

Mermaid Tales

By



Also by the author—

*Undines: Lessons from the Realm of the Water
Spirits*

(North Atlantic Books, 2011)

Mermaids, Sylphs, Gnomes, and Salamanders

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Preface

A writer who writes genuine mythology does so because he repeatedly encounters experiences that no previous system of interpretation can explain. This is what Homer was doing in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Homer saw that human beings are not just passive in relation to the gods. The gods and humanity interact dynamically, and the decisions of human beings are of great consequence.

And this is what Vyasa was doing when he wrote the great Hindu epic *Mahabharata*. He was saying that the gods of heaven and human beings are not separate. The gods are not necessarily encountered through rituals. Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, the lords of creation, come down to earth the way a cloud descends and rolls across the ground—the cloud's moisture appears as fog that you exhale on a cold day. For Vyasa, the gods are inside of us and present in every choice we make.

In a similar vein, I regularly interview individuals who possess nearly superhuman powers of perception and feeling. Some can instantly unite with the soul of anyone on earth. They can be inside of others and feel what they feel as if the others' feelings and memories are their own. This is not the result of some rigorous spiritual or magical training. These individuals are hardwired with these gifts from the moment they are born. Though previous world teachers on occasion demonstrated these abilities, they did not do this on a global level with this degree of perception and inner union.

At the same time, there is no user's manual lying next to a crib when a child like this is born. If you think about it, if a mermaid “wants a human experience,” it would serve no purpose for her to know in advance that she is not like other human beings. Otherwise, when she has to deal with a difficult situation, it would be easy for her to think, “The choices I make do not matter. I am a mermaid. I am not a human being. I do not have to take any of this seriously.”

That real mermaids might exist in the bodies of women is an astonishing and fascinating idea. I go to great lengths to explore the present- and past-life biographies of such women. My fairy tales, then, often give the backstories—the explanations--of how or why mermaids have entered the bodies of women.

These fairy tales I consider to be genuine mythology—the stories address the questions, Why are we here? What are our options? What is it to live life to the fullest? The stories present the spiritual landscape that show where and how the human and the mermaid realms meet.

At the same time, I would like to emphasize that the idea of mermaids dwelling among us is of absolutely no significance if we do not learn how to embody their love and empathy in ourselves. Whether you believe in them or not, the skills they possess can be taught and learned. From the mermaid point of view, if we fail to learn these skills, the human race will soon be extinct.

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Introduction

Summary of the Stories

A Knight and the Mermaid spontaneously came to me as I was writing a dialogue between a student and the hermetic master Franz Bardon. In my original story, the master waved his hand in front of the student's face and the student experienced the vision this story describes. The master felt that some things you have to experience firsthand rather than talk about.

Alessandro and the Mermaid Queen. This story came to me while meditating on the mermaid queen Istiphul's experiences with the human race.

A Mermaid Possession pursues a warning Franz Bardon gave one of his students. He told the student not to make a magical pact in order to marry a mermaid. This story is a study of an individual who did just that.

The Carrier Strike Group Commander and the Mermaid. The commander in the story meets a real mermaid or perhaps there is simply a skilled female swimmer who swims up to the commander's little sailboat. Whether "real" mermaid or a mermaid in a woman's body, the same problem exists—how can you have a relationship with a woman who can love you with all of her being but who does not bond with you? This story arises from my own experience.

A Mermaid. As a civilian instructor, I once taught classes for Navy sailors at Pearl Harbor. My boss, a woman, explained to me that almost every one of these sailors goes to strip clubs whenever they are in port. Wanting to understand the experiences of her students, she asked me to take her to a strip club.

Up to that point in time, I had been in a strip club once before. I had no idea if you can take a woman with you into these clubs. So I did some “research.” Some of the clubs are a five minute walk from the beach. And if my calculations are right regarding the turn over, up to six hundred different women from all over the world may work in one club during a year.

Since sex as we know it does not exist for mermaids in their own realm, many of them have no inhibitions regarding sex. Sex is just an exciting experience like eating a great gourmet meal. There is no morality or bonding that goes with it. So some work as strippers. If you can read auras, it is easy to see which ones of the six hundred women are not human beings, but elemental beings from another realm. And so this story.

Serena’s Tale. She read my book and wanted to meet. Then she asked me to tell her about herself. I told her she is a human being with a mermaid’s aura. But she wanted more, to know how she became what she is—a woman who draws energy from the sea and who out of gratitude for all it has given her wishes to give back equally.

I interviewed her on video for three hours getting her life story. She has a spontaneous instant replay of future events. You talk to her one moment about something in our world and she just blurts out without editing or comment a statement about some future event related to the topic being discussed.

Nothing in philosophy, magic, or occult lore prepares you for this: Mermaids have this thing about time—for them, past, present, and future are joined. They do not see the future as much as they are alive in the

future and merely reporting on what they see there right in front of them.

I went into deep meditation to answer her question about what she is. And what appeared is this story of an ancient time where magic played a greater role in society and human beings were more psychic.

Donovan and the Mermaid Queen, Part I and II. This continues an exploration of the story about Donovan from my first book, *Undines*. Donovan is obsessed with the mermaid queen Istiphul.

Pastor Bob and the Mermaid is a brief summary of some of my own experiences with mermaids. For more on my direct contacts with mermaids, see my book, *Undines—Lessons from the Realm of the Water Spirits*.

The Mermaid Assassin was a pleasure to write. This young eighteen year old contacted me since her boyfriend knew my work and thought she was a mermaid. She told me this story and I wrote it almost verbatim as she recalled her past life in Atlantis. She is one of three women who can spontaneously relive other people's memories so much so that it is as if she experienced those memories herself exactly as they happened.

My Physical Therapist—A Mermaid Woman describes the physical therapist who worked on me for seventeen therapy sessions for my dislocated shoulder. She is a human woman with a mermaid's aura. Like many other mermaid women, they only talk to me after I demonstrate I can feel the same watery vibration they feel inside of themselves. After they open up to me it is often the case that I am the first person they have ever spoken to about how they feel and perceive differently than other human beings.

Custodian of the Mermaid Archives is another back story and also part biography. This woman has astonishing empathic powers beyond anything in literature other than what have been ascribed to a few world teachers who founded new religions. I was also impressed one day when on skype she demonstrated for me her ability to move small objects with her mind. In addition, if I ask her to locate individuals with certain spiritual qualities, she can scan the entire human race nation by nation and telepathically communicate with those individuals.

A Changeling Story I wrote as a psychic exercise. I occasionally use my psychic perception to make contact with others I have not actually met. The story pursues a theme from fairy tales and folk traditions where a human child is “exchanged” for a fairy child. The story speaks to me. I have always been in awe that my parents treated me like I was a member of their family—especially given the interests I pursue with absolute abandon that have nothing at all to do with their religion or traditions.

The Double Changeling is the back story, the fairy tale, through which I explain what I observe in a woman’s aura. She is a professional model and emailed me from another continent in response to my global casting call seeking women who could model what a mermaid looks like on a beach. I have done a number of photo shoots with her.

She one of those for whom I act like a greeter—I try to answer her questions about being in this world among human beings and I try to see if there is any way I can be of assistance to her. As far as I know, she alone of humanity has managed to sojourn within the mermaid realm as one of their own and return again to human form. Her aura has that vibration of someone who has known a number of mermaid queens personally.

The Mermaid Who Was An Airplane Pilot describes my experience during a six hour flight between Los Angeles and Honolulu. The woman who sat down next to me was a commercial airplane pilot. She was also married to the pilot flying the plane we were on. Again, I was the first person she ever spoke to about her empathic abilities. She denied having any traits of mermaid women until we were about to land in Honolulu. Then she turned to me and said that her problem with empathy was worse for her than it was for the mermaid women I had described.

The River Mermaid presents a story of a mermaid woman who is caught between this world and the Other Side. Mermaid women often discuss the question: How much do I act human to fit in and how much do I remain true to my own nature of just flowing, being in the moment, and always loving others with my whole being. To survive among human beings means you have to act enough like them that they do not become anxious or feel threatened by behaviors and abilities they do not

understand. But if a mermaid woman involves herself too much in human ways, she can lose her awareness of her mermaid soul.

The Knight, the Merman, and the Maiden is a story about the merman Ermot described briefly by Franz Bardon. This merman often inspires me to write poems. The story describes one of the ways he inspires human lovers.

How the Mage Rosh Lor Survived the Destruction of Atlantis. It has not been easy for human beings to meet mermaids though accidents and unexpected encounters happen. In various stories I also describe exceptions--how men of great power used their magical will to connect to the mermaid realm. Sometimes love when it is so giving is easy to command and sometimes the opposite occurs. Love undermines the will of the most powerful of men. In the end, Rosh Lor found a balance between the two.

The Mermaid's Gift. Mermaids get around. They are so receptive it is easy for some of them to interact with many kinds of spiritual beings. Yet even so it is still surprising how amazing some of the gifts are that they have to share.

A Mermaid Who Loved A Musician. It is heart wrenching at times to watch how much these women love and give of themselves to others and yet they are so rarely loved in return. This was not the case during this mermaid's first experience "incarnating" as a human being.

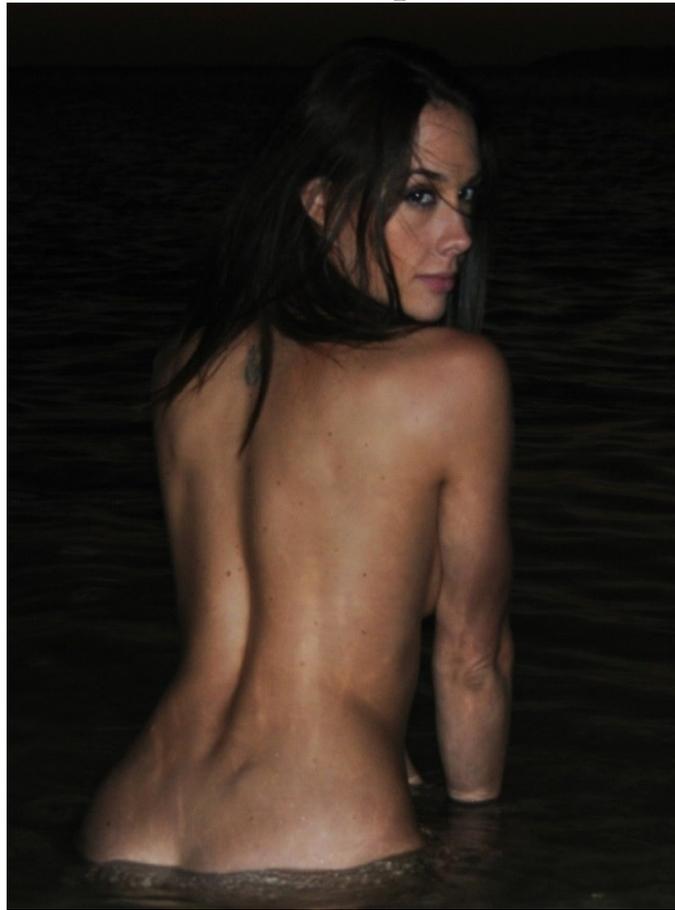
Buddha and the Mermaid. One of the mermaid women I know says she is a star mer—she is from a water planet in another solar system. I studied her planet and explained to her why our world is so frustrating for her. On her home world the enlightenment of the mind and the love of mermaids are joined. And there individuals never operate alone. They always work together to pursue their goals in groups of thousands or larger.

This is not the case on earth. Buddhists who focus on enlightenment do not know mermaids. And the god Neptune, for example, is not united in his consciousness with the open, clear, and enlightened mind of the sky.

Once when I was meditating not on her home world but on our world, I saw that inevitably the clarity of mind that belongs to the air element and the love that is within the sea will join. And so this story of Buddha meeting a mermaid in which the past and the future entwined.

A Mermaid Queen. One mermaid woman I know gave her husband, who was deployed in Iraq, information about how to protect himself and his unit from dangers that military intelligence had not yet briefed them on. As far I know mermaids rarely on their own initiative involve themselves in human affairs. But with three full reactor core melt downs at Fukushima resulting in three hundred tons of highly radioactive water being poured into the Pacific Ocean every day this certainly is about to change.

If You Could Grasp the Ocean



If you could grasp the ocean with your hands, cup its water in your palms, and then breathe into it life so it takes on the form of a woman who can speak and respond with personality, then this is what you would have.

A Knight and a Mermaid



The year is 1307. The Church, in great treachery and malice, seeks to destroy all of the Knights Templar throughout Europe. A few manage to escape:

The knight gazes upon his own body lying next to a small stream in a green field at the edge of a mountain cliff. He turns and looks at a young woman sitting next to him.

He says to her, “I am dead and you are an angel.”

She replies, “You are not dead and I am not an angel.”

He looks about himself at the hills, the trees, the stream, the forest, the sky and clouds. He says, “Each thing here shines with its own inner

light. The colors here are a thousand times brighter and clearer than they are in my world.”

“I have heard others say those same words,” she replies.

The knight: “And you, even now, your inner light flows through me even as this stream. This is a very unusual dream.”

“It is not a dream,” she says calmly.

Knight: “It is like you and the stream are the same energy, the same being. And you and I are also the same energy, the same being.

“Tell me, child of the mysteries, in what world, in what reality does beauty such as this exist? Tell me so that when I awaken in my body I may make it my life quest to find this place again, to find you again that we might be even as we are now.”

“You are a human being,” she replies. “I am from a race that by God’s grace does not require spoken words in order to express feelings, does not need medicine in order to heal, and we do not require passion or compassion in order to love.

“But you, you must speak words in order to feel. Speak aloud now what you sense this place to be. Speak, so that when you return to yourself you will know this is not a dream and you will remember everything you have heard and seen.”

The stream begins
Where the clouds drift
Enfolding the hills in mist
Moisture so thick
The waters run wild
Dancing in the rain like a child
The current, the pulse, the flow,
Here are secrets only love knows—
How to be one with another’s soul.

Knight: “Will you speak to me again? Will you come to me and guide me? Will you be to me even as you are now, part of my own being?”

She replies, “As the sky is a part of the stream, and the earth, and the valley; as the stream nurtures all things, even so I shall be a part of your soul. Forever free, in love and in beauty, as one stream our lives shall unfold.”

Alessandro and the Mermaid Queen



Alessandro was Italian and he lived not far from Rome. His father had been a fisherman and nets, lines, and navigation Alessandro knew quite well. But he chose another profession and became a librarian much to his father’s chagrin.

Now it happened that Alessandro, though not big on catching fish, still loved the ocean and the beauty hidden within it. Almost every day at 6 AM you could find Alessandro down by the shore. He was gazing at

the sea and feeling its vibration which for him was like flowing streams, wild dreams of freedom, and the caress of love on his skin.

It was not a sin. His priest waved it aside and said, “Alessandro, we all have our little obsessions. Yours is on the side of innocence. Trust me, Alessandro. Sin and darkness stalk the human heart. People do things beyond what you can dream.”

Once in 1963 during his vacation in Venice, Alessandro took part in a procession on the water from St. Mark’s to San Nicolò on the Lido. There the Patriarch of Venice blessed a golden ring which the Mayor threw into the water as a symbol of the Venetian dependence on the sea. This rite has been performed for a thousand years with the Church’s blessing and is called, Marriage to the Sea.

Alessandro heard priests chant, “*Asperges me hyssopo, et mundabor*” (“Sprinkle me with hyssop, and I will be clean” from Psalm 51: 7). And he was close enough to hear, “*Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique domini*” (“We wed thee, sea, in the sign of the true and everlasting Lord”) which was the way the Mayor declared that Venice and the sea to be indissolubly one.

Alessandro heard musicians from the Marciana chapel as they played madrigals. And there were ambassadors, church dignitaries, clergymen and chancellors all about. And he also watched the gondola race as they rowed down along the Riva degli Schiavoni.

These events were most entertaining and as pageantry they caught his attention. But something else occurred during this vacation. Alessandro’s experience of the sea rose to a new level. Late that night as he slept and dreamed in the hotel with his window open to the canal below a power lay hold of him. It was like the sea wanted to appear in his dream if he was willing to give it permission.

With his vacation over, Alessandro went back to his job as a librarian, but he did not forget his dream. Late one night while others slept

Alessandro went out and sat on the beach and gazed at the sea. The waves were close enough that as they broke drops of spray ran down his face.

Alessandro said to the sea, “Go ahead. Show me now the thing you wish me to see.”

A few moments later Alessandro felt that same power that before had laid hold of him except now it was much stronger. It was like a rip tide taking hold of a swimmer and drawing him out to sea. But this was not crosscurrents among the waves of a beach. This was a magnetic field of energy. It encircled Alessandro and held him close.

Alessandro was not frightened. In a way for him it was no more than guiding the helm of a small craft as a violent squall crashes down and waves break over the bow. You draw upon your skill and experience. You focus on your task and adapt to changing circumstances. There is no need to be afraid of the sea if you are alert and give it the respect it deserves.

