brushfire fully connects will then, finally, feed the much larger of all-encompassing fires fueled by the flame. Now, I am neither alone, nor unaware of the loneliness amongst the other cries that have been sought. I see your beauty. I, now, see the very flame of your light.

Day 212: April 29, 2012

Catalysts of Change

Where our truest potentials resides, is within the root - deeply seated and at rest. This kundalini of sorts only lies dormant, until the very Light of Divinity shines upon its existence. For some, triggers to that metamorphosis shall come along our paths when the fruit is symbolically picked from its stem, then ripened by the passing of events, which takes us into ever deepening levels of awareness and understanding. When one has reached that level of maturation, the souls who are called to being, become the vehicles which, then, delivers us into our cause: The endearing and resounding light that acts as the pinnacle to metamorphosis, becomes essentially that catalyst for change.



Day 213: April 30, 2012

The Inner Shakti: Journey of the Kundalini from the Root

Such an energy unravels itself close to full blossom, where within permeates the uncoiling of the hidden power we all individually possess. An enthusiasm of exuberance promulgates from within with so much passion but lays quietly dormant at its crimson seat. Like an egg, cradled and un-hatched by the fracturing of its shell from the unfolding grace of one's awakening lotus, rooted deep within the mud of its grace and winsome, becomes evenly positioned and opens itself towards the citrus Mandala, facing the ancient memory of The Land of The Golden Sun. Not a sight presents itself as proof. Not a clue presents itself as logical or self-evident. What is felt within the ancient movement of sorts that wakes, swings to and fro with a rock to the pendulum of a heart beat. A blueprint, a sacred geometry of a time well known from long



past, triggers a revival within the heart as the kundalini marches down the very halls within the beating of its echo.

The flowering within the four chambers twists and churns from the tumultuous winds arising from the South as the voices, adorned with an enamoring song, whispers a truth within an aquamarine silence. Once fervor blissfully whisks itself into a frenzy, an indigo mushrooming bludgeons the orbital wheel in the sky within view from Third sight. Knowledge from wisdom then arises from the mist of the darkened blue sea as the hands of Poseidon crowns the violet ray of spiritual mastery.

May 2012

Thoughts for May

“The month prior to this wondrous period of my life, last month in April, provided a significant amount of rejuvenation for me as May brings forth The Rite Aid Cleveland Full Marathon: My First Full Marathon Race. The completion of this feat, as I had crossed the finish, brings forth, not only an accomplishment which crosses off another item off of my infamous Bucket List (Number 7), but it also delivers another miracle within the magic of this synchronistic journey.”

(Joel A. Ayapana)

Day 214: May 1, 2012

One's Blossom Holds True

At times, we have searched from outside of ourselves for the beauty and magnificence that permeates from the surface, but as we begin to realize the impermanence of such superficial winsomeness once every petal has fallen from its wintered stem, then we begin to acknowledge the purity of its sacred geometry and natural design derived from the Creator's Intentions. Such truths to this lasting ever-indulgent grace thereby lies - not within the exterior charm of that flower, but rather,



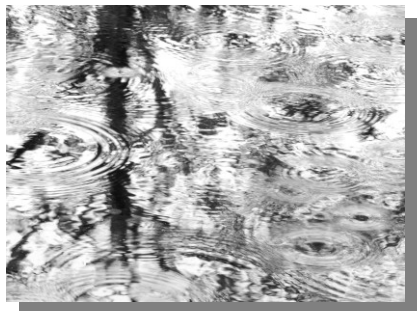
presumptuously, within the unveiling of its individual blossom. It is from here that the snow bird's arrival is greeted upon by the warmth and welcome of the season's cyclical Spring. With every cycle, each season holds a truth that reveals an improved and a slightly higher apportion to one's truths. As we are to observe and step

further back in examination for every blossom which blooms, we shall find that there is a natural design and an order to things. Again, the truest beauty is derived, not from what can be seen from the surface, but from what can be acknowledged and obtained from its original purpose: It's Meaning.

Day 215: May 2, 2012

As One We Are a But a Drop...

At varying depths, lies with revelation the ultimate within all of our truths, possessing the purity and bulk of our collaborative strength, parallel to the vastness of greatened bodies of water. Such waters, enamored with the plankton of purpose and of the meaning to its impulse and viability, further possesses, deepened within the waves, volumes and upon the volumes of its lifeblood, which has been



conjured over and throughout the varying cycles of its existence. Many times before, sources from outside of these waters have attempted to contain and harness, within their dams, the tenacity from amongst its beauty, vastness, and mystery from the strength of such seas. But none shall ever, again, confine and control the very aggregate of such dormant emotion, rippling towards the coastline of insufficient breakwater walls and pummeling waves crashing violently upon their shores.

As one, we are but a single drop, but together within the volumes, we form the immensity and depths of oceans along with the rivers which run rampantly like the white water, fervently, crashing through, between, and over the obstacle of variegating rock formation, which has attempted, but failed to actively suppress the very power that we all possess as ONE.

Day 216: May 3, 2012

A Breed of Their Own

Not one from such a flavored stock has ever desired to, openly, cradle the life of a redundant and meaningless existence, but rather the truest of our means was intended to gravitate towards the opportunity to sip from the chalice of a truly, lived life, as an example for all others to follow. As one, from among the un-awakened, shall feed from the plate of a hunger, left unsatisfied and unfulfilled; the other from within the enlightened breed, shall drink, wholeheartedly, from the cup of inspiration, for the quenching of one's fill towards forgiveness, acceptance, and service. Within every inhalation, which breathes into the life of each Star Seed sewn, the Sacred Flame burns passionately within their lungs and into the smoldering sacramental four chambered halls of enlightenment, continually fed by the Blessings of the Divine in Spirit.



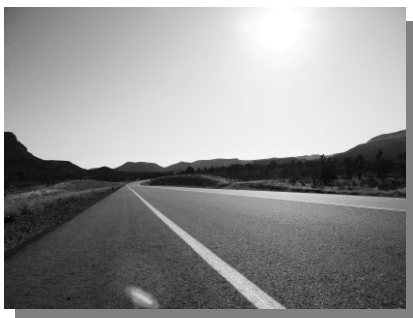
An infiltration planted into the populations of the unaware, grows rampantly like a virus, but less grimacing in nature for only the healing, from all of its worth, was meant to enlighten the very landscape from the shadows of the less transparent. Their backs hull the majority of the weight for and among the weary. Their eyes portray the purity of clarity from the awakening of their hearts, representative of the light

emanating from among the breed, where none the Laws of Man could ever define nor control the integrity of their truths. An unwavering trust characterizes the purity of their hearts from such a stare. The truth within their every being, once ignited, lights the candle, which burns feverishly from every soul that comes across the warmth from their exulting flame. As Consciousness builds, the truth shall become the ever more apparent as each candle, cradled by the warmth of every soul, is lit, one-by-one, by this consecrated Flame of Exulting Light - The Star Seed's Plight.

Day 217: May 4, 2012

Souls Along the Path

I pray in deepened gratitude, for I am thankful for all the souls who have been blessed upon me, along this path, in events deemed as either tumultuous or victorious worthy of triumphant ends. There are those who have encouraged me to rise beyond greatedened heights and others who have weighed heavily upon my shoulders. But from among either struggle, a dignified peace arises from deep inside, which permeates from the truths we may find, as a result. The authenticity within the resolve becomes evident, once we are able to accept the challenge placed within the forefront, while also rounding the course of its trajectory. We essentially, transcend to a wisdom deemed uncharted territory, a destination of change, a glorified grace, and of transformation once the storm is weathered through without resentment or guilt expressed.



Day 218: May 5, 2012

Resilience

Be the rock, smoothened,
Amidst the trickling stream:
Forgiving, calming, accepting.

Day 219: May 6, 2012

The Blessing

Lord, oh Father, I thank You for what You have dawned unto me, the grace in acknowledging that I AM well-worthy of Your Love. As I AM blessed, I AM, indeed, a blessing unto the many others, the same, within Your Name. This Circle of Divine Love pours lavishly into the mouths of our tributary from each overflowing river, while relinquishing the heart to its fullest, from where we may find our way to the Oceans and Seas buried deep within the Bosom of the Mother's Touch. As Your Dignified Will Embraces such candor, for which You Wholeheartedly Possess for Your children, it also reflects the very Love for that we all hold for You in return. Because of this, our love flows infinitely from our inner most of selves and back upon to You in symbiotic nature. Dear Lord, You Live within me as I do so, the same, within You. There is nothing from outside of myself which can suffice nor replace such Love. And because of this, I know that what I had always been in search of, had always been inside of me. I thank You, Dear Lord, for Your Patience, Your Kindness, for Your Light, for Your Grace, and again for Your Love. Amen.



Day 220: May 7, 2012

The Chicken-Duck Philosophy: Respect for All of Life

Souls, from the masses of all sizes and variation, from among our brothers and sisters who walk along the planes, swinging graciously beneath any thickened canopy, speedily racing throughout the brush, scurrying within the tunnels of temporary permafrost, swimming within and without the flow of inundating current, and in gliding from amidst the inspiration of heightened cliffs, reflects the variation of God-Given Life. Such worth has been blessed upon the presence of our living and abundant earthly plain. Such symbiotic grace, a home provided for all of



life by the Mother's Love and the lives which have been expressed upon her stage, demonstrates the reality of interdependence that exists between Mother and Child. Such meaning within this strengthened example in reciprocity encourages the compassion, derived deep within our hearts, to enamor the teachings of acceptance, understanding, and the connective value for which we all possess for one another. We must love each other fervently. We must respect each other, wholeheartedly, and to treat all of life, kindly, with any and all of our will to defend every living creature with all of our might.

Day 221: May 8, 2012

Happiness Begins With You

The risks we often take when it comes down to accommodating the joys for which we strive for, in any regard, is that we often provide for the happiness of others while leaving our own sense of bliss secondary to all the other things and the people whom and which surround our lives. Such an act can simply arise from, merely, the shortcomings of our own choices, rooted from a false sense of compassion.

Essentially, how is a gardener able to water the plants, flowers, and all of the other surrounding and occupying vegetation, that variably adorn his or her community with a multi-dimensional gathering of color and variety, when the gardener's watering pot is laden empty? The premise, more or less, should aim towards keeping the watering flask of one's individualized level of happiness poured up to its fill. The higher the waterline level within the watering pot is maintained and continued, the more equipped and better able can any gardener sustain and care for, not only for the gardener's purpose, but also for the nourishment and management of the surrounding landscape.



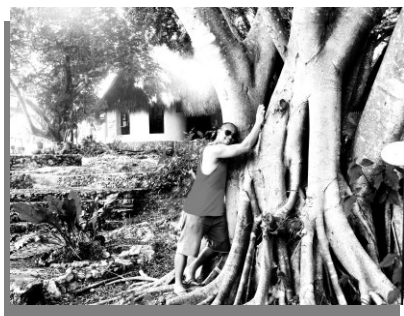
The central aim of focus should always be geared to you, yourself, and how to care and love for the things and the people within our lives, if we are unable to tend and fend for ourselves. We must treat and provide for ourselves with kindness, acceptance, and forgiveness. We must love ourselves dearly and be light upon our own hearts. Evolution and creation, peace and nourishment, and inspiration -and connection begins with you.

Day 222: May 9, 2012

A Healing Exacted to the Root

A powdery mildew coats itself along the sapphire and citrus-colored petals of the Summer Light. Once the formation of translucent dew drops should begin to pool upon its nectary in slowly dripping down to its stem in later diminishing dry to dissipate, a yellowish to brown-like pigment begins to reveal the diseased portions of its fading beauty, encouraged by the most putrid of conditions that had come to set in upon its glory to manifest. Applications of medicinal value frequented upon it's nearly deadened foliage could neither cure nor resolve what ails its winsome beauty and grace.

Sometimes for what we know, from outside of ourselves to be curative, administered to the surface of any known reality might, perhaps, only rectify the symptoms of such beleaguerment, but will never denounce the root cause of such disparagement. Only the showering of love, the healing of forgiveness, and the blessing of release from all of which ails us can nourish and seep into the very foundation of the surrounding terra firma, in thereby penetrating deeper within its root to thrive. Only the application of the showering of one's love, the healing of forgiveness, and the blessing of release, towards any known terratogen, can ultimately provide for the healing of the all of which is required.



Day 223: May 10, 2012

Highway to Heaven: The Divine Vibration

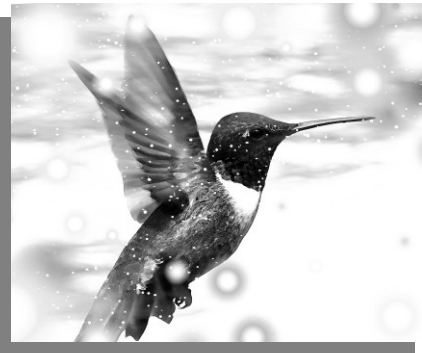
When we focus upon a three dimensional mindset, we essentially operate from the workings of the ego, which dwells among the realms of hatred, greed, suffering, manipulation, and fear. As we live from within the unfiltered mind we, essentially, become of it in occupying the characteristics of such a limited, one-dimensional space. Otherwise, when we know only of that, which is love, we can transcend even further out and closer to the higher vibrations and frequencies of the Divine - To the Higher Dimensions of the Fifth.



Day 224: May 11, 2012

An Enlightened Meditation: Song of the Hummingbird

As I sat within the calm of my own space in meditation, posed transfixed in lotus from amidst my silence, I continued to root myself further within my seat and with an open ear and mind. Not a soul sits untouched by the messages which can cascade in from the heightened



peaks from whence the most Divine of waterfalls may pour in. Once grounded, my innermost Shakti began to arise in ascension from the very nest from where it had once lain dormant within its root. Arising from its coiled resting position, the Kundalini energy elevates while activating and igniting each and every wheel along the Pranic Tube of

Enlightenment. Such serpentine-like movement, evolving throughout my

spine, had opened up the pathways to clarity, freedom, and connection, up until a brightened indigo illumination had revealed itself to me with my eyes closed, like the unraveling of a blossoming lotus. Once such a vibration of heightened frequency had reached the corridors of my Third Eye, little did I know that a portal to The Third Gate of Clairvoyance was created and manifested upon my own sights.

As I prepared myself within my own calm for this journey, a truth about which I had heard and read from the many gurus and masters of the like, would be an experience beyond any elevated level of renounced consciousness, a window suddenly opened up from within that cloud of indigo glow. On the opposite end of that fissure-like portal portrayed the most vivid array of high-definition and of fifth-dimensional multicolor for which I had ever been honored to witness for myself. Then a fluorescent and indigo painted hummingbird pierced through from within this pulsating orifice. From that moment, I knew within my heart that I was blessed from the Divine and into my awareness with the Spirit of the Hummingbird Consciousness.

The hummingbird brings forth, from upon itself, a world of scintillating life and of fruitful coloration as its light has, from the many countless times before, been blessed upon the crowns of the many initiates before me who have been honored with such a right to acknowledge in truth upon the mysteries of such within the beyond.

The Hummingbird Consciousness shall be born and awakened upon those, from among the enlightened of souls, who possess the song in memory with an influence of brightened sounds, as a calling out to all from amongst the flowers rooted ready in bloom. When a ruby throated consciousness is enveloped, existence becomes of it, a flowering of aromas and of sensuous delights. We are, then, taught to smile in amusement and to laugh with a melody, free from that of a worry. We are guided from amongst the dark to that of a world filled with a magic, embraced by the light. We are inspired to drawing out from every blessed blossom, the sweetened nectar in all of whom shall sway within the crop from among a populated field of Cape Honeysuckle and of Butterfly Bush. Once fully initiated, we essentially become the very Golden Flame of Christ Consciousness, which we can embody and embrace with the very blessing to ignite every candle to being lit by the Violet Flame of Ascension.

Day 225: May 12, 2012

Stewards of the Land

As stewards of these lands, regardless of whether we are conscious of this awareness or not, we are made accountable for our actions. We must, now, take responsibility. We must become increasingly aware of the healing involved within the transitioning of Mother Earth. May we all bear witness to the untethered cleansing of Her Will within the cycle of all evolution as Humanity shall simultaneously transition, -the same, to the Growth and Spirit of Mother Gaia. Shall her transformation produce the fruits of limitless abundance, well apportioned to the all, in collaborative, whom shall honor and bless these very lands.

May we remember a time when peace and abundance ruled every heart, through and among men, women, children, and of animal spirit,



when respect and kindness proliferated across the planes throughout a dignified and shared governance. May the New Earth release itself of the olden in the cutting of cords from amongst the parasitic for which had siphoned the Mother dry from furthered sustenance. Shall Her Ascended

Beauty, Spirit, and of Magnificence be acknowledged and well endowed by the most initiated of souls that have been entrusted with the honor in accepting the Love of Her Kindness with Grace.

Day 226: May 13, 2012 (Mother's Day)

The Blessing of the Mother

The Spirit and Love of a Mother possesses the virtue of kindness, forgiveness, and of unwavering patience as she awaits the birthing fruit and blossom from her own sprout throughout the many cycles of revelation and growth. The most genuine from amongst such a spirit, loves unconditionally without



judgment but wanes less in standing strong and firm from throughout the winds as winds do, indeed, churn and fluster from such illusive chaos. The most legitimate within thy spirit acts, forthright along with persistent continuity, even from the deepened heap of despair, does she exude the prominence of such kindness. Such virtue exudes through the example of her whimsical glance from intentional gaze, for she acknowledges and knows of the ultimate in potential made probable through only dignified intention shown forth to all of her children, which is good.

Day 227: May 14, 2012

The Coffee Shop Rendezvous

Although the many souls present at that very moment were neither there from that particular time of seven years past, not a thing had changed from its setting within the intricately adorned walls of the coffee shop. The Incan Mandala, held high within the corner, still hung untouched within its own majesty of meaning, sought unnoticed, surprisingly so despite the change in corporative logos. The rustic floor, which possessed a spirit in itself of lives long past, still held, lavishly, its own personality of aged old mahogany. The arrangement of seating amongst the blemished and striated flooring continued to portray a chaos of universal uniformity which endowed another life of its own in conference.

The atmosphere still bore, strangely enough, the similarities within the essence. What surprised me the most was how the roles of the same repeating themes had been played, repetitively throughout, by varying souls with paralleled differing faces and expression. An almost familiar face simpers with a grin as our own eyes meet, simultaneously, in union, almost as a clear and demarcating verification of what was occurring before me within the process of reevaluation. It seemed as if time had folded upon itself warping back to that place, once again, for the essential reexamination of the very person whom had found himself, during the very the crossroads of that change.

How amusing and entertaining it has been, within that very moment, to constantly anticipate while looking over my shoulder the memory of her walk, which became of her, as she floated down the steps



from the least well-adorned, front door, entryway of the shop from where we had first met. In closing my eyes, the impression was further reinforced by the medley of cocoa and coffee beans, along with the cohesive groove and rhythmic feel of jazz ensembles playing within itself to the very beat of the backdrop. If given a chance, would I have ever changed that very moment to offset the events leading to a failed resolve? Would I have modified the choices from which was made on that very day? Have I possessed, from all of these years, a single ounce of regret or resentment from the following, seemingly disheartening, events which had transpired considerably from that very crossing?

As I began to answer with such a deepened level of contemplation and of intent, surprise and shock came to my being in revelation. Truthfully, such a misfortune was always meant regardless of the pain, for the storm must, collaboratively, pass along with its rains before the sun begins to set. Always from within my heart was a clear and resounding, good memory which arose, at times, tapping, infrequently, upon my shoulders in remembrance. The person who sat within that coffee shop from several years past held no resemblance of the soul who had returned, as a reunion of sorts, to that very place in re-visitation. Clearly defined as night and day, are the similarities defined within his inner circle of souls. Not a single regret has permeated within my heart. Being conscious of the very blessings, in either the obvious or well disguised, only brings with it the culmination from within this process which has led us to the evolved and transcended being for which we were always meant. I am thankful for the very person whom has become of it. It was all formidably destined and willingly determined to be.

Day 228: May 15, 2012

Meaning Within the Moment of a Dream

There was a time, within my dream, when the sun had arisen from the West as its light, brilliantly, marbled the skies with every color on the palette to the broadest of spectrums. Every color symbolized a variation interpreted by its vibration and expressed meaning, where then, an appreciation of sight was the gift. With my eyes closed as I sat, transfixed, to the ground floor of Mother Gaia from amongst a canvass of flora and fauna, I meshed and fused in from within the backdrop of the landscape, rooted unnoticed by the profuse fluttering of sounds from the presence of Ruby Throated wings dipping to and fro throughout the cleanly sweetened and uncluttered scent of Lilac.

Only the taste of morning dew could fill the air as drops of cleansing rain sparsely sprinkled the skies from its pigment. As the April showers moved slowly away from its Eden, a touch from a gentle breeze from Westerly Winds brushed up against my shoulder, while whispering voices from among the gestured blessings of the Angels from within their



rarely spent within the moment of that dream, from where the meaning of such a message lies.

Song. Blessings often whisk to the corners of our eyes, in between words, and in between the lines. Often missed when plainly in view, these blessings riddle the senses. All that can be experienced from such a swift can be overwrought with oversight, if should only the freedoms of the joys within the blessing are none appreciated nor

Day 229: May 16, 2012

A Light Placed Within the Rift

Some may have never known of that sense of reality of bliss, derived from such truths unseen. It can be appropriately felt from a more enlightened sense of awareness when the glimmer is accidentally discovered and witnessed from the shadows where a definitive comparison of light and dark can be truly discerned as evident. Gone astray have many been led far from home, within the darkened night where paths had lain buried and unseen. Such is the need for an inspiring and brightened wisdom. Sometimes we are placed into a vicinity of darkness so as the deepening and abiding light may permeate further into the central rift of that surrounding, misty landscape. Some may abstain from such an anomaly because of its blinding capacity, but others will flock to it even from such a flicker. Know of what we were always meant from what is, obviously, felt for it is within that wisdom which ignites the fire from amidst such overwhelming compassion for life, smoldering deep from within that internal and all encompassing Flame of Gold and of Alchemic Light.



Day 230: May 17, 2012

A Return to Home

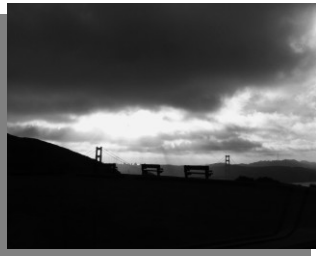
According to Universal Law, what is brought forth comes, naturally, upon to itself in return. None holds ever-the-more with such a truth than the lives for which we live today. We were once from the same resounding source, then essentially plotted throughout the cosmos and scattered to and fro, at varying lengths, for reasons which only sort themselves out from the lessons we require of ourselves to accomplish. As a result, in lieu of the return and into our descent, we learn to gain force from spiritual progression. When once we had temporarily forgotten the very footsteps from which we trailed, we can simultaneously gather the missing remnants from among messages left behind, as pieces to the puzzle are revealed with revelation from unwarranted journeys, where the setting upon of such sails had weaned us in an exit, from out of the labyrinth, and then into its deceleration to the very energies of its warmth... of home... to self... to Source.



Day 231: May 18, 2012

Remembrance

Abstain from what has been formerly acknowledged to be true, for what has been taught, only adds further to the obstacle. One is required to climb their highest mountain in order to puncture the womb of one's clouded clarity. Each soul possesses peaks of varying lengths and heights. Once that peak has been identified and trekked, clarity derived from the awe-inspiring view, atop, can only be gained in surpassing the veil of one's illusion. It is not from what is, obviously, revealed that has come to suffice from that has never been



known. This has never been the case, but far from its primitive truths. It's the remembering of whom we once were in exiting from the clouded, dust storm of confusion, stirred up from within, which resoundingly, becomes even more of the revelation, in truth, that entices the soul, once acknowledged of such wisdom.

Day 232: May 19, 2012

It Was Only Just a Dream: The Uneasiness Felt Before the Marathon

As the sun shines upon his brow, his heart rhythmically paces almost to a flutter with lungs overwhelmed to every inundating shallow breath. The fleeting mind rounds the turn of only its eleventh mile from the bend of a tumultuous full marathon's length, but tension only continues to build far from the finish. Naïve and unregistered, he fails to acknowledge his own anonymity within the illusion of such a race. From every pulsating second to every periodic minute, he religiously competes against the clock. Scheduled destinations occupy the illusive hands of the sphere within the linearity of time and space. Clutter enthralles his every thought. Peace capitulates to the overwhelming anxiety, which floods and inundates his chest. Left weary and drained, he slows to the tune of a lull. His stride delineates. Before acknowledgement dawns upon his befuddled awareness, the sun finally sets as he finds that he had never crossed the finish. Robbed of his will, the freedom of the moment expires, and the joy, again, eludes far from grasp and further away from its fullest expression. Gone is the blessing of the moment.



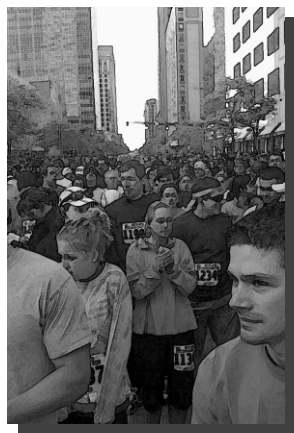
I awoke that morning, a day before the race, tearful and overwhelmed with restless anxiety. From amid the perceived turmoil, which seemed itself real and, potentially, problematic within the moment, I was able to calm the overwhelming tension which had built itself on high. Within moments, though, I was greeted with a sudden sigh of relief. It took a few minutes until I had realized that it was merely the

subconscious banter of a dream, but it carried a simple but heartfelt message, as I turned even more to the side with realization. If we focus all of our wits and hardened strength, less upon the joys and freedoms of that moment, the life-giving breath blessed with every inhalation, and the heir of the positivity and heightened energy expressed within the entirety of such a race, but more upon which ails you from every step within stride, we will have missed the entirety of such potential joys and along with the overall meaning of such a race.

Day 233: May 20, 2012 (Annular Solar Eclipse)

The Miracle on the 26th

Remnants of that day, within the path of the Solar Eclipse, often frequent the very pages of my most recent memory when flashbacks, of all which transpired over the length of that full marathon run had come, enchantingly, to hover beside the windows of my consciousness, in re-visitation, to the spirit of warmth and an embrace of that pleasant summer-like breeze. Far from pleasant, though, was absorbed from the actual physical act in comparison to what had clearly been discovered and cherished from the truest treasure, realized from that very moment, once stripped of all that had been given, where none was left to uncover but the purity and strength of one's inner beauty and heart –Mine. The culmination of such a highly-esteemed feat, nourished and challenged by the following string of synchronistic events, could neither have abstained from manifesting into its fullest realization, regardless of the overbearing and record-breaking heat, emanating from the luminous showering of light derived from the sun which had been newly born of such an over-empowering strength while robbing the very landscape of on-looking bystanders, rolling hills, and winding urban passes of its comforts, moisture, and nourishment.



By mid-morning, the effulgence emanating rich from the daylight, which could even rob the heartiest and the most resilient of marathon runners of their own will and motivation to contend, beat down the same, unrelentingly, upon my own shoulders of inexperience while dribbling down with veined streams of perspiration and condensation feverishly



ensuing down my neck and back and throughout the moistened expanse of my arms. The intensity of the unbearable tension building up to its fill could neither prevent from what was always meant from coming into maturation for the fretful uneasiness and irrepressible tension had also fueled the fire of my own drive to accomplishing such grandeur, an undertaking beyond from what could even be fathomed by my own meek caliber in strength and freedom at will. In realizing that only seconds had remained in gathering my emotions together before the start of the race, I

couldn't pull from my own wits, the ability to predict the events that could possibly transpire within the next few hours as runners had lined up to start. A silence within that very second filled a moment of what seemed an eternity before the dismissal of stored potential energy had been expelled for release; then the starting gun had fired upon its sudden and anticipated discharge.

Thousands upon thousands of runners within the waves of olden and anew had launched from their shaky and momentary stillness. As the peristaltic swells of movement from front to center had finally come to reach my awareness, my legs began to quiver and motion from a nervous walk to that of an anxiety-ridden skip in response to the progressive elevation of excitement which overwhelmed my senses to the tilt. I nervously coached myself to breathe. I whispered repetitively within my own breath to diligently keep in stride as the more experienced Springbok had darted past my slow and dismal pace in comparison. This continued onward for the next five miles until the less speedily within the breed of their steadied and happy-go-lucky motion, had trotted to meet mine, naturally, upon their own whim.

As I ran vigorously at a comfortable stride and within the flow that led itself downstream, westward bound, towards the Carnegie Bridge overpass, I began to choose a partnered parallel from the crowd. One did

arise, though, from among the streams of jumping salmon-like frill throwing themselves against the swells of elevating tension, which would then lead my focus onto the catch would unknowingly guide me within that desired and respectable pace. I looked up over the Lake Erie coast where my own glance had met the most auspicious of sights.

What had structured the foundation for the root of the intentions I had set for that very day was the inundating and even flow of overlapping concentric circles, which formed the beautiful outline of the sacred Flower of Life, tattooed upon one runner's back. Like a greyhound darting after the likes of a stuffed, mechanical jackrabbit launched whiskfully from the gate, I followed his lead on the run for another five miles as the sacred geometry laden upon his shoulders, observed by sight, had been born upon my own consciousness, with even the more amiable and ever-the-more clarity with insight, as the blueprint to the very path of which I had created from mere intention, led me straight to his bait. In my opinion, this was brought synchronistically by the Divine.

Just as I had begun to get into rhythm, the course of the run at the eleventh mile had unexpectedly born a wall, which repressively shook all of my senses. The hill of the very road, which connected the path along the rest of my esteemed journey, possessed the steepest of inclines that I had ever encountered as a novice. Forty-five degrees or more was probably correct within my estimate. Amid all the distraction that flooded my focus, the "Flower of Life" image could neither be seen nor admonished. The host of such endearing encouragement and enlightenment, which had been blessed upon me by the Divine at the beginning of the race despite the hardening road to come, had disappeared from familiarity as I was awed by the most amazing but yet disheartening of stretches which was, surely, to meet us along the stretch of such a cumbersome path.

Additionally, I was awestruck by the motivation required to overcoming such an obstacle so early within the race. From there, I had to pull from within my own wits and from the simplest form of my own sacred geometry, the courage to manifest an additional strength to cure. Others chose to walk but I chose, within myself, to continue further along in stride but at a decreased and protracted step up the hill. Slow motion described my every motion, which persisted for another rigorous and debilitating six minutes. As I had finally reached the very peak in conquering this monstrosity of a knoll, my energy, which had been overwhelmingly attacked within such a shortened period of time, had already been replete from its very source.

Suddenly, after the many attempts to catch my breath, another challenge had struck me at its very heart. I was violently rocked off the balance by the ankles from the bewildering fall of another spent and

fatigued runner as a result, obviously so, from such overbearingly beat-hollowing exhaustion. I tried to escape her harrowing blow from amid my stride, but failed to maneuver from around her line. I cordially brought her to her feet as I extended out my hand in assistance from what remaining strength I had left. As if she had done what she was destined to complete, her ironic smile and gaze quickly met mine in gratitude as she quickly and surprisingly hopped to her feet in suddenly darting off into the congestion before us.

She trounced off from side to side while dodging in and out from the lead-footed recovering from the upward hike. As runners swung back to the route leading downtown from the Westside Market, the 13th mile marker met and greeted runners to pass, while the half marathon journey men and women were dropped off to their finish, in bidding farewell and happy trails, by the full marathon brave whom continued on, straight forward with heads up, in anticipation to either good times or of much harder emotional and mental challenges to follow.

Little did I know that at this particular point within the trot that I had broken my personal best record of times from previous races of prior years for the 10k and half-marathon race. This time around, in particular, was my first full marathon, marked from unknown and uncharted territory beyond the comforts of my own liking. For that moment, I had known within my heart that I was running the best race of my life, but all of that within a flicker of an eye was about to drastically change for the worse. This is where the race had truly begun in escalation to its heightened momentum. All systems had come to a down. My left ankle began to tighten up severely, which then caused the other portions of my body to compensate for such an injury from the earlier blow to that site of worn torn body. Slowly, within the next few minutes, my left calf and right hamstring, in tandem, began to compromise itself in integrity and in strength.



My pace had pummeled from a brisk run to what resembled an almost disheartening walk, but I continued to trot along with an unsteady stammer. The entirety of my body began to fatigue from the severity of the cramping, increasing evermore from such intense dehydration and bodily exertion. There was nothing that I could do but to limp and weaken my stride from the agony derived from the slowly increasing pain that took me in for the next six miles away from the city heading East on

Chester Avenue. For those six miles to come, engulfed me with nothing but continual and persistent pain. I anticipated that such agony would have subsided and alleviated itself from my physique, but it never withdrew from its tightening grasp and emotional shaking. I questioned the very purpose of such torment. I questioned the great amounts of time required, spent, and sacrificed in preparation for such a feat. I then started to question the reasoning for my defeat. Negative self talk began to overcome the opposite from what had been planned clearly within my intentions.

I then reached over to my cell phone, tucked within a hidden pocket strapped around my waist; with the intent as a last resort should trouble and injury find its way, to call my brother-in-law, who waited along with the rest of my family at the finish. In lieu of potentially being seen walking shamefully away prematurely from the race, he was prepared to meet and whisk me away from this exacerbating dilemma. With all the pain which showed itself from the formidable anguish observed from my facial expression, my focus was then thwarted by a billboard which suddenly showed itself from a distance with the total expired time from since the very start of the race. The time which had elapsed from that very point, read from the LED display, "4:44." It was inexplicably unfathomably that a mere "four hours and forty-four" minutes was what had only transpired –for the sake of what had seemed to be a sporting event, that had gone well into the days. I was, literally, within seconds of speed dialing the uninhibited phone call of distress, when alongside the very numbers within the hours and minutes of "4:44" was coupled by the slowly-repetitious counting down of seconds. The closer I had gotten to the barely discernible sight from a distance, the less naive I became of such obvious repeating numbers which showed itself prominently within view.

From 20 feet away, the clock merely read "4:44:29." Gradually, from 15, it displayed "4:44:34." Rapidly coming in from five feet, it cordially announced "4:44:39," and then right before I was about to pass it up and as I began to meet upon the corners of my eyes of what was the last and brightened image of what the clock was patiently and yearning to behold in revelation, the time had finally struck "4:44:44." Immediately, within that instant, I was bludgeoned directly into the heart by Divine Inspiration. Tears flowed relentlessly down my sun-burnt cheek, like a shortened desert-rainfall, showering over and upon the dry and fire-kilned plains. Life was finally then felt from the momentary lapse, drought stricken from motivation, into a withered state derived deep from the pith of my own lonesome. I couldn't have timed it any more perfect than that; for which was meant to manifest through the intended message richly portrayed by the Angels.

Realization and revelation was blessed upon me with the quickness of a Stealth as I lifted my head towards the heavens with celebrated fervor and unwavering acknowledgement. To most others, to encounter such repetitive numbers would have been easily overlooked, and if such a phenomenon did catch one's eye, most would simply assumed that the hands of coincidence had clearly made its mark in plain view. In the world of Numerology, these same repeating numbers of "4:44:44" have been symbolized throughout the ages as the presence of my Divine and Precious Archangels. I knew that, within my heart, I was required to finish the race, regardless of any obstacle yet to unfold for the next eight miles to come. At that moment, I had already won my race. I was enlightened and reassured by the Divine. Within my heart and through my very eyes, I had already crossed the finish.