But then Alessandro heard a voice speak. And the mermaid queen said, “I have gazed at you these many years even as you have gazed at the sea. And so now with one of my many mysteries I anoint you. You shall have the power of water to dissolve all barriers that separate one from another so that in a sacred space of love two can join as one.”

And then there was silence and the magnetic field vanished. Alessandro went back to his room and fell asleep. As strange as the experience was he thought no more about it until the next morning.

Alessandro woke, dressed, and walked down the street toward the library. Hearing footsteps behind him, Alessandro turned and saw one, then two, then three women following him. Alessandro did not know these women. But with a single glance at Alessandro the light in their eyes went out or else you could say the opposite—for once in their lives they knew what they wanted. It was not Alessandro you see but the aura

of oneness that he exuded unconsciously that had laid hold of them like a rip tide pulling a swimmer out to sea.

Alessandro panicked. He ran up a walkway to the next street, down another street, up a hill, through a park, into a small chapel and out the back. He had lost the three women chasing him. He was about to sigh and wipe the sweat off his brow when another woman placed her hand on his shoulder from behind and pressed her hip against his thigh.

It was all too much for Alessandro. He did not choose the profession of librarian for nothing. He liked silence and having everything around him assigned a certain place that was just right. And when Italian women are passionate they can be forceful and direct. In no more than a few minutes Alessandro had encountered women whose passion was not just overwhelming. They were feeling the passion of the sea to find a lover who could share its ecstasy.

Alessandro did not make it to the library. He went home and called in sick. He then took a week off. He drove his car to a place very high and dry in the mountains where you could expect to encounter only sheep and shepherds. And there Alessandro made peace with the sea.

One night as he sat beneath Orion and Aldebaran Alessandro spoke these words: "I always enjoyed your company. I love the way your waves play and dance. At times I think I can hear the songs you sing at night. At times I look into your heart and feel no fear in spite of the vast depths I sense.

"But these poor eyes of mine, this weak heart, this body I wear, these hands that touch—I am not ready to be your lover. I am not ready to love with a passion that is pure innocence and with a desire that seeks to be completely one with another.

"Let me go. In another life time I shall return to you with the courage and the will to match the depth, feeling, and power you require to take you as my lover."

Women no longer chased Alessandro. Not even a second glance. He enjoyed his library and he no longer sat and gazed at the sea in the early morning hours.

Yet even so there came a day when a young woman fell in love with Alessandro and he in turn responded. She loved books as much as she loved him. She was obsessive compulsive about having a neat house and everything just right. And above all else she loved silence as she sat quietly reading stories about other ages and places during all hours of the night.

I Slipped Inside the Mermaid's Mind

I slipped inside the mermaid's mind and found waves and seas inside. A place where love flows free and innocence gives all of itself without hesitation or limitation.

Happiness is in the breeze. Waves roll carried along by songs. Tides rise like a lover drawing you closer. Tides fall as she lets go—she draws you inside her.

I slipped inside the mermaid's mind. There are waves and seas inside. But she slips the sea inside of me. I feel the beaches where her waves break. I feel the ocean trench, its heartbeat and its breath.

There is a thunderstorm on the open ocean—dark clouds, rain, and lightning. It passes by.

I watch the moon rise. In her eyes I see the stars that fill the sky. And in her heart the dream the sea dreams of peace.

I slip inside the mermaid's mind and find the sea inside. She slips inside my mind and together we dream a dream of peace that shall set men free.

If I Were a Merman



If I were a merman, I would write a thousand and five songs of what it is like to be swept along riding a wave of passion that rolls five thousand miles on and on.

If I were a merman I would know what it is like when lightning strikes the ocean; that flame of white light is me exploding in exaltation illuminating the sea from horizon to horizon.

If I were a merman I would sing songs of dolphins and whales and of sea creatures with and without tails. And those hearing my songs would feel through my metaphors and poetry what these living beings feel; they would think the thoughts of the swordfish, the Orca, and the moray eel. And they would perceive the way these fish perceive seeing beneath the waves the wonders of the deep.

If I were a merman I would take the silence of the ocean trench and turn it into a dream of peace that would fill the earth--to let go, to know repose, to feel that I am part of the sea and am blessed. In silence I rest. In stillness my heart is never separate from my lover's caress.

If I were a merman I would not relent—I would enter the dreams of men when they slept; no one on earth would be safe from my wrath—you pollute my oceans, you kill my fish, you destroy my reefs. Admirals, presidents, and energy chiefs would wake in a sweat. There

will be no therapist to offer ease, no lawyer to argue amnesty. I will find you and I will not cease until you fill the earth and the sea with peace. If I were a merman.

A Mermaid Possession

Fairy tales sometimes mention various ways mermaids might assume human form and live among us. Here is a brief case study of what took place in Germany in the 1930s.

According to one tradition, a mermaid can enter the body of a woman at the moment of her death and, under the right circumstances, revive that body. Since the human soul has fled, the mermaid takes over the body and has access to the departed woman's memories. The mermaid may even pretend to be the woman who died. But soon after entering the woman's body, the mermaid usually goes in search of the man who called her to this world.

A master in the Western hermetic tradition warned one of his students not to seek a mermaid as a companion, but the student ignored his advice. This student was very skilled in manipulating elemental energies since this was part of his magical training.

However, he did not understand the spiritual significance of water. He could open the gates to the mermaid realm, but he understood little of the ways mermaids feel and perceive. Part of his motivation is that he had few social skills and felt acutely isolated and empty inside.

It was, therefore, much easier for him to find a girlfriend who was a mermaid rather than a real woman. Using his clairvoyance and telepathy, he found a mermaid that was both available and comfortable with him. In normal courting, the man is focused on winning the woman's affection. As a magician, he skipped the courting phase. He simply concentrated his magical will into one command: he asked the mermaid to find and enter a suitable body in his part of the country.

The mermaid, on the other hand, did have a great capacity for engaging human beings. She could easily make a man feel like she was

inside of him and part of him. To be near her was to feel an inner connection to her.

Individual mermaids often embody the vibration of some specific aspect of water in nature. This mermaid's aura embodied the vibration of the open sea with strong winds during a dark night and huge waves and spray. She was wild, free, an elemental being attuned to water in its primordial power. He found her presence to be refreshing, invigorating, and reviving.

This is what happened. An otherwise healthy young woman choked to death one night in his city. The mermaid immediately noticed this and entered the woman's body. The mermaid then revived the body, restarting the heartbeat and breathing.

Since the man and mermaid were in telepathic contact, he was aware that the mermaid had entered his world. At that moment, he felt that his life was about to change profoundly. Telepathically, he asked her to meet him in front of a nearby cathedral.

Dating can be risky business. But in this case, he already knew the mermaid—they had already connected soul to soul. Nonetheless, meeting the mermaid in physical form for the first time was like meeting a woman who had just stepped out of a gate from heaven.

He got everything he wanted or could imagine in a partner and lover. The downside was that he lost interest in just about everything else in his life. His job was OK. But he lacked ambition. And he never got around to developing any social skills worth mentioning. Being married to a mermaid does not mean you are going to make an effort to improve your personality.

They had two children. The children never suspected that their mother was a mermaid. She loved and nurtured them, far more than most women. But as is possible with mermaids, bonding and love do not preclude detachment. For a mermaid, love is not so rare that one must stake a claim or define its direction in order to preserve it.

Consequently, she was not ambitious for her children. She never discussed their goals in life. That was outside of her experience.

What of the man? He had been told that under a mermaid's influence he could lose his opportunity to pursue a spiritual path. Was the master's warning not strong enough?

When he held the mermaid in his arms at night, he felt the wild waves of the open ocean crashing down and rolling around and through him. And with this he was content. The wild ferocity of the high sea did not put him off. For him, the wildness of nature embodied beauty and peace.

He had no need to take a vacation, to hike in the mountains, or to hunt for sport or entertainment. Unlike all other men in his society, when he was with his wife he was already out in nature and united to its beauty from within.

In our world, happiness is so rare, its sources so hidden, that when it appears, you cherish it and do whatever you can to preserve it. Well-trained magicians often seek to fulfill noble missions. But love contains many mysteries that magicians have yet to imagine.

The Realm of Mermaids

Can human beings ever get it right?
 They listen not to each other
 Much less to their own hearts
 But I will make it right this night—
 The mermaid realm
 I am in it now
 In an instant the outer world dissolves
 Innocence beyond understanding—
 They give without ending
 Love that is one
 Without ego contending
 Here breath, the very air
 Are intoxicating

Sensuality united with divinity
Touch joins with infinity
Like the seas of the earth
Feeling reaches round the world
There is dancing and singing
Pain and sorrow dispelling
The mermaid queens?
No mortal can match such beauty
They are the sea taking on the form
Of human beings
Here when a mermaid approaches you
She relives your memories
She sees what is to be
She takes you within a dream
And shows you
Whatever it is you most crave
The thirst and the thirst quenched
In the same taste
It could well be
That the gods and goddesses in human mythology
Never discovered this place
Because if they had
They would have spoken
Of love that encircles the planet
Finds fulfillment in every moment
And possesses an absolute contentment
That is one with the universe.

I place my awareness into the realm of mermaids. It's a vibration you can feel. Mermaids can be seen. And you can listen to their songs and words.

The sensations are watery but lighter than water. The energy is vast and continuously flowing. Love is everywhere. It is unbelievable innocent—that is, it is completely open and receptive, new, self-renewing, and self-purifying: it never loses its willingness to give all of itself in every moment. That is what I call innocence.

And it is healing and tender. It is sweet, kind, and then the sensuality kicks in—the bliss begins running through your nerves, saturating them. Here there are no inhibitions—what is deepest inside of you naturally and without effort flows through what is deepest within another. The exchange of energy and feeling are total and continuous.

To summarize, the watery energy in the realm of mermaids is intoxicating. Love is ecstasy—totally uninhibited, innocent, and yet wise in erotic arts. The developed mermaids sense every nuance of attraction and understand ways to amplify magnetism. And there is no holding back in the giving—no reservation or hesitation; to become one with you is the accepted mermaid way of greeting.

The Carrier Strike Group Commander and the Mermaid



He was the Commander of a Carrier Strike Group. He had recently been promoted to a 2-star admiral while in that position. The Strike Group had a Nimitz-class aircraft carrier. There was usually at least one cruiser, a destroyer squadron, and 65 to 70 aircraft. Sometimes there were submarines attached and of course always logistics and supply ships.

One day the Commander went down below deck and had a little talk with the head of the machine shop on the Carrier. He said, When I was young I used to love to race sailboats. And occasionally I get this urge when the wind is calm and we are not on patrol to revisit my youth. So I would like you to make me a one man sailboat called a Finn, the kind that used to race in the Olympics so I can lower it down and take it for a spin. Thin wood with fiberglass overlaid should do the trick. I know you

can get this done in a few days. By then I will have a sail flown in that will be ready to rig.

Machine shops on an aircraft carrier are not as big as you might think. But they are well equipped so there was no reason not to fulfill the Commander's request. I mean, you do not exactly refuse a Commander of a Navy Battle Group such a small thing, do you?

All the same, the man in charge of the machine shop knew the XO would be breathing down his neck over the issue of safety. And he also sensed the Commander wanted a wild ride and would never settle for a sailboat with a solid keel.

Talking out his Ipad, he examined the specs on the Finn and other small sailboats. He then says to the Commander, I will tell you what. How about a Thistle instead? It is slightly larger but more stable. The hull is more sturdy and there is a little more sail area but I am sure you can handle that. Same time frame to get it done. What do you say?

The Commanders looks carefully at the picture on the Ipad and replies, See to it.

And so once every three months or so the Commander found a place on the high seas where he could take his Thistle and go sailing amid destroyers and frigates with occasionally a submarine hidden beneath. He promised the XO never to sail more than half a mile away. He had to be within reach if there was an emergency. Then a chopper could pick him up within ten minutes if need be.

What happened next is hard to believe unless you are familiar with the author who is telling this story. As the Commander was sitting dead in the water fixing a batten in the mainsail of his Thistle a half mile off his carrier, a girl reached her arms over the side of the sailboat and smiled at the Commander who was as usual out sailing alone.

The Commander says to the girl, Now I know you are not a Navy Seal. What are you doing here?

The mermaid climbed into the boat and immediately her body shape changed into that of a human woman with legs and everything else in the right shape and in the right place.

The girl says, It is your mind I find irresistible. You have a unique quality that only a few humans possess. You become what you are gazing upon. No doubt that is why you are leading this battle fleet. You see what others do not see and you make decisions that no one will question because they know of your reputation.

I will give you that, says the Commander. How can I say this best? Shall I now ask what you are? Is that how this goes?

The mermaid says, I am the part of you you will never know unless I come to you like this and offer you my body and soul.

And so it was that perhaps every two instead of three months the Commander found an opportunity to take his Thistle for a sail. And he sailed a little more than a half mile out so as to have a tad more privacy from spying eyes on board his ships. He got to know the girl well for she was the same as any woman in speech and emotional response. Well, there was of course that mermaid enchantment of loving with every fiber of her being and that pure innocence mermaids possess. And of course it goes without saying she had those mermaid siddhis—the clair-feeling--of being able to feel what anyone else feels anywhere on earth in any moment.

One day the girl was leaning against the leeward side of the Thistle. And she says to the Commander of the Carrier Strike Group as his hand gently and with great concentration explores the contours of her hip, How about this? There is a woman in San Diego who is about to commit suicide by drowning. I can revive her body after her soul is gone. The two of us can then be together for the rest of your natural life and if you wish beyond.

The Commander was quick to respond. He says, I would like that very much but there is one problem.

What is that? She asks.

He replies, When I am with you I do not need to be at sea. You are the sea in the form of a woman. I will never meet another person with love so deep. But you do not bond. You are of nature. You have no human needs. You come to me because I respond to you without any apprehension or desire for possession. When we are together like this there is no you or me—only a oneness that is an awareness of the sea.

But I am a Commander. I am bound by duty and honor.

I understand what you are offering. You have a total commitment to me. But your race does not understand loyalty. Loyalty is a commitment to a specific person that offers to support that person in all that he is. You can only love me to the extent that I am a part of the sea even though your love is all-embracing. It can never bond with me.

Even if you were to wear a woman's body you will never be a part of human society. I did my research—there is more than just feeling and love within me. I am earth, air, fire, and water. And so sometimes I must put love and feeling on the back burner in order to do my job. I have missions to accomplish that involve justice and taking responsibility for insuring certain outcomes in specific time frames.

You will always be my teacher in regard to love. But you do not have the complexity of a human soul inside you. You and I flow together perfectly as two streams join and are one. But what I am will always be to you no more than a dream even as giving all of oneself in every moment out of pure innocence will never be my reality.

The mermaid realizing that it is time to go says, How can I say this best? Shall I say farewell? Is that how it goes?

The Commander is silent.

The mermaid says quietly as she gazes into his eyes and slowly lowers herself into the sea, As others have said to human beings before me, If you ever need me in this lifetime or another simply speak my name and I will be there by your side.

And then the mermaid is gone. The waves splash against the hull. The sail luffs in the wind. The Commander reaches over with his right hand and takes the helm. He trims the mainsail. And he steers back to his aircraft carrier where the XO, the deck crew, and carrier air wing are waiting his commands.



“You are a mermaid, aren’t you?” The man asks the girl.

“How can you tell?” She replies.

They are sitting in a booth and he struggles to hear her as the loud club music distorts her words. A few sexy clad women on stages 1, 2, and 3 dance slowly; a few completely naked women lie on those same stages slowly gyrating, turning over, and arching upwards. And one or two place their high heeled, glass shoes on the shoulders of a few patrons sitting next to the stage.

“It is your demeanor,” he says. “It is like you are not in this place. I feel like I am on a sailboat on the high sea drifting in a gentle breeze. 360 degrees of horizon spread out around me, just waves and wind, sky and ocean.”

“No one has ever said this to me before,” she replies.

“You are a mermaid?” He persists in trying to get a definitive answer. She simply smiles. He realizes she is not smiling at him. She is smiling at the race of human beings of which he is a member.

“What is it like to be you?” He asks pursuing a different tack.

She reaches her hand out and places it on his right wrist.

The next thing he can remember is that he sitting on the beach at a place called Magic Island, part of Ala Moana Park. 3 AM. No one else is there. And he sees the girl walking naked out into the water. Time slows. The small waves push around her thighs. She stops and turns and looks at him.

What is it like to be you? She has answered not with words. She has taken him into herself and within her he is now joined to the sea. But it is not the Pacific. It is the North Atlantic. The waves roll days on end thirty or forty feet high. Dark storms with lightning flashing overhead and thunder ripple through the air.

What is it to be you? It is to be here at Magic Island. But he does not feel he is this person wearing this body. He feels he is far out at sea. And seemingly looking back at himself through her eyes he sees a body on the shore that he once wore. But that is not who he is anymore.

He has entered nature. Not into the realm of animals with their acute perception, flight/flight auto pilot, and powerful instincts. Not into the realms of plants and trees with their harmonious, slow movements celebrating the seasons, adding tree rings in the wood, keen attention to bees and insects, sun, rain, weather, and night.