No longer did I feel alone or repressed from such calls and roars of triumphant cheers --with the loving and heavenly cover of reassurance. Heart-felt celebration had blanketed the utmost of entirety within my own wits. I was made aware and laden clear within my consciousness that the Archangels and of the Blessed Divine, from amongst the Heavens, had never cleared themselves from sight. They had always been there, present, in captive audience. The presence of the Creator was clearly acknowledged within my own view, although in realization from all of this time, he had never left me in partnership away from my side. All that is required to see and to know of the Creator's Presence is in the closing of one's eyes away from the illusion of suffering and in the opening of one's heart to the Purity of an All-Encompassing Truth.

Little did I know at the moment that such mere coincidence, steering further away from the irrelevance and insignificance of chance, had born the bulk of such weight leading to the enlightening path along to the finish. I slowly began to realize the truth in meaning of all that had come to pass. It was neither the time nor the breaking of records that no longer possessed the gleam within the sparkle, but the message of what is learned through self discovery, in itself, which bore even more of the glitter within the revelation to the realization of one's highest self. Indeed,



the last of the eight miles of the marathon, possessed a haze that clouded the banks of all my memory.

As I had finally reached the very stretch of the last eighth of a mile of the race right down to the finish, nothing could have prepared me for what I was about to witness. After making the last turn which led deeper onto the straight-away running along Lake Avenue, the rhythm and base of the music heard from the nearing hustle and bustle of the crowd, along with the variable and abrupt cheering from the patiently awaiting audience, started to slowly come in with every step leading down to its completion. Never had I taken the time in preparation prior to the race, to even envision what would unravel and manifest upon the final 50 meters of this marathon's final stretch. The entirety of this experience was all anew to me. It was taking me further to another level of vibration; an existence which seemed surreal and real, simultaneously, within its own right. Nothing but the intensity of my



emotions had clearly begun to settle in, which took the most of my focus up until I was distracted by another runner to my left, a female runner who met my every step in stride. We found ourselves neck and neck leading down to the line, but coincidentally we weren't alone. I heard a rather boisterous and ecstatic voice of a large man, a bystander that was also meeting our every step, in tandem, but not on the road from where we had run, but on the sidelines well within the barricades towards the running path while pushing a stroller with a child in it –Yes, a child! He shouted and screamed, to the woman on my left, with such verve and uncontrollable passion, that I had to turn my head to the left to check every detail of his waning. He yelled out dramatically while in stride, "You could do it! You can do it, baby! I love you, baby! Finish, baby! Finish!"

Many questions started to squander within my psyche. Where did he come from? How did he get over the tall barricades while possessing a stroller and child at hand? Why isn't she responding to him? Can she hear him? Why the hell is he pushing a stroller and how is he doing so at such a quickened pace? As the long awaited completion of the race neared with every second that struck, all attention quickly gathered to the finish. The faster that I galloped, the quicker she picked up the pace. The last thought which had marked itself within my memory was the unremarkable feeling

of being alive. I cried and I cried in disbelief as I raised my right arm, outstretched, with index finger pointing to the Heavens in gratitude while all three of us had vivaciously crossed the finish.

At that moment when I crossed the finish, everything came rushing through my mind as if my life was flashing before my eyes. It was such an amazing yet overwhelming experience for me. Flashbacks relaying back and forth from the good to the bad streamed throughout my consciousness without any end, but then it all came to a halt when a woman to the side handed over to me within my palms my first Full Marathon Medal. She blurted out, as an attempt to snap me out of my daze, “Congratulations! You’re now a marathon runner. You did it!” At that moment, I realized that I was, indeed, a marathon runner. “I AM” now a marathon runner, indeed.

A few days later, I had gotten an email from one of the sponsors of the Cleveland Marathon, which offered to provide participating marathon runners with a photo finish shot and a video of the last 30 seconds of the race before crossing the finish-line. Most certainly, I was highly intrigued and thrilled to have both in my possession. So, I viewed the photo finish shot, and then in the process, thought to myself, “Whatever became of that one guy who was pushing the stroller at the end of the race at the finish line? How did he jump over the concrete pile-on’s that acted as barriers between the public and the marathon runners? How did he even execute such an act while pushing his child and stroller at hand?” It just boggled me!

So, the moment of truth came into play when I clicked on the link from the email, which then allowed me to view the actual video for myself. As I played the link, I saw myself closing in slowly from a distance, along with the other female marathoner running in alongside me, and then I started focusing around the surrounding area. I had to rewind the video several times, but I couldn’t find the illusive man that I was looking for. I became frustrated and almost frightened at the same time. But then, calm soon began to overcome my awareness, as I came to revisit the place from where my heart was settled in when victoriously crossing the finish. I played it again one last time, but to no avail, there was no evidence of such a man.

Along with his nonexistence, neither did the stroller with child inside of it, appear on the video as well. They never existed! They never existed! Again, I began to realize the very place that my heart was in as I had closed in closer to the finish. I must have reached that very place where we often find ourselves in connection... and from where such a connection exists can only be accessed by the gateways of the heart. From that very moment, I knew from within that I had seen this woman’s Angel and her child in the stroller, cheering her on with all of Heaven’s Glory,

screaming with joy and the greatest of fervor alongside of her. I was clearly a witness to this miracle. I was undoubtedly a definitive witness to this “Free and Universal Truth or Hymn of the Heart.” It was a miracle in deed to witness. I thanked the Lord for such a wonderful experience as I had laughed with tears of joy and of astonishment within my eyes!

Day 234: May 21, 2012

The Truest Scripture

Lord, may all who search for their inner truths, feel from a memory deeply inscribed within their own hearts, discover and find the very truth from the essence of Your Divine Word. From which misinterpretation is often foreseen and from where control is more often frequented to be the main focus from among those who have governed, the purity of the message is altered, misguided, and stripped of its ultimate worth. Now, as we are released and slowly awakened from our sleep, shall the Truest Word of God be shined upon our very hearts, amidst a truth free from an aforementioned aim for the desecration and manipulation of the sacred message, free from admonishment, and free from guilt or resentment. Shall all know of the truest meaning behind forgiveness; from within themselves and in others. Shall every man or woman lost within the wilderness be guided back home by Your Brilliant and Illuminating Light.



Day 235: May 22, 2012

Prayer for Creativity

I call upon Archangels Gabriel, Metatron, and Uriel for Your Inspiring and Creative Light. I call upon Your Presence to encourage me with Your Wisdom and Strength to inspire the many others --the likewise and devout creations that may be forged by the spark of my own hands. May such a Spark inhere so blessed by the showering of Your Brilliance. Please guide me to the souls and



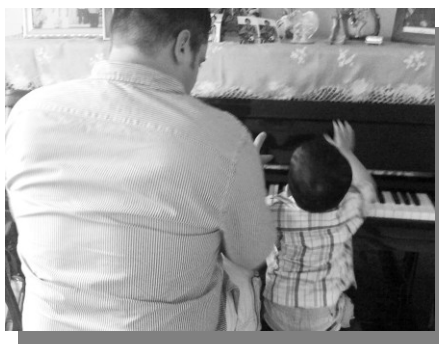
destinations that shall provide for this intention to come into being –to manifest the most high of vibrations and frequencies. May every creation which draws upon Your Love formulate within the makings of an evolving alchemy, possessed within the sacred geometries inscribed within the Divine Quantum Blueprint of Creation, laden upon my hands, and may that Divine Motivation carry on, exponentially, from one person to the next in stride, for we all possess the capacity

to create the realities to our existence. Amen.

Day 236: May 23, 2012

Prayer of Continued Blessings

Lord, please bless us with the strength and audacity to smile upon the events, whether uninvited or valued, whichever dispenses itself amongst the palette of color, kissed and caressed up against the canvass of an abundant life. The start of any work can often commence with beleaguering frustration and bewilderment in fear of the final



outcome, as a result, but once confidence and faith builds up to its fill, regardless of any mistake that may be conjured along each pass of the brush, an unblemished vision takes us home to its final completion. In either sense of how the image paints itself with every stroke, please allow for us to acknowledge that there is a level of consciousness which embraces the inspired feeling and vibratory thought to all which is Divine. Lord, I pray that all works of such magnitude shall culminate in its completion to the creation of a unique and individualized masterpiece of blessing.

Day 237: May 24, 2012

A Choice Made to Suffer?

There is neither a choice within the
pain which inflicts but, indeed, there
exists a choice in whether
we are truly willing
to suffer or to
go beyond the
illusion
of what
is.

Day 238: May 25, 2012

Crawling Back to Love

Disheartened and discouraged by losses in every aspect of the word from such cause which virally circulates and is, irrevocably, dispensed, we can find ourselves stuck within amuck, drained from the essence and held within the fear. Knocked down to our knees, we fall from remembrance while feeling each and every blow to every chapter in all the lives from the descent.



Promulgated among a denigrating thought from where there is no end, life themes repeatedly spiral in succession, only if such impermeable and valued lessons are learned accordingly with efficiency. We've run to every hideaway out of fear. We've been pummeled down by our own discretions fervently out of frustration. We've jumped up from a startle to every unexpected monstrosity of an event which lurks within the darkness. Despite the affliction which seemingly finds us from among our crawl, as a

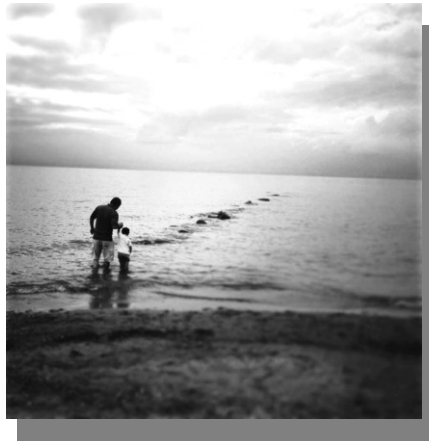
collective, the resiliency of mankind has always found ourselves to correct the very ways from where we had fallen from asunder. The prompt or trigger that snaps us out from such an amnesia, are the resiliency and truths of unconditional love.

Day 239: May 26, 2012

Serenity

Take the time to rest within a place of tranquility, where all that ever matters is the breath and the moment. Break away from what mentally and spiritually ails you. Free yourself, just for that very moment, from the clock that often strikes. Just simply be. Peace lies still within our hearts made available when we require such solemnity. At times, we forget that necessity finding it necessary when all has been spent and outdone. Catch the feather pulled from its

plume before it gently sets itself to the ground, then hold that very feather close to your bosom and become of it, light-weight in nature, carefree and free from expenditure, floating within the wind, non-judgmental, serendipitous, and kind.



Day 240: May 27, 2012

There is Meaning

What if the oceans did not know of the life they bring for, definitely, an existence dwells within its waters? What if the rains were unaware of its moisture for it fulfills the quench which adorns, ever so graciously, the mouths for each and every thirst? What if the Sun was negligent of all that was capable? Would we know of its warmth, its nourishment, or perhaps even acknowledge the balance for which it provides? Would there even be a sunrise to admire in starting each and every day, or even a sunset to whisk off into the horizon? Meaning often escapes itself from out of our consciousness. We often forget and miss

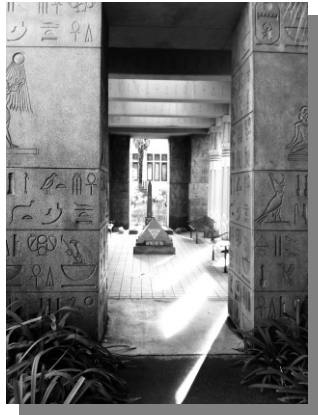


out on the obvious within the beauty of such blessings, which sit right before our very eyes meant for the taking. Meaning, thereby, lies in every interaction, in every kiss, in every sound, in every resounding coincidence which then and there falls and floats ever so gently before our feet.

Day 241: May 28, 2012 (Memorial Day)

The Awakening

We possess more in common than we ought to ruminate. The point of likeness stemming from the root of our very being between cultures, separated by thousands and thousands of miles of land and sea, clearly outweighs the minute differences in comparison. When attention is honed in on the convergence of fear and of our dissimilarities deliberately contrived by the common authority, the gist of constraint and control can hardly be overlooked as it is embraced and enforced under cloak and dagger, where profit and supposed vengeance is deemed headline and priority as a result from an orchestrated calamity. We, as brothers and sisters, are compelled to surpass the limits of our utmost potential for unity and reciprocity.



Rise up from the hibernation from which we, of all nations, have been inclined to acknowledge. Heed in observation, not in the message openly articulated, but in the very words distinctly unspoken. The realization as to the true crises, at hand, belongs not with the alleged perpetrators within the sites of the bellows of its cross hairs aimed by our treasured and precious youth fighting tooth and nail within the trenches, but rather lies in the hands of the very institution continually feeding the dung and stench of finger-pointing and blame.

Release yourself from the indemnity which beseeches you. Fasten the apparatus that provides us with mere sight but rather we are to divulge towards the means of which provides us with enhanced insight. Listen to

the very rhythmic beating of your heart as it whispers to the likes of your intuition, and from there, the infinite truth shall be revealed to you when the veil is gradually uplifted and unmasked. Our prejudices are the illusion. The misunderstood is the fear that we bear. The unknown is the obscure and the opaque.

The deception and diversionary epitaph is the blinding shroud and the unrelenting sin of this cycle of the closing Fourth. The only resolve -- is the love and peace within our sacred hearts. Reality only extends itself out as far as what is portrayed through carefully written narration and dialogue. We must alter and change that perception --and awareness -- with a divulged and opened heart, where deep within that pulsating core, which furnishes and renders us with ever life sustaining sustenance, lies the ultimate and liberating truth. We are living in a historical period of humanity, not because of the waning calamity that might be portrayed by the popular media within its fear mongering, but because of the shift in the change of consciousness in which we will all behold and bear witness as a collective... as we further awaken... to Truths.

Day 242: May 29, 2012

Deeply Rooted

That which is seen on the surface, among its surroundings is only the result of what has dug itself further, deeply, planted into root. When one is grounded, riveted below the permafrost and loosened gravel basis, strength within the foundation becomes of it. A higher resilience amongst and within the foliage can only withstand the hardened and weathered elements of time. The



shimmering within its radiant pigmentation and the brilliance found within its coloration from among its flowering bloom, only symbolizes the gratifying nourishment it receives when one's foundation has rummaged keenly enough below the foraged sub-layer and down even further grounded within the heart of the Mother's bosom.

Day 243: May 30, 2012

Labyrinth

Walk in the path of the
Heart, then there, find the
Road to your very truths.

Day 244: May 31, 2012

The Reason

I have now known and acknowledged the reasons of such a hardened path, for it is derived from a deepened calling, matured from all of which has been learned from an ancient wisdom, sought by a self discovered awareness of a heightened cause derived from fate. What we may perceive as shortcomings within the olden realms of superficiality and limitation, are ultimately, in truth, the underpinnings of initiation and growth within the heightened state of providence.



June 2012

Thoughts for June

“June had proven to be another month made for reflection, especially after the completion of the highly-anticipated full marathon that finally had come to pass. Indeed, the thought still considerably throws me off in disbelief. Just to think --a marathon runner... I would have never fathomed for any of this to be. I am thankful. I am truly grateful for this life!”

(Joel A. Ayapana)

Day 245: June 1, 2012

Your Candle

(The Acquirement of Distillation within the Seven Stages of Alchemy)

If you, yourself, lit your own candle, from amid the misperceived and darkened shadows, and midst holding it directly before you, to the



side, or perhaps even from behind yourself; from the trail that blazed from the ground on which you had so graciously, been blessed, you essentially illuminate the path abounding with the wisdom acquired from your shine. Not only does your individual light glisten with brightness which reaches an overflowing expansion that provides a foreseeing clarity

for what lies ahead, onward the path; but also it shimmers with brilliance for all others that greet you along the pass.

From there, others will ponder your glow. They will wonder about your shine. They will desire the same individual flame that rages - burning with such resplendence; emanating from the conjugating depths of your luster. Now, imagine that same flame we all can behold as we are more than capable of passing the Divine Torch of such profound light, from one candle to the next, and then and there to the adjoining next. We essentially usher in the sunrise to a return, back to the forgotten dawn, from that of flickering existence, less lit.

Day 246: June 2, 2012

Credit Worthy

We have bought into the ideology and limiting societal construct that whatever is required for the completion of our purpose, lies far from what seems distant. When we dig deeper into our pockets, while also misinterpreting the cost of such a risk in order to obtain the answer from afar - we will soon begin to realize that in the long run, such an insurmountable expense and lengthened journey was not required for the spending. We subconsciously live in fear, worry, and ridicule, derived

from the dependence of such control when we are judged by the scoring of our faltering credit. When we believe in this mindset and are led into the trap of limiting thought, we will find ourselves falling further into beleaguering debt. On the contrary, when we knowingly realize that there are neither limits from which we had already been deemed least credit worthy, nor indebted to any guilt derived from our choices from the many expenditures that we had bought into, we will know that, in reality, the only trust balance of worth, that had ever and truly existed, is in the one that accounts for all of the goodness that we had passed along from one person to the next. The Creator deems us credit worthy of such works.



Day 247: June 3, 2012

The Awakening: Revisited

I always described the Awakening as being three-fold in Nature. The first is clearly the obvious, once we are to begin to listen from what has been felt through intuition, as opposed to what is openly portrayed and heard through the manipulation of words and to where we are to begin to close our eyes in turning our cheeks away from all of the misinformation and fears, which can infiltrate and overwhelm the senses of our truest worth.

The second is in realizing within our evolving consciousness that, individually, we are but a single drop, but within the masses, we are not separate from the whole and from among the total volumes, based upon the blueprint of its sacred and geometric design. As every single drop is collected together in the pools and then self-possessed into streams, brooks, and rivers, in connection to the other tributaries of larger-forming waterways into one, we form the vastness of oceans possessing waves and upon waves of white water that can come crashing upon the expanse, while pummeling the shores of the proud, from among the receding land masses, which cannot rival in comparison to the mammoth proportions of our truest wealth from among the volumes.

Now, here's the third-fold truth, "the kicker" so to speak, where enlightenment is cordially, rediscovered from the inner workings of one's existence through wisdom. As one person to the next, through revelation,

becomes cognizant through heightened consciousness, he or she shall awaken, exponentially, within reason, and find that the world is an exact reflection of who we openly sense and believe for ourselves to be.

So, to return back to the remembrance of the analogy that if one single drop represents, not the negativity nor fears, but a change of consciousness and in awareness where its purity is derived, complacently, from the love and peace, harmony and health, joys and freedoms, family and cohesiveness, abundance and prosperity, the wisdom and the clarity from our truths, and from among all others that possess the higher vibrations and frequencies of the Divine, then just imagine the power of the common collective. Within the volumes, derived from that of a single drop, we form the vastness and power of oceans. We essentially change right before our eyes the world that we so passionately speak of, from how we can, ultimately, feel, not from

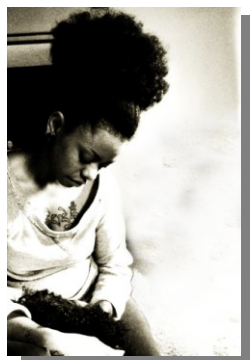


the eyes of fear, but from the higher vibrations of a love that we all possess with eyes wide shut.

Day 248: June 4, 2012

The Temporary Ridicule and Loneliness

Those who are able to see beyond the shadows and lies of their culture will never be fully understood, let alone believed by the masses, unless the very first head is turned, and the first eye is opened to encourage one's foresight to question. Because of this, when we are then ridiculed and ostracized, even by our loved ones for such clarity of insight, the loneliness builds, and builds --and builds (almost to the point where we, ourselves, begin to doubt the TRUTHS felt and known evident within the purity of our hearts). Fortunately, we are amid the latter stages within the process of the "opening of such eyes." As a result, we became cognizant of our truest meaning, from which we had always been in search of to rediscover. Some have fallen short of the mark to follow through as the triggers to



that Awakening, but then there are those who have just barely skimmed the surface in flight. I am grateful for this joyful and panoramic view from above.

Day 249 June 5, 2012 (The Transit of Venus)

A Showering of Her Blessing:

(The Acquirement of Conjunction... The Last Stage From Amongst the Seven Stages of Alchemy)

As I sat, once more, upon the sacred ground of Serpent Mound, in meditation just before the setting of the olden sun, the energies of the Transit of Venus showered me with her blessing, upon this next and enlightened step to furthered alchemic initiation. A Mandala of significance, inscribed into the heavens, from along its path of Fibonacci-sequenced pearls and rose-petaled sacred geometries, riddled the skies with heightened worth upon her sister's (Mother Gaia's) passing, while showering the heavens with blessings of harmony, peace, love, and an order graced upon by her Golden Mean. While walking the footsteps of her divinity and being escorted by the crown of her feminine signature, along a well-lit and shortened stage across the brightened and illuminated face of the setting sun, a newly manifested existence took into form and shape; a world that divided itself, the birth of its parallel but evolved form of being. Higher frequencies could only persist amongst these newly formed plains upon one's welcome to the Return of the Cosmic Christ Consciousness.

The long and embroidered laces of silk, which glisten the newly-formed skies, drapes forever-the-more within her demeanor, the fluidity of her free-flowing dress. The anticipation of her physical grace and beauty could neither delineate from its importance, nor of its significance, but rather resonates within a greater wealth, and from among a treasure that the conglomerate of all the energies have been gathered and lavishly felt. This is the gathering of such a blessing felt upon this day, as Venus, once again returns to rise again in Divinity to the throne of her Goddess Energies, reignited, as she makes her momentary transit across our changing and newly-lit skies: The Unveiling of the Newly Born Age of the Divine Feminine.



Day 250: June 6, 2012

Creation

Creation is, literally, a function --power that is overlooked from the other senses and faculties. It is, at times, taken for granted or



forgotten, whereas we may feel powerlessness and helplessness as a result when we lose that sense of control. In reality, creation was bestowed upon to us before we were even given the multiplicity of sights to see, the endless tones and echoes we were meant to hear, the varied textured surfaces to touch, the variable aromas and fragrances

to smell. Creation is, essentially, an expression of all of the senses, meant to be felt.

Day 251: June 7, 2012

The Source

Sickness and infirmity can proliferate throughout the tributary as a result from the tainted and weathered seas where we, like the fish, can be afflicted by the contamination of such waters, ecosystems of the spiritual, emotional, and physical elements of our being that are further inflicted and drawn away from the natural balance. Now, what if we had filtered, instead, the contamination and the impurity within the depths and allowed for its still muddied waters to run? Would we temporarily treat the symptoms or would we essentially eradicate the very source of the problem that ails us? Such is worthy of deeper analysis.



Day 252: June 8, 2012

Say What You Need to Say

I remember those very days when I was tremendously fearful of saying what I needed to say during certain events and circumstances that required the appropriate opportunity in raising one's voice. Because of such acts, or perhaps even the lack there of, the advent of such affairs has either fallen or waned from our desired course in truest intentions. Even the energies which we had put forth in spirit contribute to such uncontrollable resolve in the outcome of things. The fear itself, from abstaining from expressing one's voice, may also alter the very realities that we may, subconsciously, perceive to manifest. Energy is plainly mere energy, but when we are unable to express such vibrations and



frequencies within more of a creative and positive fashions, what becomes of our comforts and efforts begins, then, to lean towards the conditions furthered away from “ease” and more towards the restlessness and downfall of “unease.” When such energies are then further blocked from conjuring forth in such needed and required expression, our condition then worsens to a state of “dis-ease.” Humanity’s truest purpose was always meant for the taking to create, to heal, and to thrive and prosper with an undeniable abundance.

As a result, the “holding back” of my own expressions, in the past, had proven, cancerous (not only for me) but, indeed, was even more so carcinogenic for the rest of the World. Because of this, we further slow and hamper the truest flow within the process of evolution and change. Each and every one of us possesses a gift, only specific to our very being in contribution, which must be shared in tandem for all whom should cross our very paths. We are then enlightened the same way by their blessings in return. The day that we begin to find a lessened meaning to the very words for which we speak or, perhaps, when we are even restrained to speak our very minds through the guidance of our very HEARTS, we then become the fodder of a lessened being as we are then thrown into the clutches of illness and indisposition, laid weary within its stagnancy.

Day 253: June 9, 2012

Reality

It's not the fact that we may think that we are good that matters, it's the reality that we are of something greater which counts all the more.

Day 254: June 10, 2012

The Hundredth Monkey Effect

The Revolution in Consciousness will not be televised and why should such an occurrence prove itself worthy to manifest within the very hands of the very “powers that may be?” Regardless of the reasons, whenever the level of awareness reaches and elevates over a certain threshold, evolution becomes of it in development within the appropriated planes of higher knowing where transmutation, prolifically and exponentially, reveals itself to greatened heights of change.

The Hundredth Monkey Effect is a supposed phenomenon in which a behavior or thought spreads rapidly from one group to all related



groups once a critical number of initiates is reached. The notion of actual physical contact from one group to the next... is not the focus here when it comes to this phenomenon, but, indeed, by

Quantum Generalization in Consciousness through the connectivity of the all within all of our HEARTS. By generalization, it means the instantaneous spreading of an idea or ability to the remainder of a population once a certain portion of that population has heard of the new idea or learned the new ability by some unknown process currently beyond the scope of science.

We are all witnessing this MIRACLE right before our own eyes, unfortunately though, not upon the panoramic viewings of our television screen sets. This good news, deemed more worthy of world-wide broadcasting, will never be rampantly spread by major local and world news media coverage. This is the unprecedented reason why we are kept

in the dark: To prevent or slow down the natural processes of evolution from unfolding within the paradigm of "The Hundredth Monkey Phenomenon" from assuming the ultimate and heightened potential of its Quantum Effect.

Day 255: June 11, 2012

In Merely the Thought

If the results do not parallel what was originally desired, what was planned or clearly thought out, then within the process, lies the concern. It is not only the thought, in and of itself, that causes things to suddenly and alchemically manifest. Rather it is also derived from within the feeling and in the emotion of things, that is required, which proves itself to be all the more encouraging. When the process is enamored by the marrying of one's intensity with what is clearly thought within the intention, then miracles will then always be the product of such magical ways.



Day 256: June 12, 2012

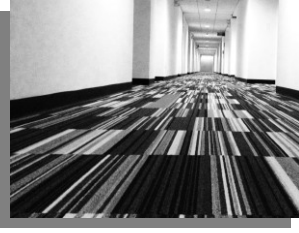
Light Worker Placed Within the Abyss

At times, God keeps us
Within the dark to
Bring others into the Light.

Day 257 June 13 2012

A Word of Caution

Listen and be watchful of the very words that you emphatically declare outright. Be mindful of your thoughts that you may, subconsciously, pronounce to the Heavens with dignified verve and



might, for the words for which we speak and the intentions for which we dwell upon, in themselves, if chosen even half-heartedly, can be the root of all our transgressions derived from the opposite source from what was, originally, intended to conjure and to manifest.

Day 258: June 14 2012

Reunion

As we are to interpret that one
chance meeting is to be the first,
shall then, again, we begin
to recall that we had
all been in such a
place before, in
contract from
vow and
choice.

Day 259: June 15, 2012

The Whirling Rainbow Prophecy

The Ancients, from among the westerly surviving nations of indigenous Native American Tribes to perhaps even the easterly winds from amongst the wisdom keepers of Tibet, have all foretold of a time when the cycles of transmutation shall bring upon the Earth, a time of greatened change and transition.

According to many of the ancient civilizations of the world, such a transitional period of time is represented by the frequented sightings of rainbows around the sun, also referred to by the Ancients as the Whirling Rainbow or Sunbow. Today, I was blessed by the presence of such a wonderful and amazing site.

This beautiful image, which spanned a larger facet of the skies, wrapped the colors of the rainbow around the sun with such inviting warmth that it gave the skies the image of a whirling phenomenon of light. Folklore and oral tradition states, according to ancient Indian prophecy, that when one sees such a natural wonder within the skies, "There will come a day when people of all races, colors, and creeds will put aside their differences. They will come together in love, joining hands in unification, to heal the Earth and all of Her children. They will move over the Earth like a great Whirling Rainbow, bringing peace, understanding and healing everywhere they go." So, now, I bring onto you the beauty and inspiration of such a message, a message of light, hope, love, and of aspiring change for which the world so desperately needs. I pray, with gratitude, that we open ourselves to such a truth, an existence of solidarity, a peace for which we can all share once more in harmony. Aho.



Day 260: June 16, 2012

The Answer

Life staggers and comes to a halt. There are times when we are faced with the realities of our fears, disheartening and bewildering when



the moment is lost and we are then relinquished from controlled grasp of what we had thought was well managed from a false sense of strength. Focus leans towards more of the experiences from the anxiety-ridden past and from worry-laden anticipation of what has yet never come to pass. We often tend to stray away from our rhythmic pulse and to teeter off of our balance in promulgating further, off beat, as we

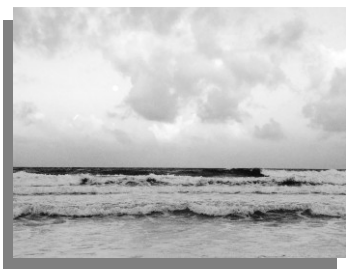
dive deeper into the abyss of uncontrollable thought and in disillusioning, mental disarray.

How are we to prevent such fated occurrences from meeting us at the crossroads from amidst the cold and hardened pass? How are we to overcome such karmic cycles which present themselves repeatedly to such unfathomable results and unlearned wisdom? The answers, clearly, lie within the truths of one's wings, which hide tucked away from underneath the shoulders. Such wonder lie dormant from underneath all of the weight, burdened upon our backs, until the choice, is made most definitively upon our heartfelt and verbal outcry for its release. When one is made more privy to such realities of potentiality and of limitlessness for what has yet to conjure and transpire from within one's self we can then glance over our shoulders and look forward with heightening and of awe-inspiring optimism. We shall stare at the skies with all of our might and then we shall build and build higher within the glory of all our faith to lifting off, with inspiring fervor and of limitless zeal, to shoot towards the heavens, while inundating to and fro with strengthened and sure-fired wings in taking flight to that all intended glory and uninhibited bliss.

Day 261: June 17, 2012 (Father's Day)

The Unveiling of My Truest Roots: The Maharlika and Lemurian Connection

This gradual unveiling of my roots, as guided by the Divine in Spirit, within these last four-to-five years of fabulous rediscovery, continues perhaps even deeper and more profoundly in nature. When delving into the truest origins of my Father's families colorful and four-syllable designation: The AYAPANA name. One may think that the name or label in itself, just from the sound of it, exudes the roots of a denoted Hawaiian civilization and nomenclature. One might even assume that it holds its purest links possessed from centuries of past leading in guidance to the olden memory of Filipino island tribal existence. But the name down to its deepest of origins goes back even further to the lands of Peruvian culture. Not only does the Ayapana name draw an extraordinary connection to the Ayapana triplinervous, a well known herbal root within the Peruvian region, not indigenous to the Philippines, and utilized throughout by local shamans for medicinal purposes from amongst the Amazon of South America, but its origination is clearly derived from the ancient lands and peoples of Incan Peru.



In summary, the AYAPANA name is not indigenous to the Philippines (Maharlika) from what had always been assumed, but is strongly tied to Incan and Peruvian sub-culture. Now, the question still remains: How did the AYAPANA name travel from extreme long distances far and away from the highly revered and fabled lands of Peru, within the deepest jungles of South America, by way through thousands and upon thousands of miles of Pacific Ocean to then arrive amidst the string of connecting Archipelago Philippine Islands? Could there have been a land mass that connected the two together before even such evidence of continental drift was



ultimately made possible, evident, and true? Was there a significant amount of trade which could have existed, during the 13th and 14th centuries, along the Pacific which could have encouraged an increased interaction from amongst these differing peoples and cultures? Is there, indeed, a more profound connection (here) that persists where the two countries, perhaps, are derived and affiliated from amongst the origins of the same ancient source? The answer didn't arise anymore clearly or evident until I had returned in pilgrimage from Peru, late September last year during the Fall Equinox of 2012

There is a theory that Western scholars have labeled as such, but is mostly considered a widespread indigenous belief passed on from oral tradition, that tells us the story (at one point) many thousands of years ago, there was a continent, long known from amongst the many



indigenous people (the Aborigines in Australia, the Ifugao of the Philippines, the Inca of Peru, the Rapa Nui of Easter Island, and the many tribes of Hawaii, Tahiti, and Samoa), that long existed and thrived from amongst the oceans of the Pacific. This continent was the lost land of Mu, or Lemuria so-to-speak,

which encompassed, thousands of years ago, the majority of all of these smaller indigenous civilizations until devastation had struck the continent through unknown calamity and destroyed the large and thriving civilization as a whole. These varying tribes found throughout the Pacific,

still in existence today, are, essentially, the descendants of the long lost Golden Age of Lemuria.

The Rice Terraces of the Philippine Cordilleras is an extraordinary example of an evolved, living cultural landscape, which leads further in history, as far as two millennia ago, from the pre-colonial Philippines to traces guiding even further back to Lemuria. The terraces are located in the remote areas of the Philippine Cordillera mountain range on the northern island of the Luzon, Philippine archipelago. While the historic terraces cover an extensive



area, the inscribed property consists of five clusters of the most intact and impressive terraces, located in four municipalities. They are all the product of the Ifugao ethnic group, a minority community that has occupied these mountains for thousands and upon thousands of years. Some scholars estimate that these very rice fields and terraces could feed people upon the many millions and upon millions if need be.

Now, here's another question, if it is indeed true concerning the heightened lengths for which these very terraces could have fed such greatened amounts of people by the millions, then what is the purpose and reasoning for the ancient construction of such, extraordinarily, built terraces? If the total population in the Philippines, during prehistory when these terraces were built, was less than 500, 000 people, as purported and



estimated by scholars, then why was there such a strong need to produce such greatened amounts of food? The answer then lies within the possibility that maybe, perhaps, the indigenous were considerably right from all of this time. The ancient Ifugao of the Philippines (Maharlika), the Aborigines,

the Rapa Nui, the Inca and amongst the many other Pacific-lying civilizations and cultures were indeed a significant part of what was known as (Pacifica) Lemuria or Mu.

Before this string of archipelago was given its nationally assigned name, the Philippines have always been referred to, time and time again within the past by other Asian countries along the Pacific, as the Land of Gold or the Land of Nobility (Maharlika). Maharlika also has its ties to Ancient Indian Sanskrit which is Maharddhika, meaning a man of wealth. Further, many sources claim, from most recent geographic findings, that Lemuria consisted of eight total subcontinents where one of those sub-

continents was ironically named Maharloka. You see the connection here: Maharlika and Maharloka?

How can the consistency from among such cultures and civilizations of the indigenous and ancient peoples, who have thrived and existed for thousands and upon thousands of years, be readily discounted and dismissed by Western Scholars, when Western Civilization and Culture has only been present for only less than 400 years? Somewhere along these lines, there is a hidden truth, which is beginning to unravel itself in blossom, for now is the very season for such an awakening, of sorts, to manifest itself true within the ripening of its fruit to pasture throughout and amongst the herds of transitional sheep in people's clothing.

Day 262: June 18, 2012

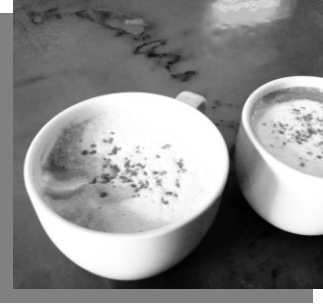
Channeled Energy

By no means am I a master of the wisdom that I have written about within these pages, for much of this knowledge seems to be channeled energy. Mostly, when I should look back onto the older and sometimes even the more recent of written journaled entries, I possess no recollection of when or how I had written such a literary piece. To write a book means one thing, but to actually incorporate the major theoretical constructs of such written work requires courage, heart, and legitimacy. I am working humbly and wholeheartedly to live and speak from the heart, away from the ego. If I could crush the ego, I would, but instead, I am going to accept it with nonjudgment like a sailboat coming quietly into the bay and to appreciate it for what it is worth. And I shall bless it quietly and calmly as it had once sailed in, then to blow it gently and effortlessly out to sea.