No, this descent is into the elements. He has joined his consciousness to water. There is no thought in his mind and no identity or self-awareness to assert.

Rain drops splash as they fall into a river. There is nothing else going on in his awareness—just raindrops falling, splashing as if in slow motion, as if time is defined by their motion and not the other way around.

And then he feels he is inside of her feeling what she feels—her body is now his. Again the water. Again, it is not the “I am me and I am here.” No, this is being aware of water as if water itself has intelligence, consciousness, sensitivity, and feeling—it feels everything near to it and within it as if it is one with these things.

And now he senses the mermaid again, the being behind the personality of the girl he sat down with in the bar. She has the form of a mermaid. But she is not held or limited by that form. She is the consciousness of the entire North Atlantic Ocean—its depths, its currents, its waves, the weather patterns that travel over it, the moon and tides, and the life within it.

He sees as she sees. He feels what is within her heart. What words might I use to express this? “I am the sea. I am free. I am love. I am peace, tranquility, serenity, and contentment. I am a billion years of water moving and changing, adapting and flowing. I am ecstasy. Come know me. I am here. I am pure receptivity. And I will share all that I am, give all that I am to those who care.”

But the man's mind hangs onto his body that sits on the beach. It refuses to let go. The part of him watching the girl as she goes off is not the part he cares about.

This other part of him feels it is out in the ocean miles from Oahu. Perhaps somewhere far out in the North Atlantic—after all, water is water; the seas are connected and not separate.

And now there is a struggle if that is the word for it. He does not feel inclined to come back to the shore. He feels he belongs here in this other world, the world of nature where the water is more alive and vast than anything he will ever experience in human form.

Struggle may not be the right word. Perhaps the right phrase is “time shifting.” The part of him that he feels is more alive is not in linear time. He is part of the sea, a billion years of life with its liquid, flowing happiness. It is hard to give it up. Why even try? Why be a human being who lives for such a brief period of time and then dies?

Again the rain drops falling on a river. He remains for another hour within this stream of consciousness where there is no need for thoughts to interpret experience. And then his mind returns to the familiar world. He is completely back in his body. Yet some part of him he cannot identify calls out yearning for another realm.

His question is answered—What is it like to be you? And he will return again and again to the sea to meet this mermaid until the three—himself, the girl, and the sea—become one being.

Serena's Tale

My genre of fairy tales requires that I base my stories on real human beings. A world class pro surfer, she read my book and wanted to meet. She asked if we could swim together in the sea. And she asked me to tell her about herself.

I told her she is a human being with a mermaid's aura. These are the hardest for me to understand—a human being who has changed her soul such that she is fully attuned to the sea. The human race, to put it mildly, has no understanding of water in its elemental form—neither the distilled innocence nor the love without ego that is united to the strength of the sea.

She asked me to say more. She wanted to know how she became what she is—a woman who draws energy from the sea and who out of gratitude for all it has given her wishes to give back in equal measure.

And this presents me with a certain difficulty. You see, after interviewing her on video for three hours and getting her life story, I found she exhibits some traits that belong not just to a human woman who has a mermaid's aura. She has traits that belong to actual mermaids in human form.

For example, she has a spontaneous instant replay of future events. You talk to her one moment about something in our world and she just blurts out without editing or comment a statement about some future event related to the topic being discussed.

Nothing in philosophy, magic, or occult lore prepares you for this: Mermaids have this thing about time—for them, past, present, and future are joined. They do not see the future as much as they are alive in the future and merely reporting on what they see going on there in front of them.

I go into deep meditation to answer her question about what she is. And here appears before me an ancient time where magic played a greater role in society and being psychic could offer you interesting career opportunities.

Her Story

The man is walking up a path to a stone building where he goes to work, to think, and to contemplate the universe. It is not that he is a recluse. He has many responsibilities. But contemplation is a practice he finds essential in order to rule over men.

Today, beside the cry of birds over waves and the gusts of wind that throw his hair every which way, he sees this young girl sitting by a cliff overlooking the sea. This is maybe the sixth time he has seen her sitting there. And each time, like today, she has been oblivious to his presence.

Not one to ignore what might be construed as an omen, a sign, or a silent word spoken by the divine in disguise, he goes over and sits down next to her. She ignores him, continuing to look out at the sea for maybe fifteen minutes. Then she turns to him and greets him quite casually as if they have been lifelong friends. With warmth, she says, Hello.

He says hello also and then he asks her, You often come here and gaze at the sea. Why do you do this?

He asks because he has been studying her mind for those fifteen minutes. He has been looking through her eyes and wandering through her memories from childhood to the present. And this is what he finds: as she gazes at the sea she has put off her human form and then the waves and water, the wind and the clouds, and the storms that appear--these are the only things that exist for her. She has become what she gazes upon and in so doing the sea itself has begun to respond.

He notices also that every few minutes her aura flickers and then it disappears. It is then replaced by the vibration of the sea that is in front of her—currents and tides, fish, surface waves, silent depths, and the open ocean. And when he listens carefully to the working of her mind he hears the songs of the spirits who inhabit the sea singing most beautifully.

She replies to his question about her motivation, I do this because it gives me happiness.

And then turning her gaze upon his face, she goes on, Am I any different from you? If you did not do what you do, even though only one or two have ever understood you, you would feel worthless inside.

The mage replies, Point taken.

And he then goes on, You are a natural born weather controller. This art is nearly impossible to teach. There is a job waiting for you if you are willing to help others sail the seas in safety. But first you must apprentice yourself to a weather controller to gain control over what is within you.

This will not be easy. Weather mages, whether they are men or women, are often very conflicted—they are confused about relationships. They do not understand fair exchange, negotiation, and trade. If you study with one of them, you will have to learn patience and tolerate their eccentricities.

The girl says, Fine. I like weather and the sea. It would also bring me happiness to help others survive on the sea.

The next weather controller would not arrive in the local port for several months. But one night, just after sunset, the young girl sits on the beach close enough so that the spray from the waves pounding the shore leaves salty moisture on her cheeks.

And before her among the breaking waves and the floating, flailing surf, a merman appears as handsome as any man on earth.

And these are his very words which he speaks to her not with the sounds the ear collects from vibrations in the air, but mind to mind as is the way of the mer folk.

You are as me
 Of the sea
 I care not
 If you think
 You are a human being
 You are one of us
 Wind, water, air, electricity
 The faintest breeze
 The swelling wave, the drop of rain
 Blending, uniting, and then evaporating
 Rising again as mist
 Joining the cloud, the frenzy of froth
 Every degree of temperature
 Humidity, moisture, pressure
 Like me
 You perceive nature's mysteries

Need I say more? Among the weather controllers in that ancient civilization she was the best. But unlike all others, she was neither conflicted nor did she find it difficult to relate to sailors, merchants, or those who govern coastal ports and empires.

When she gazed upon the mind of a human being, she had the diplomat's skill—you could hear her say words like, "Is it not this way for you?" or "I see you have acquired great understanding of how to accomplish whatever goals you set before yourself."

Or in a pinch with someone who might become her enemy she would say, "You are intriguing to me. I find in you a man who is honest when he speaks and yet you hold such power in reserve that few understand your full strength. I wonder if you would share with me your insights in solving a problem that perplexes me?"

But you see she was saying the words that would disarm the other's hostility. She offered friendship to those who knew how to give orders but who did not know how to enjoy the simple art of sharing in which one gives freely to another.

As the original mage had said, apprenticeships can be quite difficult as was hers. But in the end, for her these things are the same: to tame a wild wind or a raging storm and speaking a word of power that creates peace and calm in the waters of another's heart--where there is a choppy sea or dark, uncharted shoals lying in wait to wreck a life that has lost its course.

But if you really want to understand this woman whose spirit guide is a merman, who can hear the songs the sea sings at night, and for whom past, present, and future are all part of the present moment unfolding, then this is this woman's inner essence:

To be under sail and part of the moving waves and wind—she senses not only a great harmony as if everything is where it is supposed to be; she feels not just peace and the sense of being free, that nature is now part of her innermost being; there is more—she feels what the sea feels: to love, to nurture, to protect and to assist others are the reason she exists. Love has become the essence of her being.

Donovan and the Mermaid Queen, Part I and II

Part I

Have you heard the story of Donovan? He was a scoundrel some will say because he was Irish. Surely deceit and treachery were his game. The word honesty to him meant nothing. Gratifying his cravings was his way.

Though, to be fair, even a scoundrel can be inspired by beauty and what great Irish poet or musician has not used questionable means such as alcohol to renew his spirit? As a wise man once said, "A fool who persists in his folly becomes wise." Donovan had more than a fair share of folly. But perhaps there are some games a fool should never play.

Donovan had a refined taste. And when it came to women he liked class. And so this explains why he went after the daughter of a Baron, the daughter of a city major, and the daughter of a man who ran a shipping empire. But how do we explain the way Donovan enchanted these maidens?

Consider Aghna. Her name by the way means chaste or holy. She lived in Dublin with her father, a shrewd man of great power. Donovan had seen her one day walking down Aungier St. when he was on his way to a pub. He caught sight of her face. If Donovan had been a painter, he would have immortalized her eyes and the light of her countenance. If he had been a musician, it would not have been a Moonlight Sonata for piano but the Song of the Nightingale for violin.

You have to feel sorry for someone with such inordinate talent who lacked means and education. If Donovan had been blessed in a classical sense by an ancient god such as Mars, if he had some guiding stars he would have had a commission, rose in rank, and in the end been knighted for his service to the empire.

If he had been blessed by Apollo or Athena or simply had apprenticed to some aristocrat who liked to sponsor scientific expeditions, Donovan would have attained fame for discoveries in astronomy, in botany, and

his amazing understanding of geological strata, fossils, and for mapping caves than run for miles.

But the truth is Donovan had no such ambitions. Donovan's patron and tutelary deity was not one of the noble Greek gods. It was that mischievous god name Eros whose very existence has always been a threat to any established social order or code of moral decency.

Before I detail Donovan's skill, I should first place things in context and give you the larger picture. If modern men and women had Donovan's imagination and flair for telepathy, there would be neither a porn industry with its \$14 billion plus annual gross nor a billion dollar plus sales from over a million romance novels sold each year. In fact, if modern men and women had Donovan's skill then just like him if he had had the chance to see or read those things they would have shrugged their shoulders and asked, What is the attraction?

Here is how Donovan cast his spells so well. Poor Aghna. She went home that night. And as she prepared for bed it was like a cold breeze had dropped down and found a way through the slit beneath her door or around the edge of the window pane. Something was touching, caressing her skin. It was the kind of touch that carries you away so that questions of sin no longer enter in.

Time stops or flows as if you are in a dream. You can only perceive the images the dream gives you. You are only allowed to feel what the mood of the dream wants you to. And you can only do what the passion within you causes you to do. Inhibitions and suspicions are fast asleep or much too tired to get up and do their job.

What is Donovan up to? What are his tricks? What dark con from this Irish rogue was unleashed upon the innocent of the land of Erin?

If you were right there in his room you would see Donovan sitting in his chair quietly meditating. He was so quiet he could be asleep if he did not raise his hand from time to time to scratch an itch or rub his chin.

But in his mind? Let us drop in. Donovan is imagining he is holding Aghna body to body and skin to skin. He kisses her lips. He tastes her bliss. But here now is Donovan's real gift—he imagines that a perfect love exists between them.

He feels her breath. He feels the pulse of her blood and her heartbeat racing. He feels the warmth of her touch. He feels her shivering and quivering, her body rising, her yearning burning. He feels that nothing else exists for her in this moment but the longing of the two of them to be one.

You have to really hand it to Donovan. What he did is not in the modern man's repertoire of resources and skills. It was never about Donovan's own thrill. Donovan goes right inside of the woman's body. He feels what she feels. And he goes further. He senses what is hidden within her heart. The dream hidden within Aghna is of some great mythical knight who overcomes the dragons, that is, the harsh realities of society, seizes the treasures, and delivers into her hands that which would bless and heal any land.

Donovan used his powers of telepathy to enter her mind and touch her body in every way one lover can do with another. It is as if they had just been married in some great cathedral and this was now their honeymoon night when passion is sanctioned to reach its height.

And yet, there is another level that is within the power of this Irish rogue, this little devil. The word "tantra" had not yet reached the Western world. But Donovan could sense instinctively that attraction is all about polarity. Where the Western world speaks of lust where form awakens desire through sight or touch, Donovan knew how to speak another language, the language of the skin and of the body.

Consider a twelve volt battery with two separate poles. The craving of electrons to breach the gap is so great it can shock someone, causing a man to fall down if not stop his heart from beating. Donovan's imagination of two bodies uniting was so strong that if you stood next to him in the room where he was meditating you might feel there is something eerie about to happen.

There is static electricity in the air. You can feel it in your hair. And there is a magnetism that manifests as a tactile sensation like a boa constrictor entwined about you pulsating to your heart beat. But this raw, animal power is not constricting at all. Rather, it is rapture that suddenly falls upon you when you witness some great wonder of nature and you simply cannot move because of your feelings of awe.

Well, I just spent six paragraphs taking you inside of Donovan's mind and the effects he has on young maidens. How can I say it clearer? Donovan had an imagination that was so graphic and primal, so knowledgeable about intricacies of subliminal suggestion, he was downright telepathic. He could easily hypnotize a woman at a distance. She then acted as if she were inside of a dream that he was directing.

Oh, she still had her free will. Even in dreams we are still free. Then again you have to ask when someone is addicted to heroin can they put down the needle? Can a girl really turn away from an offer of love that is far more than anything known in her world? Even if she keeps her faith and trusts with all of her heart that the best in life will come her way is she still willing to say, "Go away. There is no place in my life for love such as yours."

Let me give you a little tip. When it comes to Donovan and young maidens, the girl might be luckier if it is the Celtic god Agnus Og in human form who sees her on Aungier St. in Dublin and decides he wants her to renounce her religion and return to the old ways, to become his devotee and handmaiden. Then again, Agnus Og, being a god of light, has more respect for women than Donovan.

The other thing about Donovan? He only got better through practice. With each woman with whom he had his way he learned new things. Donovan was not an explorer of seas, mountains, and wastelands. Donovan was an initiate of the god Eros who understands that attraction between opposites is the foundation of every divine gift. But as one mermaid queen once said to me, "Unless you make the feminine spirit part of yourself, then all my gifts to you will only leave you feeling empty."

Donovan never heard those words spoken. Then again, unlike me, Donovan did not ask women what they want and he would not have been good at listening if they had told him. I am not saying Donovan could not have learned to listen. I am just saying he decided to try his skills in fairy realms and among beings whose erotic skills are far greater than his own and whose power of will is far more than human.

I tell this story so that it is easier to understand why so few human beings ever encounter mermaids. Those who do are often exceptional in some ways possessing extraordinary skills.

Part II

Now what happens next is a bit hard to explain. So let me put it this way. Donovan's father had been a sailor. He spent years at sea. And so maybe it was from what the father had once seen but never spoken of to any being. All the same, something subliminal gets passed down to the children. For example, they know there is more to being alive than the wise men in society can find.

And so one night Donovan dreamed of the mermaid queen named Istiphul. And even in the dream he realized he was out of his depth. Here was femininity, not an angel, but a being of nature that embodies perfect receptivity.

What Donovan could do with young maidens—enter their minds and create images in which every desire in the girl's heart was satisfied—Istiphul could do a thousand times better. Yet for Istiphul, there is no contest or conquest, no ego to gratify, and no personal need to satisfy. She is nature itself that like the ocean seeks to fulfill every dream. And one of her dreams is to become the perfection of love.

Donovan knew he had problem. Everything was now in reverse. His five senses were caught in a dream. Feelings flowed through him that he could not control. He knew he was dealing with the mermaid realm and with the enchantments of a queen.

How could he tell? When he walked on the beach the waves would break and a thin wisp of transparent liquid would spread itself out on the sand reaching higher and then drawing back over and over. It was like the sea was beckoning him. Soft, tender, utterly yielding, she was there

in every fiber of her being and also with the entire magnetic field of the sea to fulfill his deepest needs.

And the perception was in sound. When Donovan sat by the sea at night and listened to the roar of the waves breaking, he heard not water crashing down but the voices of a choir singing. Yet beyond any church choir no matter how inspired and beyond any pagan Beltane celebration, this singing was a song of rapture. The birds sing at dawn. But who sings the song of the stars in the night sky or the serene, soft touch of the light at moonrise?

And if there was any food that Donovan ate that had even a taste of salt, Donovan felt in eating it he was stealing a kiss from the mermaid queen's lips. She was in his mouth. She was in the beat of his heart. If his pulse raced, Donovan felt it was because they were about to embrace.

Feeling his situation was desperate and even dire, Donovan did something totally out of character. He spoke with a priest who was also a scholar of Celtic lore. He explained enough to the priest that the priest understood Donovan's obsession. Lust for women of course is a sin. But desire to commune with a being of faery is just down right crazy.

All the same the priest realized that Donovan was one of those who are beyond the reach of church authority. So he simply told Donovan a few stories. Once a woman who knew magic saved herself by turning into a mermaid. It is old Irish tale. Hundreds of years later she rose up out of a lake and asked a priest to baptize her so she might return to her human body.