Day 263: June 19, 2012

The Need for a Cup

To some, a cup is only an object of sorts which contains, but when the cup should fall and shatter when one, the seeker of such a cup, draws dearly, as a result, into a quickened thirst, the mortal existence of such a receptacle and of its unreliable nature becomes questionable, while what one drinks without the existence of such a material possession, which provides for that capacity to accommodate such a limited purpose



Cup of Life –The Holy Grail. You are indeed this Holy Grail. It had always been inside of you.

Day 264: June 20, 2012 (Summer Solstice)

The Question

Most have yearned for the answer to all of their questions, to the mystery of their lives, which burns deep within their hearts, as it continues to smolder without being extinguished from the actual desire to discovery. Many have searched far and away for that answer, but have yet to find the resolve to inquire about the unanswered questions. Yet even before one prepares the mind for such a journey, a question must be asked. But many rather, reluctantly, fail in finding the simplicity to the remedy, to such a question, when a question holds as much of the answer, and sometimes even more, than the very answer, itself.



Day 265: June 21, 2012

The Calvary Has Come

Alone, we possess the seed, but when the seed for which has been planted is coupled by the nourishment of the Light, we essentially become that very crop from amongst the bountiful harvest. By focusing on a vision or an intention and in, simply, asking for such assistance from amongst the Archangels in collaboration to the prayers sent to the Creator and within the all throughout the Hierarchy of the Divine, then are we

more than able to manifest anything from amongst its totality, that can truly and potentially exist, derived from the very root of such growth found within the ever-deepening expanse of our hearts. How, in essence, are we able to accomplish and to create the many meaningful things in life, alone, without the assistance of God's Most Distinguished of Advocates – The Warriors from amongst the most Divine derived from the Light?



Day 266: June 22, 2012

An Intention Made to Manifest

I am watering this seed of _____ with an undeniable Love for which has been implanted with an intention, from where an abundant life



has already come to sprout into its existence. Such a manifestation, to whatever my liking, beneath the Earthened root from what has yet, nonetheless, been seen by the eyes, but for which has, already, been touched by the heart and felt by the soul, shall inspire the very hearts that lack the Foundations of Faith. Shall such a miracle for which had

already been made to manifest, within the likes of my own example, become the very mirror image for all others, from amongst the faithless and lost, to follow and mimic. Shall such an example establish itself, firmly grounded into sight, with eyes closed, and through hearts made wide open to an unlimited array of choices from what can be selected from all of infinity to create. And because of my unwavering faith, I am grateful and worthy of such manifested blessings.

Day 267: June 23, 2012

Handing the Dilemma to the Divine

Finding the peace within our thoughts lies, therein, from one's ability and awareness to release any indemnity which can unconsciously weigh upon us heavy. We have the choice of handing such dilemmas to the Divine where we are more than capable of making additional space for the divination of the many more blessings which can be gifted upon to us within its place. We, then, can open ourselves to even more increasing abundance and prosperity. We can reveal the infinitesimal nature of such limitless potentiality towards the very energies of any possible situation which may cross our paths, where we can change the realities of such circumstances, in transmutation, to the higher possibilities of being by the passing of such dilemmas to the very hand of our Creator.



Day 268: June 24, 2012

Worry: Revisited

Worry possesses just as much power as in the encouragement of its polar opposite, the heightened intentions of good and within the vibe of the most positive of light. It is, ultimately your very CHOICE, a decision which carries all the more of its weight, as to what shall come to manifest from the very truths and passions of one's heart or, perhaps, even from the misconceptions and delusional constructs conjured by one's fears, which can lurk upon those very worries, the shadowy might and the offspring of the mind's darkened night.



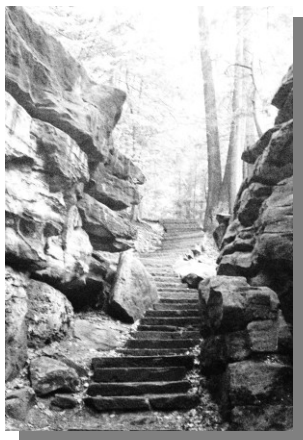
Just as we are to pray for things and as we are then made more reliable to conjure such same things into being from the very power of our own

intentions, strengthened by our faiths, we can do the same, in parallel, when we worry. When we worry, we are, essentially, creating into reality the very light of which we least desire to manifest into fruition.

Day 269: June 25, 2012

To Bring into Awareness... But None Less the Fear

The intention is not to draw upon the fear of things, but, rather, to emphasize and place focus upon the realms of a higher awareness where we were once left in the dark. Now, when we are more than cognizant of what and whom have been robbing us of such acknowledgement to such heightened levels of conscious awareness, we as Humanity are then more than able to bless, pray, and to spread upon the angst of such indemnity, the very power of our own love and forgiveness upon the very foundations from whence our conspirators have basked and thrived upon the angst and dread of their own dismay. These antagonists of sorts, from since the beginning, have, persistently, encouraged such hardened and lengthened work of ILLUSION and of unwarranted control upon our consciousness with every brick, stone, and mortar placed upon the very walls of our GREATENED DIVIDE: The Illusion of our Separateness.



Now, as a collective, we must terraform and harness the very conditions of that newer Earth, a newly desired and manifested world, not of the order of such said ego, but rather of a world where the most genuine and pure of hearts, the harmony and bliss laden upon our souls, the unity for which we all possess as ONE, and the ultimate of truths for which resounds, infinitely and profoundly, through all of our living HEARTS, into the very reality of the present, blessed upon our day.

Day 270: June 26, 2012

Traveling the Lightened Path

Through anyone's travels, regarding destinations either far or near, heavy hindrances hauled throughout such journeys, are far more

strenuous on one's spiritual or physical wellbeing, than, indisputably, a lighter load to lug around. Lay light on your heart. Leave behind the frustrations, fears, anxieties and worries; and all of the residual guilt and resentment of your far removed but distant past --even those from your most recent of denigrating transgressions. For when we exceed the weight capacity allotted for flight, we delineate further away from the intention of abundance, which has always been present within grasp; of elevation to greatened heights and soaring past the oceans to remote and far-off lands of wonder and glory.

Acquiescence to such strife shall further weaken us, in consequence then wane and diminish our flights to destinations of grandeur; now becoming furthermore delayed for undetermined lengths, until the weight off one's shoulders is cleared away from its excess. We must become inspired and strive to conceptualize most definitive and quintessential path to salvation. Otherwise, we are again left marooned,



resulting from said disadvantageous and negative decisions --made upon our own whim. We become ridiculed and chastised by passersby along the trek, as *The Unfortunate*, and *The Stranded* --labeled as those incapable of flight from carrying such unneeded, excessive burdens. We feel clipped of our wings from the unworthiness we resign in ourselves

which derived from all the frustrations that overwhelms us to the tilt. Essentially, we must release ourselves from all the indemnity, and be pardoned from the unease of such self-detriment. This unnecessary baggage, which has persistently weighed on us for far too long; bears too heavy for the righteousness of our own worth.

Day 271: June 27, 2012

A Prayer For All Our Leaders

What if, one by one, people in governments, including their leaders, were made to be, wholeheartedly, aware and conscious of the earnestness and sanctity of their own awakened souls? Such enlightenment, ignited upon these hearts amongst the heads of men, shall take the lead, in priority and precedence, upon the case against the most common of socialized authority, amidst the shadowy reign of the oligarchy --regardless of the fear and risk involved in such a stand.

Such goodness and righteousness from men such as this shall lead us further away from the olden ways of government. We shall then be guided to the newly planted seeds of heightened leadership and



partnership, encouraged by a newly found awareness and liking to brotherhood and sisterhood, love and peace, balance and harmony, sincerity and honesty, humility, respect for all of life, transparency and abundance, prosperity and goodness, greatness and wealth, health and blissfulness; flourishing with increasing opportunity and accessibility to resources, positivity, and infinite nourishment. These are among all the elements of

heightened awareness that will become the mainstay and focus of all of our hearts. I am manifesting this very world under the conditions of a Limitless and All-Empowering LOVE. Amen.

Day 272: June 28, 2012

The Most Worthy of Ships To Sail In

View every negative crisis and disparaging event with, what I call, "Nonjudgmental Observation." Perceive such behaviors and exploits, within view, as mere images without the complicating attachments of adjudication, critical authority, or judgment laden and laced with fear. Further, observe such developments, as they shall slowly come into awareness, just as a schooner may come to sail in from the sea, then slowly into the bay, to maybe anchor within the calm of our lengthened and inviting peers. We accept the beauty of such a sailed ship which had, synchronistically, come to shore, not in the sense that we are accepting of such rot and disease-ridden scurvy, which may encompass the bulk of such unknown cargo, but more or less within another perspective of one's faculties where we are not immediately enthralled and immersed into uncontrollable sentiment and denigrating sensitivity. Free Will shall always present itself and onto us with a limitless expanse of opportunity in choices. These are alternatives from amongst a menu of emotions to



choose, or we can just decide, from within ourselves through our hearts, too merely and simply "be" to lawfully commit upon absorbing and appreciating the import of the more worthwhile of incoming ships.

Day 273: June 29, 2012

Sing the Song Sung

Let the melody that resonates within each of our souls sing the song which was always meant to be sung. Listen as it pulsates to the tune of a symphonious and deepened harmony, and converges to the Universal and Collective hum. Allow for that mantra of heightened vibration to resonate through you –your every phrase, vocalization and reverberation. Such words are spoken from boundlessly profound thoughts, ruminating from the purest and deepest intentions. Echo the inundating frills of enlightening waves, crashing onto the shores of your awareness, where none can avoid these reverberations of heavenly worth, and the doubtful or skeptical can, otherwise, filter such soulful sounds to terminate and cease from life to exist. Only harmonize to the very song of jubilee sung within the hearts of a joyful bliss.



Day 274: June 30, 2012

Frolic

Dance with every forward step, and spin to each twisting length, with a gyration to the tune of your inner song synced with the pulse of that Universal Heart Beat in rhythm. Worry not of such personalized hops or pirouettes, or the individualization of your bow. The judgment towards one's self observation or critique, nonetheless, will begin to dissipate from existence from freely birthed expression. Follow your own



lead to the tune of your heart. Let the truest meaning within its rhythmic flutter-flow through with the instruments played within the essence of your soul's harmonic bliss. The carefree nature of a dance such as this is only rediscovered when muscle memory takes you back to the free flow of what is naturally felt –and less from what is thought.

July 2012

Thoughts for July

“July was the month when I first met my Wife at the Heart Beat Drum Circle in Edgewater Park, Cleveland, Ohio. The moment when our eyes met, I knew that we were always meant to be. Right then I knew. I knew from the very start. The following images reflect a combination of both sets of photographs taken in July 2012 when I and my Wife had met and when we had gotten married, a year later. It symbolizes the timelessness of our Twin Flame Union as it transcends both time and space. Enjoy the bliss that we both share during this sacred and most memorable of months.”

(Joel A. Ayapana)

Day 275: July 1, 2012

The Heartened Choice

We must not act out of fear for love lies persistently in the illusive haze of deception. If only we are to close our eyes and listen intuitively from among the heavens of its presence. We must not rely upon the deficient from which we are ill-advised and conditioned to believe, for the Universe conspires to provide for more than enough. If only we are to be more open and accepting of such a calm to know of such truths. We are not to worry nor to be overridden by the condemning unforgiving nature of fear, for peace lives prosperously and persistently within all of our hearts. If only we are to make the heartened choice, a truth derived from one's requirement to unlocking the flood gates of that portal door to that realization of our purest intentions.

We must not be angered and left bewildered by the vengeful response of an “eye for an eye” for Karma shall act diligently within the act to harmonize and balance the score to what is given while handed out in return to receive. We must not hold ourselves hostage to the resentments of the past, which may weigh upon us heavily, rather we must release ourselves within the calm of each and every breath, for we are fully deserving of such wavering away of such baggage. From within the breath is the joy and blessing of the moment. If only we are to make the rightened choice using the guidance of our hearts, with reigns deeply planted within our hands. Every resounding choice is deemed favorable, righteous, balanced, and forever the more strengthened with grace from the wisdom that is learned by every trial experienced in tribulation. In such ways, we have known of such wisdom to be true. Such experiences strengthen and encourage the soul to being the more resilient --but yet all the more compassionate at heart in preparation for any hardship that may come upon our way.



Day 276: July 2, 2012

Dreaming with Enormity

Strive to persistently live with an
excitement about life as if
something kind of wonderful
was about to transpire
next. This is when the
magic begins
to reveal
itself
true.

Day 277: July 3, 2012

Be Gentle and Kind to Your Heart

Be gentle and kind to the flame that burns within your heart. For if blown away from existence by the most sudden of winds, no other neighboring flame will reach to re-ignite - it cannot be rekindled nor inspired by the lack of your extinguished effulgence.

Day 278: July 4, 2012 (*Independence Day*)

Back To Love

If we are left spent, siphoned, and dry from after the course of an attempted and lengthened run, short of the mark, while left less strengthened, defeated, and further weakened by the fear from taking the next inspiring step to the path from once was walked, then we'll have no other choice but to crawl with whatever gathered strength is left: Back to the Race (Back to Love).



Day 279: July 5, 2012

An Opened Eye to God

Identifying and interpreting the patterns from the synchronicity of events and its subtle nuances, which transfigures and strategically places itself along our variegated paths, if only one should possess an “open eye” to such an insight and awareness, holds the key to unlocking and in decoding the vital messages of guidance to the puzzle of our life’s Divine blueprint and road map to rediscovery. When we receive, with an open heart, the messages and blessings that we may overlook and perceive as mere coincidence, then we will become more



able to evolve, freely and without restraint, into the higher frequencies of what was always meant to manifest within this changing world of transmutation. As miracles and continual reassurance is blessed upon us from the Divine, we will then begin to envision and --tangibly-- appreciate the entirety of our meaning and in the profound significance to all of our existence, only if one and then the other, in viral fashion, shall ever reach that threshold where we are enlightened and shown the very gates to that heightened level of awareness in revelation to the opening up and unraveling of such said and prophesied Truths.

Day 280: July 6, 2012

Faith

As every day the sun
Sets, know the sun also
Rises the next day.

Day 281: July 7, 2012

A Circle of Drums

In a world of heart beats, a single rhythmic pulse consists of a sequence of inundating hills and dips, which climbs and promulgates with each beat to the specific tone and frequency in which every drum is struck. Some have only begun with a single and of most enticing of perfected belts carefully struck with only a level of lightened confidence, while others possess a more experienced combination of exemplary blows and slaps that resonates even further to the more imperfect of cues to one's liking. In either multifaceted mode of delivery, we carry the uniqueness and culture to the beat of every handcrafted drum.

Together, they form a synchronicity of passes which comes to blows, countered by the heights in pitch that, in turn, repeats itself to that desired and ever resounding hum when one has reached that level of being, "in-tune" to the higher vibrations of a Divine and illuminated sound. When, nonetheless, all of one's efforts have been considered from that which has been produced from such a harmonious ebb and flow of rhythmicity, shall all the strain and discomfort that emanates from such a circle, fade even further into the delineating backdrop. Now, imagine if only a single heart-beat was denied of such inclines and drops within every variable sequence --we would essentially flat-line to that of a silence, literally, without sound, without life, without existence: An unimaginable and unfathomable life without a beat.



Day 282: July 8, 2012

When Our Eyes First Met: A Twin Flame Reunion

Today was the day that I had heard, from past events through the Cleveland Drum Circle community, that the largest and most significant of drum circles was to take its place upon the center-stage spotlight, adjacent to the Lake Erie shores. Coincidentally enough, it was called the

Heartbeat Drum Circle. Who would have thought that the heart I saw and met that very day was a parallel of mine... its own counterpart... its twin... my future bride to be?

I unloaded my drum and looked towards where the rhythmic percussion of passing drum-beats originated. The hum was heard vibrantly in sync to the rhythmic and calming emotion, which exuded from the lake, warmed by the slow-setting sun. Within seconds of my observation, while all of my focus was still drawn upon the calming presence of the drum circle, I noticed a vehicle pull in. My initial and unexpected glance took my eyes through the windshield of a soul, whose beauty was difficult to describe through words, for I had never seen such grace within the likes of one single individual, except for what was felt and witnessed from the most eye-catching and awe-inspiring of destinations, traveled and seen from my most esteemed of journeys, from around the many faces of the globe.

As she pulled into the parking space adjacent and next to mine, my eyes had seen the heights of its glory. Upon its required second glance, my view, within mere seconds, was again, held by her glow in my eyes in a trance-like stare (just enamored by her bliss). But, I looked away, in such a quickened state, for I assumed, in emotional discomfort that she had already been taken by another's love. Why should any individual even put himself through such agony knowing that the person he had just seen and experienced was the soul that had intimately touched his very own by the aspiring light and grace that she carried?. Her warmth was further embraced by the most Divine and Heavenly of poise, from even the absence of a simple hello. One wouldn't just place himself at risk to the likes of unwarranted anticipation to the brink of discomfort when it came to love. Why would I bring myself into that level of potential heartache, let alone to experience such tragedy for myself. The unknown possibilities that could have manifested naturally, if only I possessed enough of the courage and strength to approaching her directly, never did come to pass that moment she first arrived! But instead, I



pressed on forward towards the lake. My intentions were deeply pressed on leaving Cleveland. I truly was drawn by the energies of the West and this love stayed within me, ever since I had taken that life-changing trip out to Sedona, Arizona, last year in the fall of 2011.

As I walked with drum in hand, I looked up at the skies and they were filled with kites of variable colors and shapes and of lengths which dipped and glided, ever so graciously, by the dozens. Before I took my



camera to the spot which would capture such beauty in breathtaking multi-color, that painted the bright, blue-tinted skies, I parked my Tumba, within the perimeter outline of the circle. My drum carried more of a Latin, South American feel and tone

when it was struck, in comparison to its Djembe African counterpart that predominately took the majority of drums in attendance. The many drums were played simultaneously within the circle by the most experienced and most novice in stature. Every individual contributed collaboratively to the heart beat of this circle and carried with them, their own individualized personalities and flavors under the guidance of the centralized core of drummers, hand-selected and situated within the middle of the human Mandala-shaped scheme of sacred geometry that naturally formed itself within the middle in circular shape. The characteristic vibes that they all possessed individually, showed itself true by the way they each had uniquely slapped and struck the face of their own drums. But as once every drummer locked into his or her desired synchronization, as all drum beats had intertwined together in harmony, each beat played by every drummer could no longer be distinguished from one or the other as a separate, they all had meshed together into one - as one single drum beat in tandem to the “Om.”



Shortly, as I returned back to the circle and was about to seat myself into place in front of my conga, I looked over to my left and wouldn't you believe, to my surprise, the very same woman, who caught my eye within that brief moment of a stare at the parking lot, was the same person who was about to settle herself comfortably within her seat. It was as if her very position was Divinely reserved and placed within that intimated space, right next to mine just over to my left. I was surprised and, at the same time, enlightened by her stare as it greeted my eyes with a

simple and peaceful “Hello.” Her eyes continued to say, “So where have you been? Nice to have finally met you again!”

Her soul had just inexplicably spoken to mine on that day, in so many ways and in more than just that simple stare that she possessed. Her smile in conjugation to the brightening day and the glow of her eyes, which screamed an invitation of “Welcome back”, parallels the morning Sun when it meets to wake the magical and indigo skies in blessing to the Dear and Blessed Mother Earth as she glistens, ever so brightly, in response to the rising Dawn of Father Sky's Illuminating Light. And so does this awe-inspiring view mimic this woman's own Divine incandescence and splendor which brings into being the beauty and fluency of her own



warmth and of the most kindly of shines upon the presence of mine. She is the Sun that brightens my day as I wake. She is the Earth that possesses the likeness of my own heart, a home once never ever felt to having existed, until once finally felt when grounded deep within the warmth of a welcome to the very cradle of her own bosom. On this day, my cheek, brushed gently by the wings of her inspiring poise, that awakened me to this newly birthed day, never before fathomed, as the gentle nature of her own heart had intricately intertwined to the complexity of inundating loops and turns to the labyrinth of varying complexity throughout and from within the lux of mine.

Not once did we drum on that day together in tandem to the tune of one beat, but we did, in fact, sync together in vibe to the tune of one single heart. From that day, our lives had dramatically changed for the best. With only the mere hope and possible chance of meeting her again from the handing off of a simple business card, that I printed out that morning, she exchanged this only line of communication with her calming sense of allure from the brightest of her eyes emitted, soulfully, from amidst her stare to the soothing welcome of her sultry smile in reassurance. Tiffany was her name. She emailed me the following week

Today marks a new journey within my life, none traveled alone like the most recent of my own travels to far off and of heightened destinations, but of one traveled in tandem to the light of Twin Flame Loves, Hers and Mine, from amidst a time from where the gathering of such souls is required for the collaborative reconnecting of other kindred spirits, in reunion, to this awakening process of enlightenment. Within the

NOW shall the miracles continue to manifest, but in a much grander scale of things. And so shall it be.

Day 283: July 9, 2012

Ground Yourself Dearly

Take root, deep within the
Earth, and there shall you
Find your truest nature.

Day 284: July 10, 2012

Be Contagious

Once made infectious, let the higher vibrations of positivity, love, and abundance envelop all of your known senses to the realms within the state of ultimate bliss. Feel the essence of your truest and highest of selves, to elevate to heights never known to exist, and destinations found uncharted, but always known to be true within the heart to truly manifest. Allow for this utmost in exhilaration and passion to run rampant in contagion so as this most ravaging of wildfires can never be snuffed out. Every single internal flame is ignited and lit. From there, as neither one is left behind from its flicker, shall we all then come to witness the Divine Spark of our brightest light.



Day 285: July 11, 2012

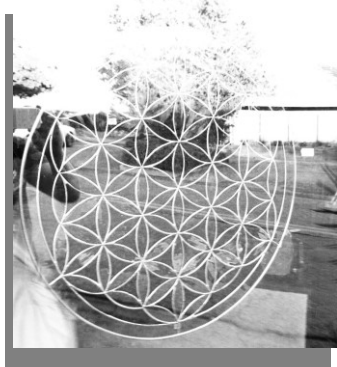
The Heart and the Flower of Life

The ancient and profound symbol of The Flower of Life, a depiction encoded within every walk of life, in itself, through and amongst the many cultures of varying lengths from several thousands of miles and distances marked apart, possesses a dignified and unraveling truth. The

value and significance of such an ideology and ancient construct spans the length of the globe many times over of a knowledge once forgotten, but is now unfolding upon itself in revelation to a time (these times) of self discovery. It's parallel is, indeed, remarkable for it is neither a truth which resides outside of ourselves but lives and breathes within the very sacred geometries of our DNA and is, therefore, expressed by the plutonic constructs and processes of the heart which allows us to being the creators of our known and infinite existence. Deemed infinitely potent and more robust than its mindful counterpart, the heart carries its magnitude in strength from its elevated magnetic range and heightened sense of electroconductivity. It is stronger than the mind in itself.



As the heart is mostly able to changing the frequency in tandem to either one of those elements, we can change the dynamics of our DNA where all things can be made to manifest to the higher vibrations of being. In our most primordial of stages within the beginnings of life, the heart develops first and initially from the God Spark of Creation derived from Source where then all else comes into being as a result from its very first



rhythmic beat. As all the other organ systems within our physical being, including the brain, would neither exist nor flourish in existence if it wasn't for the life blood which is traversed and promulgated within and throughout our bodies by the very pulse which is derived by our own beating hearts, the same holds in truth to the ultimate nature of our truest being in spirit. The heart and its sacred geometries as expressed by the Flower of Life holds the mysteries of our

deep seeded sacred geometries in creation and in manifestation to the many aspects of our lives, our worlds, and of our Universe. Such wisdom and awareness in the understanding of such realities to the Laws of Existence, which can truly be felt would, perhaps, be even lost and further forgotten of such enlightening breadth if potentially the significance of the heart is deemed and perceived useless, null, and void of its truest purpose.

Day 286: July 12, 2012

One's Meaning To One's Sense of Comfort

Occasionally, when we as individuals have reached a certain level within our lives when we, once or many times before, have been pummeled into a constant state of despair in tandem to loneliness, crisis with tragedy, and delineating chaos; questions more than answers comprise the most of all our awareness. Now, what if we were to ask ourselves the very question, "Essentially, what, indeed, comprises the bulk of all of my most recent of experienced comforts?" Shall happiness, peace of mind, forgiveness, freedom from stress and worry, rest and relaxation, and release, perhaps, might be the summary of such said desired reprieve? Should the obvious be the resounding answer to such a profound question or should the answer be more appropriated towards its opposite in nature -- towards what we had been more accustomed to, derived from the parallel energies for which we may exude with utmost repetition as a result from frequented exposure to dilemma and strife?



Indeed, the latter is the correct and more appropriate of answers for our very comforts are exactly the conditions that we have clearly decided to conjure and to manifest within the realities of our most current state of emotional existence. If either we choose to live out of fear and worry, or in whether we have chosen to thrive out from an existence of peace, forgiveness, and of love, we essentially become the comforts derived from the totality of either extremes. Our chosen and most "accustomed to" of comforts, unfortunately, evolves to becoming more of the negative and unappealing of sorts. Such negative lowered frequencies of emotion becomes a comfortable amenity from among familiar landscapes of the ego where we are further drawn to the likes of guilt, attachment, and fear. We must change such redundancy from repeating itself rampant. We must foil the very cycles of negative energy from growing and building up to its fill by exposing ourselves to the more positive of our indelible light.

Day 287: July 13, 2012

Walking Alone in Disillusion

At times, we are thrown into a whirlwind of chaos as we are overwhelmed with frequented and self-condemning thought, plagued by the many anxieties, worries, and fears running rampant continuously within and throughout all of our focus. For when we lose that essential sense of control, we fail to see the skies of its light and, perhaps, even of



the beauty which obviously persists within its infinite glory. For when our minds are obstructed by the dread and uneasiness of such diversional thinking, the sense of rapture and euphoria of existent ambrosial delight is missed. We rob ourselves of the incense, emitting throughout such perfumed and fragrant bliss. Temporarily disconnected from the allure and symmetry in design, we lose touch in a sense to the makings of the Divine. We fall far and furthered away from its whimsical Grace. Simply said, we are thrown into the cloud of beleaguering misconception and forced upon, beyond the freedom of our will, with

the loathing of ill-bitter, disemboweling taste. We are shackled by the chains of disbelief. We, then, are engrossed in such said mind-controlled grief. We begin to perceive and believe in the illusion of our separateness from among the loneliness of disenthralled isolation. We literally walk alone with every step to the pace of unworthiness and self-denunciation.

Although, the darkness may persist behind the shadows of closed doors, we often neglect the light which exists on the other end of potentiality and possibility, when ultimately within its undeniable truth, we hardly have walked alone, irrefutably and permanently disenthroned from the Light. We hardly stand corrected without the prodding of Angelic messages missed. Essentially, none can hardly exist without the Caress of God's Infinite and Tender Kiss. Despite, from what the mind and for what the ego religiously and persistently vocalizes, within the flurry of thoughts that can often plague our senses to the unconditioned mind, we

have never walked alone. We have never walked alone. This is the illusion of our Separateness.

Day 288: July 14, 2012

A Gift To Any Regard

If you had stolen from my own tightened grasp, well, you probably needed it more than what can be acknowledged and appreciated by my own single and undivided possession. If an opportunity was bestowed, ever so graciously, upon to you rather than being blessed upon to



me, then something of greater lengths awaits for me from around the bend, by the solidarity of my own patience and the purity of my own compassion. What greater blessings can be bestowed upon to any individual soul, not only from the very gifts we openly receive, but also from whatever donation can be so graciously offered and given away for the taking. It is the purest form of a blessing when one is, open-handedly, willing and more than able to giving more to others, with dignified poise and well-earned decency, without even the expectation of anything given back in return for receipt. This is the legitimacy of one's opened heart.

Day 289: July 15, 2012

A Blossoming of the Heart

Once it's crystalline awareness had met the meridians of mine, within first touch, only the unveiling of a flower's blossom could be envisioned and felt, encoded in succession to the Fibonacci patterns of a flourishing Lotus in bloom. A tickling sensation of an unraveling infiltrates and activates the fourth wheel of energetic gyration and fortune, revolving counter-clockwise in sequence to the other wheels in alignment from Fatherly Sky to Earthly Grounding. Surrender becomes of it with every breath from inhalation to release as judgement, guilt, anxiety, and denigration is slowly washed away of its strength and gradually diminished from its port of reality.

As Rose Quartz portals of infinitesimal light flood the very gates along the break, the likes of Shiva and Shakti extend out in reunion to



meet the anticipated awakening, arising from one's Kundalini. All known truths shall have been met in awareness. All known realities shall be whisked away in tandem once the ego is relinquished of the olden patterns and once placed ancillary and peripheral to the epicenter of love, creation, and balance. I AM now grounded

within the blossoming of "Her" Heart within the light of mine to Fatherly Sky's Shine.

Day 290: July 16, 2012

Be the Example

Be the Light. Be the Ultimate in Design. In other words, just be from what was always meant with what, essentially and naturally, flows within your heart. And the World from all around you will, none other, possess no other choice but to mimic the very essence and flavor of your faithful and indelible expression. Your actions, intentions, and emotions are the blueprints to the realities and quantum-geometrical constructs within every environment which surrounds you. Never become the consequence of your own surroundings where one blends into the lull of his or her own backdrop, but rather stand corrected in bold and highlighted print from among the traditional settings of one's olden and generalized context. Be the example and not the sample from throughout your own beleaguering landscapes and self-condemning environments.



Day 291: July 17, 2012

Have I Ever Known of Your Presence?

The slightest of glances longer than a mere second holds an unavoidable meaning, inexplicatively, on many counts and levels. Anything longer than such would significantly warp into a stare which can lead to ones vulgarity and inappropriateness, but that in itself bears considerable meaning forthright. One can question, alone, the sense of a stronger familiarity which delves deeper into much needed analysis and further into required self explanation. Can such a gaze bear witness deeply rooted from several lives past or does it frutuitously originate from the mere randomness of chance? Only the Heart, the umbilical and connective force to the Divine, is cognizant of such truths.



Day 292: July 18, 2012

I Dreamt I Was an Angel... An Earthen Angel Born

In standing bold and bristling erect in stature, although bludgeoned in momentary and heightened bewilderment, I waned there in silence from disbelief where I acknowledged from slightened awareness, a difference resonating from the posterior shifting of leverage that weighed on me heavy, but surprisingly became less burdened from the promulgating up and down movement of vindicated, feathered plumage giving balance to the whole within its entirety. I found myself looking over my shoulder in unruffling the enormity of these strengthened limbs blessed upon me, dressed with elongated and plated quills of crimson and whitened brilliance that vibrated beautifully and naturally upon my back while creating a hardened stir of an eddy from the brisk flapping of such from beneath my wings.



As winds clustered briskly with fluttering gusts promulgating to and fro in sending wind from up underneath my feet, I abruptly awoke from such a dream-enticed state. Alone, from the vividness of such within its familiarity, the clarity further prodded the liking for a return back to a deepened and comforting sleep. When looking over my shoulder, once again, I realized that neither wings continued to flutter flowing ever so graciously down my back, nor hardly even a gale wind is noticeably felt from beneath me, but only that of the angelic and elevated presence which vibrates briskly throughout my very being which still permeates within the whole of my being without the existence and magnificence of Divine Plummage. But Archangel Metatron could be felt vividly and endearingly by my side as he prompted and encouraged me to such possibilities and potentialities with a smile.

Day 293: July 19, 2012

Synchronicity

What was meant shall always be where none
by chance has manifested by
whim nor ever by random fluke
of nature come to pass.
The chapters which have
formed such stories
brings a truth
told as
one.

Day 294: July 20, 2012

Looking Forward: A Sacred Marriage

When you live joyfully within every single moment, regardless of neither the landscape nor of the air for which is absorbed and taken in with every breath, the Universe conspires to openly provide for and administer, from amongst the wondrous limitlessness and splendor picked out from the harvest filled with such bounty, the same gratifying joys, initially and faithfully,



expressed. Then, shall you find that the landscape, that you had once known to differ in feeling, consistency and in appearance will be forever changed and enhanced, mimicking the same realities that continues to proliferate and grow from the purity of ecstasy and the enlightenment of bliss, derived from the truths of Our Hearts

Day 295: July 21, 2012

A Newly Born World of Hearts

As we are to comprehend the power of love, we will begin to understand that it, in itself, exists in all things, just as the Creator exists in all things. Once we, as a collective, are cognizant of such an awareness, a change of consciousness is realized where fear shall immediately dissipate.



If we are to maintain such providence within the heightened realms of that vibration, fear can never persist. We then become the citizens of a newly born plane which thrives and successfully persists through the makings of the Heart. Laws shall never exist where rules were made to resist. We shall all know of our Hearts in connection to Source. We shall

all thrive from among the peace of mind and heartfelt comforts of an all-resounding truth, the purity of our minds, the legitimacy and transparency of our intentions, the virtue and kindness of our hearts, and the love which is blessed upon us, continually, by the Infinite Light of Divine Grace.

Day 296: July 22, 2012

More Than Deserving

Sometimes when you live, breath, and bless others with limitless Positivity and Abundance, the Creator, the Masters, and the Archangels shall bless you with even more exponentially than what you had prayed for and have requested from the simplest of intentions and prayers. You attract more than that of your mirror image that resonates from the essence of what you have become to be from the choices of which have

earned you the right to the higher vibrations of things to manifest. You essentially attract the limitless bounty and capacity of what your Higher Self may consider as your own personal Bliss and Joyfulness in Bounty.

They can shower you with the most ultimate of blessings beyond what we may feel, at times, as far from being worthy and deserving of such a right. At times, though, we need to be nudged and gifted from among the most significant of unconditional miracles, despite the anticipated and expectation, which serves as a reminder that we all are well worthy and deserving of such Divine and Wondrous Blessings. We, at times, require that lift. We are all loved, equally, and never left to wane further from sight. We are clearly the recipients of such Divine and Integral Inheritance, if only we are more than able to opening ourselves to such an honor and belief. We must believe. It is known as FAITH.



Day 297: July 23, 2012

One Can Seek the Meaning of Bliss

When one desires a means towards happiness and joy, the expectation should never lean towards the permanency of such desires, but should rather focus on the more temporaneous of solutions through one's meaning, as a desire can never be fully fed nor replenished entirely. Desire requires the continual feeding needed for replenishment and recovery. On the other hand, when one has chosen to find meaning along one's way, instead, fervor becomes the very path of one's joy. Life then becomes the road filled with infinite bliss. Meaning, then becomes the mainstay of our lives.



Day 298: July 24, 2012

Gratitude

“Giving Thanks” for all of which had been adored upon us, opens us further to the gates of repeated abundance and reverence. When one’s point of convergence aims at the opposite of ends from the light, we further barricade such doors of affluence and prosperity from revealing itself pure. Gratitude invites the virtue of continual blessing to manifest further into the presence of our existence. It becomes a reminder of such celebrated of times, made cordial and appealing to even more of such magnetism, which may have been easily missed from long lost memory if only the negative of most aspirations are, instead, focused upon with subconscious admiration.



Additional stress and emphasis must be placed upon the likes of such virtue from among the most pertinent of priorities placed into an order within the hierarchy of importance. It increases and enhances the evolution of transmutation and makes more efficient the very space within the storage of our thoughts and intentions for increasingly higher levels of vibration and frequency. The “Expression of Thanks” is essentially the respect that is given from the all for which has been met, where the derivative from the very seed of its prudence and generosity is, cyclical, given back in return which, then in turn, sets in motion the limitless possibilities of infinite potential. How are we to be blessed with even more, if we are insufficiently thankful for what we already possess?