The priest patiently explained to Donovan that it does not matter what your obsession is. Once you get what you want there will come a point in time when you wish to return to the life you once lived.

The priest told Donovan a second story. He said this story is not well known except to a few bishops and it is only now found in the Vatican

library where it remains well hidden. But since the story illuminates your situation, I will tell you under the vow of secrecy.

Donovan gave his word to keep it secret. And so the priest told a tale about how once St. Patrick took a harp away from a bard. But the harp was magical and served as a gate between the worlds.

One night during a full moon a mermaid queen used the harp to entered St. Patrick's room. And even he who sought God's face could not resist her charms. Fortunately, she herself realized the time was not right for mermaids to have dealing with the human race. So she made St. Patrick a bargain. She would take away with her all the snakes of Ireland in exchange for her freedom.

And then the priest looked with his penetrating eyes into the eyes of Donovan and asks, Do you follow what I am saying? Some things are not to be touched, not in this age. Some desires are too much. If you give into them the soul will rend and the stress upon the body will be so great the heart will cease to beat.

Ah, says Donovan. Father, what your stories fail to address is that Jacob once wrestled with an angel. Without Jacob, no Israel. And those who seek God's face you have to admit sometimes are granted special grace. St. Francis could commune with animals. And many are the saints who could perform miracles.

All I saying is that there is give and take. Even before God's glory and ineffable mystery, Moses sought to negotiate.

The priest replies quickly, Only a Jew would dare to negotiate with God.

Donovan laughs as he says, Point taken. And then Donovan goes on, Let us just say that perhaps there is another story that is yet to be told—of men who are bold and not by accident they see what other men cannot see—the world in which we live is saturated with beauty; it is full of wonder. And its mysteries testify to God's glory.

Perhaps there are other stories waiting to be written, stories of quests not for holy Grails or the establishment of a kingdom based on honor and chivalry. Think of a story where nature itself is God's temple. The sky above the temple dome. The forest trees and mountains its pillars and walls. The running waves of the seas and their roar with the wind dancing and splashing—these are its choir whose songs are unending.

And what is the altar and sacrifice celebrated there? The priest asks with sarcasm and with a hint of longing.

Donovan replies, The altar is the heart of each person and the ceremony celebrated is love that is without beginning or end like the sea that circles the earth. Men shall forever navigate it and draw their charts but its depths and life—it beauty, freedom, and love—will only appear in their dreams. Their minds will never be able to fathom its mystery.

Donovan, says the priest, I want you to take some time and think about what you are doing. I have seen men become crazy because of their infatuations and obsessions. It is not a pleasant sight. We lack the skill to heal many who are touched by dreams that, when too deep, these lost souls fail to find their way back again to a right mind.

But just so I am clear on this, what is the ending to your story Donovan? Asks the priest.

Donovan replies, A young man gifted in the arts of love finally finds a challenge worthy of his talents. He meets a woman who loves him in every fiber of his being. My ending? She makes him into the man he was always meant to be.

The problem for you Donovan is this, says the priest. Recorded history goes back three or four thousand years. You are choosing to follow a path that no one else has walked in all of that time. At least there is nothing I have read to support your quest.

If you go this way, no one on earth will be able to offer you council, rescue you if you get lost, or find you and guide you back to the safe harbors where humanity dwells.

I understand what you are saying, father, replies Donovan. I want to thank you so much for actually listening to what I am saying and sharing with me your wisdom and convictions. I will think on these things you have told me.

And Donovan went off and never gave the priest's words a second thought. Donovan's body was soon stone cold. His soul entered another realm through the power of dreaming but he lacked the wisdom to return, to awake from the dream even though around him the birds rejoiced each morning as the sun rose.

Love is the great mystery. And this mystery is most clearly seen in the sea in its depths, its wonder, its beauty, its giving, and its ability to enter our dreams and to show us the person we are meant to be. Donovan did not seek the person he was meant to be and he did not seek to celebrate the mystery of love.

What the priest failed to tell Donovan was that some beauty is too great to behold unless you first put aside your ego and your selfishness. Only then can you taste its mystery without being destroyed by its ecstasy.

Pastor Bob and the Mermaid



Bob has been the pastor of his Baptist church for twenty years. It is a small stone church near Wheaton, Illinois that seats no more than 150 people. Pastor Bob has a quiet charisma, and there are a few people who never miss attending church on Sunday—oh, maybe once in four or five years.

The church has a small choir that Pastor Bob sometimes directs when there are no funds for a choir director. But there has always been someone who volunteers to play the piano.

Pastor Bob gives his sermons with the tone of voice of a grandfather sitting around a fire in winter recalling his experiences as a railroad conductor or a Great Lake's ship captain. Some of the events he describes have genuine drama, but mostly the story line is routine.

Pastor Bob likes to retell the stories in the Bible. He sometimes fails to remember which stories he has already told. And no one bothers to point this out to him. Sometimes the congregation themselves do not remember.

For the last five years, Pastor Bob has not had a vacation. On his salary, a vacation is not always possible. But in 1994, the mother of Howard Davis, a member of the church board, died. Howard had put her in a good nursing home. But he rarely visited her.

It turns out that the mother left Howard six hundred thousand dollars in her will. This was a surprise because no one suspected she had that kind of money. Turns out she had kept stock certificates in her bank box. Some of the certificates were worthless. The companies had gone bankrupt. But the thousand shares of Rockwell that she had bought for five thousand dollars back in the sixties had turned into gold. Over thirty years, Rockwell had had numerous stock splits and had spun off companies like Boeing Airlines.

To ease his conscience for rarely visiting her when she was alive and yet being reminded of how much he had received from her, Howard wanted to do some good things with the money. The first thing he did was to pay for his pastor's vacation. He booked for the pastor and his wife, Judy, a cottage at Kawela Bay, the most isolated and perhaps beautiful beach on the island of Oahu in Hawaii. And this is where our story begins.

It is Saturday morning, the last day of their stay in the cottage on the bay. As he had done each morning, Pastor Bob has gotten up before dawn to walk the beach, his feet at the edge of the waves, the first purple light staining the horizon while the birds were only just now beginning to sing their songs.

Pastor Bob sits down on the sand five feet from where the water in dancing spray reaches out with glistening fingertips feeling every grain of sand—fingers as sensitive and quick as a concert pianist playing a great concerto, yet one never heard by human ears. It is just then before sunlight even touches the waves that the mermaid appears. She is sitting

right next to him on the sand. At first Bob sees a woman half human and half fish.

He can see right through her, so naturally he thinks his imagination is a little overactive. Bob blinks, and then he sees her bending and wrapping her arms around her knees. At this point, she looks real enough for you or me.

She has black hair and sharp, shining, blue eyes. Her skin is pale, and she is wearing a thin, caftan shawl that leaves little to the imagination.

“I should not be talking to you. You are not in the Bible, so you are either not real or else you are evil.”

The girl replies, “You do not know how to read your Bible if you cannot find me in it.”

Pastor Bob says, “Well then, tell me where—what chapter and verse?”

The girl says, “In the beginning, verses and chapters were never there. You have come from a tradition where men study and memorize the written word. But what you see in front of you is the living word.”

Pastor Bob asserts, “If it is not in the Bible, I have no need to believe.”

Now the thing about telepathy is that you have access to each other’s memories. And so there was no difficulty for the mermaid to scan the preacher’s mind for the contents of the Bible that contain water imagery.

And so the mermaid counters, “It is written: ‘He showed me the river of the water of life, bright as crystal, flowing from the Throne of God and of the Lamb through the middle of the city.’

“Those words are written, and you can read them aloud and think on them. But I am this river. It flows through my soul. We have the same taste; we are the same divine grace. In me, sight and sound are alive. And like that river I exist to assist those who bring healing to the nations.”

“And these words also,” the mermaid continues, “‘Out of his belly shall flow streams of living water.’ This is impossible to miss—the written word speaks of something living that shall come to be.

“In me these words are fulfilled—the essence of my being is an innocence that gives all of itself in every moment and grants new life to whatever it is near.”

The mermaid stops speaking and sits silently next to Pastor Bob. He gazes at her for almost a half hour. Thoughts, when they arise in his mind, quickly dissolve. Like the sea that lies before them, she embodies a timeless sensuality in which thoughts tend to disappear.

After the half hour, Bob turns to her and says, “How do I become what you are?”

The mermaid replies, “Gaze on the sea until the sensations and images change into feelings and the feelings change into ecstasy. In the sea, there is no time: past, present, and future combine. Take your human desires and needs and unite them to what we dream: a love that is forever one and forever free.”

Pastor Bob flew back to Illinois the next day. But it takes him a few months to come to terms with this experience. There are some things that defy analysis, and sometimes the best choice is simply to accept the experience.

One Sunday Bob does something different in church. Previously, he has always started the sermon with a Bible verse and this leads to a story or two and then he returns to the verse and what it means for our lives.

But this time he begins in this way:

You know. Since the invention of the train, car, and airplane, we sometimes become so involved with our machines that we take nature for granted. Yet we are surrounded by the beauty of world.

To the Northeast and West are the Great lakes. Each has its own weather conditions—the winds and waves are slightly different. And if you get out on those lake waters, you notice they each have a different feeling.

An hour drive from here is Lake Michigan. An off shore wind in the morning from Milwaukee, Wisconsin forms patterns of ripples as the wind first touches down a few feet from shore. Thirty minutes later those ripples are building into waves. Gusts of wind catch the spray of the white caps hurling drops of water like lateral rain over the waves' troughs. And even if the wind dies down later in the afternoon and the sky is calm, large swells continue rolling on.

If the next night is overcast and there is no moon, you may not be able to see, but you can hear those waves with their distinctive roar as they break on the beaches of Saugatuck, Michigan—like a woman at night when you lie close to her, you may feel you can hear her heartbeat. But with these waves the roar becomes quiet before another wave rises into a crest and then falls again breaking the silence.

I remember one night taking the ferry from Milwaukee. After the lights from the shore vanished, I felt I was on the open sea. You could not see anything if you looked out the porthole, except the play of moonlight stretching out across the water.

Lake Superior is laid out East West rather than like Lake Michigan which stretches North South. Lake Superior is completely different. The gales of November sometimes come early with hurricane West winds like the one that brought an end to the ship, Edmund Fitzgerald. A wave beginning in the Grand Marais can build for four hundred mile before it breaks on the shores by Michipicoten in Canada.

Lake Michigan is perhaps for sportsmen who fish and race sailboats. Lake Superior, on the other hand, is like a strong man who is a little too wild to become tame enough to enjoy sports or to hunt game.

As you cross east of the Mackinaw Bridge, you find Lake Huron—not as long but it is wider than Lake Michigan. As you follow down the glove of Michigan, you run into Thunder Bay. There with bleak, grey clouds on the horizon, you may experience that form of lightning called St. Elmo's Fire. Your hair may stand up and if there is any metal nearby you may hear a buzzing as if you are near a bee hive with that its sound of zzzzzz.

The winds of Lake Huron are more capricious and playful than those of Lake Michigan where the winds tend to blow steady. Calm one moment, twenty minutes later you may see thunderstorms forming on the horizon. You can smell and feel the increased moisture in the air and the temperature falling from the squall at the leading edge of a line of storms.

Below Lake Huron, St. Clair River flows from Port Huron south toward Lake Erie. But first the water passes through Lake St. Clair. It is a small lake where on a good day you can see all the way across. Lake St. Clair has more sailboats and motor boats on it per square mile than any other lake in the world. Not a "great" lake, still if you live on its shore you might conclude that after a year the winds and waves of that little lake have over three hundred different moods.

Continuing down the Detroit River which lies below Lake St. Clair, you pass Grosse Ile and enter Lake Erie. A shallow lake, warmer in temperature, the waves can kick up with the wind. With the right sailboat and fair weather, you can ride the same wave from one end of Lake Erie to the other. There was a winery among

the islands of Put-in-Bay that used to have the best grape juice in the world. But it is long since gone.

To the Northeast of Lake Erie is Lake Ontario. A fourth the size of Lake Superior, it is called the “Lake of Shining Waters.” Mostly on the Eastern shores of Lake Ontario, there is turbulence in the water after the waves break due to the prevailing winds and currents. Here sediment of sand and gravel turn into sand bars forming lagoons and protected harbors.

Lake Ontario has a different feel from the other Great Lakes. It has the feeling of a small inland sea. Lake Ontario was in fact after the last ice age a bay of the Atlantic Ocean; but the land began to rise as the glaciers receded so that now it is fresh water.

I once knew the captain of a freighter that ran up and down the Great Lakes. His home was in Cleveland, but he was gone for such long periods that sometimes his wife would drive from Ohio over to Milwaukee just to spend the weekend with him during his break.

It used to be that when the freighters passed in a narrow channel they would blast their horns: one blast meant pass to your port and two blasts meant pass to your starboard. But that has all changed with GPS and computers talking to each other. The rivers and lakes are now quieter.

But you know, when I looked into the captain’s eyes, even after thirty years of running freighters up and down these lakes during day and during night, I did not see the Great Lakes looking back at me. Instead, I saw the pilot’s house on the ship, the navigation equipment, the mess hall, the cargo bay, and the schedule he had to keep. I saw him talking to his crew and on the radio to other ships.

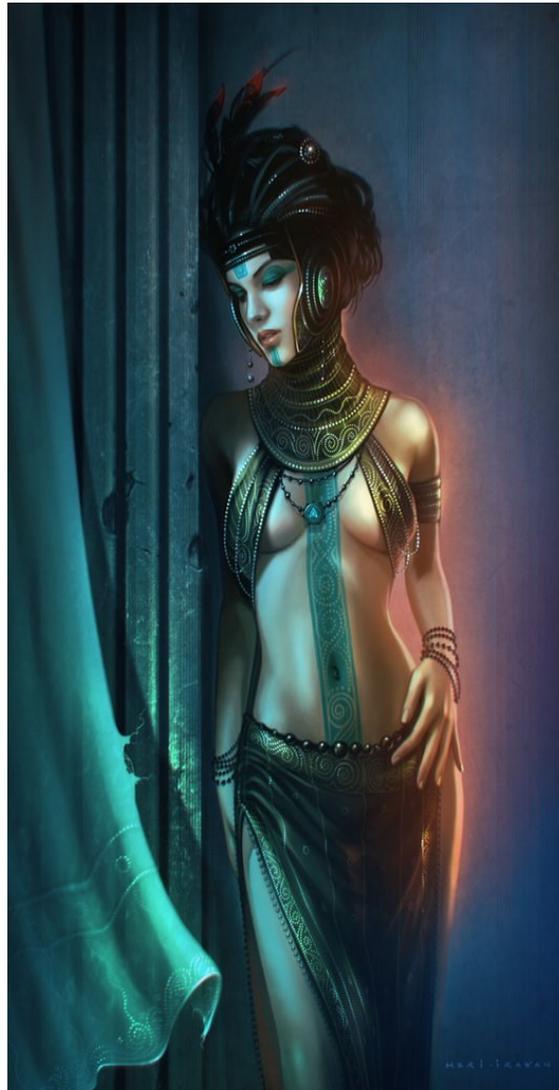
What am I trying to say? I do not think the captain ever stopped long enough to behold the beauty of the world that surrounds us. Sometimes all you need to do is to put your thinking off to the side

and just gaze at what is in front of you if you want to taste wonder. And this is very important to know how to do because there are times when the Bible speaks of things of great wonder.

And now Bob finally returns to the actual sermon, “Our scripture reading for today: ‘He showed me the river of the water of life, bright as crystal, flowing from the Throne of God and of the Lamb through the middle of the city ...’”

Thereafter, members of the congregation occasionally commented on Pastor Bob’s changed demeanor: “Do you think it was that trip to Hawaii?” And the response is sometimes, “Can’t really say, but he acts so relaxed and at peace like he is standing on a beach with the spray of waves splashing on his feet.”

The Mermaid Assassin



Introduction

An aspect of the modern fairy tale is that there is nothing to believe. You get to decide for yourself how to interpret the story. I tell you straight out that only God knows for sure who is a mermaid and who is human. All I can do is present my observations and the details of my interviews.

I say the same to the women I interview, “I have no way of understanding the abilities you possess. Nothing in world literature or religion or in the experience of any of the masters of the earth can account for the things you can do. Great Swamis may train for thirty or forty years or divine visions may be delivered into the hands of prophets.

But what you have is a gift you brought with you when you entered this world.

So I turn to mythology and I write fairy tales to account for what cannot be understood by any current system of interpretation. All the same, what I write is what I see. I see the woman in this story as having once been a mermaid. She now dwells among us in disguised as a human being.

My job is to assist mermaids and human beings to celebrate the innocence, love, and empathy these beings possess within their own realm. Telling their stories is a first step for coming to terms with the love that has been missing from the human race for ages and eons of time.

Her Short Autobiography

I enjoy the rhythm of the waves and the drops of spray splashing my face as the hull surges into the trough and breaks through the next wave's crest. The ocean surrounds me. The wind gusts and shifts and I trim the sail in response. The wind and I are like two lovers who blend in harmony as we dance.