Day 299: July 25, 2012

None the Requirement To Travel the Distance

All throughout the many lives we have spent, our collaborative journeys have always found itself travailing several millions and millions of miles throughout the span of varying dimension, time, and space where from throughout each trek, the remembrance of such past and preceding adventures, gathered along the path from amid the thousands of lessons learned, tucks itself secretly in the warmth of that unfrequented and

pocketed space within our hearts. Each life that we enter, from the previous and prior lifespans, then recalibrates and resets itself, in preparation, according to the next archetypal model of learned scholarship. Such wisdom-encouraged templates and paradigms are chosen for eventual mastery, made specific for each and every soul, required for the elevation of Spirit.

From amidst the amnesia, the search often and persistently aims towards answers from lengthened distances where we may often feel enamored to search upon the healers, shamans, and oracles of far off lands. Further, we often place the majority of the apportionment of all of our faiths upon the patented and secretive elixir, encapsulated within the label of a marketed name, as it draws itself even closer and near to the cures of the symptom and less upon the root cause of such dismay. On the other hand, a lavishly dressed and highly-appointed man, embroidered within and from the most highly esteemed of men, alone, and in none legitimately derived from the Divine, is often sought for and frequented upon by the masses for confession. How are such men deemed more reliable in providing forgiveness, when they themselves have sinned far more from what has ever been fathomed. Often the one-worded question riddles my mind, "Why?"



Often, love is yearned for and is sought, without warrant, but, indeed, with such said passion from that of a momentary kiss. In all of our travels, unfortunately, we may never find from what we had ever been so desperately looking for, when essentially it was always within our grasp from the beginning from whence we had ambitiously first set sail. Often at times, we look outside of ourselves, when in fact, the healer and the cure lies clearly from the speaking of our very names, as truth. When glancing directly upon the waters of clarity, the shaman is seen immediately within one's own reflection. As then shall we close our eyes, we will find that forgiveness and the love that we have all yearned for can be obtained, entirely, from within. When patience no longer serves itself, as the wait lingers and lingers upon his anticipated return, we find that God had never left our side from such a perceived and darkened lonesome. Such love had always been near, slightly left from center and tucked in, ever so gently, just below the bosom of our side. We all, as a collaborative, have always been "The Return." Christ Consciousness lives within us all. All that is required, within the process, lies within the

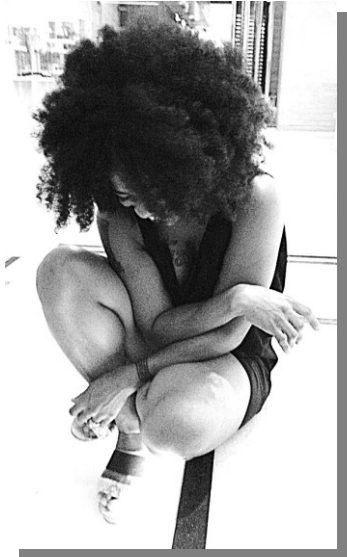
consent and in the approval of every soul in the awakening and in the opening of all of our hearts to such a truth. In all realities, we have always been the truth – Just open your heart.

Day 300: July 26, 2012

A Healing Laughter

The greater apportionment of our energies can be sucked away from its pit if we should, voluntarily or subconsciously, concede to the toxicity of any annulling vibe that may take us totally out of focus. But if one should lighten the load and release from all seriousness to the simplicity of mere laughter and an amusement from the acknowledgment to the irrelevance of the even smaller mishaps of our every day-to-day that, at times, are fed indelibly and irrefutably by us with ever indulgent life, we can concentrate, therefore, upon the other things of higher worth.

Memory from all of which can ail and ravage our senses within the worry can temporarily dissipate from existence as time and space wistfully cancels itself out, inert and unnoticed, from the uncontrollable laughter and joyful bliss that encompasses and overwhelms the moment of which has always been from what had mattered the most - when one is taken in by the chortle of one's snicker and the tittering of another's guffaw. Laughter frees the mind and opens the heart for the very blessing. It relinquishes the drought from its arid and sun dried dessert of all the inequity that follows such thirst, deprived of all of one's means and all of their individual focus to the truest of one's desires to thrive. Live the life which was always meant, with love through an indelible laughter that openly invites the complacency of one's peace and the encouragement of one's potential winsome and care free nature.



Day 301: July 27, 2012

Less Understood But Deeply Felt

Some things were never meant to be understood by even the fullest capacity of our own mental faculties. But meant only to be endearingly felt and fully acknowledged by the most simple of makings within all of our HEARTS.

Day 302: July 28, 2012

Love Yourself Dearly

When souls are truly capable of
loving themselves, regardless of
the downfalls, he or she can
ultimately love one
or another to
the utmost
without doubt,
grip, nor
fear.

Day 303: July 29, 2012

The Magic of Miracles

I just question how some people believe in miracles but yet immediately stray away from the magic of things when they, miracles and magic, are essentially two of the same crop. When one has never witnessed a miracle, yet not even once within their very lives, perhaps they, themselves, were never open to the miracles of such magic. On the other hand, if one had never searched for the magic, well then, he or she will never then rediscover a single miracle to manifest. We must consider ourselves well-deserving. We must feel worthy and open to such blessings to conjure



fruitfully into fruition. Otherwise, then we give ourselves willingly to the hands of the meek and unbelieving while gambling life to the heart of chance that is, therefore, insufficient of such blessings.

Day 304: July 30, 2012

Rooted By the Blessed Mother's Caress, Grounded Within Her Bliss

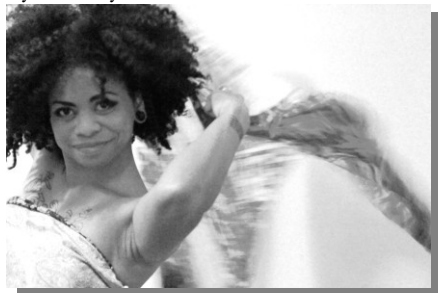
Quite too often do the leaves shake and quiver from even the slightest eddy or gust of a wind which thrusts, but hardly is the oak unsettled or moved from neither even a single quake when the foundation of our birthright to joyful bliss is anchored forever the more within the Heart of Her Canvas and Caress, warmed by the Light of Heaven's Glow. We must be grounded, deeply, into Her Bosom quite frequently throughout the very day in taking deeper root to the realization of our own resiliency and strength to the spiritual connection we possess with Source. Root frequently throughout the day for the blessing within the Mother's Caress. From there shall we be grounded and calmed deemed and filled with bliss.



Day 305: July 31, 2012

Those In Knowing of Flight

Surround the nest with only the eyes of whom have seen of greatedened heights of glory and the strength laden upon those who have been already born of adventured wings of fortitude, for these most giving and adventurous of souls who possess such a deepened gaze of foresight and intuition, already possess the hearts of deeply purged and



unimaginable flight. As one is more capable and willing of mimicking such acts of greatness and heights, the next person shall then, in tandem, adorn the very acts of your own renown, as an example, in return for the energies you've already expressed.

August 2012

Thoughts for August

“The month of August brings forth feelings of freedom, growth, love and warmth, joyful bliss, and increasing excitement as September rapidly approaches. All of which has, synchronistically, transpired within the past year has brought me to this, the culmination of a newborn being, made yet to manifest.”

(Joel A. Ayapana)

Day 306: August 1, 2012

A Letter to My Best Friend: My Future Wife

Dear Tiffany,

Such a memory of when and where we first met brings, not only a smile upon my face, but also ushers in the wonder and intrigue of how two souls of the like, but thwarted and lost time and time again throughout the many storms, could have ever finally met in such a magical fashion from amongst the lengthened stir and eddy of forced gale winds. I searched the lengths and the many potential possibilities of your passionate and feminine nature upon every single crevice and crack which could have literally screamed out your very name from the sensitivities crying out from my own heart. My mind, on the other hand, held neither clue nor evidence of your return. My heart, indeed, knew of the tone of your softened breath, once spoken and acknowledged within view.

Essentially, when the focus and zoom upon my eyes had caught the awe of your own grace, the kindness and calm of your peaceful and gentle nature had spoken to my soul in welcome. The Law of the Land holds itself true, within the act of our own example, when individually our Spirits portrayed their truest essence in parallel to our behaviors and intentions. They led us back to each other from lives long lost. The passion and roar within your heart and soul screamed out the heightened words of what was required for it to replace. After all of my many heightened peaks and bewildering dips and lengthened travels travailed, the Universe responded fervently in guiding me straight back to you. I have known you before from many past lives, despite this momentary state of amnesia.

Whom would have ever fathomed that such trials and tribulations were always meant to be in preparation, as each denigrating obstacle and disheartening experience had nearly broken us down to a pulp. But when we learned and overcame the meaning to such bumps within the road, we finally realized that they were placed within our paths to mold us into the stronger and more resilient people for which we were always meant to be - Our very best for each other.

An "Attraction" to the very like plays most certainly a relevant part to the indubitable process of the "Law" as the Universe consistently conspires to provide for one's most pure and of heartfelt intentions. As the purity of your Spirit, to love once more, had been passionately thrown out to the heavens with an indelible and unrelenting faith, mine had already been sent out to catch your very wish from upon those very stars to take. As one wish had come to meet the other throughout the Fourth

Dimensional Plane, birth and creation was inspired by the spark of our reunion where our “Seperateness” (now) becomes words and an image which will never again be voiced nor referenced into being.

The essence of your feminine touch, alone, cannot complete the riddle laden upon mine, made fashionable by any desultory hurry nor stealth, for only I can accomplish such feats. Rather, the essence of your potency complements the parallel of mine in so many ways, but yet in so many words, that the thought of your absence only saddens me dearly in excess. Your long and journeyed rendezvous in return to a home which lies deep-seated within the sacred portals of my heart, most certainly, brings forth the limitlessness in all known potentialities. With you along my side, it seems that anything is possible as long as heart and mind are reconnected back to its calm and cooling nature to balance. This, I believe is the meaning for our reunion. This, I know from within my heart, is what remains to be true. Such a kindred flame, rekindled once more, only makes cause for the most glorious of blissful endings and of the most exciting of newest beginnings, Our Love. Tiffany, you are my companion and of an apportionment to the Soul of my very Light, my complement, and of thy own Twin Flame derived from the very Spark conjured by the Heart of the Divine. You are my long lost safe haven in return to the rescued path. You are my love, my like, and my endearing best friend from amongst all other souls. You are, indeed, the heart of mine which bleeds from it, multicolored cords of seven “rainbowed” sequences , indelibly and intricately woven and sewn deeply within the very cords of mine. I Love You dear friend. I Love You. I Love You so with all my heart.

Sincerely, Jojo

Day 307: August 2, 2012

By Design

In life, there is a Universal and all-encompassing design, just as there is, an all-natural order from within and throughout the Cosmos. When one takes the time and the patience to look into one’s self and in nature, he or she can decode or interpret that order within its design - accordingly in revelation along with ever-resounding awe and wonder, as life begins to unfold, for itself to be true. As when we have reached that level of finding, we will then rediscovery the next heightened levels of



consciousness, when we will then realize, in salvation, that none the Creator, nor Universe, nor man, nor woman had ever been separate from all this time from among the illusion. We were all as ONE: One Organism, One Entity, One Consciousness, One.

Day 308: August 3, 2012

A Master Beyond Any Means

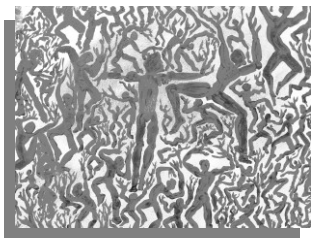
I AM a Master Beyond Any Means: Summoned and Enlightened by the Divine to assist in ushering in the consciousness of a newly fathomed and anticipated day. I have answered the call to manifest. I AM the master of my thoughts. I AM the Teacher of Wisdom. I AM the inspiration to the Word and an Artist of the Light. I AM a Master, Ascended and deemed worthy and well deserving of such a phrase to love unconditionally by the Mission and of the Providence to heighten one and another of their individual cause beyond the essence of one's indelible Flame – I AM.



Day 309: August 4, 2012

Unlearning From What Had Been Taught

As we draw even closer, day by day, to our personal truths, in rediscovery, by way of utilizing into practice from philosophy the guidelines which abide by the very codes of “living through one’s indelible heart,” we may begin to realize the changing of our worlds, not so much in the physical sense of things which may follow in stride with every trickle, but more or less from transformation into an all-resounding awareness to peace. Confusion may result where the acts made



specific to the heart may neither coincide nor parallel the undertakings and exploits of one's ego. Conflict becomes of it in struggle when feeling collides unrelentingly against thought. Too often too many have lived engrossed within their uncontrollable deductions in brainwork, that delves deeper into the anguish of their own fears, anxieties, and worries. Many have lived unconsciously throughout all of their lives within the bulk of their limiting mindsets where every action is a response to fear and worry. What if we are to change the very essence of our being, from what had been assimilated and taught through societal constructs, where we can then become more mindful in responding to such daily stressors in life by way of love, peace, and nonjudgement through acceptance with grace, instead of ridicule, worry, and judgement. We have been taught by society to thrive within the environments and energies of such conditions which place considerable focus to the contrary. The higher vibrations of the heart can neither exist in tandem nor within harmony within the lower frequencies of the ego.

Day 310: August 5, 2012

Belief in One's Own Healing Touch

When we no longer possess an option from conventional medicine, which at the time may seem neither lucrative nor efficient, in providing the answers to the multiple stories of woe derived from the disease process, we are then faced with no other alternative but to searching deeper, within, for that one truer and higher resolve through Healing Prayer & Touch. Surprisingly, what we may rediscover, from amongst the deepened fathoms found beyond uncovered depths, is the blurred image of our higher selves in connection to Source. From that heightened and strengthened connection holds the alchemy to our own realization to enlightened individual healing.



We must, first, be acknowledgeable of such a blur, then we must diminish the haze of such deadened interdependence to one's self in disbelief. To deny the self, one denies the connection, and where there is no connection, there is no healing. Thus, believe in your own healing

capacity within the realms of the Now. We all possess such characteristics made desirable and embraced by the Light. Once the decision is made to, undeniably, trusting and, ultimately, believing in the power of our own healing intentions, then we are more than capable of acknowledging the relevance and significance of our own capacity to manifesting a smoothened recovery from illness and a more heightened sense of focus upon the hidden truths concerning the underlying foundation of ultimate health, peace, and well-being.

Day 311: August 6, 2012

In Deepened Remorse... I Pray for Forgiveness

In openly ushering in the grace and endearing energies of the Golden Age of the Divine Feminine, I speak wholeheartedly in place as a spokesperson of sorts for the likes of our kind, our species within its entirety. I speak, remorsefully, but kindly, of the denigrating behavior that has been portrayed and forced upon the very creatures which migrate from sea to sea, whom travel in pilgrimage from amongst the plains, and the wildlife which flocks from amidst the shores of an age to the closing of its falling sunset. But we are also contrite and rueful of the neglect and



mistreatment of the awe-inspiring landscapes which provide all of God's creations the very Blessings of Mother Earth's indubitable Love, Safe Haven, and Refuge. In the same regard, we from among the authority derived from the masculine nature of all things are deeply penitent and shamefaced towards the angst of some of the

most tumultuous and regretful of our actions which have been regretfully expressed upon the feminine energies of our light. I pray that love, forgiveness, and peace engulfs and penetrates the very fibers of all of our hearts to the newest of beginnings to manifest – A Return to Our Peaceful Nature.

Day 312: August 7, 2012

The Unforgotten

Such kindness ensues as
An imprint which is blazed
Deep within our hearts.

Day 313: August 8, 2012

Thirty Days Since

When every evening as the kindness within the gentle glimmer from the Summer Solstice Sun begins to diminish among the self-possessed and unruffled waters, across the beautifully dressed Erie bayou; and as the warmth emanating from waves upon waves of passion heats the sultry air slowly drifting asunder from cotton candy and kite-filled skies, the very thought of you vigorously reigns upon the kingdoms of my emotions. Despite the closing of the remaining waking hours to pass, the impression of that memory feverishly rings with the voice of your welcome and fills the heart of mine with the birth of a newly lit day. It spells the very words of a home, unspoken of, for words could neither define nor completely reiterate the totality of heartfelt emotion which was

dearly caressed when, first, mine eyes had glanced upon the bliss of your glory. Your smile plays itself repeatedly in conjunction from introduction to the sadness of the subtlety of a heartfelt goodbye. I dearly longed for your coming, but while prior images entertained itself of memories that were truly meant to pass of the most



trying of events which had clearly built myself up to you, I was able to experience the meaning of that hardened and broken road. Since the day that you had graciously walked into the pathway leading to my life, I finally realized why the other relationships never played itself to its fullest fruition nor had they completely uttered the script nor libretto of completion, for they only addressed and tested my spirit to evolve into

only the very best from amongst a heightened wisdom and strength in preparation for you.

Day 314: August 9, 2012

The Return of Our Brothers and Sisters

As we are catapulted further into change, once awakened from such a quandary in illusive perceptions of realities, not only in the physical but in the spiritual sense of being, we will begin to see the Divine in all things where respect, compassion, and unconditional love become the mainstay of all of our intentions. Judgment is less convened upon the masses, even upon the likes of our own adversaries, whom may still be blindsided by the veil of misunderstanding and misconception. In acknowledging our individual ties from amongst the flock in wandering, aimlessly, questioning the very reason for such a stir and the state of denigrating confusion, we patiently await for the anticipated and prophesied return, back home, of our endearing brothers and sisters, long lost, from a hardened and deepened sleep. We await for their return. We await for their return.



Day 315: August 10, 2012

Sticking Out From Among the Crowd

From childhood and on to the recent day, criticism and questions of scrutiny, from among the crowds all around me, have often arisen from out of fear or judgment that had singled me out from the mainstream of popularity. On the other hand, I persistently desired the commonality of things, despite the incongruence, along with the strongest of urges to blending in among the schools of delve and trawl, but such an ease into the mainstream of admiration had never come to pass. Despite the nomadic obstacle of emotional turmoil that often followed me in the early life, such continuing isolation never weakened me further from its Source.

In review of my own life that seemed, at one point, denigrated with insufficiency, gloom, and ridicule, the struggle could only seem to pass as a crutch, but as clarity had found itself within the wisdom of my own psyche, I learned that from every bump and bruise which nudged me even further to enlightenment, only the crutch, in itself, had served to possess the sword and shield of my mid-life rebuttal. Every inconsistency picked out in comparison to the common landscape proved itself, later in life, to possessing the catalyst of my evolution to change. Every lesson that met me along the pass was learned upon from such trials of uncertainty, worry, isolation, judgment, and inferiority. It further strengthened me beyond my own known and conscious recognition.



As one begins to understand and know of the makings within the heart, what is deemed popular (once within the past through our eyes) is neither the answer nor the truth, which connects or reconnects, but is further far from what we are able to see in reality from within ourselves. When we wane further from the illusive commonality of "deceptive" popularity, do we further make conscious of the ultimate in truths to what essentially makes more sense: Our hearts, once discovered, made in connection as ONE. As one shall walk away, alone, within the path of self discovery, further from the desired ideology of the "common crowd" laden upon our consciousness by the societal constructs of the world, we will indeed discover that the popularity of things is not what the world needs nor requires, it is the "rediscovering of ourselves" from within which proves to be the more efficient and time-worthy of a cause. When we are more than able seeing ourselves for the very souls for which we have always been meant, we are better able to view the world all around us with an improved sense of understanding, We will see the clarity. We will know of compassion.

Day 316: August 11, 2012

A New Paradigm For Thought

I envision a world rightfully seated in harmony and enlightened with a grace where peace possesses no end. Where fear and duality, which

had co-existed throughout a belief once realized, is then and in the now replaced and transmuted into the pristine and regenerated garden of a newly revived and replenished Eden, we will then begin to see the sprouting of a newly birthed plane, filled with unity and love. No longer do we question the intentions of one or the other for only the vehicles, derived from the purest of hearts existing to prudently manifest in such surroundings of legitimacy and bliss, can only thrive to persist on such a newly created Earth. None the separation of self from the others and neither one from the self from Source is depicted nor fathomed from the inhabitation of one's thoughts. It is a memory only deemed folklore and legend from a once-known and fallen past. We can only appreciate the Divine Spark within all of us as our own creativity and individuality is ever the more praised and acknowledged of its significance, for it is from within the very seed of our intentions which roots itself further into the reality and truths stemming straight from the inheritance of our hearts.



This reinvigorated brotherhood and sisterhood of existence is now the newly fathomed motherhood for the golden aged "hue" within "man" where time is of no space and where doubt and worry carries no place. Judgment nor territorial possession shall speak, but shall rather lay in its silence, left behind faltering within the brink from failed transcendence. Reality basks within the brilliance and illumination from the Central Source of Creation, which welcomes the reunion of souls, in return, cycling back to the all and enduring Light. This is the truth of our anticipated Golden Age of Light.

Day 317: August 12, 2012

Our Perceptions

Of course, from what is observed in how the world is portrayed before our eyes, how could any sense be made from what seems to be maddening and unjust when viewing and perceiving the world from all around us. If we are to attempt in making sense of what is truly deemed, superficially, insane by applying a sense of reason to how the world has gotten to be the way it is, then all that we are doing is feeding into more of what the system was originally catered to induce from amongst the

masses - Fear, Frustration, Confusion, Worry, and Anger. Such an emotion often elicits a reaction. And where there is a reaction there is an energy that is released in tandem as a response. Such a response, often because of its negative nature and connotation, becomes a lower vibration and frequency expressed. Such an energy expressed into the very landscape, creates the conditions of which can cater to the terra formed existence of our surroundings.

If we are to look upon the world, with disgust, as that for which is filled with corruption, death, lies, propaganda, war, and poverty, then we are exponentially feeding more into the cycle of such limiting perceptions. If we are to examine the very world from all around us in terms of a more simplistic nature, instead, CONTROL seems to arise in the forefront of concern. But who is essentially and truthfully in CONTROL? If we feed into the fear, fear then essentially controls the very essence of how we are to approach almost every aspect of our lives to be. We must question such Harbingers of Fear but not in the sense to ridicule or criticize but to release. We must forgive. We must not feed into that flame. We must not judge but, instead, to learn to abide by the beauty of acceptance. We must focus on only the positives, the good, and of the love. Heighten your vibrations! The world from all around us is the way that it is because of the way we view the World before us. Our surroundings are nothing but MIRRORS of our... INNER... CONSCIOUSNESS. We, the people, are the Co-Creators of our own WORLD. Let us create the very world for which we have always desired for it to be from the purity of all of our HEARTS... by the changing of our PERCEPTIONS. Within our perceptions lies the truths of our realities.



Day 318: August 13, 2012

Discovery Far From Planned

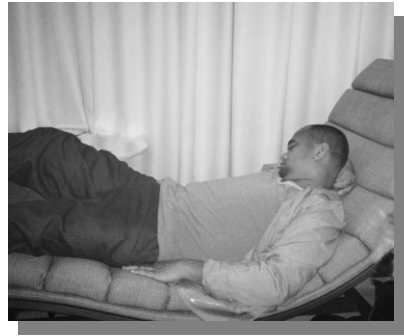
One's aim or heightened sense of anticipation can be meant initially to suffice the insecurities of intention and predicted outcomes. Despite one's diligent need for planning or preparation, events can seem to occur outside of one's range of understanding of things to come. As a

photograph is guided from outside its frame of focus by the winds of change and unpredictability, we often discover parts of ourselves with which we would have never fathomed if should we have stayed within the boundaries of our own comforts and destinations of familiarity.

Day 319: August 14, 2012

Judge Not The Un-Awakened

Judge not the "un-awakened" for they know not of what they do. They easily startle when shook and abruptly bludgeoned from the nudging from their sleep. They know not of the entirety displayed from such a hardened and disconnected landscape. They know not of our connectedness but only acknowledge the illusion of our conditioned separateness. Only force relinquishes continued resistance and only exemplifies the continued existence of fear. Be kind to their collective confusion. Be conducive to the anxiety expressed upon their concern and unwavering defensive stance... for they respond out of nervousness and fright. Act in silence. Act with high regard. Be patient, wise, and trustworthy to any question asked. Plant the seeds strategically upon the weakened strength of one's angst. Be compassionate and resilient. Be the albatross, overseen hovering just above the bow and across the stern, amidst the winds forcefully blown against the mast, for when they, themselves (the un-awakened), are readied and ripened of such awareness, they will then be prepared and willing to look up from amongst the skies for direction and light.



Day 320: August 15, 2012

The Fall

As one shall see,
The greatest inspiration
Arises from one's fall.

Day 321: August 16, 2012

A Delusion... Perhaps?

No governmental election shall provide the birthright of freedom, improvement, or change, unless the consciousness of such an entity has changed from within itself. When the world's governments shall rule, again, from their "God Given Hearts" and in representation for the people and of their wholehearted needs, and none towards the requirements of desire and greed, illusive control, and the withholding of evolutionary awareness and conscious, then shall the world begin to trust and thrive among an existence never before seen since Lemuria. Such things can only divide a nation. Then we, as a society, are held accountable of our decisions to choose from amongst a misguided "true or false" dilemma or circumstance.

One may see, if awakened, that it indeed is not a true or false dilemma or circumstance, which results - when truth has nothing to do



with it. The precipice of such elections was only made to corrupt, when in reality, neither left nor right have ever held any differences excepted by the elusive nature of their designated names. Only the mind can be manipulated of such delusions of grandeur. Rather, when we realize, with a heightened awareness of an ever deepening love, emulsified in truths found

deep within our hearts which is knowledgeable of such requirements for improved progression, we essentially then become the adaptation for which the world truly anticipates to envision.

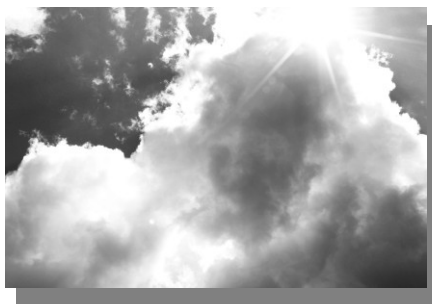
From there, the world that we had known for it to be true, was nonetheless, a farce and illusion to that evolution of change. When we feed less into this delusion of self-empowerment, we become (then) less delusional. Rather than focusing upon an election for any given force, which has already given tremendous power for either "elected official" representing such said parties, we are to ELECT instead the very powers of ourselves from "within" in knowing genuinely of the legitimacy of our own truths. From there, shall we see with utmost clarity that when we wane further from the world of the ego to the World of our Truths, the Heart will awaken ourselves to that one fine morning when the outside forces of government control is no longer needed. We will realize in

consciousness that only self-government is required when we truly understand what it means to Live within the Heart. We will then, truthfully, learn to trust as all of our “intentions” will be deemed parallel to the “action.”

Day 322: August 17, 2012

Protection of Our Energies

I call upon to you, Dear Archangel Michael and Archangel Chamuel, under the grace and influences of the Holy Spirit and The Almighty Creator to empowering within us, the strength, protection, and the ability to sustaining the very energies that we create and deservingly utilize in providing service to all of mankind. May we prevent the vitality, strengthened and derived from Source, from being siphoned of its will and resilience. May we sing the Mantra of Protection. May we always be grounded in connection to Mother Earth and Father Sky. May we become free from the negative energies that require the nectar of our own individual blossom for how are we to sufficiently rekindle the candle that reignites another's flame in unison if even our own individual flames are extinguished of their might. I am grateful for all of the Divine's Protection. I AM Blessed. Amen.



Day 323: August 18, 2012

Freedom: A Call Upon the Divinity of Hearts to Manifest

I call upon to you, Dear Archangel Raziel, under the grace and influences of the Holy Spirit and The Almighty Creator to empowering within us, the election of our own power and strength in governing the peace and wellbeing of our own individual states to whatever regard we find ourselves, in transformation deemed closer to the Light, from within the present moment we possess. May no other entity control the essence of our truest nature as transparency, abundance, health, limitlessness,

truth, love and positivity shall reign as the elements of change, therein, holding the office of our might.

May we all become aware of the unity that we have always possessed, separate from the act conditioned from the hand of deceit.



May we all know of the truths of our highest nature in coming together as one over the self-indulgence and acquisitiveness of the few. May we transition together in unity through this Golden Age of Awareness while corralling, not only the weak, but the wicked who have corrupted and diluted our thoughts and who have

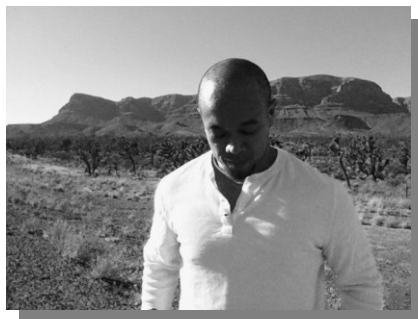
disheartened our faith from the root core of our connectedness in grace. May we, under the guise of Archangel Raziel, call into fruition these truths accordingly to the Divine Design, seeds planted within all of our hearts to manifest.

Day 324: August 19, 2012

When Anxiety Strikes... Breathe... Then...

Remember

When anxiety strikes and panic awaits; where despair and an overcast of hopelessness takes form and into shape, be cognizant of the breath. Neither abstain from its existence nor fear the strengthened might of its depths, for within the breath lies the serenity within its peace, the sudden beauty within its stealth, and clearly the blessing of the moment within the purity of one's legitimate and intimated space. As with every inhalation, cleanse the mind of its clutter and fill the heart within a heavenly calm and grace. And with every exhalation, on the contrary, rid all of your intentions from the impurity and the soul free from the accumulation of its toxicity.



With every outpouring wind to manifest, be mindful of your “out” breath as it lengthened in doubled the stretch, in comparison to the inhalation. Deepen your “in” breath even further as you anchor steadily into root while becoming resilient to the winds and from the shakings to

every quake. Know that all is well as it should be within the serenity of the Creator's Light. Harmonize and dig deep into the root of a newly strengthened foundation – A Peace Called in from the Light. Then allow for the abundance and prosperity to reign in from asunder. Remember the peace within your Heart.

Day 325: August 20, 2012

Transmutation

Disheartening fear
Transmutes into a wisdom
Turned into light.

Day 326: August 21, 2012

One or the Other

Feasibility in heightened precedence over the
deficient often takes light,
A choice is deemed the reality made
one's journey and endearing plight.

For the struggle of one's rise
can even be shortened to a sliver,
When rather the abundance of One's
thoughts stands close to deliver.

Never fear the impermanence or illusion
for what can possibly be lost,
For what is pilfered from once an endearing
grasp can be highly deemed the cost.

But rather focus on what can
potentially begained,
It is neither the indifference but
clearly the deliberate same.

Either overwrought with the struggle or
overcome with grace by one's winsome,

Entrapped by the fear or heightened by the
love of the Creator's Light and Wisdom.

Day 327: August 22, 2012

Quandary Replaced

The idea of such a disheartening act, thought, or intention, by any means that can potentially ail me and bring me to my knees, only lulls me further into a deeper formation, a depression within the darkened rock basin of another mountain base to climb. The feelings of unworthiness and of an undeserving nature stifle me to a numbing wealth, which leaves me spent and robbed of such virtue. Unable to acknowledge and bear witness to the image of even my own reflection, I stand befuddled and stripped of all power and strength, but still, surprisingly enough, by the Grace of the Heavens, I stand with hardened dignity and will.



As I further empty and dismantle the person for whom I had once identified myself to be before all the judgment, within the act of such insensible and desensitizing pain derived from the process, I find myself further undressed of all thy beleaguering transgressions which has placed me in doubt and at a loss. In realizing the entity that I had become from the lack of opened third eye awareness, I begin to acknowledge the intimacy and the inseparable nature of my own being in relation to Source. The “Fall” becomes more apparent while acting as the prerequisite to the “Rise.” What ill will we place, as an offering upon the altar of our own temple, shall, nonetheless, take form as another in transmutation to higher realms and of frequencies to manifest and replace? I place within this golden chest the root and seed of my own quandary and dilemma of concern, to send and launch out into the far reaches of the Universe (amongst the Angels of the Violet Flame) for transformation within its place the very seed of a higher positivity, motivation, and strengthened Light. I forgive myself of all transgressions and I release my soul of such weight in building space to furthered abundance, prosperity, and of a truth deserving of transcendence and graduation. I bring unto my Dawn the Blessing of an unblemished and uninterrupted Fifth Dimensional Wealth. I AM pure and now cleared

from the darkness of the night. I AM purely Love. I AM Now the most Positive of Light!

Day 328: August 23, 2012

Empower Yourself

None can ever be the greater when
one shall acknowledge the truths we
openly grasp from within
when really it is not
beyond in others
which proves pure, but
within the
self which
counts.

Day 329: August 24, 2012

Forgive the Other

Forgive the other of all the indemnity imposed upon you, not because he or she is worthy of such forgiveness, but because you, yourself, are more than worthy of RELEASE.

Day 330: August 25, 2012

A Prayer of Rest

Lord, please provide the weary with the blessing of rest and reinvigoration housed by the safety and refuge nurtured by Your Love. As one is pummeled by the heaving forces of stress and worn down by the illusion of time within the crux and quarry of perceived turmoil, we slowly begin to fade into the desert winds of gray and black when

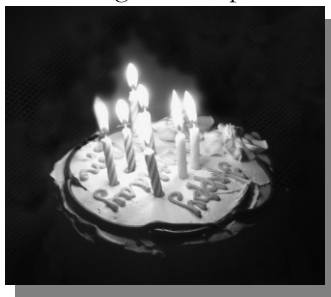


sucked into the storms heaped into the dust. Shall this recharging of souls, freeing of minds from its clutter, the refilling of hearts made empty, and the cradling of such warmth derived from the peace and reassurance blessed upon by Your Hands of Radiant Light, be the Grace that will once again, allow for us to stand tall with a reconstituted dignity and a perseverance shielding us from the dizzying elements, despite the weathered and arid heat of day and the cold darkened reprieve of the night.

Day 331: August 26, 2012

The Lighting of Her Seven Candles

Streams of luminescence cascade briskly, falling upon my brow, warming not only the surface of my physical being, but by its light body embracing the other proportioned segmentation of etheric nature. Changes not only permeate within the surrounding landscape from transmutations which arise from the Mother's Inner-Self, but from the changes which reside taking place from its brilliant shining glory orbiting the Seven Sisters from whence origination had first taken root. Nearing the cycle upon the long awaited sunrise from the interminable sailed journey in closing from another revolution straight from the darkened night, quantum of light shower the once thought lonely system of masses from among the long hidden celestial union. A reunion of familial inheritance communes at the table in the breaking of bread where the most lost of souls finally find respite adjourned to their designated seat of prominence – The Pleiades.



Day 332: August 27, 2012

On That Day

A spell manifested once of the consciousness taking its leap, time in itself, becomes none the greater but null and nondescript. Once glimpsed from a distance, down the tunnel on end of a lengthened and burrowed underpass at a point within the linearity of the clock, an

illumination shimmering from its orifice, dawns upon that day, brilliance engulfed within the underpinnings of a new and golden existence. With selves, forged translucent and clear, alongside souls, stripped by the gust of the Aquarian Winds, made pure and anew by the highest of its frequencies, hearts are revealed with a transparency, reassuringly, exposing the truth within us all. At a time when before a falling from grace, remembrance of that wondrous duration comes back to being. A freedom of heart and spirit reigns, which persists when once fought by loss and sacrifice, but yet within the instance of such a day, that demonstrates itself, becomes the transcendence, a requirement deemed the resolve from millenniums worth of anticipation. The rules and the ordinances within the law flatter none within the plane of its dimensions; for respect, and courtesy encompass every interaction with non-judgment, without limitation, nor ego expressed beyond mention.



Day 333: August 28, 2012

The Risk

What we sacrifice to obtain proves
to be the cost, a risk required
in such an evolution,
deemed the resolution
for the awakened
and pure at heart
where wisdom
draws its
worth.

Day 334: August 29, 2012

An Heir to Ask

Abandonment is a word that goes hand in hand with the minuscule idiosyncrasies of doubt and fear from the poorly self-esteemed at heart. The truth within the relevance of such emotion is the notion of

its mere irrelevance to anything of worth for it shouldn't involve the entirety of our fullest duration, spiritual involvement, nor emotional



efforts. When we ask for spiritual backing among the legions and legions that suffice in the form of angelic reinforcement, we open ourselves up to the abundance and prosperity of the Universe. The power of choice and free will is the sanction endorsed that often goes unchecked for we feel at times unworthy of such blessings. To the

contrary, become noteworthy and virtuous for the self is deemed as such. Be blessed and know of the inherent right to that entitlement. We never walk alone without the exuberance and guidance of the seen and unseen. Our existence is continually felt by the contemplation of his pondering and from the extension of her bellows to the lengths within one's grounding.

Day 335: August 30, 2012

The Silence That Speaks

The silence that speaks is further
pronounced with less to be wrought,
If tinged by the mind's clutter only peace
within one's heart can be sought.

Encoded therein the message lives a
comfort held dearly without words,
Release from one's thoughts as freedom
reigns within flight like birds.

Answers reveal themselves unscrolled
and unaltered slowly within fashion,
Rely and focus on thy breath wherein the
moment within the self, lives life
endearingly with passion.

The intensity within one's eyes clearly
proves with clarity the intention,
Without judgment nor ridicule
lies an understanding worth mentioned.

Neither advice nor suggestion is required
from such deemed clearly obtuse,
But to intently heed and take notice, within
the SILENCE, is more deeply enticed rather
than words put to use.

Day 336: August 31, 2012

Prophets of Change

What we feel with an intensity sends out the energies of either lowered or heightened vibrations which holds, in itself, a certain varying level of attraction to the others among a similar quality. At times, we are oblivious to such hidden and subconscious of intentions. We must be conscious of how we feel from what has been baited and aware of what lines have already been cast out to sea, for if we are unconscious of the details of such thoughts, we then are unknowingly oblivious to what is yet to being reeled in to net. We must first think within



the largest and among the grandest scale of things to come, and then we are to consciously focus upon the all --which can only result in regards to that which is positive. As co-creators for the truest sense of reality for which we are more than able to manifest, we are thus the prophets of change, less focused upon the mere profits of spare change.

I have found from writing this book that once we are able to cross that threshold of thinking positively and in drawing in the heightened energies towards our being, things that we had been intending to manifest and desiring to conjure, then begins to progressively manifest at a much higher rate of speed once we have gained enough momentum. It is purely amazing of how things have just speedily created for itself to be, not only for myself, but from within my surroundings as well. This has

always been my intention. If I should evolve and rise, then everyone from all around me shall do the same in tandem. It's the truest sense of alchemy, as we speak!

September 2012

Thoughts for September

“In summation, this Pilgrimage month in Peru and this last month of the memoir is, essentially, the culmination of all of my very being. Enjoy and be blessed. We are all as ONE”

(Joel A. Ayapana)

Day 337: September 1, 2012

In Preparation

Indeed, we must prepare, but, most importantly, at a Soul Level, at a heightened vibrational level of things. It's all about the EVOLUTION of Mankind, of Humanity, through the heightening of our collective consciousness. It's all a part of the normal process which occurs naturally through cycles where time is, essentially, nonexistent, nonlinear, and further far from all of its worth for which humanity has given upon and attached to its meaning. At this same and exacting point, many hundreds of thousands of years ago, we experienced the same process within the transmutation of our



own collective being as, in the now, we are transitioning through the later stages of that kundalini-like wormhole, from the lengthened night of our returned journey back to the Galactic Center of our Central Sun.

We are just finding ourselves, again, at that very point within this transitional process, of persistent exposure to these energies of heightened photonic reign, where changes are becoming of us (physically, mentally, genetically, emotionally, spiritually, vibrationally). Where there is change, there is growth and where there is growth, there is evolution. The World of Duality that we virally perceive as an actuality (today), will literally split into two of their own realities of being. If you desire only that of Love and of Abundance, Peace and that of Justice, Togetherness and of the Plenty where there is merely more than enough, well, then you must, simply, choose to being the very example of that same parallel in heightened vibration and of frequency in worth.

You must think it, feel it, acknowledge it, believe in it, and become of it. You are, essentially, planting the very seeds of your own reality calmly, firmly, and faithfully into place. Otherwise, if the latter is chosen, we may ultimately find ourselves living within the realities of the opposite spectrums of things which will be guided and ushered in, accordingly, through the Laws of Attraction. One shall receive in the same fashion or of the like for what one exudes and expresses with ever resounding fervor to that of one's might. Bring to you what you desire through what you, clearly, emanate and exude. Plainly, the clear and ultimate resolve of your realities lies within the very palms of the opening

of your hands, in grace, and in the purity and legitimacy of your own intentions. It has always been your individual choice, none the others, from among the menu of infinite opportunity and potentiality derived and rooted in from Free Will. This has always driven and encouraged the free flow and rhythm of how things were always meant, through one's individual pace, within the inundating up and down hyperbolic movement of one's evolution to change.

Day 338: September 2, 2012

In Anticipation

In nine days, the dream trip and pilgrimage journey to the Land of the Apus of Peru, that lain dormant within the back of my psyche for over the length of four years, will soon take into its shape the gathering of all of my intentions in revelation to my own inner truths in parallel to the Universal Heart of the Lotus (The Fau-Toth Phenomenon) unraveling to



the most High of my Higher of Selves. My heart yearned for, but yet had always known from what was clearly required for my soul to achieve - the very answers to the truths needed for the elevation of my own Spirit. On the other hand, my mind, in itself, was neither persistently conscious nor cognizant of such a necessity

to the prerequisite of such an awakening of foresight that was already felt through insight.

Once the connection was made, by the grace and assistance of the Divine Masters, the positive messages of the Archangels, and by the Love of the Universal Creator, the possibilities and potentialities of things becomes all the more clearer and evident of its limitlessness in stature. Although, I AM fully aware and conscious of such an anticipated voyage to the World of Wiracocha and Pachamama as being my first trip, physically, to these very lands of heightened wonder, I AM clearly convinced that this pilgrimage trip is one of which is a return back to the heart of what my inner being had been calling out for... for all my life. I have felt, strongly, that when one's spirit cries out with dignified passion to any predilection, the Universe conspires to connect such energies to its likened source. Such is the case of the very cross for which was born

upon my path. A cross for which was carried throughout all of my life – a returned back to the home of my heart.

Aluna and Raphael, the kindest and most humbling of souls, whom I have met in Sedona, almost a year ago amidst the gateway energies of 11/11/11, were again to meet me in pilgrimage from amongst the Land of the Apus. Never, from the beginning, did I have an inkling of a clue of how I would have gotten myself to such a destination (within the heart, mind, place, and spirit). Not only would I have never been able to know of such places to see along the path to Machu Pichu, but I wouldn't have had the "know-how" nor wisdom of where to travel to and from among where



to room-and-board along the distance to this final destination. Somehow, my soul had cried out to the Universe of what was required from the encodings of my heart, and so the Universe then conspired to synchronistically place the right people and events along my path in fulfilling that need that my heart and soul always yearned for. Profoundly enough, such positive energies of intention led me straight to this pilgrimage as led, planned, and guided yearly by these enlightened hearts, world-renown travelers, and dear friends, Aluna Joy Yax'kin and Rapahel Gressmeyer.

The following seven days of journal entries preceding my anticipated flight out to Lima, the first port of entry into Peru prior to the following destination heading out to Cuzco, will focus on meditations, prayers, and mantras embracing the elements of love, forgiveness, grounding, balance and equilibrium, release, and of acceptance in preparation for "the making of more space" to the heightened energies and frequencies of the HEART. "Seven Days" adds further to the significance of such preparations, for the number "7" represents, according to Numerology, the Divine Magic to one's support of the opening of the doors to infinite opportunity.

Day 339: September 3, 2012

Invocation to Unity and Awakening

Invocation to Unity

*I AM a Christed Being
I AM in unity with Spirit.
I AM a Christed Being.
I AM in unity with All That Is.
The Light of my own own Being
Shines upon my path.
I AM a Christed Being.
I AM in unity with All That Will Be.
I hold the shining Light of the Source
Within my heart.
I walk in unity with Spirit.
I laugh in unity with the Source.
I love in unity with my fellow beings.
I AM a Christed Being.
I AM a bridge between Heaven and Earth.*

Invocation to Awakening

*I call the child that I AM
To take my hand and teach me Joy.
I take the child that I AM
To show me the delight of discovery
In all the worlds that I AM.
I take my hand and dance
With the patterns of the Galaxies.
I open my heart and sing
With the patterns of Mastery.
I AM the child that I AM*

*And I awaken all that I can be.
I awaken I AM.*

Day 340: September 4, 2012

Invocation to Mastery and the Keepers of the Flame

Invocation to Mastery

*I AM a Master,
Dancing through dimensions.
I AM a Master of possibilities,
Weaving the tomorrows into NOW.
I AM a Master of balance,
Skipping on the tightrope of Life.
I AM a Master
Whose strength is compassion.
I AM a Master
Who plays with infinity.
I AM a Master
Who tickles the stars.*

Invocation to the Keepers of the Flame

*I AM a keeper of the Flame.
I carry it forth
Into every part of this world.
I AM a Keeper of the Flame.
I carry it forth
Into every part of my being.
I hold the Flame of God high
So that all may see the shining Light
Of the Divine Plan.
I AM a Keeper of the Flame*

*And I carry it forth into many worlds,
So that all may know the Light
And carry it onward.*

Day 341: September 5, 2012

Invocation to Flight and the Flame of Resurrection

Invocation to Flight

*I feel the tingling in my back.
I feel the weight in my shoulders.
I feel the spreading of my wings.
Preparing to fly, I hear the call of the wind.
I smell the freedom of the skies.
I touch the edge of the wonder,
As I began to lift.
I love the feel of soaring.
I know the thrill of diving.
I light the sky with brilliance,
As I kiss the face of God.*

Invocation to the Flame of Resurrection

*I AM the Resurrection and the Life
of my eternal Freedom in the Light.*

*I AM the Resurrection and the Life
of my physical body's perfect blueprint*

*I AM the Resurrection and the Life
of my emotional body's perfect blueprint*

*I AM the Resurrection and the Life
of my mental body's perfect blueprint*

*I AM the Resurrection and the Life
Of my etheric body's perfect blueprint*

*I AM the Resurrection and the Life
of my spiritual body's perfect blueprint*

*I AM the Resurrection and the Life
of the Ascended Masters Purity and Love.*

*I AM the Resurrection and the Life
of the healing powers of the Sacred Flames.*

*I AM the Resurrection and the Life
of my Immortal Perfection and
Illumined Love of the Cosmic Christ.*

*I AM the Resurrection and the Life
of the powers of the Sacred Fire within me,
restoring all the wondrous gifts of my Divine Essence.*

Day 342: September 6, 2012

Invocation to Service and the "I AM" Presence

Invocation to Service

*I ask in the Name of the Christ,
That I be sustained in the Light.
I ask in the Name of God,
That I be guided and assisted
In my service to the One.*

*I ask in the Name of the Source,
That the Holy Spirit Shekhina
Fill me with Her Gifts,
That I may serve more fully.
I ask in the Name Yod-Hey-Vav-Hey,
That I may serve the Light
In this world.*

Invocation to the "I AM" Presence

*Ehyah Asher Ehyah
I AM THAT I AM.
I call upon the Fellowships of the Light,
I call upon the Guardians of the Light,
I call upon the Angels of the Light,
To assist me as I AM
To be who I AM
Linking me to I AM.
Ehyah Asher Ehyah.
I AM THAT I AM.*

Day 343: September 7, 2012

Invocation to the Unified Chakra

*I breathe in Light
Through the center of my heart,
Opening my heart
Into a beautiful ball of Light,
Allowed myself to expand.*

*I breathe in Light
Through the center of my heart,
Allowing the Light to expand,*

*Encompassing my throat chakra
And my solar plexus chakra
In one unified field of Light
Within, through, and around my body.*

*I breathe in Light
Through the center of my heart,
Allowing the Light to expand,
Encompassing my brow chakra
And my navel chakra
In one unified field of Light
Within, through, and around my body.*

*I breathe in Light
Through the center of my heart,
Allowing the Light to expand,
Encompassing my crown chakra
And my base chakra
In one unified field of Light
Within, through, and around my body.*

*I breathe in Light
Through the center of my heart,
Allowing the Light to expand,
Encompassing my Alpha chakra
(Eight inches above my head)
And my Omega chakra
(Eight inches below my spine)
In one unified field of Light
Within, through, and around my body.
I allow the wave of Metatron
To move between these two points.
I AM a unity of Light.*

*I breathe in Light
Through the center of my heart,
Allowing the Light to expand,
Encompassing my ninth chakra
(Above my head)
And my lower thighs
In one unified field of Light
Within, through, and around my body.
I allow my mental body to merge
With my physical body
I AM a unity of Light.
I breathe in Light
Through the center of my heart,
Allowing the Light to expand,
Encompassing my tenth chakra
(Above my head)
And to my knees
In one unified field of Light
Within, through, and around my body.
I allow my spiritual body to merge
Within my physical body,
Forming the unified field.
I AM a unity of Light.*

*I breathe in Light
Through the center of my heart,
Allowing the light to expand,
Encompassing my eleventh chakra
(Above my head)
And my upper calves
In one unified field of Light
Within, through, and around my body.
I allow the Oversoul to merge
With the unified field.*

I AM a unity of Light.

*I breathe in Light
Through the center of my heart,
Allowing the Light to expand,
Encompassing my twelfth chakra
(Above my head)
And my lower calves
In one unified field of Light
Within, through, and around my body.
I allow the Christ Oversoul to merge
With the unified field of Light
Within, through, and around my body.
I allow the Christ Oversoul to merge
With the unified field .
I AM a unity of Light.*

*I breathe in Light
Through the center of my heart,
Allowing the Light to expand,
Encompassing my thirteenth chakra
(Above my head)
And my feet
In one unified field of Light
Within, through, and around my body.
I allow the I AM Oversoul to merge
With the unified field. I AM a unity of Light.*

*I breath in Light
Through the center of my heart,
Allowing the Light to expand,
Encompassing my fourteenth chakra
(Above my head)
And to below my feet*

*In one unified field of Light
Within, through, and around my body.
I allow the Source's Presence to move
Throughout the unified field.
I AM a unity of Light.*

*I breathe in Light
Through the center of my heart.
I ask that
The highest level of my Spirit
Radiate forth
From the center of my heart,
Filling this unified field completely.
I radiate forth throughout this day.
I AM a unity of Spirit.*

Day 344: September 8, 2012

The Great Mani Mantra and the Great Mantra of Chamundi

The Great Mani Mantra

Sanskrit:

OM Mani Padme Hum

(The Jewel of Consciousness has reached the Heart's Lotus)

Intention:

*Use this mantra to unite heart and mind. There is a saying within the East:
"When the light of the heart is united with the power of the mind, anything is
possible."*

Instruction:

Recite this mantra "108" times

The Great Mantra of Chamundi

Sanskrit:

OM Eim Hrim Klim Chamundayei Bicche Namah

(Salutations to She who is always victorious)

Intention:

Use this as a means of protection against negative forces

Instruction:

Recite this mantra "108" times. The chakras are the intersections of energy lines, and there are said to be a total of 108 energy lines converging to form the heart chakra. One of them, sushumna leads to the crown chakra, and is said to be the path to Self-Realization.

Day 345: September 9, 2012

**The Esoteric Lakshmi Mantra of Abundance
and the Mantra of Kubera**

The Esoteric Lakshmi Mantra of Abundance

Sanskrit:

OM Gum Shrim Maha Lakshmiyei Swaha

(Let all obstacles to my abundance be eliminated and the flow of the Shakti of abundance be released within me.)

Intention:

Use this for abundance

Instruction:

Recite this mantra "108" times. The chakras are the intersections of energy lines, and there are said to be a total of 108 energy lines converging to form the heart chakra. One of them, sushumna leads to the crown chakra, and is said to be the path to Self Realization.

The Mantra of Kubera (Celestial Guardian of Riches)

Sanskrit:

Ha Sa Ka LaE I La Hrim

Ha Sa Ka LaE I La Hrim

(There is no translation possible of this mantra, since it is composed solely of seed syllables)

Intention:

Use of this mantra is for the purpose of great wealth that, once achieved, will be self-sustaining. It is also representative of transmutation and conversion from the corrupt and wicked to the good and of the most pure of hearts, and from the negative to the most positive of forces.

Instruction:

Recite this mantra "108" times. The chakras are the intersections of energy lines, and there are said to be a total of 108 energy lines converging to form the heart chakra. One of them, sushumna leads to the crown chakra, and is said to be the path to Self Realization.

Day 346: September 10, 2012

An Acceptance to the Quandary But an Awareness to the Blessing

Upon reflecting back from among all that has transpired from prior to the last 4-5 years of self-rediscovery, I have come to realize and understand the reasons for such trials and tribulations. During those times of turmoil, I couldn't have recognized for it to be, from the conditions of my own mindset, nor have even drawn from such negativity, the

perceptions of anything worthy of being called a blessing. As a consequence from the lack of any resiliency to having developed from inexperience, I was too fixated upon the more negative apportionment of such beleaguering circumstances that often frequented themselves upon my own lap, time and time again. But as I noticed a pattern of such seemingly bewildering events to come my way, I then began to search upon the meaning of each dilemma. From each



and precise predicament that was experienced upon my way, there was a principle or archetype which was required for self-mastery from the lesson laden upon my path. As one is then capable of seeing such bumps within the road as blessings, in themselves and nonetheless the quandary of what is perceived on the surface, he or she shall see the truest purpose of such a resolve: The Elevation of One's Spirit.

If Positive Light is shed then upon such seeds of hidden virtue, wisdom is born. Truth is freed from limitation. Divine Beauty and the Works of the Creator is seen, adorned, and acknowledged from among all directions. The world is seen exactly in the very way for which one sees themselves from within: The Fifth Dimensional Light.



Day 347: September 11, 2012

9II: A Beginning to an End

On this day when I had awakened from my own sleep, 11 years ago, at 4:44 am on September 11, 2001, most of us within the Western World were themselves still snuggled up against their pillows, asleep. But, unknowingly we were all being persistently warmed and comforted within the periphery of Heavenly Angelic Care. We found ourselves within the reassurance of our own homes, but completely incognizant of what was all about to transpire within the next few hours to come. As far as what we were conscious of, prior to reaching the potentially variable and deepening levels of sleep, within this very day and age, we can only assume that the once-understood society (America) that we had known to be true (at the time) was acknowledged to be the pinnacle and unquestionable leader from among all other cultures, of religions, of

financial systems, and of all societies in comparison to the rest of the world, even from the likes of the ancient past and most recent of civilizations known. The Western World had found itself within the very heights of what it perceived itself to be, superficially, from amongst the arrogance of its self-proclaimed nature.

Little did we realize from our sleep, earlier that morning, that our worlds would drastically change along with the upcoming tides, not only from that of the physical sense of being, but also from the many differing and varying aspects of our realities. In many ways, most continue to be mentally locked within that purgatory of unconsciousness, still asleep. Such has always been the case as observed, despite their seemingly unawakened states of cognizance within the cast of the illuminated “naughty” of such an elusive and castigating spell. Only the limited few, from amongst the many, dazed by such mind control, have picked up on the irony of such said things. Personally, I wasn't one from amongst the list of these so-called fortunate. I was trapped, shocked, bewildered, angered, and confused (as well) along with the many others, within the millions whom were drawn in to the darkness of such a spell and thrown off from the “souls” of their feet.

The mental, emotional, and spiritual states that we were once only superficially cognizant and aware of, was collectively far more disparate and at odds within our own varying states of mind, body, and spirit. Such differences are extraordinarily engaging and significant, worthy of noting deeper into analysis, in comparison to where and what



we had rediscovered within ourselves as a response to the changing conditions and realities of our existence. Indeed, our worlds were so overwhelmingly different in comparison. Our views were superficial and invariably locked within the norms of controlled and encouraged societal constructs of our every

"day-to-day" living, amid the redundancy of entertainment and diversion. Individually, some lives were found to be within their own state of infancy to growth in heightened consciousness and spirit, while others had already proclaimed the mastery of their own pre-selected archetypes to self-evolution and change. But there was one thing in that neither the masses nor of the willing, at the time, were even permitted to endure within plain view. The truth was the truest form of gold as it still continues to be, rightfully so, to this very day.

According to Numerology, the date of 9/11/2001 breaks down to its root into the 14/5 vibration of Temperance. This vibration exemplifies, essentially, the symbolism of the Scribe, an individual who soulfully copied manuscripts by hand. Books were rare and very costly during olden times; therefore the scribe was in a unique position to glean knowledge that was otherwise denied to all but the wealthy and favored. In parallel, the truths to the very events of “9/11” were only known to be within the hands of the very few, whom possessed such worth of limited access to the truest treasure vault of gold and silver, equally proportionate to hidden truth and in-ordained power.

Little did we know that these drastic and pulverizing changes were essentially the makings of a “holding on” and in dearly grasping, tightly, to the attachments possessed by the holders of such gold, laden with hidden truth, but superficially displaced as lies. What they had been so, desperately and fearfully, struggling to keep, were the remnants of an olden world falling into the brink from what had initially been implanted from the beginning: The Seeds of Division and Fear.

When we no longer feed nor cherish the fruits of that very seed, we become free from the attachments of that world – The World of Illusion and Fear. Then, and only then, do we become the worthy recipients, willing in the acceptance of the newest energies of the Rebirth of Humanity and in the transformational process of evolution within the DNA strands of Mother Gaia. According to the Incas, August 2012 marks the truest end of such an olden age. Today, on September 11th (a month later), I celebrate the Beginning of the New, the heightened life, and of a Golden Age of Enlightenment on my anticipated and long journeyed road to Machu Picchu. I and among the many other Pilgrimage members and Warriors of the Light have come here to such a place for a reason and yet for another season. We are all so very blessed to be here, indeed, to ascend – then to live even further and beyond to tell about it... together as ONE.

Day 348: September 12, 2012

Farewell to the Olden

On this glorious day upon my arrival, here in Lima, as I finally embarked upon this highly anticipated journey out to Peru, a spiritual and unexplained return and pilgrimage of sorts which had been called upon my focus four years prior to when I first laid eyes upon those pages of a magazine article, I began to sense the change within my heart. The image within those two pages was a magnificence representative of that same

Andean peak panoramic view that I was about to witness with my very own eyes. Machu Picchu remained to be the central aim of my focus riddled with dreams and daydreams upon every second of that smoothened South American flight coming in to port. My intentions, upon first arrival to Lima, were to receive with plain-spoken hands and opened arms the bulk of a newly found wisdom, strength, and love, the spirit of self-mastery, furthered awakening and awareness to the next levels of Enlightenment, freedom of truth, and in calming peace.

As I retrieved my baggage while walking on over in exit from the main airport terminal, memories of loved ones and friends, who had sanctified and endowed upon me, my courage, and strength (the night before) with prayer, blessing, and of the highest intentions, they also had bid me the best from amongst the most endearing of final "farewells." They knew within their hearts that this would be the last from among all endearing interactions of how they would remember the very person that I had become to be before their eyes. They knew and I knew from within that there was change from amidst and around the corner of our sights. It was "death" that they had seen within my eyes. They knew that they would never lay eyes upon the olden me again.



My wife, girlfriend at the time, took the best of me as the memory of her endearing and comforting smile repeatedly brushed upon my focus. I thanked her with all of my heart for allowing me to take such a spirited trip on my own. She knew that my very heart required such a task despite the harrowing and unforgiving time away from her that tore at the innards of my soul and being, violently and passionately, asunder. The last of those memories, before my mind was taken over by the hustle and bustle of the Lima landscape, was met by Tiffany's farewell kiss goodbye. A tear of her memory ran down the length of my left cheek as it, then, kissed the moistened breadth of my lips. I cried and cried and cried, I remember.

The last exit to pass, upon my departure from the airport and quickened entry into the hotel was the 13th. The clock had just struck 4:00 pm in the evening as my mind and heart continued to ponder upon the death of such a, profound, tarot-enlightened revelation in time and in numbers. In realizing such an awareness, for once and for all, I finally layed the olden me... down to rest. "Goodbye, Olden Me - Goodbye," I politely told myself. For a brief moment, then, I spoke and muttered to myself, again, in concert, "Tiffany... Honey... I only do this so... because I

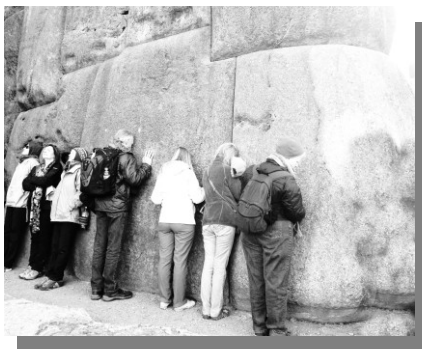
love you so... because I love the world so... to being the better me for you.
I Love You Honey. See you soon Baby! - Ascended"

Day 349: September 13, 2012

A Reflection of the Olden

The second day in Lima held, potentially, many promises that pulsed in every corner of the busy block, tucked in between the inviting and comforting sanctuary found within the calm of the humbling hotel lobby nestled opposite from the hustle and bustle of the busy airport terminal, but peace was far from what had overtaken my senses. As home sickness and fatigue further fueled my anxiety, worries and insecurities that lain dormant within my psyche began to resurface with a vengeance. I questioned the timing of such fleeting thoughts from among times of enlightenment and glory within the awakening of my spirit. What could possibly be the intention of such quandary that plagued my every focus? At what lengths must they persist with such an intensity of heightened grandeur? Could such blemishes of concern that heed the solitary remnants of the ego, skimmed and scraped from the bottom apportionment of one's self-indulging worry become the pith of one's demise or perhaps the spark which would promulgate one into the next and heightened levels of awareness to a completion of release from self-sabotage and personal condemnation?

Under close examination and reflection, the resolve of such unwavering was none required within the abstinence of pain and suffering, but one found within the cleansing of one's heart from which available space is required for the "taking in" from amongst an abundance which awaits patiently in stride. This endearing blessing in disguise proves itself necessary as a prerequisite in preparation before the "placing upon" of footprints before the anticipated path leading up to Cuzco.

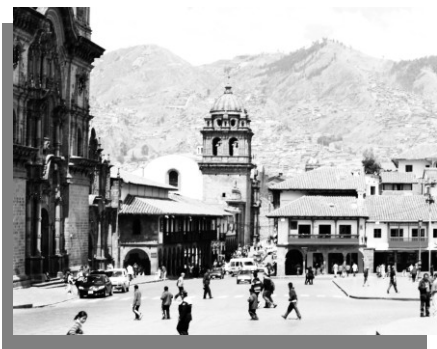


Day 350: September 14, 2012

Flight In To Cuzco

During this morning of the flight out to the capital city of Peru, I was blessed to meet half of the group, out of the total twenty-six, whom were scheduled to join us along this pilgrimage, at the hotel lobby, shortly after 8:00 am. Aluna and Raphael, who arrived the night before, cordially gathered us together, along with Willaru, Incan Mystery School Initiate and Guide, who I had the pleasure to meet for the very first time. There was a state of excitement and an air of anxiety at the same time within the group. Some experienced the effects of jet lag while others were merely tired from the lack of sleep probably from the restlessness that took them in from the excitement which had slowly started to build up. I, for one, was just thrilled at having met my dear friends (Aluna and Raphael) from Sedona. Their calming demeanor and familiarity soothed my anxiety. Before we were even aware of what was transpiring, we were then loading up our luggage at the Lima airport gate heading out to Cuzco.

The writhing turbulence was all that I remembered from that rather short and quickened plane ride coming into Cuzco from Lima. The thrashing and inundating up and down movement of the plane reminded



me and, I'm sure, of the many other occupants of that flight, of an amusement park roller coaster ride as frequented moments of conjugating excitement and fear coincided, unexpectedly, with every clustering jolt and feeling of castigating free fall. On the other hand, the landing, in itself, proved, within my own eyes, to being the more eventful and

enthraling, but yet the most unnerving, of experiences in comparison. From what was expected to be the most frightful and dreadful of landings, the descent and deceleration of the plane to ground and of all the harrowing fear (which had built itself up) turned quickly in tide and upon its other cheek, as the plane had caught it's nose, stabilized and straightened-up, to a smoothened textbook and no-nonsensical, error-free landing.

After such an unexpected thrill ride of sorts, along with also the overwhelming, traffic-induced, taxi ride coming into the downtown square from the airport, another form of excitement entered the minds of

all who had first stepped onto Cuzco soil. While most were in awe of the new and heightened Peruvian landscape, the majority of our group had also immediately noticed the difference within the quality of air while others had further difficulty and unease in breathing it in. Personally for myself, I didn't feel any signs and symptoms of any drastic change until first walking into our hotel lobby just adjacent to the main central square. A feeling of heaviness overcame my own senses which was coupled even more with a consistent lull of a head pain that overtook every sinus pathway within the labyrinth of my ever-deepening and growing discomfort. Then the difficulty of "breathing in-and-out" had finally set in to take its toll as my lungs were further spent and indulged from its total capacity to uphold and maintain further functioning and efficiency of my body from lessening oxygen supply. Indeed, the heightened Andean altitude slowly began to take us in.



Slow motion was the extent to my every movement as extra time and patience had to be taken in from every thought to every taunt and extraneous shifting of my body. As nausea had been initially experienced and felt along with every other sign and symptom of altitude sickness from 11,000 feet up from sea level, change from what was initially noticed, had immediately taken root upon the very makeup of the entirety within the whole of my physio-anatomy .

The longer a stay (I knew from contemplation and from self-examination) upon the realms of such heightened peaks, promised even more of the creation and production of a plethora of increased blood flow along with the deepening expansion of my lungs. My breath required even



more furthering oxygenation of my body's core at the expense of my heart's increasing and well-taken efforts. Scientifically, the heart, generally, would also enlarge to its fullest capacity because of its increasing strength from ancillary and supplemental exertion, not only in its physical sense, but also in tandem to its increasing magnetism, elevating frequency, heightened energy, and an ever-escalating field of ethereal light. Whether our minds had known for it to be true or not, our spiritual hearts had begun to realize through a quickened shot of elevated awareness that, once upon

our return to where we had been launched from the very world we once knew from olden perspective, indeed, we will never ever be the same. We shall never be the same. We will never be the same.

Day 351: September 15, 2012

Lost In A City: Lay Lines Leading to Saqsayhuaman

Today was designated, by Spirit, as a free day of sorts for the members of the pilgrimage group. It was encouraged to be a day that members could, willingly and of their own accord, rest, shop and mingle among the kindest of souls of local Peruvian spirited, or to peruse and roam, perhaps, throughout some of the landmark sites amidst the beauty and intrigue of Cuzco City. The days that would follow was reminded upon the group, by Aluna and Raphael, to be a series of waking hours which would require the energies, physical stamina, and of an additional strength needed for the many hours of lengthened hiking trails and the seemingly, endless, number of elevated inclines and steps that were, in the long run, taxing to the knees and quadriceps. But it was all an endearing blessing with every exertion to the heart and soul. Most, importantly, these following days would also require the emotional stamina and of the highest of spirits in order to endure and withstand the heightened energies, which would be acquired from these highly adorned and most praised of sacred and ancient sites leading to Machu Pachu.

How could one have even forgotten about the elevated altitude, for Goodness' sake? As some members of the group were still weathering through the signs and symptoms of Altitude Sickness, some stayed behind to rest in their hotel rooms, while many more explored the city in pairs or in even larger groups of three to four. I, on the other hand, chose to venture off on my own. I was so enamored and intrigued by the ancient history and demographics of this city, alone just by its initial presentation upon first arrival (here)



yesterday, that I was further inclined to read even deeper into the very details of what this beautiful city had been culturally made to offer. On the other hand, I was also inspired to discover the local surroundings on my own through feeling and by the direction encouraged by the energies of the landscape, and also by the guidance of Spirit in tandem. I've picked up along the way, through either conversation or instruction, that it was at

best to explore less upon what had been planned with one's mind and more upon what can be felt through one's intuition and heart. After furthering self-analysis from a quickened silence, I then chose the latter of the two. I chose to roam freely and mindlessly without a plan, but wholeheartedly into bliss without limitation to time and agenda.

I readied up, slapped on my boots, packed my crystals and a bottle of water into my weathered Swiss Army backpack, and then headed out the front doubled doors of the hotel from where we would stay for the next two nights. Immediately, I was bombarded with a multitude of surreptitious commentary that came in at me towards my direction from almost all directions as they muttered with varying degrees of intrigue and surprise, "Señor... Señor... Señor La Flora! La Flora de la Vida! Señor! La Flora de la Vida! Señor!" I looked all around me with confusion in trying to interpret what they all had been gesturing and in, politely, yelling out in tandem. What they were sending out in speech, in such a rapidly annunciated but within such a fluidly pronounced fashion, was entirely different from the type of Spanish dialect and of an "accent" that I had ever been exposed to... before. I asked one of the local elder women, near me, as to what they were speaking out in reference to and she uttered back with a rather deepened but better understood accent in response, "My friend, they are speaking... You... Your writing... Your arm. La Flora de la Vida... Your arm Señor." As she thoroughly explained what they were making reference to, she politely (with a softened touch) grabbed my left forearm and pointed directly to the "Flower of Life Tattoo" that I had recently acquired at a local tattoo shop in my hometown a little over five weeks before I had flown in to Peru from Cleveland.

The polite elderly woman then flagged and called one of the many vendors, found on almost every street corner, to me. The female younger vendor soon walked our away from towards the other side of the street as she introduced herself, politely, to me, "Buenas Dias Señor... Me llama Oprah Winfrey... Señor." The vendor introduced herself to me as Oprah Winfrey. "Now, how about that," I muttered to myself. Just as a side note, many vendors in Cuzco often referred to themselves, as American pop movie stars and icons to cater to more of the American tourist population whom would often be seen, themselves, variegated throughout the city. Of course, I chuckled and smiled when she referred to herself as such, but then I was even more amazed as to what was about



to happen next. She pulled out this box from within her oversized bag which carried five tray-like drawers. Surprisingly enough, each and all of the drawers carried dozens and upon dozens of "Flower of Life" necklaces and pendant jewelry. I had no idea that the Flower of Life was such a relevant symbol of spiritual significance, here, in Peru, let alone in Cuzco. I was just purely amazed by the synchronicity of it all, that I had bought three Flower of Life pendants as souvenirs to taking home to my beloved new family, Tiff and Rayne.

Pleased about my purchases because of its meaning and worth, I pardoned myself from that particular corner of increased vending activity and gestured with respect to the female vendor, "Gracias Señorita. Gracias. Tambien. Buenas Dias Mi Amiga Nueva. Wiracocha!" Resuming further into the main square of Downtown Cuzco, La Plaza de Armas, I passed The Cathedral of Santo Domingo, also known as Cuzco Cathedral. I further scanned the surrounding landscape of mountain peak tops and saw the image for what had seemed to be a whitened statue at a distance, but then I was further sidetracked by the hustle and bustle of streetwalkers and the beeping of car horns and the rumblings of taxi cabs and tourist buses which infiltrated and robbed the very surroundings of its silence.