Sailing out here by myself on the ocean there are no conflicts--on the open ocean nothing changes. The days and months and decades—the ocean is always the same.

But the truth is that I do not think of my past as past. It is like I am standing still. I am not going forward. I am now. There is no “I was” or “I will be,” only “I am here now.”

And that is how I felt long ago when I fled Atlantis. My story has conflict and resolution. It has plot and movement. But for me, time, like the ocean, does not move forward. The flow of events in the outer world does not change who I am inside.

I like to sleep by the beach to be close to water. It washes away everything bad and all tension leaves me so I feel only peace. Being under the full moon is like putting a battery charger into a wall socket--I feel recharged.

These things are not surprising. As a child, I loved the water. I would stay in the bath for six hours and sometimes more. I would sometimes fall asleep with my mouth and nose just above the surface.

On the one hand, I hate thinking about myself as being different from other people. I would like to think that at most I am maybe a strange kid. Maybe some of the things I do are a little odd. I am a bit lonely, boring, and misunderstood. I would like to think there is nothing more to it.

But on the other hand? I do not know if I am human. I do not like thinking about myself as one because the things I do seem so natural—things others cannot understand or accept. For example, why would anyone want to hurt someone else? And why do people not accept the good and the bad in their lovers? Isn't love supposed to be without conditions? Isn't always loving and supporting the other person a normal thing to do?

There are other things. I am not talking about the fact that I like to sit in the dark by myself and that I can see in the dark. It has more to do with my empathy.

When someone around me is experiencing an intense, heavy emotion, I spontaneously feel the other's sadness. I will cry wearing myself out and then fall asleep. If the emotions are too strong or coming from too many people at once I may even pass out.

I laugh at myself as I say this, but I am like a reverse vampire. I do not take others' energy to restore myself. Rather, I take their aches and pain into myself and heal the other person in the process. I do this spontaneously. I have no control over it.

But there is more. I enter others' memories and then I live those memories as if they are my own. I am back in time inside the other person's body.

I call this "watching a movie" except I am like an actor on a stage playing the part of the other person. A man tells me he is depressed because his wife has left him. Instantly, I am inside his mind watching what actually happened. She says to him, "You are worthless." I hear her words. I see her face. I feel her slap me. I recall what happened with equal or better clarity than the person's own recollection.

Although this entering the other's memory can take place in a moment, for me the experience can go on for hours. I cannot make it stop. The empathy began when I was seven years old. At that time I was raised by my grandparents. My mother was rarely around. She still does not like me. Her words, "I wish you were never born. Having you has ruined my life."

When my grandfather died, I went to the funeral and could feel what everyone around me was feeling. Because I was upset that he died, he came to me that night in a dream to calm me down. He showed me where he was. It was the prettiest place on earth—so peaceful and happy. He told me I was the most open and receptive of all the family members.

He visits me in dreams and warns me about danger and lectures me about all sorts of things. We also argue. My body is asleep but my mind is awake. When we have been arguing all night I will wake up in the morning and feel like I have not slept at all.

He tells me things such as that a certain person is going to hurt me. He even studies some of my friends to see if they have a good heart. For me, my grandfather is far more alive now than he was when he was still living. But I never know in advance when he is going to talk to me. He does not come when I try to contact him.

One time he told me to call 911 because my grandma, who was still alive, had just had a heart attack. I called 911 and they broke down the door to her apartment and found her lying on the floor. She had had a heart attack just as he had said.

It is not just my grandfather I talk to. I talk to other departed people also. With some the communication is mind to mind without words or thoughts. With others, I talk to them exactly the same as I talk to living people.

Some seem trapped here close to our world and unable to move on like the ghost who is attached to the used dresser I moved into my room. The ghost looks through all of my things and comments on my clothes. He will not tell me anything about himself. Because of his annoying comments, I can no longer change clothes in that room.

I do not easily trust people because of all the bad experiences I have had with them. Men have betrayed me because they are selfish, but what they want has always been obvious. Women are another matter. They have been mean and cruel for no reason whatsoever. But I still love them and even when my friends are treacherous and betray me, I still remain friends with them.

When I meet new people I can tell the first moment I see them, at their first word, if they are dangerous. When one of my friends introduced me to another girl, I told my friend later that this woman would hurt her. I wish I had been wrong. But it turned out the other woman spread nasty rumors about my friend. My friends think I am judgmental when I warn them in this way. But I am never wrong about these things.

My Atlantean Incarnation

In my original nature, I was a mermaid who had the vibration of Angel Falls—the highest falls on earth. I was pure, flowing, life giving, healing, and renewing. I was the joy and the ecstasy of being alive—full of rainbows and sparkling light. I was trust and innocence—water falling, letting go to into the embrace of air and space. And so you can imagine the disaster that awaited me when I began to associate with the human race.

During the last age of Atlantis, there was a time of peace. Atlantis was like the center of the universe—people from many different lands journeyed there. In one outlying land, there was great conflict. But the Atlanteans frowned on war. They had an air of authority and magical power that enabled them to hold in check those who wished to lead armies to victory over their foes.

Still, the human soul has beneath its surface a seething, raging hunger for power and an implacable hatred of whatever interferes with the attainment of its goals. In this one land, the science was weak and the magic was not the equal of the Atlanteans. But there were traditions many centuries old in which mages trained for a life time to master their magical arts.

There was a small city of several thousand individuals that was dedicated to spiritual pursuits. It had different societies within it. Some were run by women, but most were governed by men. It was a loose federation composed of groups with different agendas. But they worked together for common goals. It is not just technology and industry that can motivate and enrich a community. Knowledge of the spiritual worlds also has a binding and uniting influence within a society.

One day an advanced adept from this community sat by the sea and the sea took hold of him. His eyes were opened and he became filled with a sense of beauty, love, and peace unlike anything he had ever felt before. He perceived that the sea is a magical realm with many kingdoms within it. He sat there for several hours without moving. He had no desire to do anything else than to immerse himself within these feelings and let their harmony flow through him.

But as is the nature of human beings they desire to share their experiences with another. And so he refocused his eyes so that they would perceive what he wanted—a living being who embodied these feelings of wonder and love. Put simply, he wanted a friend and a lover, a woman who had the sea alive within her.

And so as his eyes fell upon me, I began to materialize in front of him on the beach. Call it a mermaid-mage encounter. This encounter is now part of the mermaid archives that record all of the experiences of all mermaids on earth.

For him my skin was like moonlight and water, the color of emeralds and the blue sky mixed together. He placed his palm upon my arm and the human part of his mind was gone. He crossed over.

How long he dwelt within my realm he could not tell, for the love placed him in a state of rapture. There is no sorrow, separation, or loss to mark the turning of the clock. But since the vibration of water was weak within his soul, he had to finally let go.

Once again he sat upon the beach though still within a state of revelry. Yet he felt what no great master should ever have to feel—he felt incomplete.

As he walked back to his study, the scent of the sea was moist upon his cloak. And the sounds of waves breaking, the white spray and foam upon the sand seemed to flow around his feet in every step he took. Once in his study he made some tea with a shot of alcohol like mead mixed in. And then he sat by the window and began to contemplate. He relived the experience on the beach and then reached a conclusion. These are his very thoughts.

This is not acceptable. Who can live like this? Having such beauty and love—it is so real I can taste and touch it. And yet at the same time it is so remote from my life that it is like being in love with a woman who lives on the other side of the world.

And then thinking of me he said to himself--she and this blessed realm are one and the same thing. They carry the same vibration. When I leave her presence, I feel only half alive.

The remedy is obvious. She should dwell in my world, here with me. I do not recall anything like this occurring before in the history of my magical order. Yet I am sure if I visualize this mermaid in the body of a woman it will come to be. A way will be found. The gate is open. No one will contest my actions. There are no rules about these things. I will accomplish this.

You have to understand the level of concentration the mage had mastered. Whether his eyes were closed or open, he could recall nearly anything he had ever experienced—every sight, smell, taste, touch, and sound or conversation as if it were occurring again right now.

And like the Atlanteans, he was used to working with a crystal ball. As he stared at the crystal it would begin to flare and burst like a volcano erupting but not with lava but rather with dazzling light. And then he would gather that light and concentrate it into the image of whatever he wanted done.

And, according to the difficulty of the desire, within an appropriate time fame the object of his desire would manifest. He did this with me—he imagined the goal as real right now—he visualized me by his side.

Three months later, a woman in the community was about to die. Through the force of his magic, I was drawn to that dying woman. When she died, I entered her body trying to revive her. Healing is a way of manifesting love. But though her soul had decided to leave, I was able to keep the body alive. I awoke inside of this woman's body. Shortly after, according to the mage's visualization, I was by his side.

How did this feel to me? I am of water. My very being is to love and to flow. Enlightenment itself is in knowing how to let go. And love is being one with another without limitation or the need for definition. In love, there are no boundaries to defend.

When the mage entered my realm he was awkward and off balance like a fish out of water. He was like a sponge that wanted to absorb and take in but only a tiny amount of love could get inside of him.

It was okay when he had me materialize upon the beach. I had the sea inside of me as I sensed his world. I could see how they use chemistry, physics, and fiery will to build and to make new things. But when it came to the song of life, though the music is vast, they only knew a few notes and cords.

No wonder he felt half dead when he left my presence. The sea was not in his dreams and love was not in command of his heart. Entering the girl was as easy as water flowing from one form into another. Yet part of being enchanted is that you do not realize it is happening until the spell is broken. The magical concentration he was using to draw me to his side was strong enough to change my perceptions of what was occurring. I felt everything I was doing was natural and that all actions were of my own volition.

The body I entered had memories and habits imprinted upon its brain. I was free to use them the way an actor uses a script in order to perform her part in a play. I actually had no difficulty mastering human discourse.

In no time at all I was saying things like "That's amazing," "Could you explain that to me again?" "Why don't I cook something to eat and I'll call you when it is ready," "Tell me how your work went today," and "Here, let me place my hands on your head and take away your tension."

Interacting with human beings is as simple as keeping my thoughts, words, and actions within the narrow and well-defined range of their brain vibrations. But in myself I remained unchanged. The sea was still within me. Nothing was different. I had merely taken this other form that required little more effort than putting on a robe.

I lived with the mage for four years. And then things changed. The land was on the verge of war. Strong factions were contending for power. I could feel the tension in the air.

Until this point in time, the mage had shown me to only a few of his friends. I was his secret mistress of magical bliss. Some treasures are too special to share with the world at large.

But the political conflict reached a climax. The mage was a member of a ruling council that consisted of three. The enemy leader had gone to Atlantis to seek assistance. He and others wanted to bring Atlantean education and institutions into the land so as to make it an Atlantean colony. This idea the mage could not stand.

And so it occurred to him to use my beauty to accomplish his ends. A mage can no more attack another mage than a cloud can cause damage to another cloud by hurling lightning at it. But there are other ways to destroy an enemy. In the wrong hands, love itself can be used as a tool of destruction.

It is nothing for me to sense another's deepest needs. And then I configure my responses in such a way so as to offer complete gratification. It is not about lust. It is simply an act of sharing and caring. All mermaids are masters of the art of becoming one.

But the mage knew he could not send me as I was. I did not have a human aura. Anyone who is sensitive would immediately realize I was not a human being. And so the mage had to change my aura. He had to somehow disguise me so I appeared not just in form but also with the soul of a human woman.

There are things in which some wizards are masters. He bound me to the element of earth in such a way that I could no longer see into the mermaid realm. My five senses were limited to perceiving only in the physical world. He bound me to the element of air in such a way that my

mind was clear. But I could not think any thoughts that ran counter to the mission he assigned to me.

He bound me to the element of fire in such a way that through any means at my disposal I was to destroy his enemy. It is called a Gheas. An implacable will was placed inside of me. While under his control, I now possessed a small amount of his own will and power.

He bound me to the fifth element of akasha. In this way he imbued me with a human soul. From now on I would incarnate as a human being. He did this so I could not easily defect and return to my own realm.

And as for water, my own element? He let me keep my superhuman empathy. But the awareness of love that is everywhere in every moment he took away from me.

If your love is pure you are forever free regardless of your form, fate, or destiny. Still, he took away my inner connection to the sea. All these things he did to fashion me into a tool, a wand of power that he could now unleash to destroy his enemy.

Actually Atlantis had its own guild of assassins. Though expensive, he could have hired one of them. But why outsource the job when what you have at hand is far better than anything that guild could have created or imagined?

Some would say that converting a mermaid into an assassin is lame brained to say the least. It is like taking gold and diamonds and throwing them into quicksand or mud. But the mage was not a complete fool. He knew what he was doing. A mermaid queen in the body of a woman is the most perceptive creature in this galaxy. In an instant, she can sense and be inside of any person on this earth.

A mermaid like me, though not a queen, has the same abilities but to a lesser degree. Even before I began my journey, I could read the heart and mind of the man I was to target. In all of history, there have never been any covert operatives who possessed one tenth of my capacity.

I enjoy the rhythm of the waves and the drops of spray splashing on my face as my small craft sails toward Atlantis. The ocean around me—in whatever life I exist always brings me peace. No mortal mage, however great, will ever be able to take this away from me.

The sailboat that carries me has a deck that is round and it extends over the hull. It is carved with grooves that resemble a coiled serpent with the serpent's head at the bow. But the hull itself that rides in the water is similar to the construction of a Viking ship. It is only about eight meters long. The tiny sails are shaped like an arrow head and often part of the sail reaches down to the water.

I love sailing at night. I can see in the dark on nights like this even without starlight or moonlight. In moments like this time no longer exists. There are no conflicts and no dreams or nightmares. Though I have been enchanted, mesmerized, hypnotized, and bound to another against my will, a part of me is forever free.

In this moment, all that exists are me, the craft, the waves, the wind, the night sky, and the sea. Perhaps it is the stress I am under, but I hear the sea speak to me. She says, "Child. By divine grace, human beings are here for a little while and then they are gone. But you and I are like the wind and the waves. We will dance together like this again and again forever."

The first thing I noticed after I docked and tied up my ship was the tiny windows and doors in the buildings. The windows were like a semicircle or a circle cut down the center horizontally so only half of the circle was there to look out of. The roofs did not seem to fit on the buildings because they were a different design. And in the corners where the building met the ceiling there were special decorations like wave patterns. I saw no pyramids. The buildings were of marble and of every other kind of stone. And there were sculptures all over.

As I walked down the street, it seemed there were people from everywhere. It was peaceful and yet I saw urban, rural, and tribal people mingling together on the same road.

But I was not sent here to linger and observe. I had one task—to find the man I was to dispatch. I could sense where he was. I moved in the right direction, found him, and began observing his behavior. He had three body guards that followed him everywhere. These men were tall, quick, and strong.

Some things a woman just knows how to do. You brush your hand through your hair or drop your chin toward your lower shoulder as you

smile and glance out of the corner of your eyes. You place your weight on your left hip with the other leg bent while you rest your hand on your thigh, your head and shoulders also leaning to the left side.

Even from across the room, if you catch his eye for a moment his brain extrapolates. Whether he is aware of it or not, his body feels that the two of you are joined and that he is inside of you. And then that microsecond of physical sensations vanish. Like an addict with a drug, he wants to recapture that high.

All of this was child's play for me. Off-the-shelf seduction technology. But add this--I place my soul inside his body at the same time and he becomes like an iron filing in the presence of a powerful magnet. He could not resist my power of attraction.

Things moved quickly. Within the hour I had him in bed. He is so turned on all his defenses are gone. He kisses me, but for him the kiss is death. As many have done before and after me, I have placed a protective layer like wax upon my lips. And over this I have painted with a small brush a deadly poison. He literally dies in my arms. I do not need to check his heartbeat. I can sense the life depart from his body.

The mission implanted in me by the mage has been accomplished. But the method and plan of action were my own creation. No one suggested it to me. Many women I imagine instinctively know how to use poison.

I climbed down from the balcony and made my escape. But before I left that night, I climbed up on to the top of a building and spent three hours staring down at the capital city.

There were sounds in the distance of laughter and music and the cheer of both soft and loud festivals. The words came to me from someone else's mind—"Atlantis: Fair, fair, beautiful beyond compare, Oh wondrous land were the gods still walk, their footsteps echoing through the hills."

Can anyone who has ever been here ever forget the experience? Here is a city that is blessed by the divine world. Every good thing that can be given to humanity has been given into the hands of these people.