Not knowing of where I was going, further without even a map in hand, I allowed the layout of the land guide the intensity of my curiosity-filled spirit to the flow of the heightened energies and



frequencies of this city, so I proceeded forward towards one of the heavily bricked roads which possessed an elevating incline rising towards the peaks of the surrounding Apu Ausangate, Cinca, and the Pachasutan mountain peaks which caressed and embraced within a bowl-like fashion this capital city of Peru. Up the road

lain directly within my sites, from where a slowly built crowd of people had started to form, was a narrow pedestrian side street, named Hatunrumiyoc, which possessed the infamous "Twelve-Angled Stone" of Cuzco, which is a large megalithic stone with, obviously, twelve sides purposely carved into it and, amazingly, molded without mortar into other surrounding smoothly molded rock that formed the lengthened wall of that city block.

As one would further observe as they would walk through the very streets of Cuzco, the walls bore differing levels of grade. The lower,

much larger, megalithic and molded type of stone seemed different from the higher and more elevated levels of the wall which contained a variation and combination of stone and brick, clumped together by mortar. From later research, after reading about the site, I came to discover that the base from which entirely most of the buildings in Cuzco were built upon were actual ancient Incan walls. The Spaniards, when they occupied the region, attempted many times fold in detonating explosives in order to ridded the landscape of any furthered evidence of Incan presence, but because of the strength and advanced ingenuity of such molding within the rock, the Incan walls were magnificently impenetrable of even being nudged barely by even a half centimeter from any type of advanced explosive device that the Spaniards could neither conjure nor manifest within the limitations of their own technology at will. It just comes to show, symbolically, that you may come to obliterate the very surface of such magnificence but one can never destroy the very foundations of such Greatness – The Heightened Consciousness of Incan and Lemurian Ways.

Further, I ventured up the elevation of Calle Hatunrumiyoc for a good 30 minutes up the hill where it had taken me to a platform by an olden church building, then looked behind me and saw the beauty of La Plaza De Armas from that of a heightened elevation. It was such a thrill and of an invigorating moment for me to venturing off on my own and in experiencing such grandeur in sights from atop that peak. I sat there from



its precipice and just took it all in. I absorbed, not only the sunlight of that beautiful day, but the very energies of such grandeur which persisted indelibly throughout the landscape. Again, to reiterate, I didn't do any of my homework nor any research in reading about the city nor of its surrounding demographics, so everything at that very moment was new to me. Little did I know that the next winding road from the underlying smaller villages from where I had walked from all that way, was the road which would lead me to Saqsayhuaman.

Saqsayhuaman is an ancient Incan fortress located two kilometers from where I had begun the hike. Later research also reveals that Cuzco city streets were formidably constructed according to laylines, which are energy grid-like patterned formations that run radiating from down the central downtown city orifice. Whom would have ever even fathomed nor

known without reading about the site that such laylines would have guided me up the side of one of the mountain peaks leading me, unknowingly, further up to the ancient splendor and magic of Saqsayhuaman. Again, all I wanted was the very energies of this day and of the land to guide me in spirit. Surprisingly enough to my ego, it did. It was, literally, the best guided tour of the heart. Losing one's self in release to the mystery of spiritual force emanating from the heart of Cuzco to the Heart of spirited animation derived from an ancient Incan wisdom which stood at the apex of the surrounding landscape, awaited for my arrival and self-exploration. Saqsayhuaman was said to form the shape of a puma's head and the zig-zag formation of the walls were suggested to characterize its teeth. Many of the base stones, observed, are massive and megalithic in fashion, constituting possibly the weight of 200 or so more tons of deadened weight. How the huge megalithic stones had fit in so precisely together, in mold-like fashion and in such a puzzle-like motif, in formation, just boggles my mind and intellect with pure amazement.



Then finally, what I had seen, 45 minutes earlier, from below at the base of the mountainside alongside La Plaza de la Armas, was the same dignified statue of Christ, El Cristo Blanco, observed (now) from the very peak of that mountain, along my view, whilst taking in the breathtaking horizon towards the West. With just another 10-15 minute walk, as I estimated, from where I had stood, I hiked on over to the precipice from where the statue was situated whilst overlooking the blessed panoramic view of the capital city.

After the shortened spell of a walk, I positioned myself at the base of its magnificence with head propped up while, simultaneously, looking upward towards the Eyes of His Glory from amidst the intensifying and darkened cloud formations which started to brew up from behind the purifying and enlightening image of Christ. Little did I know, at the time, of the significance of such a moment, a foreshadowing of



sorts of what was about to unfold, indeed, at the very "heights" of my journey, in full circle, to where I had started but within the grace of a heightened level of conscious awareness. Despite the impending and

incoming rain and the ever more darkening of the clouds which raced deeper into succession, I stood there before the Image of Christ as his view and perspective continued to aim and span across the valley down below with his constant and timeless blessing. In awe of such splendor and grace, I became overwhelmed with feelings of "coming home," purification, validation, and of an acknowledgement for which I had never felt before.

In some sense, I had endured, truly within my heart, that I was being cleansed of all the indemnity which had fallen upon my lap, throughout those years of required and learned wisdom. Tucked within the centralized and hidden apportionment of my heart, the very flame, that burned barely to that of a flicker, was reignited, once more, from within this transmutational process of initiation. The energies and laylines of Cuzco City eluded my heart in guidance to Saqsayhuaman, that then (later) had brought me to this place, humbly, upon the very feet of Yeshua, Lord Sananda. Such emotion enveloped and overcame all of my senses to the Dignified and Infinite Flame of Christ Consciousness.

Like the Phoenix, at that very moment within the arising from amidst the ashes of the olden me, the truest worth of my Dharma was revealed to my heart, but not necessarily to the very mind of my intellect in foresight. In reflecting back to what my Great Grandmother, Consolacion, had gifted upon to me a few months earlier, in spirit as channeled by Ann, the store owner within that Coventry shop (profoundly and ironically) named Passport to Peru, "It will all be revealed to you when the time is right. Now you must merely be present within the very moment in taking graciously and wholeheartedly the energies which have been blessed upon to you." I fell onto my knees as the lightly rhythmic tapping upon my shoulders and head from the sprinkling of the rains further took me in with an evolved sense of acknowledgement from such a blessing. "Never the same will I ever be." Again, I muttered to myself, "Never will I ever be the same" as I was further cleansed of such Holy Rains.



Day 352: September 16, 2012

The Pilgrimage Group: A Formal Introduction

Once the remaining last of the anticipated members within the group had arrived, an initial gathering of sorts had found itself, in spiritual congregation at the hotel in Cuzco, where we stayed, now, for the past two days. All who had been called to Spirit, after among their individual shakings or awakenings, within the past years in preparation to such an endearing pilgrimage leading to rediscovery, have carried upon their shoulders, stories of variable and inspirational account. We all had something in common, for sure. We were searching for that answer or the energies, perhaps, to garner and gather in from what had always seemed clearly evident within all of our hearts, through all of this time. It was, indeed, the very truths (within ourselves) and in the service of spreading such truths for all of mankind to rediscover, which had embraced the central core of our aim.



This initial gathering seemed from first impression, a reunion of hearts, known, seemingly, from past lives spent, as we all had collaboratively followed, by unknown spiritual means, the migration of Mother Earth's Kundalini, that had once blissfully roamed, with dignified fervor and pronunciation, from among the Himalayas to where it now

resides and thrives, dignified in strength, amid the magnificence and wonder of the Andes. Funny, upon first meeting the newest members of the group, witnessing first hand such aspiring stories of triumph, enlightenment, and survival, it seemed less comforting and less formidably spirited and

fashionable to greeting each other with words of "HELLO, IT'S SO NICE TO MEET YOU." Rather, it was even more natural and ever-the-more inviting to warmly approach each other in response with a greeting like, "WELCOME BACK BROTHER/SISTER. SO NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN. HOW HAVE YOU BEEN DEAR FRIEND?" The enlightened road had finally taken us to this: Spiritually Reunion.

Day 353: September 17, 2012

Birth of the Rainbow Warrior

The Temple of the Uterus carries with it one of the most enduring and most magical places of Peru. It was the very first destination from amidst all the other sacred sites planned for our pilgrimage along the journey out to Machu Picchu. It is the Birthplace of the First Rainbow, according to Incan and Lemurian belief. The initial location, first (originally) scheduled on this trip was thought to be destined one from among the most popular and visited of sites, known by historians as the ancient Temple



of Tipon, but Spirit led us rather to the sacred grounds of The Temple of the Uterus in Killarumiyuq. As the members of the group walked eagerly to the path of this sacred site which led into an indentation of land separating two mountainsides, I wasn't only moved by the vibrant blue sky backdrop that mixed well into the variable white shape-shifting clouds. But I was also intrigued and amazed by the large, seemingly prehistoric, rock formations which riddled the land. These megalithic fragments of stone seemed separate from the landscape. Mysteriously, they reached out to me and had, immediately, spoken words of timeless relevance and of an identifiable significance as if to foretell of a lengthened history pertaining to the many meaningful lifetimes which had since expressed themselves from the very footprints of every initiate, inexplicably beckoned, to such a calling... and to such a place.



Prior to approaching the first desired location from the site, I came across an interesting rock that called upon my name. I placed it across my chest with both hands cupped over its entirety as I had asked the Spirit from the lands of its very countryside for its offering in return for mine, but in the midst of the process of exchange, one of the other

endearing members of the group gasped with such emotion and anguish as I frolicked towards her direction with concern. I asked her, "What's wrong? You okay?" She replied, "The rock that you had just picked up was the same rock, or similar in nature, to the one that I gathered earlier in another site, but I had lost it and was never able to recover it again. It meant so much to me. It also called upon my name in Spirit." I gestured in return in a rather provocative fashion of concern for her legitimate loss for I, too, am a rock collector of sorts, "Well, as one is blessed with a gift to cherish, the persistent intentions and dynamics of 'The Laws of Abundance' were never meant for any blessing to blissfully shower or over-consume the presence of just one soul to keep."

I continued, "Rather, such a gift of dignifiable promise, or any other gift for that matter, was neither meant for the keeping for one's self nor the throwing away to bury in waste, but was indeed intended for the passing to another within the giving of the most good and of heightened intentions away." I smiled then



placed the rock in her palm as she smiled back in return with ever-indulgent delight and enigmatic fervor. Her face began to brighten even the more so from that of a tearfully woe to tears of promise and grace. Within that moment, I truly understood that the giving,

within its own right, played itself with even more rewarding than that for which was provided within the taking. Another beautiful lesson had been learned. There is more than enough for everyone, indeed.

In further prevailing up the mountainside with the rest of the group, we found ourselves alongside a waterway which trickled like a waterfall from amongst a tightly tucked-in rock, where we planted all intention and focus alongside its periphery. From that very location, we gathered in meditation and in silence for a bit, as two yellow-winged butterflies had flown simultaneously in tandem circling the group, in frequented succession three times around, as if to portray and symbolize the lifting of the veils to the illusion. As others sat there grounded with utmost content, as displayed upon the closing of their eyes, the calmness observed upon their brow, and in the opening of their hearts and hands in acceptance, I was intrigued and amazed by my own state of peace within the silence of the calm.

In my own eyes, this was another and essential initiation of sorts, specifically designated by "The Masters" for our pilgrimage group from among the many other initiates who had been blessed from many times on over, before us, with the very birthright for the Calling of the Rainbow Warrior Spirit to manifest. I sat in meditation, here, upon this sacred place whilst grounded with legs, peacefully, sewn into Lotus. Immediately, what was endearingly presented before me within plain sight and with eyes closed, as the Kundalini (lain dormant within the base of my shell) had arisen in elevation throughout the entire length of my prana. This discovery, that was caught and gathered from the silence and garnered there from within, was one of the most



enlightening and awakening of visions. I saw and witnessed the image of a thousand (if not by the hundreds) of reveled Incan Warriors, marching in descent from the highest peaks of this marveled plain of heightened vibration. They passed just above our sights through the middle of our group, marching with the utmost of fluidity within motion through the prominence of their illuminated presence, while showering their dignified grace upon the most pure and of the most genuine of our highest intentions.

The Temple of the Uterus resonated, indefinitely, to a tone of deafening magnitude from its calm. Essentially, this silence which, overwhelmingly, took us individually and deeper within the far reaches of ourselves, conjured images, visions, and of messages which catered, uniquely, to the calling of each separate heart. We were literally being pulled into the "regressus ad uterum" of the splendid warmth and transforming grace of Mother Earth where we were to further meet our very "deaths" in experiencing the rebirth, on the other hand, of our perceptions in awareness to foresight. We were drudged and churned of all of our indemnity to the purity and light of our ultimate truths. We were rhythmically condensed into that of a heightened chord to harmonize into a single song to the implanted codes of service. We were made, then again, of the most pure to openly receive, with greatened care, the very Light of a Reignited Flame to Christ Consciousness.

Cordially, what transpired, next, was the invitation and blessing of the condor by one of the most enormous of its breed, in comparison, to what I had ever witnessed in the past of any winged creature encountered. The sight of such within its glory could have never been conjured within the heightened realms of my own imagination. It had unexpectedly swooped in from one corner of the Four Winds. As we were significantly engrossed by the gusts of its majesty, an indigo colored hummingbird, from the condor's parallel opposite, then hovered ever so graciously along the corners of my right brow as if to whisper, within my ear, the tune of such a sacred song that beheld the frequencies of a strength and of a wisdom possessed by the beauty of our destined journey, in thereby spreading the vibration of an enlightened age of foretold Consciousness. "This is the FLIGHT of the Rainbow Warrior Spirit," I muttered to myself



According to several walks from the many variegated and integrated Mystery Schools, as possessed by the Ancients, the arrival of such Warriors of the LIGHT had been prophesied to arrive from transmutation (from regressus ad uterum) during the very times of unveiling and an Unraveling of Truths. Such a rise of such spirited like-minded was meant for the taking by the times of our presently birthed Fifth Cycle in evolution. As when we, the newly initiated, had finally come to be blessed (within the realms of our own microcosm) by the significance and power of such a sacred and spiritual place, so shall all the others (awaiting our arrival home) be the keepers and the advocates, rightfully so, of the Endearing and Blessed Flame of the Sacred Heart. All are deemed worthy of such an inheritance to the Enlightened and Divine FLAME, meant for the passing from one endearing heart to the very next.

Day 354: September 18, 2012

El Moray: An Introduction to the Masters - The Twenty-Four Elders

Spirit had gathered us, together on this day, to another sacred site of significance and of awe-inspiring beauty after being blessed rather briefly, but ever so kindly, by the Sacred Valley of the Masters. The Sacred Valley forms a pocketed plain, breath-taking to say the least from many

thousands of feet up, positioned like one opened palm over another from amidst the gathering of Apu mountain land masses which surround the flattened geography of soothing peace and calm. The valley greeted us, lovingly, with a tender embrace to the serenity of its inviting nature resonating to the essence of the same warmth which had radiated from the deepest of loving thoughts and of prayer which had comprised the majority of the intentions of the Pilgrimage group. This reference point of recharge had honed us spiritually in preparation for what we were about to experience at our next proposed stop: El Moray.

As we traversed through the splendor of several stirring and breathtaking visages and encouraging backdrops, within our bus ride from The Sacred Valley to El Moray, and upwards throughout the mountain pass, awe-inspiring and snow-capped mountain peaks had shown itself from amid the Andean concourse to greet us. The brilliance of the day brought us that much closer to the High Noon of the Peruvian Sun that relentlessly beat down upon our shoulders and among the most whitened cotton and puffball-shaped clouds which lined every shelf heightened



upon those brightened blue skies. Upon reaching our destination, we sat still in anticipation, literally, restless within our seats. One by one, we stepped out into the open from the bus, as we were immediately drawn to the main valley of the aspiring and unbelievable image of

astonishing sacred geometry, drawn out from upon the land in mass proportion and size, in the form of gigantic quarter-of-a-mile and concentrically-lined spheres. These series of platforms of perfectly-shaped circles of land, with one larger plateau stacked over the much smaller area, one after the other and over another, appeared to be terraces of some sort where one periphery formed steps radiating to its exterior. Such a work was none intended (evidently) for the growing of crops, but more or less planned and designed for a higher and deeper spiritual meaning and purpose. It was just merely amazing in how energy had, seemingly, flown fluidly, without restriction, and with such an ease which gravitated ever so kindly from Father Sky to the massive space which filled the opening of such a lengthened stretch of a clearance. Such a space gathered a portal of energies which manifested itself just slightly above the outer first circle, as if a broadened gateway had sat pleasantly upon its navel for the receipt and transmittal of incoming and outgoing frequency and vibration. I can see how if one were to pray or, perhaps, even to meditate upon a certain

intention or thought, how the messages could resonate even the more clearer to one's heart when such wisdom and instruction should finally come, profoundly and without restriction, upon the likes of such a place performed in ceremony or ritual.

Such greatened lengths in design and of efforts must have been placed into such, literally, ground-breaking marvels of work, representative of astonishing ancient technology. From afar from where we had stood, the magnificence of it all and how it had been created and perfectly planned out just leaves me dumbfounded and open-mouthed with staggering disbelief. As educated of an individual that I am, what I had seen before me could not have been, elaborately created by hand, chisel, and shovel, as once scientifically thought and historically assumed by Western Civilization and Culture. From what I had witnessed, before



me, was the result of the creation by some kind of large and elaborate land-breaking machinery or by way through the use of the manipulations of energy to where such accuracy and an understanding of advanced engineering or in some kind of knowledge derived from the realms of Quantum Physics was utilized for the achievement and formulation of such precise and larger-scaled ancient work. Could this theory prove to be the ever more plausible or was the manifestation of such a place created from the higher realms of multi-dimensional existence where it had slowly and gently laid itself upon the lap of Mother Earth when the time was just right?

The science, engineering, and/or manipulation of such energies have, indeed, been observed and analyzed upon the evidence marked upon the megalithic rock which had, seemingly, been molded together between the other gigantic and monumental stone that lined the very walls of Saqsayhuaman. On the other hand, the seven-to-eight foot wide rainbow inscription, or Rainbow Sun Dial, that can be seen upon one side of the Apu mountainside walls, just adjacent to the trickling waterfall at the Temple of the Uterus at Killarumiyoq, also exemplifies the use of machinery which could, perhaps, have been executed, today, by large, industrial-sized, diamond-tipped rotary blades, but did the Incas possess such tools of ingenuity? Did they utilize the tools, indeed, of a much higher power? Did they somehow combine the two together, perhaps, in respect to the inner secrets within the two worlds of physicality and spirituality? Perhaps the technologies of the Ancient World weren't as

prehistoric and as less advanced as what we, the Western World, may have perceived for the indigenous people of past civilizations to be. Such ancient societies may have even frowned upon us, if given the opportunity to look and to delve deeper into the future of Human progress.

The Ancients could quite, possibly, view the Modern World, today, as being far less advanced, quintessentially, within the realms of the marriage between Spirituality and Quantum Science in combination with the relationship between the Understandings of the Heart to the many Laws of the Universe. At the present, we are within the infancy stages of such a return to the understanding and awareness of such a heightened level of consciousness for which we, as Humanity, had once known as a whole, in climax. Indeed, we have almost forgotten about the greatness of our collaborated nature for whence the power of the ego had overcome most of our senses within the "falling from grace" from a time of a higher sense of spirituality and science.

After taking in the energies and the awe of the much larger and more popularly exhibited portion of the site, we walked even further away about sixty yards to the East, as instructed by Spirit, to that of a more, significantly, condensed but all the more rustic version of the previous. The deepened structure that we were led to by Willaro and Aluna appeared to resemble the likeness of a stadium in which the worn-torn earthen steps of its perimeter descended further by fifty some odd feet into the subfloor of this ancient coliseum of sorts. Some of the Pilgrimage members had easily taken the steps with ease while others took the descent with even greatened time and care.

Similarly, in comparison to the shape of this ancient structure which resembles a radar dish, if seen from an elevation from above, the members of the group gathered together in forming a circle at its epicenter. As we stood there within the central core of repeating concentric circles, hand-in-hand with eyes closed, we were oblivious and unaware of the increasing level of intensity that was beginning to build up and later unfold to its peak as the relationship between the surrounding landscape and of the Pilgrimage souls, called to its presence, were acknowledged by the energies resonating directly into the Heavens.

No longer was a feeling of our separateness deemed more apparent but, rather, felt with lesser esteem as one end of the circle could neither be determined nor drawn by the continuing flow of two conjugating embodiments of energy which repeatedly cycled in rotation with one energizing flow of movement rotated clockwise, while the other spun counter-clockwise in fashion from within this merkaba-like vehicle which was created by the formation of our presence, hand-selected by Spirit.

Once grounded, all within the group of twenty-four initiates became exposed to the other inundating and shifting energies which originated from Mother Earth as they shot from either end of each open-



minded soul then in crossing over and through each heart where it launched even further to the sky and onwards. Unaware of the process, most neither knew but had felt of the newly birthed changes which were activated within each subatomic particle and zero-gravitated space of every living atom possessed by our embodiments. The peak in evolution of a new sacred geometry had been manifested before us within the fabric of our own DNA where once after the seeding within our physical bodies had been planted, a brilliance and of an unrecognizable shine would touch all and amongst the others,

whom we would meet on our return from whence we had initially set sail from one week's time in passing.

Suddenly, from among his blaring and blinding magnificence, the Spirit of a Lemurian King presence had shown himself, intermittently among selected eyes throughout the group with varying interpretation, whilst crowning all twenty-six members (including myself), to the beckoning for why we had initially been called to such a place - another initiation of such rights to passage. To some, this provided the answers to the meaning of their long sought journey. To others, it was, perhaps, the start of another journey, itself, that proved even more revealing. We were essentially honored, after all of which had been travailed - The Sacred Flame of Ascension where this Endearing and of most Sacred of Flames had burned ever so brightly. It was made specific for us, from amongst an Infinite Fire derived from the Sacred Temples of Heaven. This Endearing Flame lit every torch that burned within all of our hearts, as merely throughout all of our lives with only flicker but (in the now) blisters and fumes with the greatest of utmost fervor like a raging and infernal wildfire.

As these two and most powerful of energies promulgated and twisted to and fro, simultaneously and unrelentingly in opposite directions to its very tilt, a timeless silence was heard for just an unfamiliarized moment. From my own view and perspective, I opened my eyes and was, unexplainably, prompted to do so for only a brief second when I had unexpectedly witnessed the stature of one of the other female members within the group, quicken to that of a limp. Her entire body loosened

from her control and away from the very grasp of either hand which had, once from a mere second ago, held her very hand in ceremony. With her head, still held up high, and with her arms, still spread apart likened by eagle's wings, she tilted (with spine still erect) and plunged forward, in slow-motion, straight into the earth without any resistance to any sign of bodily hesitation. Her entire body had struck the ground with a quake. It stunned me for only a brief moment from the image that I had just seen, but when my awareness had finally returned, I released both hands from either side of me from both of my fellow Pilgrimage Sister's clutch, as I, then, raced to her, along with Aluna and Raphael, to the very side of her, seemingly, lifeless body.

Her face was covered in debris and slightly blemished and scraped from the impact of her fall as we all, whom gathered along her side, tried to determine how deepened her injuries were. I instructed everyone that she shouldn't be touched to ensure the integrity of her spinal column just in the case that it had been traumatized or impaired. Another, then, nudged her ever so gently to stimulate awareness back into her body. With signs of life beginning to resurface, I noticed shortly that she started to breathe again. She inhaled then gasped for more air, then was able to catch her breath once more. On her own whim, she sat up from where she had lain within the mixture of sand and dirt and grass. She drank (then) a few sips of



bottled water as she squirmed to say something. As members of the group beckoned with concern, some spoke out with discerning question, "What is it, Honey? What is it Sweetheart?" A moment of another impending sense and still of a silence had caught and whisked our focus once more. She clears her voice with one last cough and deepened breath and mutters with envy, "I seen them. I had seen the Light from behind them. It was them." We were shocked and thrown back, but felt, surprisingly, at ease and considerably reassured from such a response. She said that she was fine with a peaceful but yet disheveled smile upon her face. As she stood up, members of the group came to greet her. She was, essentially, the spokesperson and Ambassador of our Pilgrimage group to the Ascended Masters. As such a thought had come to greet me, a peaceful calm enveloped and cradled my heart. I laughed and greeted my dear pilgrimage

sister with a hug as I thanked her and said, "Thank you sister for taking the blow for us!" She replied back with a stare; Then she laughed, cried, and smiled some more with disbelief from what I had just said. "This was a miraculous and unbelievable day, indeed." I told myself. The Masters have come to greet us – The Presence of the Twenty-Four Elders.

Day 355: September 19, 2012

The Apu Pitusiray Blessing

In the presence of the Divine Masters, Yeshua, and the Archangels, the Apu of Pitusiray had blessed us with her enlightening presence as the mists from her majesty and enlightenment in grace had rolled steadily down her mountainside peak. The Father Sun had brought upon, on his own whim, an opened window which allowed for the pouring of iridescent light to shine, steadily, throughout the valley amongst the strengthened, but most calming, of Apu mountain peaks. The pilgrimage group had once again gathered, at Noon, to receiving the glorified message which awaited ever so patiently before us, in tandem, by the accumulation of her energies as well as of the newest of Universal Energies, hand-delivered and cradled ever so



gently by these Angels, never before seen. Embraced by the Golden Armor of Wisdom, these Messengers of the Light, whilst enamored with an awe-aspiring transport of indigo-colored wings and draped with an effulgence of a greenish to cobalt hue, stood, brightly and blindingly, by her side, in protection, as a reflection of the Creator's Love and Grace.

"The Laws of Nature had now been changed," the Angels proclaimed, as made worthy of her mention from amidst her mid-sentence trance, Aluna's intimated channeling session of Yeshua's Inspiring Words of Courage and Strength. The scroll which unraveled slowly, continued on and revealed a newly created sacred geometry that differed in comparison to that which had been tattooed within all of our hearts where a diamond shaped tetrahedron had been manifested to light which had already been activated into the peak of its heightened evolution in the zero gravity spiral, devoid of time and space, within every atom of our existence. This newly birthed blueprint resounding vibrantly within all

of our DNA and fueled within the heart of the the Mother's Kundalini had been vehemently pulled in from the earth: Mother Gaia's Womb. A feeling of disorientation had been experienced, not only within our presence, but within all deemed disciple to the implanted seed.

Once pushed through the shift and wained past the membrane of remembered limitation, an age of new beginnings shall emerge, first, from amongst the tip of the Golden Spiral within the Cycle of the Creator's Intention. Preparation had been steadily formulated through the heart of minds and within the spirit, but now the body becomes the main focus of



transcendence for in every shift within the cycle, the physical realms of our realities had never been the vehicles of interdimensional transport. We cannot build from what has already been created for we must erase the memory from what has bound us to limitation. We must manifest a newer beginning within the Thirteen Codes of

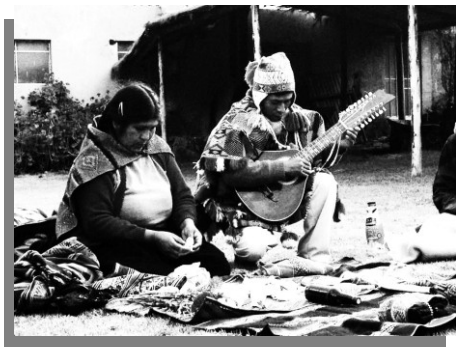
Creation where we shall forget of our own physical and planetary death. We shall abstain from the fall and rise enhanced to the heightened realms in flight. We shall falter further away from the limitations of time and space and gravity. We must be blind to the illusion of our separateness and elude deeper, perhaps, towards the congruency of our resolving Connectedness as One to the All-Knowing Source. In the Now, most importantly, the Bringers of the Dawn, the Workers of the Light, possess an encouraged and greatened strength within the beginnings of such a cycle (And yes, we are all indeed at the beginning and not of the end of such a cycle) to play, with, all of our heart's content, the capacity to co-create a reality never ever even before seen nor fathomed to manifest.

We must not reenact but newly enact the spherical constructs of the newest of our being to the next stages of our existence in spirituality, derived from the workings of our heart, and further away from the linear cycle of thought and ego. From the point when we had been tapped upon the shoulder from the hidden messages in response to the swaying away from fear and back to the epicenter of all of our worth in connection, we had always known of a deepened calling. Not only has the fear, associated with the breaking of walls to limitation, been the societal construct and the norms of doubt and of a lessened faith, but it is, from within the now, the reality of a least remembered past, for if we again begin to remember the rise of our fall, we may once again recreate the angst of our own denigration back to descent.

Day 356: September 20, 2012

A Shaman's Blessing

Sincerity and passion portrayed a deeper resolve within his work. The love within his every act, portrayed in preparation for the ceremony of blessing and prayer, diminished all within the worries and anxieties held within the group and of any resounding doubt which may have arisen from individual concern. As coca leaves had been passed from one person



to the next for ritual consumption, peace had resonated in uniformity with deepened intention. When the last of the coca leaves had been passed, another set of coca had been handed out individually by the most well adorned and mystical of shamans to having crossed our westerly sight. Possessed with such passion,

this Shaman portrayed the humblest and largest of hearts. Each member of the circle was handed three leaves for the left and two for the right hand, placed between thumb and index finger to grasp, to hold in concentration for focus as each prayer was spiritually linked and meshed to the soul of every leaf. As I sat there in content upon my knees after receipt of the sacred born foliage, I closed my eyes and found myself teetering between ritual and trance. A heavy and thwarting pull overcame me beyond the natural born senses as it descended forcefully from the crown of my esoteric body and then, therefore, promulgating straight into my heart.

The medicine man of sorts frequented his return upon my presence in three other attempts while floating to the other members within the circle in concert as he abstained from interrupting the meditative fluctuations which took me in within its wings. As my prayers and intentions had been set to subconsciously manifest, I then opened my eyes and saw that his endearing and spirited presence had brought himself back to my focus as he cradled my leaves within his



darkened and weathered palms. Tears overflowed from my eyes as he uttered, brashly but yet passionately, words derived from an Ancient Sanskrit. The all within my heart had been embraced by the love of his warmth and by the breadth of his over-encompassed blessing, made



magical yet whimsical, for the manifestation of every created prayer derived from deep within my heart. Every leaf had already been collected as mine would be the last. The conglomerate of prayers collected from among the group was made into a makeshift package of mystifying ingredients and of mystical intention where it

was hand-carried to the pit of smoke-fired kiln, stacked with smoldering soot and freshly cut lumber. As smoke intensely thwarted itself vertically throughout the air when the well-adorned and packaged coca was thrown into the flame, my body was taken in and grasped by an energy that had taken me deep within the Mother's Womb, Earth's Ethereal Core, as she resonated more vibrantly within the root of my being to the tune of the rhythmic beating of her heart, in concourse with mine. I was taken into a trance which blessed me with the blueprints of every prayer that I rooted and connected with every coca leaf deemed all the more worthy to manifest with care.

The very essence of all that had been dearly felt shook my body vigorously as it rocked fluctuating to and fro and front to back. It sparked, nearly, the very essence likened by that of a Kundalini Awakening, spoken passionately to the liking of the most high of my most higher of selves. At this very moment, I did not know of the significance of such a ceremony, but I did, in fact, feel with all of my heart and soul of its ultimate impact for which words could never define nor fathom in Spirit. Within my heart, I was cognizant and aware of what was required of me. I felt the Sacred Scroll of the Lotus unravel from within that hidden and most delicate and deepened space within my Heart. A voice from within, then, had resounded from an unexplainable origin with a mere and simple question, "Whom are you to be?" I responded back in return, "I AM."

Day 357: September 21, 2012

Machu Picchu: A Prayer Traveled from Afar

The train ride to, once and for all, the spiritually promised and highly anticipated destination of Machu Picchu, Peru filled our hearts with joy, but held within it a heightened sense of restlessness and anxiety. For



what was once dreamed as a destination, unforeseeable and perhaps even unobtainable, from among all other of destinations to see and witness before the end of one's life, would soon be an accomplishment fulfilled with a knowing that a definitive reality and of a dignified reassurance was, slowly, beginning to settle in to our

awareness. The mountains greeted and blessed us, in preparation, with every breathtaking view of its summit from the very base of each mountainside, along the continuing railway pass which strung itself through each and every range of elevated Andean terrain. The path of the railway paralleled, in direction, to the infamous Incan trail, they drew us even closer to the gravitational pull of the site's ancient power and wealth in wisdom.

Machu Picchu held, within its Akashic Memory, a remembrance of our arrival even before we had set foot upon its lush and lavish soil, blessed upon by the Masters in Spirit. She weaved a web of synchronicity that garnered the calling in vibration to the same heightened frequency of spiritual wealth for all whom have agreed to return. From what seemed to be the invariable truth of many past lives spent, our spirits had always yearned for that calling to return to such a place in



pilgrimage to where we once called home within the very heart of the Mother's Bosom. After journeying, steadily, through the trailway from within and throughout the serpentine scenic route that enthralled all of our senses by the many visages of captivating and variable Incan ruins met along the way, we finally found ourselves within the presence of

Aguascalientes. This hustling and bustling Peruvian city was established and built at the very base of the mountain which had, since, provided shelter and protection to Machu Picchu from, not only of invading ancient tribal outsiders of time's past, but also from among the surrounding South American landscape of permeating flora and lavish fauna. It cradled within its lap, the magnificence and grandeur possessed by the energy felt exuding from the remnants derived from the ancient surrounding relic landscape which spoke dearly to all of our hearts.

The lengthened hour-and-a-half excursion by train was soon followed by a more intense and breathtaking bus ride which took us cycling up the stack of age-old rubble, rock, and earth in a Kundalini



snakelike, cyclical pattern up the mountainside. It mimics, ironically enough, the very path of Humanity's own individualized journey along the long and arduous orbit through the Galactic Night and into the very Rays of Welcome of "Photonic Overture" enroute to a rendezvous back, in pilgrimage, to our Central Sun.

Every loop along each tight and narrow-pathed turn brought us even the more closer from running straight, head-on, in collision with another bus, heading in the opposite direction downhill, or perhaps even in running off of our course from the edge of the heightened cliffs off of the dirtied and dust-filled path of a road. As I closed my eyes from, increasingly, labored and taxing anxiety which started to build up to its fill, I soon became encompassed by the unexpected calm and peace which took me in by comforting reassurance provided by the Archangels, who have always stood nearby and by my side, in guidance and in protection.

Soon, within a series of minutes, we found ourselves at the entrance of the plateau which would lead us directly to this ancient site of wonder and of completion. The moment of arrival felt surreal, at its most, as if only a dream had come to settle in from the slightest sense in losing one's self from that of an awakened awareness to daydream. "I have finally come to that place," my spirit had muttered to itself. Again, as the group followed its way on out of the bus, I took a quickened and



adjourned moment to stay behind to take in all that had been experienced on the way to my destination of most final of destinations. What was I to expect? Were the appropriate preparations in spiritual evolution properly atoned for by my own will? Was I even worthy of such a rite to what had seemed to be another initiation of sorts? Soon, we would know of those very answers to unveil for itself "when the time had finally come to its ripening within its share to the unfolding of its seasonal blossom."

The shortened although arduous hike to one of the more familiar plateaued landings, however, revealed a picturesque and magical landscape which resembled, in likeness to several of the ever-more celebrated magazine backdrops and panoramic views that savors and captures the



enormity and grandeur of such a popular landmark image. In that instant, the moment captured me contently as if I had been nudged and prompted by Spirit to listen out ever-so carefully for the very next messages of revelation to unfold. After all the excitement that had transpired between hugs and cheers,

singing, smiles, laughter, and tears of intensifying sorrow and of joyfully endearing bliss, flashbacks of that very night in the psychiatric emergency room, four years since that very time, came to the awareness of my being to the present now. I remembered, at that very moment, of all the pain that was experienced. The feelings of lessened worth had took me in tremendously but the Spirit of Machu Picchu diverted all of my focus as it whimsically called upon my name, that night. The events that followed after viewing the image of that panoramic view, many years ago, of this sacred and ancient site, which carries a life of its own, led me now to this very moment. This time around, I placed my camera aside and I stood there whilst taking it all in, with awe, from the glory of its wonder. I wanted to see and view the aspiring image of Machu Picchu for myself, with my very own eyes, without the aid

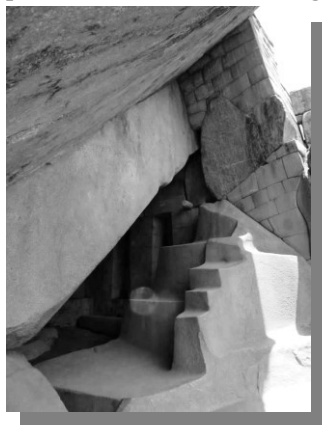


of any technological device. I did so and it was every bit and well worth each single step along the broken road to the very path of which had taken me to this – Peace and Understanding. It was like that very moment in Times Square on New Years Eve 2009. The "counting down" of the

last 10 seconds of that difficult year made it all worth the while in looking forward to the peace that I feel now, within the present, almost three years since that aspiring moment spent with the self in celebration – my rediscovery of worth and apparent Divinity from within.

Shortly, I soon departed gradually away from the group and down the long-tiered steps that led to the terrace of adjacent buildings facing the Huaynapichu peak as a reminding thought personally revealed itself to me within my own awareness, an agenda which possessed its own meaning

sought from afar. I sat before that very peak in lotus where a mud brick wall stood in separation with the exception of only a visage of its magnificence peaking through a window which invited its presence. Stored within my hidden backpack pocket lain letters carefully written with heart felt and thought out prayers signed with signatures of grace and hope. They were inscribed and written by friends and family and handed over to my possession with the simple and endearing intent to be read and recited out in prayer on top of this sacred Machu



Picchu peak. As I repositioned my body and heart and mind in coordination with Spirit in preparation for prayer and meditation, I lined up the contents contained within my medicine bag, of healing crystals and of spiritually-blessed keepsake from afar, upon the window sill of this vacant stone room, facing the Apu mountain peaks away from the Shaman's Cave. Surprisingly, the entire time that I had sat within this space in personalized ceremony, not a single soul nor wandering tourist had walked in this room. It was as if Spirit had reserved such a sacred space for me and for what was required by my own spirit to accomplish and complete. And for this, "I AM truly grateful Dear Creator for Your Love. I thank you, Dear Spirit for Your Indelible Kindness and Infinite Generosity," I declared outright to the Four Winds.

Again, as I sat there in Lotus, I situated myself onto the ground in meditation without an intention of reciting a single Mantra. I placed focus upon my heart and of the goodness of all of our intentions, from the soul of the Pilgrimage Group, in collaboration and in connection to the all of our Collective Consciousness in strength. I sat there with the intention to merely "be." Within minutes, the sacral portion of my hips began to fluctuate in clockwise fashion. Slowly, it rotated involuntarily then it hurried further in gyration in alignment to the "Om" of my own spirit. The Kundalini within my spine, which had since awakened from the very beginning of my journey, began to strengthen even further with every

minute of the ceremony as it persisted on through. The aim of my focus strayed from the fluctuations then in on over to my Third Eye, where the most vibrant of indigo color had swirled and fluctuated, in and of itself,



within my own ethereal sights with eyes closed. My hands then involuntarily met each other in Namaste as it, too, began to rotate and gyrate with fluid and even motion. My hands followed itself one after the other then met together towards my Heart Chakra, in tandem bilaterally, to my Third Eye, and over my head. The movement and flow

repeated itself for the next ten minutes, again, involuntarily upon its own whim from energies of which I possessed no explanation. Throughout this ceremony and initiation of sorts, from what it had seemed, the rotation and bodily gesturing soon slowed to that of a halt. My eyes opened then with a tear, not of sadness but that of endearing wealth and joy. My heart was filled with the riches of the most ancient of wisdom and knowledge, unexplainable with the intellect, but only understood by the makings of my Soul in connection to all other hearts as One.

After the ceremony, I read the many letters of prayer which had been blessed to me by friends, family, and of my wife (Tiffany), girlfriend at the time, but even more so importantly - My Twin Flame Love. I read her endearing letter last. It read, "I pray that gods, goddesses, and angels bless and protect my Love. I pray for the strength to get me through each day while he is gone. I pray he keeps me in his heart. Give us both the strength and courage to endure this time apart from each other so that we may (be more capable of coming)



out stronger (in union)." As I read the last and sincere words of my wife's letter, I cried tears of joy and love upon the beauty and strength of her endearing scripture while cradling her handwriting within the gentlest of grasps within the palms of my hands, drawn closer to my chest. I then presented this prayer to the Heavens, to the Creator, to the Four Winds, to the Masters, Yeshua, St. Germain, Archangel Michael, and of all of the

Divine from amongst the Legions of Angels. Shortly after, I placed it down to the earthen ground for Mother Earth to bless. She placed it spiritually so within her heart as she, too, had cried with the utmost of tears laced and laden with joy. Now, as I had been, cordially, invited into that deepened next level and most sacred and secreted of heart spaces from where no other can find such a place, I asked my heart the one single question, from which only my spirit had known for it to ask. From there, I knew of my purpose. I knew of the reasons why. I knew... simply. I knew... from within all of my heart. Spirit had, even more so, revealed the relevancy of that sacred scroll.

Day 358: September 22, 2012

An Autumn Equinox Blessing

The second day at Machu Picchu brought another day of magic and intrigue as Spirit led us to the heightened patio of rocks, perched from the Shaman's Cave, facing the Apu mountain peaks standing stout and unwavering to the winds that blown briskly from the West. We glanced and stared out, hand in hand and together in spirit once more,



toward the majestic wall of their grounding and calming grace that greeted us with opened arms and cheer. We acknowledged, again, the Apu's, more specifically the Apu of Putucusi, with gratitude and an ever-deepening sincerity as everyone within the group had closed their eyes in tandem to the blessing in celebration of a sacred Autumn Equinox ceremonial

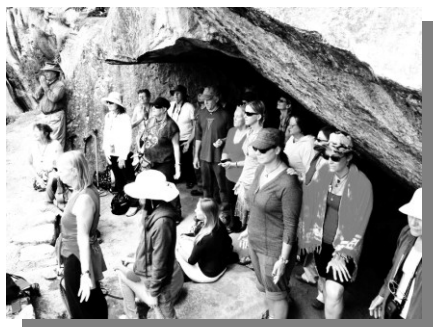
moment. The days, beforehand, which carried variegated and switching bouts of emotion, pleasantly led us to a plateau of comfort and bliss as a lighter feeling of ease embraced the group. Aluna, Raphael, and Willaru comforted us before the presence of all of the Divine and of all the welcoming energies which built itself full in togetherness. Aluna then was enveloped by an encouraging calm, as she began to unfold the enlightening messages, which slowly began to reveal itself, accordingly, to the unraveling of the Sacred Scrolls in Spirit.

A sigh of relief overcame the majority of our group, but stress and fatigue, derived from ten thousand or more footsteps traced along with mysterious bouts of inexplicable tourista, had taken a portion of the

group victim, but less taken dearly from inspiration nor spirit. Messages blowing in from the winds had traced our footsteps in reflection but had shown, dearly, of an endearing promise. During this time of Solar Wave Activation, from among the million or so Light Workers who have spanned across the World in connection, a newly birthed etheric bridge was acknowledged. It was built upon by the conglomerate of hearts collected by the persistent and tedious work manifested by the Creator, the Fifth-Dimensional Divine, the Archangels, and upon the third-dimensional strength of all the Workers of the Light whom have assisted and welcomed the "Mastery" in the Return of the "Ascended." Within every person's constant lies a portal in which we will rise together and stand as all dimensions shall be lifted at once to the opening of hearts and to the beginning of "Multidimensionality." A portion of that bridge will also provide the link to our overall connectivity in spirit as we shall find ourselves well worthy beyond any doubt and disbelief.

As a sparrow swooped in from the bifurcating Westerly Trade Winds coming through the summit, a reddened glow was observed below within the valley by some of the more sensitive within those from amongst bystanders portrayed by the willingness of their demeanor. We

then sent vehicles of our love and blessings to all of our Brothers and Sisters within the Light so that they, themselves, shall know of their destiny within the Passing of the Flame. In tandem, shall we all tap into that Universal Library of Light in obtaining the necessary literature from what can be gathered in connection to the appropriate and designated book



to one's liking for what we truly are, neither the same nor decorated similar within the right. We all possess a piece to the whole in contribution to the harmony which had been blessed upon us of the like, spread throughout the sacred sites of the world, filled with an enlightening grace. The message closed accordingly, as guided by Aluna, to the tune of songs sung by the Angels as they cradled our love with the same surrounding energies of unconditional bliss. Suddenly, we felt lighter. We were energized. We were lifted from the illusion of our Separateness. Of course, we knew we were never alone within the entirety of the whole process, but it was definitively a pleasure to hear of such confirmation – Divine Validity.

Day 359 September 23, 2012

Hike to the Sun Gate

Revered by the locals as one of the more difficult hikes up to any of the Machu Pichu mountain peak ranges, but only secondary to Huaynapichu which is significantly amongst the tallest and steepest in



comparison, is that of Intipunku, its adjacent neighboring peak. The group was, again, lead by Spirit to the Sun Gate that layed nestled within the saddle of this distinguished and heightened destination where it greeted, on the opposite end from where we had set foot, the weary among sure-footed travelers who have

gruelingly trekked the long and time-lengthened path of the infamous Incan Trail. The beginning of the path leading to the Sun Gate's saddle started abruptly with a wall of a steepened upward incline. A few, who started, failed to pursue forthright in continuation along with the rest of the eager-minded strong as the initial onset of the climb portrayed a higher level of difficulty as anticipated. The hike proved only viable to less than half of the group who were willing of such a challenge to face. Only eleven among the 26 progressed even further along the climb in tandem as black and white winged butterflies, representative of opposite forces of nature clashing in opposition, had swept through and between the vegetation that surrounded the unforgiving landscape.

The first temple encountered was one possessed by the Spirit of Pachamama where it had been profoundly adorned with individualized stacks of variably sized indigenous rock, symbolizing the many prayers brought forth with respect from a faith established among the many bold, brave enough to accepting such a challenge of enduring the lengthened trail's steepened incline. This temple displayed a stunning display of hope where rows and upon rows of differing rock



formations, stacks, and of varying rock ensembles and design, layed indefinitely and humbly upon the floor of this blessed space, by the dozens. It was rather shocking to realize that most of these beautifully

arranged stack formations of rock, held together unattached nor bound together by mud nor mortar, had persistently stayed intact, from an unknown length, only held together by gravity. But yet, I began to realize that it can have only been held together by the hope and love of the individual builder's faith. It was only from within that individual's faith from where the pieces of invariable rock can only be held firmly meshed throughout the timelessness of this sacred space. Greatened care and concern was taken in order to prevent the toppling over of the other rock foundations of prayer. I entered the shrine as I began to build up upon the foundation of my own stacks of rock, symbolic of the new beginnings that I had created for myself as a Worker of the Light, including the life that I, Tiff, and Rayne had newly established together - my endearing future wife and beloved daughter to be. Every step that we churned away with effort was a heightened prayer, that had been set for the world to manifest. Along our journey to the top, enroute to the Sun Gate, rocks of all sizes in the shape of the Sacred Heart had met us all along the way to the very top. I never witnessed such a phenomenon. Funny, how every intention and manifestation within the Heart of the Now had conjured itself quickly with every thought. Aluna was even enamored by such an occurrence. I gave her one along the trail and she received my gift with opened arms. I was honored to do so. Gently, within the slightest breadth of my voice, I whispered, "Omani Padme OM."



Day 360: September 24, 2012

The Winds of Ollantaytambo

After bidding once and farewell to the Apu's of Machu Picchu and to that within and throughout its surrounding lands, the energy level of the group had significantly dissipated. Mine had clearly been temporarily robbed of its life but none stripped of its wealth. As the days slowly started to count down to an awareness within its own reality of forethought, one may overlook the significance of the next and final stop of the journey. Half of the group chose to stay behind from fatigue and malaise while the others, whom eagerly continued on towards the base of what was known to be as the "Singing Rock" within this City of the

Winds that held the properties of dispensation and “other” worldly characteristics of astral projection. The shortened walk increasingly built our spirits up to its tolerated strength as the final blessing from the Andean Masters began to take shape rolling straight in from the Valley of the Winds. Ollantaytambo held the missing piece in collaboration to all the sacred sites visited, in summary, as it sealed the entirety from all the sacred energies collected from within us all in pilgrimage. Despite the slight fragmenting and dispensation of the group, least felt nor affected from among the spiritual realms in strength, the group members still possessed a heartened will to continue on forward. The canyons throughout this sacred site represents the three worlds and the trinity derived from the Sacred Valley of the Masters, Machu Picchu, and the surrounding villages which had lain, spread throughout the valley.



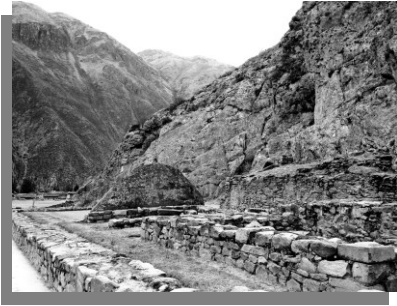
The remaining group from among the 26, again, formed a circle hand-in-hand, as the stress which had built itself up from the many days of bodily exhaustion, soon erased itself within the cycling energies that speedily took us in. Immediately, an energy had been created within the circle. It was stronger than that which had been felt from El Moray and from Machu Picchu. Once the very second would come from when I would close my eyes, it had felt as if I was on the verge of taking flight.



The energies were so intense, here, that I couldn't refrain myself from holding back from the shaking which started to overwhelm my senses. I felt the incline in strength. My fellow Pilgrimage Brothers and Sisters felt the same as they held my hand on either end of my grasp with eyes partially opened, in observance of what was going on within the trembling movements of stifling energy. Personally, I felt the strongest and the most significant, within the bulk of such energies here at Ollantaytambo. Indeed, I was puzzled by what the meaning of all of this was. Why did I have the strongest need to fly? Why did it feel like my Soul wanted to leave my body? It was an uncomfortable feeling of sorts, but at the same time, it felt like an endearing and dignified "release." Clearly, I

wasn't ready for such a feat. Maybe, perhaps, this would be the next steps to the path of my furthering spiritual Evolution.

As we gathered once more into the bus, there was one more stop along our ride back to the hotel. Spirit had guided us, once more, to the Sacred Valley of the Masters before dusk. When we arrived in return to the Sacred Valley, we stood upon the same rocks for when we had stood earlier before heading out to El Moray, we absorbed, again, the energies of the land within our own individual ways of enduring all from what had



transpired in spirit. A calm then embraced us, as we looked into each other's souls as we sang, in tandem together, "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound... That saved a wretch like me... I once was lost but now am found... Was blind but now I see." We sang the whole song at its entirety. We laughed. We cried. We hugged. We will never forget; But,

most importantly, "We... will... never... be... the... same." These were, indeed, the very words which simply had described these last few 4-5 years of my life.

From this day, on forward, we would be known, as named by Aluna and Raphael, as La Ayllu Apachekta... The "Amazing Grace" Peruvian Pilgrimage Group of 2012... and so shall it be. I love you all, dear brothers and sisters of the Ayllu Apachekta. I love you all so dearly. You have a brother, as well, within me.

Namaste.

Sat Nam.

Buddha Namō

In Lak'ech Ala Kin.

Pachumama.

Wiracocha.

As-Salaam-o-Alaikum.

Ja Jinendra.

Shalom-Alechum.

Hamazor Hama Ashobed.

God Bless.

Many Blessings.

Amen.

Day 361: September 25, 2012

In Giving Thanks: Farewell to the Lands of the Apu

All the very while, this odyssey of sorts, conjured from amongst the last three to four years of my life, have guided me to this Holy Grail of my own sense of self rediscovery. It has all led to what none, neither myself nor anyone else, could have ever even fathomed to manifest into this known existence of such a miracle. Who would have even imagined, within those very years, that I was ever capable enough of possessing the



know-how, the patience, the drive, nor of the courage to achieving the level of creativity and wisdom at which is required to writing within the heightened capacities of this book? Who could have even marveled at the fact that I was, potentially, capable of crossing the very finish of a lengthened full marathon run, nor could I even

fathom that I'd ever be able to love again, let alone the likes nor even the possibilities of a Twin Flame Love? How was I ever to know that the mere glancing upon the inspiring images of those Andean mountain peaks, upon the very pages of a magazine article, would have ever physically led me, in Pilgrimage, to the very doorstep of its awe-inspiring magnificence? Never once did I believe that any of this would have ever transpired before the start of my journey, in 2009, when all that I had seen before me was darkness, pain, suffering, and loss. Until the moment when I had been able to forgive, to accept, to release, and then to finally love the wonderful person, for which "I AM," is when the change, from within me, began to take itself into a different form and shape.

I send thanks and all the many wonderful blessings to those from among the many teachers, whom have either inspired and uplifted me to unfathomable heights or who have weighed upon me heavy while sending me into the depths of an uncharted abyss. Along these journeys, it is not only the prosperity which has proven to being the blessing, but rather the obstacle has also played to parallel its mirror image in disguise. If one would neither experience their own demise in enduring the awakening of their own and profound truths, how would he or she be able to know of their capacity to stand? How would they have ever learned to elevate to that of a higher plane if they had neither known of their capacity to fall?

How would they have ever known to appreciate the exuberance of the light if they, themselves, would have never dwelled nor plummeted within the depths of their own abyss, laden within the pith of their own darkness?

We probably would have never experienced what we were always meant to learn from heights deemed far from what we could have garnered in from truth. This has always been the purpose and the ideal of the human experience upon these earthly plains. Once an archetype to one's existence is determined and set, we are to overcome and achieve the mastery of such elements associated with such a blueprint to the Creator's Design. Then, shall we know of the ultimate intent deemed the very path to the elevation of spirit back to Source.

Now, we must break free from the Karmic Wheel of Life in acknowledging what has been learned from all the lives for which we have crossed and possessed. We must release from the duality of things and bring ourselves closer in return to the oneness of a remembrance to the Unity Consciousness of the Heart. It is time for the abundance and prosperity of all of our collected worth to take into its shape as we realize the nonexistence of potential but in the knowing of our own ultimate capacity to limitlessness and as we become the co-creators of our profound and elaborate Truths. We are willing, well-worthy, and deserving of such a right. It has all been, essentially, the act of the Creator's Design. I AM thankful and humbly honored to be showered by the heightening energies and Divinely-Enamored Blessings of such an alchemical Change.



I give thanks to you, Archangel Michael, and from among all the Archangels, Angels, and the Legions of the Divine of the Elohim for Yours and of Their Endearing and Inspiring Messages of Faith and of Positive Light. Dear Yeshua and Dear St. Germain, I thank You dearly and from amongst all the Masters, amidst the Hierarchy, for Yours and of Their Indubitable Strength, Wisdom, Guidance, and Love along this miraculous journey for what we call "Life." Lord, Almighty Father and Creator, I AM deeply grateful and further humbled and honored and blessed by Your Love. I Love You with all of my heart, with all of my soul, and of all of my will. I AM open and well-deserving to all the Abundance and Bliss which shall Bless me upon my way, as I bless and give strength, the same, upon all the souls and the very paths for which

may come way, in tandem. Lord, please Bless this very book with all the newest of heightened energies and of Initiation, from amongst the Warmth of an Invitation to this New World of Coherence from within the Heart, with the Divine Intention to bring upon the reader, the Elevated and Blessed Peaks and Vibrations of an Evolved, Elevated, and Unified Consciousness to Awakening. May we all return, blissfully and lovingly, back to our Home in Spirit to the Calm and Loving Nature of a Heavenly and Sacred Heart. Amen.

Day 362: September 26, 2012

The Joys of Awakening

Yes, the Awakening of Humanity's Consciousness is a very challenging but yet a truly enjoyable and rewarding experience. I believe that the ultimate enjoyment for me in such a line of work, lies from within the actual reaction, in and of itself, when you (The Awakener) are to become the very first and initial witness to the change within the eyes of the very souls for whom you are aiding to assist in the heightening of their own and uninhibited truths to evolved awareness. As an apportionment to the conclusion of this chapter within the journey, I would like for you to join me, in either meditation or intention, to the energies and heightened vibrations of the Gayatri Mantra, a highly revered mantra based upon the Vedic Sanscript verse from a hymn of the Rigveda, attributed to the rishi Vishvamitra – The Truest Meaning of Reaching the Pinnacle of Spiritual Glory Through Service to Humanity

The Gayatri Mantra

Sanskrit:

Om Bhū Om Bhuvāha Om Svāha

Om Mahā Om Janāha Om Tapāha Om Satyam

Om Tat Savitur Varenyam

Bhargo Devasya Dhimahi

Dhiyo Yonaha Prachodayat

(Let us adore the Supremacy of that Divine Sun, the Godhead whom illuminates all, who recreates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must

return, whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress towards the Lord's Holy Seat.)

Intention:

It is believed that by chanting the Gayatri Mantra and firmly establishing in in the mind, if you carry on your life and do the work that is ordained for you, your life will be full of happiness.

Instruction:

Recite this mantra "108" times. The chakras are the intersections of energy lines, and there are said to be a total of 108 energy lines converging to form the heart chakra. One of them, sushumna leads to the crown chakra, and is said to be the path to Self Realization.

Day 363: September 27, 2012

For Now... I Shall (Be the Book)

It is quite an accomplishment, indeed, to write and publish your own book, but even more of a feat when one is able to utilizing the very philosophies of that book into practice. Taking into consideration that the majority of the writing within these very pages had been performed shortly after meditation or when I was capable of taking myself into that sacred space within my heart, the information that is written is pulled, again, from a source for which draws us together in connection. It is channeled energy. This is where the purity of all of our hearts is tied in together to the unity of all truths. This is the place where we are at our most intimate. The connections we possess dear to our hearts is where we are at our closest in relationship to what we've already established , time and time again, with our Maker. It is within one world to write and, perhaps, to even read from a book, but it is from the likes of only another from which the very contents and inspirations of that book is lived fruitfully and willingly from



the heart... to thrive. We must openly and wholeheartedly place philosophy into practice. God Bless All of Us. I Love You all so dearly. Sat Nam.

My Conclusion

My Conclusion: Ten Months Later (August 1, 2013)

Funny, I was taken back with awe, just now, in remembrance to the positive omen experienced by the both of us, last week on Wednesday, July 24th, 2013, almost ten months after experiencing Machu Picchu, when I and my dear Wife, Tiffany, had taken a bus ride tour out to Chichen Itza, Mexico for one of our “Destination” Honeymoon Excursions. Yes, this special and most certainly beautiful, witty, and considerably adorable woman who I met at the Drum Circle, a year ago, had become to be my bride to be, my best friend, my traveling cohort, and Kindred Spirit at Heart. The mere thought of it all truly puts a smile to my face, for I also realized that I completed two of my Bucket List items (**Figure 1.**) from out of the ranks of this infamous itemization of thought-provoking importance. For the past three to four years, this dream list of sorts had evolved itself into near completion.

Figure 1. **The Bucket List:** **(Top Eleven)**

1. Finding and Falling in Love with My
Twin Flame Love (CHECK)
2. Returning to San Francisco:
Hawk Hill. (CHECK)
3. Writing a Book and Self-Publishing it. (CHECK)
4. Written Work Published in a Magazine. (CHECK)
5. Machu Picchu, Peru. (CHECK)
6. Chichen Itza, Mexico. (CHECK)
7. Crossing the Finish Line of a
Full Marathon Race. (CHECK)

8. Times Square New Years Eve. (CHECK)
9. Sedona, Arizona on 11/11/11. (CHECK)
10. Grande Canyon: South and West Rim. (CHECK)
11. Living the Example and Being an
Inspiration to Others.

In turning back the pages, numbers one and six of that list, consists of finding and in rediscovering the essence of my Twin Flame Love and in traveling out to the Yucatan, with such a Kindred Soul, in additionally being blessed by the energies of Chichen Itza, Mexico. What better way could it have all transpired when, indeed, I was honored to share and experience the both of these endearing and most wonderful of happenings, whom and which had unexpectedly walked into my life, during this precious and life-changing moment in time, the completion of the Piscean Age and the very beginnings of the Aquarian. Wisdom Keepers and olden Teachers of Truths have always made mention of the fact that Twin Flame and Kindred Spirits of Hearts would one day come together upon the masses, again in reunion, during these very times of changing times. “How shall every kindred counterpart of the other should ultimately know of their Twin Flame Truths to their connection in validation?” if one should ask. It is when such an attraction should so feel to be that “ever-the-more intensifying” and almost unbearable to even admonish, for the emotion and the gratification of such a bond only builds and builds with so much fervor. Such an attraction had always been felt between the two of us, and so shall it be made to manifest even further into bliss.

Furthermore, during the end of this two-and-a-half hour bus ride trip to the Yucatan from Quintana Roo, a province within that region where we stayed for that week, we happened to randomly look up into the brightened blue skies, of that morning, through the windows of the tour bus, just minutes before arriving to our destination, when we encountered the formation of perfectly formed clouds, pressed together into this “never-before-identified” and oddly shaped configuration.

These clouds possessed some of the most strangely fashioned and most peculiarly pronounced of sharpened corners that I had ever witnessed, in cloud formations, within clear and plain view. Now, right angles in nature just generally do not exist, and if they do exist, well, it is most certainly a rarity to find. The following photo for which I have before you **(Figure2.)** was the actual image that we had seen right after it soon started to unravel and dissipate before our very own eyes within the backdrop of the surrounding clear and brightened Mayan skies. The shape of the image and its sharp right-angled corners was even more pronounced, just seconds before the clouds started to break up from clear view. But the captured image, luckily enough, still portrays the very point of which I am about to profoundly describe and explain. When we first viewed the formation of these strangely configured cloud patterns, that boldly stood out from the surrounding skies, we were immediately pummeled into a state of wonder, bewilderment, confusion, and of disbelief.



Figure 2.

It was as if someone had traced the image of a Mayan hieroglyph, with the use of a cloud-making device, taking the very likeness of such an image, and in then superimposing the exact proportions of that view upon the very canvass of those brightened blue skies! We were just amazed and enamored with such wonder! At the time, we weren't even nearly cognizant of neither what resemblance it portrayed, its significance, nor of its specific meaning. I remembered vividly that we had snickered to each other, while taking into mind that maybe, perhaps, we could be witnessing

the miracle of synchronicity coming into play from among the strange and bizarre features of what we had actively seen to witness.

Then, we remembered that the two individuals, who provided the guided tour, passed out a few of the laminated hand-outs **(Figure3.)** to all of the passengers within the bus, of the same drawn-over and enhanced image which bore a strong and striking resemblance to what we had seen in those skies through the windows of that bus. The guides passionately described that its very likeness, in pertaining to the handout, clearly represents the notion and symbolism of Infinity, the Universe, the Spirit of Wiracocha, the Mayan Feathered Serpent Spirit of Quetzalcoatl, also known as the very Flame of Christ Consciousness.

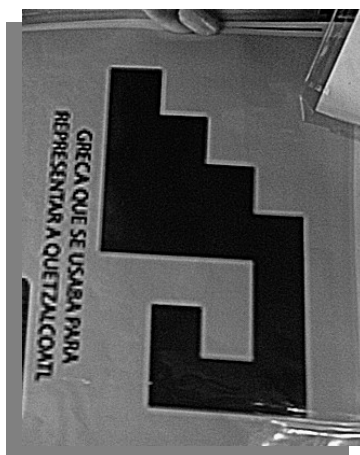


Figure 3.

Yes, the moment of revelation had come to me when she mentioned the "Flame of Christ Consciousness." In further glancing back throughout all my memory from the very content matter of which had riddled the many journal entries of my book, the words of "Flame" and "Christ Consciousness" had been made mention throughout several of the paged moments within this Memoir. Truly, I was never conscious of the significance of these particularly fashioned writings of the heart when it pertained to such a concept or philosophy. I could never fully describe why I had even written of such content as it had subconsciously been made to be more relevant and accommodating to such synchronistic

subject matter and experiences laden deep throughout this book. It merely resonated within me, without question. By all means, it all had been acknowledged and written straight from the heart.

Now, because of the fact that we were bombarded, by the guides, with so much detailed information from their explanations of such fascinating symbolism, involved with this ancient site for which we were about to experience, we had already forgotten what we previously witnessed, of course, then proceeded out with everyone else on the tour, as we exited from the bus to peruse on over to the ancient and sacred site of Chichen Itza. We were so excited and thrilled to experience such a blessing together! Tiffany's growing love for the thrill of Sacred Ancient Sites began to intrigue me even further with the wonder which began to elevate within her spirit through her glimmering eyes.



Figure 4.

The First Stop was the El Castillo or El Piramide de Kukulcan, the infamous and most celebrated of ancient structures from amidst the Yucatan. "Impressive, indeed, by all means," I muttered to myself, but what had ultimately nudged my awareness and what truly caught my eye was that one of the wall inscriptions, pointed out by our tour guides, resembled the same and exact cloud formations that we previously observed from those Mayan skies, and from among the very images handed out, earlier in the bus that morning. This hieroglyph, in particular, so passionately focused upon and described by the guides, ran along the

length of the walls leading away from the step pyramid and onto the Primordial Ball Court of the Maya where they, once, competitively played the likes of such an ornately done and uniquely orchestrated sport, a ballgame performed not for entertainment and leisurely activity, but essentially utilized for blood sacrifice, instead.

The next view (**Figure4.**) portrays the actual image of a hieroglyph, found inscribed alongside the Mayan walls in Chichen Itza, photographed for your own viewing pleasure. On the other hand, another image (**Figure5.**) is a symbolically drawn representation of an artist's rendition of that same and exact hieroglyph. Now, can you see the parallel likeness between the essence of these two images as it relates to the cloud formation, witnessed upon those Mayan morning skies? "AMAZING resemblance isn't it?"

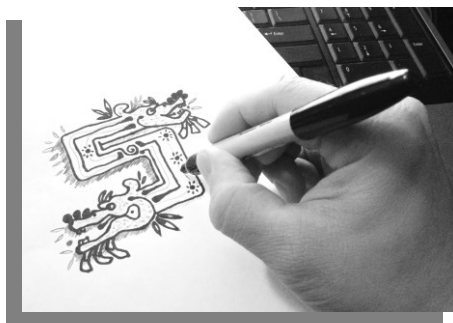


Figure 5.

"Coincidence? Well, you be the judge," but as for me, I've seen too many "synchronicities" and oddities within my own life to well consider upon the vastness and overwhelming meaning of such weight, that to merely discredit or to even discount what we had miraculously witnessed here, first hand between I and my Wife, in any way, shape, fashion, nor form, would severely be an INJUSTICE to the Human experience. It wasn't a "heart" in the sky, nor that of a "face" nor to even that of "fluffy teddy bears" that we genuinely witnessed here. Instead, we had seen before our very eyes the image of right angles and of sharpened geometric corners which bore resemblance to the significance of the presence of "Quetzalcoatl" or the anticipated and so-called Return of the

"Christ Consciousness." An acknowledgement to the Sacred Geometry of sorts, in consciousness, had been witnessed before our very eyes. Now, at that very moment, together, we knew why we had come to such a sacred place and why we were synchronistically meant to come together in union, during these times of Awakening.

Whatever energies we exuded from ourselves, either subconsciously or consciously, had attracted onto itself the very same frequencies for which had brought us together to such an enlightening place of Truths. Furthermore, for whatever energies that we have gathered here in Spirit from such a sacred site, we would also bring home to our loved ones and friends, in tandem, upon our blessed return to Northeastern Ohio after our Honeymoon vacation.

According to the Maya, the Human condition, as we currently speak of today, possesses from what they've symbolically refer to as the indelible "Jaguar Spirit." It carries the lowered frequencies of the ego. When we are to ascend into the higher vibrations of Consciousness from that of the ego, the "Jaguar Spirit" where fear and judgement rule, we elevate towards the energies of an awareness to that of an "Eagle Spirit" in Consciousness, which on the other hand possesses no ego. The "Eagle Spirit" encompasses the realms of only the Heart, of Love, of Truth, and of Awakening. On the other hand, if we are to evolve towards an entirely different step far and into the beyond, we would encompass the realms of the Feathered Serpent Spirit of Quetzalcoatl!

According to the Maya, December 21, 2012 was not a Dooms Day Date, as advertised and marketed by the popular media, but essentially marks, rather, the completion of a cycle and the beginning of a new and brightened age to follow. We are currently, now, within the beginnings of this new period or rotation, of sorts, a Golden Age to the next and brightened steps of our evolution in Consciousness. Our existence occurs, not in a linear fashion, as what we were once taught to believe, but in cycles.

Furthermore, the goal to Ascension, according to the Maya, is within the reaching of heights towards the realms of that Infinity, Wiracocha, and Christ Consciousness. It can be obtained through what

they had often referred to as the Return of Quetzalcoatl, of Christ Consciousness, the Feathered Serpent of Unity, Oneness, and in the Connection to the All. According to Quantum Physics, we can relate to all of this in reference to living from within that Universal Field of Energy in Connection through all of our hearts as ONE. The truest power that we all possess is derived from our connection for which we can all obtain in awareness as ONE, through all of our Hearts. The illusion "Lies" within our Separateness. The "Truth" confides ultimately within the "Coherence" of all of our Hearts in connection.

The Serpent, in Mayan culture, does not represent any evil of sorts which can be easily distorted and erroneously deciphered and misinterpreted by many other religions throughout the world by way of fear, of ego, nor of illusion, but rather it represents the Kundalini Energy within all of our very beings which must be "Awakened" in order for Humanity to evolve into a higher state of awareness of this HEART Consciousness, so to speak.

Now, our Wedding Date of 7/20/2013, when broken down into its basic root number, according to Numerology, we come up with the Number 6. The Number 6 represents the Planet Venus. Ironically, it further represents MARRIAGE. "And there were set these six water pots of stone for the wedding feast" (John 2:6). A wedding represents Love, as so does the Number 6, at its most blissful state in Earthly Consciousness. "This number symbolizes Universal Love, for out of the sorrows of personal love, the soul awakens to the higher life which leads to Illumination." Jesus' first miracle was when he had changed the six pots of water miraculously into wine. Now on a personal note, I and my Wife, Tiffany, had never initially picked out our wedding date for ourselves. As a matter of fact, the date was picked out, appropriately enough, by Tiffany's pendulum, for which I had bought for her as a keepsake from one of the shaman shops in Cuzco, Peru.

Funny enough, the connection and the synchronicity further continues where a few meters away from the El Castillo lies the Plataforma de Venus, also named and known as the Venus Platform, which also reminded me of its significance when I was blessed upon the

very passing of the Transit of Venus, on the 5th of June 2012, in Adams County, Ohio upon the sacred grounds of the Great Serpent Mound. Ironically, inscribed and frequently laden throughout the very platform walls of its precipice, of the Plataforma de Venus, are the carvings of Eagles, symbolically, grasping within their claws the essence of the Human Heart which is, indeed, a depiction of the Eagle Spirit, while claiming the very right, away from the ego, to the next stages of Human Evolution: Living within the HEART. This is a common theme and message, inspired by the Vedas, the Aborigine's, Native American Prophecy, African Tribal Folklore, Tibetan Sanscript, and in Ancient Polynesian and Kahuna Dance & Oral Traditions, just to naming a few, which have been relinquished by the Ancients through all of this time from where it has now reached the very peak of its significance. This is essentially the Spirit of Lemuria resurfacing to air from amongst it's deepened sleep. Quetzalcoatl and Christ are the archetypes of spiritual and cultural renewal, whom have vowed to return at the end of history, are associated with the planet Venus. The return of Yeshua and of Quetzalcoatl signifies the return of Christ Consciousness, our multidimensional wholeness and of our reconnection to the Universe, to Self.