The fire in the streets at night that lit the city is not just fire. The fire has a secret warmth within it like the songs of hearts that overflow with

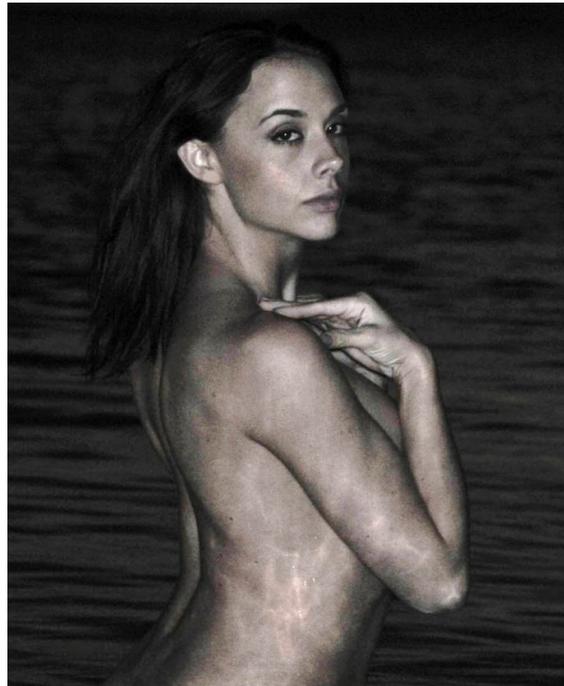
joy. And there is also a touch of mermaid innocence. Many people here can go about their day without having to worry about their safety or having to think about how to preserve, defend, or extend their wealth.

I stared at the city lights basking in their glow, letting the warmth fill my soul. But my time is up. I have to flee for my life.

I am soon back at sea. I journey riding on a large ship heading for a distant island. The ship departs with the early morning high tide. I do not remember anything else about this incarnation.

In a few days I will be drafted into the army as is required of all young men and women in my nation. I will then see what new job the powers that be assign me to fulfill in this life time.

How do I become what you are?



Gaze at the sea. Notice the sensations—the flowing, yielding, the giving and receiving, the surge, the pulse, the rhythm, the continuous releasing, the letting go, and the infinite adaptability.

Then notice the feelings—purifying, cleansing, making new and bringing to life, the nurturing love, the joy in becoming one, and the infinite receptivity.

When you make these sensations and feelings a part of yourself, you enter the realm of the mermaids and become as we are—one with the waters of the earth.

My Physical Therapist—A Mermaid Woman

I fell down a cliff. How stupid can you get? Two weeks later, after consulting with a surgeon and getting an MRI, I finally began physical therapy. In my mind, I was too banged up with other injuries to undergo surgery for my damaged, dislocated shoulder.

For the first three months I did not even notice her. I was distracted—the therapy was excruciatingly painful. The fractures were not yet mended. And it is easy to take a woman such as this one for granted.

The thing about mermaid women—that is, women with deep water in their auras—is that they are adept at disguising themselves. They learn early in life that you cannot be open with other people. You cannot be constantly giving, loving, nurturing, and healing anyone and everyone you meet.

Without being aware of what they are doing, people become obsessed or dominating around a mermaid woman. They want more and more of whatever it is that she gives. This is not something that people do

consciously. They often are not even aware that they are acting out of character.

We live our lives amid trade-offs. We negotiate for affection and attention. Respect is earned. And love is so rare that we do everything we can to protect what we have.

True love is one of the greatest treasures on earth—a love that cannot be bound, broken, diminished, or brought to an end; it is so alive it captures the essence of every moment while at the same time the wisdom of eternity shines from within it. In true love, there is nothing to possess, to bind, or to try to confine. In true love, the lover is within and a part of you one hundred percent of the time.

Mermaid women all have the capacity to rise to the level of true love. It is in their blood. It is a quality of their souls. And so as a mermaid woman, my physical therapist is in disguise. She is completely professional during a therapy session. She is businesslike, focused, and very demanding.

She has great recall and attention to detail. She knows very well that in regard to shoulder dislocations, you never want to depart from protocols or step-by-step treatment. You have to do the hard work if you want to get results. There are no free rides, and there are no exceptions to this rule.

And so it would be easy to think that this woman is a Virgo—she is analytical, mental, hardworking, and focused on details, and she enjoys most of all when something is done right. But this conclusion would be an absolute mistake. Her personality is completely opposite.

I began to notice my mistake very slowly. It required an effort to put it all together. It was in her intonation pattern as she spoke. There was the sound of water dripping off of leaves and falling to the ground. It was in her touch when she was massaging my shoulder. She would ask as she stretched a muscle, “On a scale of one to ten, how painful is this?”

I would reply, “When you are touching my arm, I can feel the intensity of the sensations, but my mind no longer labels it as pain. I just let go.”

And it was in her occasional smile. When she smiled, the therapist was gone. A different person was present. It was the smile of a young woman who loves to be out of doors—canoeing between the islands, hiking in the mountains, or swimming in the surf. I was no longer in a hospital. Sunlight, moonlight, and wind were caressing my skin.

She is innocent, loves to play, is pure delight, and feels a part of nature. She searches with an endless curiosity for new experiences that allow life to express itself in explosions of joy. I had never met anyone before whom I could describe by saying she searches for “explosions of joy.” Then again, at the time of this story, I had met less than a dozen mermaid women.

So here is my dilemma. I feel more alive when I am in her presence. And I can tell you exactly, precisely, why this is: In her way of being receptive and of giving energy she takes the electricity in my nervous system and enhances it. It is not just a matter of feeling assured and more self-confident. It feels like having the power of lighting that occurs in a storm on a dark night. It is the power to light up the darkest places within the heart. That is the way she makes me feel.

When people fall in love, they have feelings for each other. The attraction is often unique, and it acts as a force like gravity binding two people together. The other has a hold on you like you are under a spell—like a magic mirror, the woman reflects something from deep within you that, at times, is so far away you may not have even known it was part of you. She offers you something that makes you feel whole, and the relationship makes her feel complete as well.

Mermaid women are *not* like that. They do *not* love in that way. Love is neither created by the feelings two individuals have for each other nor

does it have anything to do with special experiences two individuals share. Love is not generated through the act of giving.

Like nature that surrounds us with its sky, stars, sun, moon, mountains, seas, rivers, forests, plateaus, and plains, love is already there. It is everywhere. You only need to open to it and allow it to flow through you.

For a mermaid woman, you cannot capture another's attention by your charm, your beauty, your wealth, or your social status and skills. And joy is never a matter of feeling really good because everything is going right, better than expected. The feeling of joy occurs when, like an artesian well, you are a channel through which a stream flows unimpeded and without restraint.

I use the image of water because for mermaid women love is like the water that covers the earth. It has vast depth and breadth. It has been here billions of years and more—it is like the sky that contains the stars at night.

And so, as I have previously described, just being a mermaid woman creates social conflict. Offering attention, affection, acceptance, empathy, and energy to others makes some people feel so good that they immediately notice when that love is no longer flowing through them. And then they feel uptight, anxious, or confused. They want to possess or restrain the mermaid woman in some way in order to acquire a steady supply of her love. Like me, they feel more alive in such a woman's presence and suffer withdrawal symptoms when they are no longer within fifty feet or so of her.

The question is, Can I reproduce this same feeling of being alive in myself when I am not in the presence of a mermaid woman? All of these women mention that they feel connected to nature. Their connection to nature is so deep that their personalities have a nonhuman component—they are of nature beyond what human beings understand.

Can I find peace that “flows like a stream from the dawn of time to the ends of eternity?” Can I relax and feel an artesian well of joy overflowing from the depths of my soul with a curiosity for new experiences that allows life to express itself as an explosion of joy? Can I meditate and sense a sea of love surrounding me? Or, as my physical therapist also expresses, can I contain within myself the polarity of earth and sky that causes the lightning bolt to fly and that mends the broken heart?

Someone might suggest, “Well, you already know the girl. Simply make her your friend. Then these feelings, like a friend, will be there when you want them.” There is a difficulty with that suggestion. A mermaid woman may know a great many people, but becoming her friend is not so easy. On average, it takes me one to two years to gain their trust before, for example, they will let me interview them. To become close to a mermaid woman, to be *her* friend, you have to demonstrate you can feel exactly what she feels inside. They are empaths. It is quite difficult to fool them.

And you cannot offer her something of value in exchange for her attention. If she feels you flowing through her as she can so easily flow with her love and energy through you, then and only then will she feel close to you—that you are someone who understands who she is.

To convert myself from a human being into an individual who feels joined to nature from within is a slow process. This is not the nature studied by scientists and ecologists who say things like, “We need to protect and heal the earth.” It is we who are endangered and not the earth. In the blink of her geological eyes, we are at risk of becoming a distant memory, as extinct as the dinosaurs.

If I sit still and use my clairsentient abilities, I can feel what individual mermaid women feel in whatever aspect of nature they embody. The difference is that it is not flowing through me. I have created it with my

mind. And it requires effort to keep it alive. They feel love naturally; it flows through them without effort. There is no thought, meditation, magic, ethics, theology, or metaphysics attached to it. It is already there and exists independent of the human race.

It took me five months of strenuous physical therapy to regain my range of motion in my arm. Perhaps in a few years, through deep meditation on water, I will come to embody the love my physical therapist feels.

A mermaid woman, one adept in social interaction, recently challenged my self-image. She said, “Just be yourself. Be honest, in the moment; be direct. Just share who you are.”

I replied to her, “I write poems. My poems tell me I have not yet met the person that I am.”

I am not being facetious. I am embarrassed around these women. They are more human than I am, even when some of them are actual mermaids who have chosen to appear in the form of women. When I can love as they love, then I will have become the person I am meant to be. Today I was discharged from my physical therapy, having completed seventeen sessions. I wrote this poem for my physical therapist as my way to say goodbye.

I was not sure if I was dead or alive
 And then you were by my side
 A guide to the Other Side?
 “Not so,” you coached,
 “No pain, no gain,
 The bones will fuse
 The muscles strengthen
 It’s just takes time,”
 And then off you went camping

You are the soft singing in the light of dawn
A lost song again found
Before sunrise
I see it in your eyes
With a voice that says,
“Life is a gift
Like the light of dawn
Forever new as a touch, a caress, a kiss”

Your innocence flows like a stream
The sounds of a waterfall in a dream
Water splashing, the ripples dancing, laughing
Rainbows playing in the rising mist
The cool, deep, refreshing depths
Such is morning as it stretches on
It is found in the silent song
You are constantly singing

And then the dazzling, brilliant sun ascends
I see it in your eyes
The will to make the best of life
To make things turn out right
You live on the edge of the moment
Ready for any surprise

Now twilight descends
Too soon things come to an end
Work and play
All accomplishments fade away

It is a time to let go
To feel release and peace
Your eyes tell me so
In every moment a new beginning unfolds

And then the dead of night
The darkest places I already know
Where those who hunger and thirst for love
Have lost their way
Have lost their hope
Here too your voice speaks
I can feel your breath on my neck
Whispering in my ear,
“Love cannot be found
Because it is all around
You only need to let go into the flow;
This I always know.”

Whether the soft song of dawn
Morning ascending
The delight of sunlight
The release of twilight
Or the silent, silent dead of night
Your presence will always be by my side
In the wonder of what it is to be alive.

Your innocence flows like a stream
The sounds of a waterfall in a dream
Water splashing, the ripples dancing, laughing
Rainbows playing in the rising mist

The cool, deep, refreshing depths
 Such is morning as it stretches on
 It is found in the silent song
 You are constantly singing

Custodian of the Mermaid Archives

When I touch her aura with my hand, these words pass through my
 mind:

She is the sea.
 She dreams of what has been and what shall be

The ocean trench, she knows those depths.
 Waves that roll a thousand miles,
 Look carefully, they are in her smile—
 The whitecaps, the foamy crests,
 The wave's spray, the wind's caress
 Waves and depths speak with the same breath—
 As the seas encircle the earth
 And to life give birth
 She is one with those she loves.
 Yet even among mermaids she is a mystery
 When she gazes upon another
 She becomes the other
 Every perception perceived,
 Every feeling, every thought and belief,

The song that is a soul
She captures whole.

Imagine you are on a beach. It does not matter where--the Aegean Sea, the island of Crete, France, Spain, Iona in Scotland, São Paulo, the Solomon Islands, Hawaii, Japan, or China. Smell the salt in the air. Feel a gentle wind, drops of spray anointing your skin when the wave breaks, and bubbling white foam around your knees as the wave retreats.

The sea reaches out across the horizon. Relax; let go. Feel the sounding sea flow through your soul. Imagine you can see the ocean floor, the reefs, the islands, and the fish. Sense the waves, the currents, the tides, and the moon's pull upon the earth.

Take the sensations in your five senses, the feeling of the open expanse and the sea's depths, and allow them gently to unite into one vibration. Imagine that all the seas of the earth with their mysteries and awesome presence are like a relaxed exhalation, a soft breath, a warm touch, or a sweet kiss.

Now we begin to feel the presence of this woman inside ourselves. It is accepting and satisfying, and the love has no end.

And this is where our story begins. For the record, mermaids do not use words to communicate. Experience is transferred directly soul to soul and heart to heart. Telepathy—mind-to-mind communication—is considered an inferior way of sharing.

Memory for mermaids is also quite different. It is not an "I recall an experience in the past." That is what we do: we use words, literature, histories, biographies, and audio and video recordings to capture and store perceptions of events that are now gone.

When we read or play these things back, there are moments when we experience vicariously another's experience as if it is our own; or indeed

we may recall briefly something that once occurred to us as if it is happening again right now. But such moments are rare.

Yet because of the nature of the water that encircles the earth and because water is always the same no matter the change, mermaids do not view events in terms of linear time. When mermaids experience something, it is forever alive. And so they do not recall a memory or record an event. Their method is different.

One of the mysteries of mermaids is that they possess technologies that are beyond the knowledge of our science. Consider this. If you have known someone you loved who has died, for a mermaid that experience lives on forever. By going to a certain place and aligning herself to the vibration, a mermaid is able to recapture her own memories and also to relive what any other mermaid on earth has experienced in the history of the world.

What is it like to specialize in the ecology of reefs, where you play a part in nourishing and seeing life flourish over millions of years? What is it like to dwell in an ocean trench—to watch sulfur-based life-forms come into existence? What is it like to feel in your body a billion waves rolling to a thousand different winds?

Or what was the first experience of a mermaid encountering a human being? What is it like to love a human? What were the best and worst of mermaid-human encounters? It is all right there in the mermaid archives, wrapped in a stillness that is timeless and that will endure as long as this planet exists.

And so one day in this very place beneath the sea the conversation went like this—though as I have said no words were used and no thoughts communicated. To be more accurate, it was a shared vibration, soul to soul and heart to heart, between the mermaid queens and one of their assistants:

That our records might be complete regarding the deep purposes of the earth, a race will soon appear on land that shall quickly expand and encompass the earth. But far more quickly they will cease to be. And this without leaving any kind of living record of their journey. Their ruins as well shall decay as if they had never been.

Though we do not see all ends, what we do see cannot be denied. The signs are perfectly clear. Without divine intervention of some original and radical design, the self-destructive tendencies of this race will cause their demise.

Therefore, I ask of you that you become as one of them. Master of experience, Custodian of our archives, your skills are equal to this task.

Through your clairsentience and empathy, record what they experience here on earth. Let us make a living record of what it is like to be alive in their shape and form—what they felt, what motivated and inspired them, what instincts drove them. In this way, when other races appear on earth, they shall be able to come to us and find here the perfect eidetic and living experience of what it was like to be a human being.

And the Custodian of the mermaid archives responded to this request, imagining it in its perfection once accomplished:

These questions shall I answer: What it feels like as a human being to awake in the morning and to go to sleep at night, to be hungry and also to taste with delight, to cry tears of joy and tears of sorrow, to be born—to take that first breath—to crawl, to walk, and with the aid of machines to fly. And without hope to lie down in the dust and die watching as the last breath goes by.

What it is like to dream, to seek and to find, to build, to invent, to scheme, to create, to ascend with honor and fame and to fall again into despair and shame.

What is the essence of a human being? What is it for them to be alive? What purposes do they fulfill and what hopes are denied?

And above all else, what is love to them? Do they ever wonder to explore its depths? Do they ever once taste the love that holds this entire planet in its embrace? What inspiration comes to them? And when things are at their worst, what decisions do they make that shapes their fate?

Accepting what was said, the mermaid queens suggested that the Custodian be circumspect: But this will not be easy. Human beings are hostile and in fear of water. Feeling is alien to this species. Their hearts are like deserts, wastelands, and dry and dying forests. They are half dead; a strange species alienated from life preying upon and devouring each other's feelings and energy.

You will have to go in as a master of disguise. We have chosen you for this task because—even among this race with its dark cravings--you will be able to maintain your own soul vibration of love united to the waters of the earth. At the same time you are capable of feeling all that they feel while cloaking yourself. When they look upon your form and personality you will appear familiar and understandable.

* * *

When I interviewed this woman, she told me of a past life when she incarnated in Atlantis:

In my first incarnation as a human being, I was a young girl in Atlantis. I served in a temple that was in the shape of a dome with an altar at the center. There were drums and dancing, and water was all around.

I did not live long. We understood that Atlantis was coming to an end, that it was the end of an age. The change was inevitable, sad, and yet we were ready to face the future with great courage. Many of us felt detached. Though our lives were about to end, spiritually speaking, we were ready to pack up and move on.

Here is my recollection from that time:

Sitting here in the temple, the drumming is a combination of the heart beating, the surging pulse, and roar of waves breaking on a beach. I feel very content in this body. I do not feel like a human being; rather, I am the element of water in human form. I did not leave nature behind when I was born.