According to the prophecies of Quetzalcoatl, the world for which we live today is derived from the Fifth Sun. The Fifth Sun is the Nahui Ollin, the sun of change and movement. The Fifth World, symbolizes the purification of consciousness in the furnace of matter. Toward the end of the Fifth World, the Earth shall seize a greatened yearning for Unity. The Return of Christ Consciousness will give birth to a new and purified Humanity whose Consciousness will be luminous and whole. This is the actual meaning of the Prophecy of Quetzalcoatl's Return. Quetzalcoatl is also depicted as the merging of Heaven and Earth. According to Buddhism, Christ Consciousness can be similarly related to the "Buddha Nature." In Hinduism, it is often referenced to the "Kutastha Chaitanya."

Now, the conclusion to this very story shouldn't reach the climax from amongst a stir of such an unraveling in revelation of sorts, without the additional wonder and magic of furthered synchronicity, sacred geometry, and of numerology to follow suit. This evening, I strongly possessed such an urge to purchasing another book for my reading pleasure, which would later be added to my collective library of other endearing books of wonder and of inspiration, so then I made an unplanned trip to the bookstore. Often, when I feel the urge through intuition to act, or pray, or even to merely stand patiently within my own silence, I listen. I inherently try to interpret the messages that are actively being relayed to me in Spirit, not from words so to speak, but from symbols, numbers, miracles, and of synchronicities. This evening, the message came in through a deepened pressure within my heart for knowledge and wisdom. It also came in the form of ancient symbolism and numerology. As I strolled down the several aisles to reaching the very



book section for which I often frequented in the past, the first book that caught my eye was one, entitled, "Numerology and the Divine Triangle by Faith Javane and Dusty Bunker," but the title, in and of itself, wasn't what had primarily caught my attention. It was the image of the Divine Triangle, itself, upon the front cover of this book that spoke to me even further with revelation, as its root image paralleled the exact proportions of that same and exact cloud formation for which had taken up those magical Mayan skies that Honeymoon Day, just merely from only a week ago, as portrayed in the following photographs. Can you clearly see the relationship between **Figures 6 and 7**, between points A thru E?

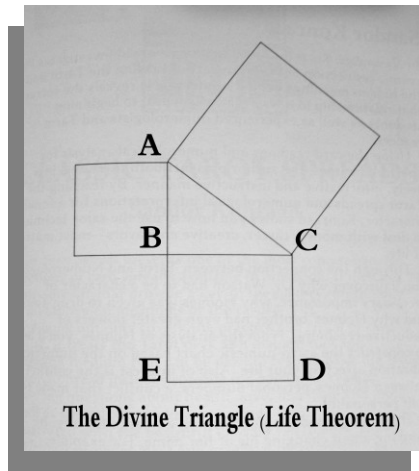


Figure 6.

From amongst the points or corners of the Quetzalcoatl cloud formation, if superimposed or placed over the same aligning vertices of the Divine Triangle, between A thru E, you can clearly distinguish a profound and identifying relationship between the meaning and value placed within the Quetzalcoatl symbolism and the sacred geometrical blueprint of The Divine Triangle or Pythagorus' Life Theorem, so to speak.

The underlying premise of this book describes the meaning within our lives that we can all, truly and wholeheartedly, discover on our own when we are to incorporate Numerology with Sacred Geometry and with the theological concept of Pythagorus' Divine Triangle. According to Faith Javane and Dusty Bunker, the essence of how our lives are designed to be, in accordance to the All Mighty Creator's Blueprint, can be outlined in sequence to the Divine Triangle, a metaphysical and philosophical construct as orchestrated and formalized by Pythagorus, the Father of Mathematics and most commonly remembered as the originator of the Pythagorean Theorem. The Pythagorean Theorem states, "The square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides." "Pythagorus used the right triangle as a representation of the Universe; It was his Eureka (moment)... However, Pythagorus was primarily a mystic and a philosopher. He believed that 'all things are

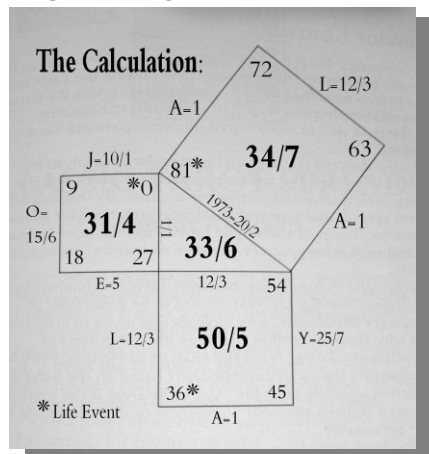
numbers' and that numbers represent spiritual entities whose presence is felt in all existence," Dusty Bunker explains.



Figure 7.

Within his book, Dusty Bunker further suggests, "The Divine triangle (or the Life Theorem), used as a blueprint of one's life, reveals, step by step, from birth to death, what that life should express, indicating the potentials and pitfalls by a series of numbers from 1 to 78."

As I had performed the math and incorporated the details of this Sacred Geometry for myself, according to the guidelines of this Life Theorem, I began to immediately discern the parallels between what I had found and to the highlights and markers of my own experiences in life. I discovered that the central theme of my existence, for which was embraced by the central portion of the right triangle, essentially the root theoretical construct and foundation for my specific blueprint in design, was the Arcana



or the Personal Number Vibration of "33/6." From this blueprint, I also discovered that one of the periods of my life for which a significant change or Life Event would occur would be, surprisingly enough, at the

very moment of my birth. Now, in reflecting back within this memoir, I mentioned previously that within the very same minute when I was conceived, my Great Grandmother, Consolacion, had passed away and had moved on to be with the Lord. To many spiritualities and cultures, especially within the Filipino culture, such an occurrence has proven, many times on end, to be a significant and thought provoking happening within the meaning of people's lives. As to the precise meaning, I am uncertain, but I do know from within my heart that it carries a much broader and more profound meaning for which I will, most certainly, discover when the time is right.

The other life changing moment, as described by the outline of my Divine Triangle, once calculated, would be at the age of 36, which is when I was first awakened upon this spiritual journey of self rediscovery within the presence of the energies of freedom and justice on New Year's Eve, in Times Square (New York), December 31st 2009. In an attempt to describe this particular vibration of the 33/6, Dusty Bunker further states, "As a personal number vibration, 33 is the third master number. It is considered an upper octave of VENUS, a love vibration raised to the highest level of compassion. It is called the CHRIST VIBRATION (Yes, the Christ Vibration) because the title Saviour reduces to 33... It requires self-sacrifice and sometimes martyrdom (Quetzalcoatl). You are a TEACHER of teachers. You are required to spread your light and you must be willing to sacrifice for others or for your ideals. You are responsible for some special task; You have accepted this mission with conviction and an unflattering steadfastness... With your courage and tireless energy, you INSPIRE others to follow your leadership. You show bravery in difficult situations and maintain your position regardless of consequences. You accept the burdens placed upon you with patience and forbearance, without expectation of reward or even appreciation. You may experience a CRUCIFIXION of emotions... Accept your responsibilities with a LOVING HEART and possess enough of the courage from the good service you are performing. The energy and strength you need will be available. Adhere to your principles in the face of all opposition, and the Law of Karma, as always, will repay in equal measure... Your Life Path of the 33/6 encompasses the Tarot Symbolism of "The Seven Wands." For which six wands are already planted, which means that six senses (the sixth being intuition) are developed; And the

seventh , the ability to leave the body at will, is being planted, or developed (The Doppelganger Effect). He or she is a figure whom represents a person who is willing to work hard without thought of self, for he is dressed simply and WORKS ON A BARRON HILLTOP (Cathedral Rock, Sedona). He cares little for the luxuries of the world; He is interested only in HIGHER DEVELOPMENT - SELF-SACRIFICE and determination to give SERVICE (Motivational and Public Speaking/ Quantum Mindfulness Radio) to others are his goals. Sometimes this is a martyr's card."

This spiritual reading of sorts, derived in and of itself from this book, had proven to be the validation that was required from my own spirit. It had all been guided by the Divine in Spirit for me to open-handedly acknowledge and to rightfully receive with opened arms. Indeed, I AM humbly thankful, blessed, and honored for such an Enlightening Message of Inspiration.

The Wheel of Life turns and it, now, comes back onto itself, again from within the cycle, into the form of this New and Golden Age of Positive Light, Feminine Warmth, and of Spiritual Unity. The inheritance of Christ Consciousness essentially weakens and tears the very walls of all religion, when Man should evolve into the cognizance of such dignified Truths, but it goes beyond the limitations of religion in ending the insanity of separation. From within an awareness to such an awakening is birthed a New Heaven and of an Earth into being, formed and cultured from amongst the energies of this Newest Age of Spirit where we are now more than able to recognizing the Divinity within ourselves.

This is essentially what the "Buddha Nature" symbolizes and embraces to no avail, as it describes that God and Man are of One, as spirit and matter are now in the becoming of One, and as spirituality and religion shall also combine together as One, a newest sense of respect, of awareness, and of being. The Essence of such an endearing Message is derived from the most Ultimate of Truths as represented by the Love and Passion of Yeshua, the Divine Seal of Muhammad, the Joyous Song of Krishna, and the Awakening Reform of Akhenaton. Each religion is

designated as one path to the very TRUTH. This Truth, indeed, is derived from the most pure of energies from amidst the simplicity unveiling from the very Flower of the Lotus, as portrayed by the Soul of the Buddha. Indeed, this is essentially the truest message envisioned by the Heart of Quetzalcoatl. As we had always been deemed worthy of such an Enlightenment, these most enlightened of Souls, whom have stood out from amongst the many Masters cooperatively possessing the very Flame of Christ Consciousness, are among the first form of many brethren from of the like. We are merely no different nor far from the deserving of such said truths. Christ Consciousness is the Eternal Reconciliation of all things through the Hand of the Creator, our Almighty God in Spirit. Love is all that there is. Love is the epicenter of all religions and of all Truths. It is way beyond religion, further beyond politics, and is considerably uncontrollable beyond the clutches of governmental rule.

Holders of the Olden Paradigm are grasping and in holding on further, tightened, upon a dying and crumbling existence of war, of hunger, of separation, of loss, of a dependence upon a failing system, fear, and of an illusion of which the world is no longer subservient to, nor abiding furthermore into the likeness of its denigration. Again, as one, from among the ranks of such an olden world, shall resist, THEN from what shall be the central focus of that resistance, shall all come to RESIST, back in return to the sender, thus releasing him or her from the very clutches of such a reality. Such an existence for which has been persistently known to invoke the likes of a rather fearful and deceptive nature, shall all now be on the verge of inevitable extinction... for it, nonetheless, fails to continue to serve the very hearts and like-mindedness of its co-creators.

Essentially, Christ lives within us all. The Spirit of Quetzalcoatl thrives throughout all our very souls. The Flame of Christ Consciousness burns feverishly within all of our Hearts! The very Essence of God lives and breathes, not only from within, but throughout from all and amongst our very being. We must ignite the very Flame of Christ Consciousness from one candle to the very next, from one person to the very next. We, in connection, are all the embodiment of that anticipated Return of Christ

Consciousness... for it lives from inside of us all... through all of our HEARTS!

In looking back, I remember thinking frequently with concern, throughout the many stages, that I had the most difficult of times in attempting to figure out how I would, essentially, complete the final pages of this book; But after witnessing what I and my Wife had experienced in Chichen Itza, there was no question as to how this inspirational work would end. Consolacion, my Great Grandmother, was right from all of this time. "It will all come to you when the time is right."

"And, yes, it has, Dear Consolacion. Dear Great Grandmother, it was all revealed to me when I had least expected it the most, from within."

Now, as I part with you, the reader, on a "Positive Note" and in a state of wonder and magic, I leave you with the 11th and remaining item from amongst the list of aspiring accomplishments, The Bucket List, for which I had designated for myself for all of these inspiring years. Number 11, within this list, clearly states, "Living the Example and Being an Inspiration to Others." I humbly pray that I was enough of an example to being just that... an INSPIRATION... a TEMPLATE! Now, you can also be the very source of that Positive Light for all others to follow. We're all in this together. We are all as ONE. I thank you so very dearly for sharing this experience with me. Now, shine the Divinity from within you, as you spread your... Sacred... and... Alchemic Light! I Love You ALL! Dear Brethren of the Like! Dear Souls of this Precious Light!

And so shall it be...
the Beginning of the New

Author Interview

Exclusive
Author Interview
with Wonderlance
Magazine

by Syl R. Martin
www.wonderlance.com

November 12, 2013

“On the eve of another reluctantly anticipated new year to come in December 2008, I was 35 years of age, significantly overweight at 249 pounds, stagnant, bewildered, confused, and plagued with one health problem to the next. I was at a crossroads during those beleaguering times and I was living a life with such delineating faith, doubt, and uncertainty. I was poorly self-esteemed and had found myself in an utterly deepened state of depression and anguish, but in reflecting back, it brings a smile to my face in knowing that every struggle and denigrating life changing event, which had strayed me even further from the mark, were all required and truly meant to be within the process.” (The Book of Positive Light: Remembrance of the Heart)

Joel Ayapana, a psychiatric nurse for over ten years, found out by himself what most of his patients already knew: Darkness lies within. On the journey across the desolated landscape of his own hell, he also came to experience another Truth: Light also lies within.

Today, November 12, 2013, is his debut as a professional writer with the title: **‘The Book of Positive Light: Remembrance of the Heart’**, which is not another New Age self-help book; It is a first-person experiential account of what *Positivity* really means and how it works as a bridge across our most real nightmares. It is also a literary delight, for Ayapana makes use not only of the vulnerability and raw pain felt by his own heart in this true tale of redemption and triumph but also of his obvious skill as a writer for whom words are both brushes and vehicles, as

he unravels both the painting of his life scenery and the passage through which the reader becomes the painter of his own. Ayapana, loyal to his core purpose, continues to devote his life to nursing and nourishing souls, only that now he is expanding his reach beyond physical presence.

WONDERLANCE:

Joel, you're a citizen of the United States of America, but your surname hints at a very different origin. In the past few years, uncovering one's genealogy has become a passion for many and there are even TV shows where celebrities are taken on that journey of discovering their own history roots. It seems that knowing where one comes from has a profound effect upon the perspective from which one reflects on one's life and not long ago you commented in social media that it was something you yourself deemed important. What's the history of the Ayapana surname and where did its origins take you?

JOEL AYAPANA:

Funny that you had brought the interesting subject matter of genealogy as your very first question for this provocative interview. Exploring into the very roots of my own family lineage was far from what I had intended to encounter when it came down to writing this book, but it was an unexpected occurrence for which was almost a requirement, synchronistically discovered, within the whole process of self rediscovery. When I had "Googled" the name "Ayapana"... I realized that it was far from what I had assumed for it to be.

One may think that the name, just from the sound of it, exudes the roots of a denoted Hawaiian civilization and nomenclature. Let alone, may one have even assumed that it, indeed, holds it's purest links possessed from centuries and upon centuries past leading to the olden memory of Filipino island tribal existence, but the name, leading down to its deepest of origins, traces back even further to the lands of Peruvian culture. This surprised me significantly and had also left me in awe, for the book was essentially about the many events which would later guide me, ironically enough, to the very heart of these Peruvian lands in Pilgrimage during the final stages of the book.

Not only does the Ayapana name draw an extraordinary connection to the Ayapana triplinervous, a well known herbal root within the Peruvian region, not indigenous to the Philippines, and utilized throughout by local shamans for medicinal purposes from amongst the Amazon of South America; But its origination is clearly derived from the very ancient lands and peoples of ancient Incan Peru.

In summary, the AYAPANA name is not indigenous to the Philippines (Maharlika) from what had always been assumed, but is (indeed) strongly tied to Incan and Peruvian sub-culture. Now, the question still remains: How did the AYAPANA name travel from extreme long distances far and away from the highly revered and fabled lands of Peru, within the deepest jungles of South America, by way through thousands and upon thousands of miles of Pacific Ocean to then arrive amidst the string of connecting Archipelago Philippine Islands? Could there have been a land mass for which had connected the two together before even such evidence of continental drift was ultimately made evident and true? Was there a significant amount of trade which could have existed, during the 13th and 14th centuries, along the Pacific which could have encouraged an increased interaction from amongst these differing peoples and cultures? Is there, indeed, a more profound connection (here) which persists where the two countries, perhaps, are derived and affiliated from amongst the origins of the same ancient source? The answer didn't arise anymore the clearer nor evident to me until I had returned in pilgrimage from Peru, late September last year during the Fall Equinox of 2012.

There is a theory for which Western scholars have labeled as such, but is mostly considered a widespread indigenous belief passed on from oral tradition, for which (at one point) many thousands of years ago, there was a continent, long known from amongst the many indigenous people (the Aborigines in Australia, the Ifugao of the Philippines, the Inca of Peru, the Rapa Nui of Easter Island, and the many tribes of Hawaii, Tahiti, and Samoa), which had long existed and thrived from amongst the oceans of the Pacific. This continent was the lost land of Mu, or Lemuria so-to-speak, which encompassed, thousands of years ago, the majority of all of these smaller indigenous civilizations until devastation had struck the continent through unknown calamity which destroyed the large and thriving civilization as a whole. These varying tribes found throughout the Pacific, still in existence today, are, essentially, the descendants of the long lost Golden Age of Lemuria.

The Rice Terraces of the Philippine Cordilleras is an extraordinary example of an evolved, living cultural landscape, which leads further in history, as far as two millennia ago, from the pre-colonial Philippines to traces guiding even further back to Lemuria. The terraces are located in the remote areas of the Philippine Cordillera mountain range on the northern island of the Luzon, Philippine archipelago. While the historic terraces cover an extensive area, the inscribed property consists of five clusters of the most intact and impressive terraces, located in four municipalities. They are all the product of the Ifugao ethnic group, a minority community that has occupied these mountains for thousands

and upon thousands of years. Some scholars estimate that these very rice fields and terraces could feed people upon the many millions and upon millions if need be.

Now, here's another question, if it is indeed true concerning the heightened lengths for which these very terraces could have fed such greatened amounts of people by the millions, then what is the purpose and reasoning for the ancient construction of such, extraordinarily, built terraces? If the total population in the Philippines, during prehistory when these terraces were built, was less than 500, 000 people, as purported and estimated by scholars, then why was there such a strong need to produce such greatened amounts of food? The answer then lies within the possibility that maybe, perhaps, the indigenous were considerably right from all of this time. The ancient Ifugao of the Philippines (Maharlika), the Aborigines, the Rapa Nui, the Inca and amongst the many other Pacific-lying civilizations and cultures were indeed a significant part of what was known as (Pacifica) Lemuria or Mu.

Before these string of Archipelago islands were given its nationally assigned name, the Philippines have always been referred to, time and time again within the past by other Asian countries along the Pacific, as the Land of Gold or the Land of Nobility (Maharlika). Maharlika also has its ties to Ancient Indian Sanskrit which is Maharddhika, meaning a man of wealth. Further, many sources claim, from most recent geographic findings, that Lemuria consisted of eight total subcontinents where one of those sub-continents was ironically named Maharloka. You see the connection here: Maharlika and Maharloka?

How can the consistency from amongst such cultures and civilizations of the indigenous and ancient peoples, whom have thrived and existed for thousands and upon thousands of years, be readily discounted and dismissed by Western Scholars, when Western Civilization and Culture has only been present for only less than 400 years? Somewhere along these lines, there is a hidden truth, which is beginning to unravel upon itself in blossom, for now is the very season for such an awakening, of sorts, to manifest itself true within the ripening of its fruit to pasture throughout and amongst the herds of transitional sheep in people's clothing.

WONDERLANCE:

There's always been a discussion about whether people are genetically-predisposed to certain types of mental illness or whether all mental illness is induced by circumstance/culture. Then there's the most accepted theory, which suggests that the development of most types of mental illness takes place from a combination of both. In your primary

profession as a psychiatric nurse for over a decade you probably have had the chance to identify what are the most usual mental afflictions affecting the largest number of today's population and may have your own ideas about the aforementioned discussion. What are your thoughts about it?

JOEL AYAPANA:

Yes, I would have to agree, indeed, that certain mental illnesses are most certainly influenced by biological and environmental means. Just because that there can, potentially, be a biological predisposition for any mental illness or psychological disorder to manifest itself into existence by inheritance, there are also the many unique environmental factors and elements which can act as the very triggers which can encourage the articulation for such diagnosed mental disorders to fully express itself into being. Several Twin Studies have been initiated in the past concerning the acquirement of many and variably inherited illnesses; And they have mostly concluded that the environmental makeup possesses a major significance, relevant to the fact on whether certain negative and positive signs and symptoms of genetically linked physical disorders or mental illnesses should ever be fully expressed. Why have there been many instances found where one twin, and not in the other, are inflicted with an inherited trait from any predisposing familial link? In parallel, when we are to incorporate the connection between mental illness and the DNA Molecule, the same philosophy holds, within itself, to be true. Now, how about if we were to bring it to the next level with any inherited disorder, for that matter? There are certain environmental factors for which we can truly control within our grasp. This, my friend, lies within the very means of our PERSPECTIVES, but let's bring it to the next step of HEIGHTENED awareness when we are to attach such perspectives and intentions with the inner makings of the HEART! We, My Dear Friend, possess the capability of changing the DNA, our very make-up and blueprint of our realities, by terra-forming our emotional, vibrational, and energetic landscape through the connectivity we possess with our HEARTS.

The answers for which we had always been in search for lies within the HEART. The capacity to heal one's self and others lies within the HEART. The limitless creation and the potential mastery of a masterpiece in literature, artwork, and to any song lies within the HEART. The ultimate in Truths to the discovery and understanding of one's self and in the world lies, indeed, within the makings of the heart. All in all, it is within the heart which had always been the source for which the very flame of inspiration, to the path of the Light, had always been meant to being lit, reignited to the very spark within all of our spirits.

Deep and enduring laughter, the legitimacy of a smile, tears of joy and revelation, inspiration, and/or unconscionable love are from amongst the several pathways and portals to the heart. Once deciding upon ourselves of what is legitimately required, a choice is made on whether we shall further proceed into the entryway of such a doorway to salvation, which had never been locked nor closed from being far and away from what can be simply grasped. All that was ever required was the mere turning of the handle and in the pushing of our weight to the opening of such a door to limitless potentialities and possibilities of manifestation. This, essentially, is the awareness for which any one individual can acknowledge when we make reference to the "Fau-Toth" Phenomenon. This philosophical construct in ideology, essentially, is an acronym for which I would like to term the "Free And Universal Tract (or Truth) Of The Heart. Once we are more than capable of opening the truths of such a door, more frequently and freely from amongst our own will, then and only then, can we legitimately ask from our hearts. This is the time to ask.

When we bask within the brightness and peace of such a place, we are, literally, connected to all things. Through the stimulation of the heart from the very first step to the many steps that we may take in entry into such a heartened space, a heightened level of electro-magnetivity is created from that of the heart which exudes in all directions. Such changes of energies created from the surges of such purity, honesty, and utmost sincerity is what deems itself stronger than the mind, as the heart, most indeed, has the capacity to changing the very structure of our DNA, to altering perception, in relinquishing energy levels, encouraging the healing curve, promoting the release of certain hormones for overall bodily self-sufficiency, immediately reducing stress and anxiety, and in inducing the anti-aging process. At this particular point, we then are in connection and in coherence to the Father, the Mother, the Divine, all earthly beings and things, the moon, the stars, and of the Universe, the Truth. We often neglect the Power of the Heart. We do so when we often reside and live from amongst the World of only thought, mind, and intellect, alone. Occasionally, for what is more frequently felt and acknowledged into awareness, when we should happen to stumble into the miracles of the heart from everyday life, we fall into the trap of considering such an act or thought of kindness, feeling, or peace as being a fluke or chance encounter that is shunned and overlooked, unwaveringly and overwhelmingly, with contradiction.

I have learned, from my own experiences in writing this book, that often, too many times, I had found the most difficulty in chalking up a creative writing piece when I would frequently focus upon the mere details and technicalities of writing, in itself, that I had, literally, become stumped and stomped out of my own wits while falling deeper and deeper

into literary fatigue and frustrating thought. As we are to release from the attachments of the mind and of the ego, when permitted, and are to delve, rather, deeper into piece and clarity within the heart, the very act of writing a literary piece, or perhaps even within the act of doing anything, for that matter, becomes an easier task to accomplish. By no means am I an authority figure upon the dealings and sciences of the heart. I, merely, offer such wisdom and knowledge, humbly with open hands and palms, from the validity of my own experiences, of the following three-hundred-sixty-three days of that deepened and profound relationship that I had built, indeed, with the inner makings of my own heart.

WONDERLANCE:

In ‘The Book of Positive Light: Remembrance of the Heart’ you start by taking the reader to the moment in which you reach the proverbial rock-bottom of your own life experience. The book, as you mention in your bio, is the result of a habit you developed when your personal world started to crumble. Would you tell our readers what this habit is all about and how it took you to ‘the Shaking’, as you call the moment of total self-awareness?

JOEL AYAPANA:

Yes, I thank you, dearly, for this question. I truly feel that such a HABIT, for which you may speak of, is the feeling of redundancy to where we become so acclimated to the very world of negativity, fear, complacency, worry, stagnancy, and stunted growth, which are all, indeed, the polar opposites of EVOLUTION. According to Pythagorus, the Laws of Man are deeply linked to the stages of Evolution. When we may find ourselves within that state of dormancy to where we become unconscious, stunted, and unaware of our current state of purgatory, we are softly nudged at times, but more frequently, than not, violently shook where we are, then, knocked straight off of our feet. Such an event is what I often refer to, within the book, as “The Shaking.” When we are, at times, struck with a disheartening act or event, within our lives, we can either perceive such beleaguering turmoil as denigrating, bleak, and self-condemning; or we can take such a blow as life-changing and inspirational, more or less, as then we are more than able to viewing and perceiving such a change as a blessing within the illusion of its visual disguise. After the “Shaking” of sorts is experienced in full fashion, we then become the very essence of an enlightened and newly birthed being. “As when the enlightening of such souls have weathered through this awakening of sorts, they are, then, entrusted and equipped with the very wisdoms and resiliencies of a newly-found faith, only freely discovered from the wisdom acquired from the

very events, once thought and perceived as devastating and bleak. As for me, if such a “Shaking” or an “Awakening” of sorts would have never been experienced, I would have never experienced the many miraculous blessings and vibrant initiations of wonder and magic, as outlined and chronicled within this book.

WONDERLANCE:

Joel, you mention the word *Synchronicity* often in social media. What sparked this notion in you and how do you think others can become more aware of this notion’s role in their own lives?

JOEL AYAPANA:

Surprisingly enough, the unexpected completion of this book encompasses the very essence of what you speak of, in terms of connectivity, design, sacred geometry, and in the blueprint of life. What we may often perceive as coincidence, when we live within the World of the Ego, we can often relate to, in contrast, as Synchronicity, when we thrive within the World of the Heart. The simplest way to become more conscious of such an awareness is by being more open, sincere, and nonjudgemental of our very surroundings to where we then may become more aware of the very patterns and in the Divine Messages for which persistently exist from all around us.

WONDERLANCE:

Quite early in the book, you mention the concept of *Divine Feminine*. The word *divine* is mostly used to suggest God’s essence and/or intervention in both spiritual and religious texts. Now, the two most widely-spread religions in the world describe God as of an exclusively male nature. Is it safe to assume that, by using the concept *Divine Feminine*, you’re disassociating your interpretation of *the divine* from the interpretation that these two religions have always presented?

JOEL AYAPANA:

According to the New International Translation of Genesis 1:27, the Holy Bible states, “So God created mankind in his own image, in the image of God he created them; male and female he created them.” My interpretation of this is that God possesses the very Essence of what is Both Male and Female, Female and Male. The Creator is neither one or

the other, separately, but One of the Same. As Nature experiences existence through and within the cycles of itself from amongst its variables and polar opposites, Humanity also experiences life within the blessing of its cycles through extremes. As the Universe transitions through the cycles of polar opposites, God, the Creator, can also be experienced and appreciated by the very Energies of Both Male and Female Frequencies, and in combination with the more Feminine and Masculine of Vibrations. As we, gradually, transition from the Piscean Age of what exists to this very day in strife, we are now progressively moving forward into the Age of the Aquarius, where we are evolving into a more heightened awareness of Peace, Love, Purity, Dignity, Integrity, and of a Wholeheartedness, which are all the very Elements of the Divine, but instead is now encompassing the very Energies and Vibrations of The Creator's Sacred Feminine Nature.

WONDERLANCE:

Joel, what are your views on the concept of 'sacred lands'?

JOEL AYAPANA:

From a human and personal level, I truly feel that these ancient sites, such as The Great Serpent Mound, Machu Pichu and Chichen Itza, are from amongst the least understood connections to our Sacred and Divine Nature to the very memory of our greatened past from the many endearing cycles of our Human existence. They provide the required and nourishing energies for which we must frequent and become reacquainted to for the benefit of the whole within its entirety to Spirit. Such sacred sites offer a unique and distinct Calling for the awakening of potential initiates, for once that level of heightened awareness is fully understood and achieved, a portal to the evolution of our consciousness is opened. These highly revered lands allow for us to never forget and to never stray away from the importance and significance of all of our Hearts in connection to Mother Gaia.

On an earthly level and from amongst a more quantum energetic mode of understanding, the Ancients have always known of the significance of the free flowing movement of "chi" throughout the many energy points, or chakras, within and along the length of the human body. For once this specific energy is halted or slowed from amidst its naturally reoccurring circulation, illness and disease shall often become of it. The same importance of this resistant-free flow of, similarly, resounding movement of energy must also circulate along the required streams of Kundalini-like energy, uninterrupted, throughout, what is referred to as,

the Earth's own natural meridiums. These resonance chambers or Earthly Chakras, which are patterned, accordingly, throughout the face of the Earth, are the very markers for which these ancient and most holy of sites are built. These ancient sites were built to encourage the natural and effervescent flow of Earthly Chi in, for when we are to encourage the heightened vibrations of energy, the same level of heightened frequency is attracted thereon to it, in symbiosis.

WONDERLANCE:

What have we lost from our ancient legacy, from the wisdom of the indigenous people, that, in your opinion, we must recover urgently and why?

JOEL AYAPANA:

We have lost the capacity to think and feel for ourselves, but instead we are conditionally taught what we are to think and how we are to feel, whilst apologizing for what we truly are, the Well-Deserving Descendants and the Children of Our Dearest Lord, Our Creator. Additionally, we are fearful for speaking from our Minds and from the purity of our Hearts for the search and exploration of Truths. The urgency further burns deep within our hearts because we have journeyed so far into the night from amidst the Darkness, but within that Abyss, we have found the very Light for which we had always been in search of, the "Positive Light" from amidst the purity of our highest SELVES!

As a collective, we have forgotten about the power and magic of our hearts for which the Ancients have truly admired and believed in. When one should so initially speak of "love" in any fashion, our egoic minds may often, either consciously or subconsciously, shudder and automatically ridicule or judge at the fact that he or she had even mentioned the word "love." We may question the intent of such a phrase, its context, the very mouth for which it had been derived, and upon the focus to any individual from the lengths of such vernacular. From the egoic mind, we may often question why the word "love" had even been said. We have ultimately lost what it truly means to openly speak of love, the genuine expression of love, to inspire from amongst the legitimacy of what it means to portray love, and in the faith in one's self to, faithfully, believe that it truly exists. Ladies and Gentlemen, things within the next few years are about to CHANGE!

WONDERLANCE:

You created ‘The Book of Positive Light: Remembrance of the Heart’, as its title suggests, from the Heart and it is in your heart that it serves other people the way it served you. Today the un-edited version is available to the public, where can they find it?

JOEL AYAPANA:

You can purchase ‘The Book of Positive Light: Remembrance of the Heart,’ the Limited Pre-Released and Unedited Edition of the book, hardcover and paperback on the day of its BOOK LAUNCH on Tuesday, November 12, 2013 (11/12/13), on my website at:

www.thebookofpositivelight.com

You can CLICK on several prompted segments within the website which will connect you to “Lulu Publishing” where the book is actually sold online at <http://lulu.com/spotlight/JoelAyapana>

The Final “Editor’s Cut” by Jennifer Schwartz and my Wife, Tiffany Renee Ayapana, will also be included within this version, available for release on (New Year’s Eve) Monday, December 31st, 2013 also on my website, again, at www.thebookofpositivelight.com.

December 31st, 2013 (New Year’s Eve) carries with it the energies of the 13/4 Vibration where we are to release from the olden world of things, which can no longer serve us at its fullest capacity, when we evolve to elevated planes of being. From there, we are to open ourselves to the heightened energies of the following year, as we begin to plant the Seeds to New Beginnings –A Return to our Sacred and Beloved Hearts.

Dear, Miss Syl R. Martin, I thank you, again for this opportunity and blessing to having me as a guest on your wonderful and aspiring magazine. I AM deeply honored and humbly grateful for your encouraging words of inspiration and with such an undeniable faith within the very root of my vision in becoming the author and writer that I AM today. May you always be blessed, Dear Friend! Sat Nam, Namaste, In Lak’ech Ala Kin.

WONDERLANCE:

My pleasure!! If like it, I also do it, *always* from within the Heart.

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Photography

The majority of the book's photography has solely been the work of the Author, Joel A. Ayapana, with the exception of the following individuals, their photography, and of their meaningful contributions to the book:

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About the Author

Joel Ayala Ayapana is a Veteran of the United States Air Force, between the years of 1991 to 1996, during Operation Desert Storm/Desert Shield, for which he had been assigned to both Iraklion Air Station in Crete, Greece and to Travis Air Force Base, California, during the length of those four years. He is an Honors Graduate of Cleveland State University in 2000 and in 2002, where he completed two Undergraduate Degrees in Psychology and in



Nursing. He has been practicing within the specialized nursing field of Behavioral Health as a Registered Nurse for nearly eleven years. He has operated from among variable and exciting hospital environments within behavioral health homecare, Dual Diagnosis and Detoxification, the psychiatric emergency room setting, Veteran case management, and inpatient psychiatry where he is humbly and currently working, now, as a charge

nurse on a Behavioral Health Dual Diagnosis Unit in Northeastern Ohio. His inspirational work through the application and instruction of Dialectical Behavioral Therapy, Positive Thinking, Quantum Mechanics, and Heart-Centered Research-Based Science towards populations of vast and widening socioeconomic scope from the mentally ill, the homeless, victims of substance abuse, anxiety disorders, and depression has earned him several awards and recognitions within the field of nursing.

Additionally, throughout all of his spiritual travels, he has received initiations and blessings from a number of prominent spiritual teachers, including Reiki Master Judy McCracken, Anrita Melchizedek, Solara An-Ra, Kundalini Yoga Guru Gurmuk Kaur Khalsa, Incan Quero Priest and Shaman Lorenzo Quispe, Author and World Traveler Aluna Joy Yaxk'in, Raphael Greissmeyer, Incan Mystery School Initiate Willaru Huayta, and Theta Healer Expert Jennifer Klarfeld. He is a motivational speaker, an ordained minister, a Kundalini Yoga enthusiast, a Light Worker,

numerologist, a philosopher, an alchemist, author, traveler, marathon runner, writer for The Nurse Advisor Magazine, and an online Radio Talk Show Host for Quantum Mindfulness Radio on the BBS Radio Network (www.quantummindfulnessradio.com). He is a loving husband, father, son, a Seeker of Truths, and an Awakener of Hearts.