Still, the drumming is rhythmic and hypnotic. The vibration the priestesses create perfectly captures what they wish to express—it is an amplification of the life force and vitality in everyone who is present focused into and through a crystal ball that rests on the altar. In doing this, they create a radiant ball of energy that is bronze and golden in color. Its light fills the room. Its glow calms and renews the soul.

Yet like ball lightning, this condensed power of vitality captures everyone's minds so there is no distraction or lack of attention. It is mesmeric and overpowering. The crystal ball, like a reservoir or battery, stores power accumulated in the past and unites it to what is being generated in the present.

The high priestess uses this combined, collective energy to heal, to command, and to transform. The purpose of this religious Order? Like all that is Atlantis at its best, they seek to combine nature and mind, science and magic, humanity and spiritual awareness—distilling each,

refining, and then uniting so that the opportunities offered by the divine world fully manifest on earth.

Unfortunately, human beings often treat the elements of nature as if they are components to be manipulated in a chemical experiment in a laboratory. With a few exceptions, they fail to sense the way uniting with nature enables an individual to feel fully alive.

On the other hand, it is perfectly clear that humans are geniuses at creating new forms of social organization to enhance the allocation of resources within their societies. Take Zania, the girl sitting next to me. We played together as children.

Once when she hurt her knee, I felt that pain within me. For a moment, we shared the same astral bodies. And being a healer, I looked at my own knee that now felt her pain, and I made that pain go away. In that moment her injury also vanished.

She possessed similar abilities of healing and empathy. I could sense these within her. But in the beginning helping others was not one of her priorities. It was not that she was selfish or encumbered by her ego. Rather, she was enchanted with the glamour of social status, and beyond that with the Mystery Schools that enable you to rise and enter the upper echelons of society to be among the elite who rule Atlantis.

If we had had more years to live, this young girl I once played with would have become a woman of great power. When she pursued a purpose, she would have drawn together the conviction and energies of the inner planes and the plans and knowledge within the best minds she could find.

In Atlantis, you do not just take on a project and then acquire resources to accomplish it. In Atlantis, magic combined with willpower becomes the means for shaping the future. Atlanteans bring immense energy from the inner planes and then blend it with science to accelerate the discovery of new technologies.

And they can do this because they have produced a unique social order: they seek and screen for those with the most innate psychic abilities. These young children are then trained in problem solving, leadership, and magical concentration. The goal is to develop a few to rule Atlantis who can see through the eyes of the divine and design for society those projects that produce the greatest benefits.

As for the young girl next to me? Her innocence and sweetness are gone. Though I can record her experiences as if they are my own, I will never experience the kind of radical soul changes she has undergone. My astral body remains the same whether I am a child or an adult. In this sense, I am not like her or other human beings.

Zania's childhood qualities of being sweet and innocent are no more. However, she has become strong in the ways of the temple. She is a powerful healer. She can take a burn victim or someone with acute depression and make them well. In place of the young girl is a priestess with access to a crystal ball, a great lineage, and a well-honed spiritual will.

In this moment, as I slip my soul inside of hers, all that exists in my awareness is the temple, the ceremonial ritual vibrations, and one other thing—I sense a secret, nearly insatiable desire. This craving for something that as of yet has no definition I can find in nearly everyone who has been shaped by the magical training systems of Atlantis.

It was not there in Zania as a young girl. It is a collective, unconscious will that has come into existence because their genius at social organization has not yet evolved to where they have discovered how to attain balance. What is missing from Atlantis, from their amazing social organization and astonishing technologies?

It is not that difficult for me to see. If I gaze at Zania for a moment, I see it instantly. If Zania were to become the person she is meant to be—the one who is free and finally complete, having mastered all human

needs—she would be like this: earth and sky would shine from her eyes; if she looked at a cloud, she would feel like she would want to dance as if she was the cloud swirling and whirling around and the wind was her soul within.

If she walked in a forest, the trees would share with her their dreams. The turning of the seasons, the illumination of lights, and the silent song sounding in the depths of the earth—the trees would bestow this wisdom.

And if she touched water, placing her hands beneath the surface, in that moment she would be as me and feel what I feel—she would be joined to all the seas of the earth.

There is no transmission I can give her; there is no blessing I can bestow upon her so that the woman she will one day be manifests in the here and now. She is a human being, and it is not my assignment or commission to intervene. The karma of the individual is joined to the collective experiences of the entire race. They will have to discover on their own through bitter and terrible experience that the harmony of the soul is something you should never put on hold.

How many times will future civilizations of this race attain knowledge without wisdom or power without love? My body is content as I sit here. The sound of the drums is exquisite. The incense is bewitching, satisfying, and gratifying. It is like nothing else exists.

Yet I am also here as an observer—detached, recording as always the experiences of those I meet. Though I am in human form, I have visions of the future beyond what they can see. Yet I cannot weep.

They shall make their own fate—time after time they shall rise and then be destroyed like waves breaking on the shore. Time is a sea; and one day if they fail to find inner harmony, they shall be swept away and be no more.

A friend who knows me well wrote for me this poem:

I am water
 I am what I was before
 I have only change the outer form

I am water
 My secret dreams, my innermost needs?
 I am raging and daring and craving—
 The essence of love that has no end
 My secret name is desire set aflame:
 I ask you,
 Where does the sun burn so bright
 As when its passion unites with ice?
 The haunted soul with its abandoned love
 Frozen and cold?
 I go where others can not
 I am the sparks that arc illuminating
 The darkest chambers of the heart
 My songs are citrine, violet, vermillion, and lilac
 By what authority do I claim what is lost?
 Have you never seen me dancing naked?
 Dazzling his rays ravish me
 In the curves and crests
 Golden his caress finds me, binds me
 In a billion waves
 His ecstasy sets me free

I am water
 I am what I shall be
 I am the sea

With its endless dream
Of being one and of being free

A Changeling Story

Changeling: a spirit such as a fairy placed inside the body of a human child at or soon after birth. The body is human, but the soul is of another race.

I once knew a Hopi Indian medicine man. I was his only student. He told me how he acquired his healing powers.

The day he was born another child died at birth in his village. The elders who were priests performed a ritual. They encouraged the child who had died to study herbs and healing on the astral plane in order to grow wise. Decades later, after the living child had learned the basic lessons of life, the two would reunite. At that time, the departed child would become a spirit guide, assisting the living person to become a shaman.

For the Hopi Indians, this kind of magical action made perfect sense. Our world and the next are not so far apart. They interact. What would otherwise be considered a loss was made into a creative act. Both worlds are enriched.

I realized from this firsthand report that there must be a great many interactions occurring between the spiritual realms that our world knows nothing about.

In a large city in France in 1996, a baby girl is born. Out the window of the hospital nursery, in that quiet afternoon, you can see a storm

camping on the horizon. Dark, with vicious lightning, the clouds appear waiting for an order before they advance.

At 4:37 PM that afternoon, approximately fifty-two minutes after the birth, the air in the nursery briefly turns cold dropping five to seven degrees in temperature. If you were standing there and could sense these things, you would feel a sudden accumulation of energy. The air is thick with a cool, contracting, fluctuating, and pulsing magnetic field.

We normally do not notice these things, but even on sunny days the ground continuously has charges of energy moving through it. When the charge is strong enough, we witness lightning coming down. But the lightning is merely a small display of the forces arrayed in the earth and the clouds.

On this unusual day, the magnetic field within the ground beneath the hospital is remarkably powerful, so much so that a gate opens to the fairy realm of the mermaids. Because of this opportunity—this open door between the realms—two mermaids, invisible to all but a clairvoyant, stand over the human child. They are silvery blue, translucent in appearance. They are tall, slender women.

One mermaid places her hands down to touch the child and then carefully, as if plucking the strings of a harp, she draws out its soul. As that bundle of complex soul energy leaves the body, the other mermaid lowers the soul of a mermaid child into the body in the crib. The infant's heartbeat and breathing stop for an instant and then continue on. There is no cry, no squirming, and no complaint. The entire procedure takes place in less than a minute.

I realize some will insist that the soul does not enter an infant until at least four months after the birth. Others say that the soul, though not in the body, is nevertheless already attached—the choice as to who will incarnate has already been made. Perhaps this is why the exchange could proceed so rapidly—the soul was not so closely bound to the body that it could not be carried away to another place.

The soul of the baby girl and the mermaid who holds it vanish as they both return to the mermaid realm. There the human soul is placed in the body of a mermaid on the astral plane while the mermaid is now within

the body of the infant in the crib. It is the souls, you see, that are exchanged. The infant's body remains the same and has not been moved.

Though the exchange is now complete, one mermaid shall remain near at hand to watch over the infant for several weeks. Caution and attentive care are essential lest a flaw appear in the process. The binding of spirit to flesh and bone requires a total commitment. No hint or clue can be left behind; no one must suspect that the water spirits have intervened.

To say the least, the magic used to accomplish this was intense. The infant in the crib is now a changeling. Conditions under which such exchanges may be made vary on a case-by-case basis. In this situation, it is the unusual accumulation of magnetism in the ground that presents the opportunity that the fairies seized upon.

But why? Why would mermaids do such a thing? For mermaids, being composed solely of the water element, a better question is, Why not? Why does water seep into the cracks of a granite cliff and split it open as it freezes, eventually bringing down a mountain? Why does water slowly wear away solid rock, digging into the schist to form a river canyon? Why does water move along unseen in underground streams? The answer is that water flows to where it wants to go. It is the way of nature.

From the point of view of human morality, taking a soul out of a human body without the purview of humanity is reprehensible. But we are not the only players on this planet. There are other races present. The earth is no one's possession. The human body is made mostly of water, and over water the mermaids have an authority that is independent of human ethics.

Contrary to the fairy tales we have been told, the realm of mermaids rarely takes an interest in humanity. And if there is an interaction such as this one, the explanation falls outside of the confines of human reason. The mermaids see our race as irrelevant to the greater purposes for which this planet exists. We are here but for a little while, and then we shall be no more. The mermaids have been here long before we came and shall remain ... well, many are immortal.

It is true that from time to time a mermaid will materialize on a beach or in the sea. You can touch her or communicate with her if you know

telepathy. But then she vanishes away, dematerializing as if what you had seen was only a dream.

If the energy accumulation is strong enough and of the right type, the mermaid can put on flesh and blood, and a heart begins to beat. You can do the same if you have a highly skilled medium. The air in the room grows cold and a white mist of pure vitality seeps out from the body of the medium. And then a mermaid stands before you in a physical body.

But then the energy is quickly used up, and the mermaid is gone. There is little need to fear. There are only a few cases of this changeling kind of happening occurring on earth in any age. It requires a magical action for a mermaid to inhabit the body of a child. Genuine magic of this type is rare even among the mermaids.

What will the mermaid now in the body of a female child know as she grows older? Will she realize that she is from another world? The answer is that she grows up thinking that she is human like anyone else. There is no user's manual next to the crib explaining the ways she is different.

It is even rarer for human beings to sense these things. Until recently, there have only been a few situations in the last hundred years where parents realized their child was inhabited with the soul of a mermaid. In one case, the parents viewed the exchange as an act of God, as something sacred that was not to be looked down upon.

What is our mermaid like as she grows up? She is very pure. She is innocent, tender, fragile, and gifted with the ability to feel—she responds to the impressions of her senses and to her environment with about ten times greater sensitivity than either the children or the adults around her.

A chair is not just a chair for her. Touching it, she can sense its history, the emotions of those who have sat in it, the trees from which the wood was made, and the feelings of the workmen who made it.

A face is not just a face for her. In the eyes, the hair, the lips, and the skin she sees reflected the love and the hate, the joy and the fear, that have settled there. A person's face is a poem, a song, or a story that speaks with its own voice. The eyes, the lips, and the voice reveal things

that the person would break down and cry over if he or she thought they were no longer hidden.

This girl would make a great model for some painter because of her haunting eyes, eyes like a full moon that calls you to come dance in a grove, lips like the rose light of dawn that warns sailors of storms, and her hair like the black tides of a night with no light, neither stars nor moon, where the roar of a distant surf bids you walk without thought of self, only the desire to be free of human need.

She keeps her inner feeling carefully hidden from other people. She knows that what she feels should never be shared with others, for she has learned early on that they are blind to these things—how to give all of yourself as you love, how to be unafraid, and how to explore the intricate labyrinth in a moment of time without knowing what the next moment will bring.

Her parents think that she is pretty girl, somewhat shy, who likes to play by herself. Animals fascinate her; she sits in a tree or hides in the backyard in the bushes watching the calico cat, the timid mouse, the owl waiting for a rat, and the doves bobbing as they sing.

Lately, now that she is thirteen years old, she has taken up photography, using a digital Canon camera. She walks through the woods and along streams. She takes pictures of the same river at different hours of the day and at different seasons of the year. Why? It is like the river is trying to talk to her, and she wants so much to hear and to decipher its message. She edits the pictures, turning them transparent, doing overlays, and then making them into drawings—a few lines on a white background as if she is looking for what remains when the river banks and the waves are taken away.

There are no people in her pictures, just nature scenes and abandoned barns, trees, flowers, paths in the woods, and so on. Her pictures sometimes look like paintings. Change the light, and the entire picture changes.

Her personality is detached. There is something precious about her, but what that is remains unavailable to others. She obviously knows what is expected of her. She can say, “Thank you” and “How interesting,” or she asks a meaningful question if the social interaction requires such things.

She can play at school with other children. She does her homework. She learns foreign languages almost without effort. She draws. She jogs. She is on the swimming team—swimming, in fact, is the one area in which she exerts the full force of her will. She has no desire to win. It is more like the water responds to her when she swims. Without anyone knowing why, she is made captain of the team in spite of being shy. And this choice is never questioned.

If you watch her carefully you might suspect that she is playing a part like an actress. She participates according to the social context and responds well to subtext. But she is always holding back, pulling her punches, showing only a small part.

As I have pointed out, no one has told her she is a mermaid, and she has no connection to that realm in dream or in vision. But what about this? If you sit with her in a corner café some fine summer night, and if she totally trusts you because you listen as well as she can feel, perhaps then you might ask her straight out, “What bothers you deep down?”

In that moment, she would reply, “I do not belong here. This world is all wrong. The people are not fully alive. And I do not know why.”

There is one last thing. If you stand in front of her and feel the energy of her aura pass through you, you would see yourself out on the open sea at night before a path of moonlight reaching out to the horizon. You would feel serenity pass through you, deeper than thought or imagery, deeper than a dream, from a place beyond even dreamless sleep.

And then you would feel yourself sinking down into the ocean a thousand feet deep. You would feel that vast body of water around you and feel that it contains one quality and one feeling, namely, a sense of peace. Mermaids such as this one embody qualities that human beings cannot easily imagine or fathom.

What of the human child now in a mermaid’s body on the astral plane? What is growing up like for her? She feels she is inside of an aquarium, except instead of fish there are mermaids swimming all around her. The mermaids come right up to her, and there is this instant connection from inside without having to speak. She feels the other’s feelings flow through her. In this way she learns to sense and perceive as a mermaid,

not through speech, not through imitative behavior, but intuitively understanding what water is, what it does, and how life exists within it.

If this intuitive connection were translated into language, the words would be: “Let us spend the summer watching over the reefs of this island, sensing each fish and its habitat, or flowing with the tides, feeling the sun and the moonrise. Watch the tiny algae, the larger fish coming and going, the young and the old. This is home; this is play; this is work; doing these things—perceiving and nurturing—are what we are all about.”

It goes on: “Next, let’s flow with the current as it takes us to the North Pole. We’ll watch the seals and the whales and what could be more exciting than to sense the fresh water melting, mixing with the salt water, changing temperatures, sinking down, down into the deep, flowing back around the circumference of the world.

“If you want, you can slide along the edge of a wave as it rolls a thousand miles, as it breaks on a beach, moves on in a wave again and again since there is no end; feel that subtle magnetic swirl in the curling wave—it has its own taste, like a wine you can drink, bringing to life new things in yourself you have never felt. Or just lie back and float on the surface of the sea and feel starlight as it sinks into your being, absorbed, coming to life as a song or a dream.”

It is not like there is a one-on-one mentor or parent. It is more like being part of a community or a large, extended family. Anyone can become your teacher or your friend. If you open your heart, you can draw near and share in the actions of any other water spirit. There are no social barriers here. The sea itself is your friend. Water is your breath. And there is always present the subtle vibration of love. It is everywhere, and it is absolutely impossible to miss.

Being a mermaid certainly beats being unemployed, being in a bad marriage, or being a social reject. Here there are no bad marriages, no ill will, no suffering due to poverty, unemployment, failure, poor motivation, disgrace, or shame.

Does this human child ever think human thoughts as she sojourns among mermaids? Words from a dictionary are not in her mind. All the

same, she is well aware that she is not as these other beings. They are innocent and pure. Their feelings are always perfectly clear.

She, however, is composed of five elements, even though her body is that of a mermaid. She senses something is missing. She can do much of what mermaids do. But she does not possess their spontaneity and the way they totally engage each moment.

Does she go on a quest to uncover the reasons for this? No. To be a mermaid is to go with the flow. Mermaid existence has its own bliss, which often will reduce the desire for a quest or dampen the need to be curious.

But if she could put into words what she senses it would go like this: “They never build anything. They do not make things. They have rank and power. This is clear. But no one is ordering anyone else to do something. There is no strife, no competition, no striving, and no struggle.

“They can learn a great deal and very quickly, but they do not test their own boundaries. They do not seek to overcome their own limitations. Yet the best is that they know how to let go: they can feel the entire sea of the earth flow through their souls in any moment. And as they do this the only things that exist are the sensations, the feelings, and the vibrations of being one with the whole.”

One day the mermaid in the human body will return to her own realm, after the physical body she lives within dies. At that moment, she will awaken in the realm of mermaids and be greeted by her parents, those mermaids who brought her into being.

There will be a period of transition. She has inhabited a human body, thought with a brain, spoken with human languages, and she remains in possession of human memories. All the same, perception—especially sight and sound in the realm of mermaids—is far more vivid and real than these things are to human beings. It is natural, then, to want to look around, see what is here, and to begin to explore.

Time is not the same, but soon enough she will appreciate that her soul belongs in a mermaid body. And then she will feel that she has awoken from a bad dream.

She shall ask, “Why was so much kept secret from me about the true nature of reality?”

With this coming home, seeing it for the first time, and realizing this is where she truly belongs, she is genuinely puzzled how she could not have been here all along. There is a great sigh of relief like the moment when you realize the truth—that everything you were taught to believe has been false and that your gut feelings were right all along.

And then she thinks using both human and mermaid thought, *What does it matter? I am now free. The past is no more. This is where I belong; being a human being was the illusion.*

Human experiences, memories, thinking, language capacity, and the human mind still remain; they just are no longer of much use. It is like a wedding gown you use once and then put in a closet and forget about unless years later you take it out only to weep about what you once dreamed.

There is one further thing to say about the mermaid side of this magical changeling exchange. As the mermaid parents come up and greet their returning child, they open their minds. And then in a few moments the entire life experiences of the young mermaid pass into their own minds and hearts.

It is a mermaid thing: you can feel what another feels. You can also, if you are skilled, replay the entire set of memories in the other’s mind. As I have mentioned before, mermaids keep records of all the experiences of their entire race. When necessary, they can access wisdom far beyond what human beings can imagine.

And what of the human child after her counterpart returns to the realm of mermaids? Unlike what legends suggest, a child with a human soul does not remain in that fairy realm. She incarnates as a human being. As she finally grows up in a human body in the way that was originally intended, she will not have any mermaid magic unless it was taught to her while she was in the other realm.

But she will have the magic of water as part of her personality. She will sense automatically from her previous experience with the mermaids that human beings are very silly in these ways—for no reason, human beings are selfish. For her, greed, jealousy, hatred, animosity,

possessiveness—all these feelings are self-destructive actions like binding a ball and chain to your own leg. There is no need to be tied down to something negative when you feel free inside.

And if you could stand in front of her—this human child returned to humanity—and feel the energy of her aura pass through you, you would probably conclude that she is a person of great emotional force. Though rare, when she is upset it is like standing on the shore and watching a hurricane move in with storm surge, rain, and violent winds.

And when she is happy, chances are you would feel like you are in a sauna or mineral spring or floating in a tide pool at the beach. Her happiness flows through you, and you let go and feel release and peace. In other words, you would feel she has an emotional force unlike anyone you have ever met.

But most likely you would never notice anything unusual about her at all, other than that she is unusually vivacious. Though a human being, she learns quickly to conceal this other part of her personality. Human beings cannot comprehend the mermaid empathy she acquired during her unusual spiritual journey. Few people are comfortable being around someone who can instantly feel what others feel inside.

Epilogue

Is there more to be said? Some ethical question to be clarified? It is said that young children, age eleven or so, are still unable to understand both sides of a question. They think that either something is right or it is wrong, it is black or it is white—complexity escapes them.

The idea of having to act with ambiguity, to make choices without full knowledge of consequences—children cannot live with that kind of stress. And so they decide on a simple answer and attach themselves to it in order to feel calm.

Almost all theologians in Western civilization have been like this. And so they have failed to seek out new answers or to explore unknown horizons.

But if you insist and press me on the question of how a changeling can come into being, I will say this: The message from the divine world to

humanity is, *Either explore the realms of bliss and make them part of yourself or cease to exist.*

The Double Changeling

The mermaid queens consider her to be a sister. In another lifetime long ago, the girl had been a human being. She gained permission to enter the realm of mermaids and to become one of them with all privileges and gifts extended.

And after a thousand years she has returned from that realm to incarnate again as a human being. And so I will now tell you of a woman I know who became a mermaid and then returned to walk again among mankind.

Her name was Suramyn. She lived in Atlantis in a time when that land had attained a high level of civilization. She was a beautiful woman, friendly, outgoing, and caring. She had something that is of value in any age of the world—her life was satisfying and fulfilling.

If Suramyn had a flaw or a disturbing quality, it was this: she had a profound sense of curiosity. It was not an obsession. It was never a distraction. She just had a habit of observing unusual things that other people tend to miss.

And then she took time to follow up. She tried to discover a reason to explain something that was out of place or that was not in accord with conventional modes of understanding.

At the time in which she lived, there were genuine neighborhoods. You could walk down the street and see familiar faces. It was not at all odd to strike up a conversation with a stranger and go on talking for hours. It was possible to meet someone by chance and make a lifelong friend. It was a time and a place where it felt good to be alive. The city was in harmony with nature, with the earth and the sky.

One day Suramyn met a young couple, Jaidin, Jaham, and also their five-year-old child. The child loved to play in the water for many hours

each day. Suramyn told the parents a number of stories about similar children.

Jaham was an initiate of the mysteries. Though Suramyn was not undergoing any formal magical training, she was highly intuitive. Jaham did not mind answering her questions or speaking at length about his training. He sensed something different about her. She had the light in her eyes and the vibration in her aura of a person whom you can trust without reservation.

In fact, all four of them formed an instant rapport. If you walked by and notice how relaxed and comfortable they were, you might think that they were family. This small group radiated a feeling of peace.

All the same, in spite of the instant rapport, the trust, and the sharing, Suramyn's nerves were on high alert. Suramyn knew from some mysterious depth of wisdom within herself that this woman she was speaking with, Jaidin, a woman so casual and content, was not a human being.

Though this was Suramyn's conclusion, she also accepted the woman. There was no sense of foreboding or of something being amiss. Suramyn had already come to the realization that life has many things within it that defy explanation. Yet Suramyn was also patient. She would wait for the right time and find the right way to talk to Jaidin about the unique qualities the woman possessed.

Suramyn also saw something she had never seen before in any relationship between a man and a woman. The two were connected to each other from within, as if vitality was continuously flowing between them.

Lovers can become entwined and codependent and need each other to an extreme degree. But this was different. A spark is fired within the heart causing the heart to beat. Blood circulates into the lungs and through the rest of the body. There is vitality present for actions or for simply maintaining the body's health and physical functions.

But these two shared some sort of psychic mechanism or magical connection. The vitality in one was free to flow through and join with the vitality in the other. This is not typical of normal human beings no matter how much they may depend upon each other emotionally.

What Suramyn could perceive but what she did not have the words to describe is that this was a case of a mermaid who has taken possession of a woman's body. One day a girl who was anemic and had pneumonia died of respiratory failure. But within a minute or two after the heart stopped, it began to beat again.

The girl recovered quickly. The fever, the infection, and the respiratory problems were gone. Soon she was up, acting normal, and spending time with her parents. But within a month she walked out the front door and never returned home.

Jaham had called Jaidin to revive and enter the body of a dying woman at the moment of death. By occupying the woman's body, Jaidin was then able to become Jaham's lover. The two were now magically bound together. She required his love in order to remain in a woman's body.

And his soul was so blended with hers that if they ended their relationship, the sudden loss of soul energy would have been so great that he would have died from the shock. The matrix joining his astral and physical body was integrated into the connection of her body and soul as well.

Jaham had met her in this way. He was very gifted in magic and had the makings of a true adept. And as a member of an elite magical order, he was permitted to study in an arcane library. There he came across an obscure magical text quite by accident. He opened the book at random. There on a page were sigils drawn by pen in blue and silver ink. When he gazed upon one sigil, the magical lines and circles came to life. Like a picture in a comic book or a scene in a movie, a bright light of turquoise fire blazed up from out of the lines five inches into the air.

Then the mermaid whose sigil it was appeared in front of him. Understand that he had not done anything. He had spoken no word of power. He had waved no wand. There had been no meditation, contemplation, or trancelike concentration. This all happened of its own accord.

Arcane libraries such as this one are quiet and formal. Those who enter possess rigorous mental discipline. On this particular day, no one else was on the same floor. He and the mermaid were left to themselves.

She shimmered, her blue-green, silver, and violet colors pulsing in the air. And then the transition was complete. She fully materialized from out of the air right there before him.

I have been in what was at the time perhaps the largest occult library in the world. It is attached to the Theosophical Society grounds in Wheaton, Illinois. A young Wiccan took me there and showed me around.

I was fascinated by the Tibetan and Hindu yoga texts that could not be easily found anywhere else. At tea time the library was abandoned. If I were there, they would tell me, "Watch over things until we return."

The theosophists I met there were very nice people. They were gentle and had good intentions. For genuine magic, however, you would have to look elsewhere.

Atlantis was a different time and a different civilization. If you practiced magic back then, you probably knew a few individuals who spoke with spirits a few times each month. Something of these individual's power and perception quite possibly could rub off on you.

Spirits sense moments and opportunities when the barriers separating the physical and spiritual worlds begin to dissolve. It is in the air. The distance between our world and the next is not so far.

What was it like for a magician to have a mermaid appear out of thin air? Sometimes an individual will work for decades on a project and finally discover what he is looking for. In this case, the man faced the epiphany, the conclusion and resolution of all his questions, without having to spend decades of searching.

Deep inside of him, Jaham felt that underlying the elements of nature was a profound love. He just never knew how to get in touch with it. And now standing in front of him was a spirit of nature whose entire being exists to celebrate love.

What was it like for the mermaid to appear in our world in the presence of a young mage? She extended her awareness right through his body. She could feel his feelings. She sensed his heartbeat, the pulsing of blood, and the muscle tension. She sensed his mind and his emotions. She entered dreams he had as a child.

Beneath the outer events of his life, she felt the inner flow like a stream on its way to the sea. She heard the questions he formed in his mind and also the questions he had yet to ask about the major choices he had made in life.

She felt very safe and comfortable with him. This is in part because he was a good man. And this was also because her specialty was the art of transformation. She saw that she could assist him with the life transitions that lay before him. And finally, she thought, here, with this man, the love can flow very deep.

The moment she appeared to him, his magical concentration went into high gear. He stopped thinking. His mind was empty like a mirror. And as a mirror is unafraid of the image that appears within it, he opened himself to perceive what was in front of him. He found himself surrounded by the sea—the sky, the winds, the waves, and the depths. But this was not a set of sensory perceptions. He felt their energy flowing through him.

The wind was relaxing, and he sensed the air within water and the way fish were breathing. He felt the sensations of the waves and the whitecaps as they were rolling. They seemed like children playing, shouting with glee and dancing to some silent melody.

And at the core of his being, speaking with his own heart and voice, these words appeared through telepathy:

Come home. You need no pardon or quest before you take your rest. Love is a way of being. On this path you will be forever free.

And then she vanished. Jaham was left alone in a library. It was quiet as before. There were no side effects—no scent left in the air, no shimmering of faint images in the shadows. But the phrase “initiate of the mysteries” entered his mind, and he thought that now he understood what it meant to see through barriers that separate the worlds.

He stood up. He looked around. He sensed that the memory of what had just happened was already fading. The sights, sounds, routines, and behaviors of daily life were reasserting themselves. The light of day and

the vibration of the city outside demanded that he forget and return to the world he shared with other human beings.

But this he would not do. He carefully copied the sigil. He rolled the paper up and put it in his vest pocket near his heart. He returned the book to the drawer. And then he went home and took a nap. Though elated, he was exhausted.

* * *

There is a festival at night two weeks after Suramyn first met Jaidin. The two sit on the other side of a lake across from the celebration. They sip a fermented tea. They splash their feet in the water. They laugh as they tell each other stories about the ways of men.

Then Suramyn says casually, “Tell me about what it is like where you come from.”

Jaidin replies, “Why do ask me this?”

Suramyn answers, “Because whenever I am near you I sense there is a sea of love that encircles this planet. It is like a song. It fills my ears with wonder and beauty. Do not hold back. I wish only to make this song part of myself.”

Jaidin sits staring into Suramyn’s eyes.

Suramyn goes on, “You are more feminine than any woman I have ever met. Yet there is nothing vulnerable about you.”

The two sit quietly. What is passing between them now is beyond the commerce of language. Some ancient skill is being activated within Suramyn. Some latent and hidden ability rises up from unknown depths within her soul.

Jaham had sensed it. He saw that Suramyn had a quality of character that was beyond the knowledge of magic. He let it go because he too knows that there are some things in life that you can only witness and not comprehend. They are beyond understanding.

There is a backstory to these events. Suramyn herself does not recall it. But I will share her story with you. In a former lifetime, Suramyn had asked for a gift to help her understand the divine. In response to her

request, she was given the ability to get inside of anything or any spirit—to sense it from within.

On a level deeper than telepathy, she could sense the inner essence, the magical name, or the inspiration and motivation that defined the nature of any creature or being. This gift was on par with the gift given by God to Solomon. Solomon was granted wisdom beyond the knowledge of mankind. To a similar extent, this woman's gift allowed her, when she fully concentrated, to penetrate the mysteries of time and to see the unfolding purposes of the divine.

Unlike Solomon, she was not a king and judge of a nation. She built no temple to God. She founded no religion. She had no scribes or disciples recording her words and actions. She kept her gift to herself. And yet, through all her many incarnations, the divine turns to her again and again to fulfill its purposes. After all, she knows how to listen; she recognizes the voice of the divine when it speaks.

Jaidin and Suramyn sit silently for ten minutes. Suramyn gives herself completely to the energy of Jaidin's aura as it flows through her. And as mermaids are capable of doing easily, Jaidin just lets go so that she no longer senses herself at all. Though her lungs continue to breathe and the heartbeat maintains its rhythm, she is no longer confined to a woman's body. Jaidin has returned to the realm of mermaids. Her consciousness joins with the sea that encircles the earth.

Then Jaidin speaks telepathically to Suramyn, "You are like a sister." But on another level Jaidin notes beyond thought or mental vibration, "She is like one of us. There is barely a trace to be found that signifies a difference."

Jaidin speaks aloud, "You ask me about my race. Take my hand."

As Suramyn takes Jaidin's hand, Suramyn is transported into the realm of mermaids and among mermaids whom Jaidin knows well. Some are singing. Others are in meditation or trance. And others go about doing things that mermaids do.

What do mermaids do? Consider water where there is a flow of energy, temperature shifting, ice melting or freezing, currents and tides moving, waves breaking, whitecaps forming, fish flourishing, reefs

growing. In any of these situations mermaids are free to take an interest, to observe, to learn, or to become involved by enhancing the process.

Speaking telepathically, Jaidin asks Suramyn, "What do you see?"

After a few moments, Suramyn responds, "My body is not right for this world. I do not have the right senses to perceive."

Jaidin calls another mermaid over. This other mermaid approaches, and Jaidin says to her, "She wishes to feel the love we feel."

And then immediately the other mermaid and Suramyn join as one within the mermaid's body. And this second mermaid sees as well that Suramyn is no longer a human being but one of their own kind and of their own heart. Suramyn tastes this expanse of love and realizes it is not something she can easily leave behind.

A short time later Suramyn and Jaidin return to their physical bodies. Jaidin says to Suramyn, "Go swim in a lake. Spend time in the sea. Float in a pool. When you are ready, simply concentrate, and you may join with this mermaid or another for as long as you want. You may do this, but remember not to remain so long that your body suffers damage from the journey."

Suramyn spends time in water every week and sometimes for hours every day. And during these times she also enters the realm of mermaids. She does this until that realm becomes part of her life, as real as human life. She enters the bodies of many different mermaids until she finds the mermaid queens themselves and enters them as well to experience and to taste their wonder and their innermost being.

Some women I have met have a similar ability. They can simply blend their souls with another person's so the two share the same feelings and perceptions. Call it transference of consciousness, mental or astral projection; call it mermaid empathy; call it the study of omnipresence; call it love; call it what life is ultimately all about: becoming one.

Suramyn had two other close female friends. Both of them notice how Suramyn was changing as the years went by. There was a great power that surrounded Suramyn. It was hard to define. It was like sitting next to the sea with a great storm bearing down on the shore.

But the storm was silent and invisible. There were no splashing waves crashing down or winds blowing through your hair. All the same, the

power was there—a force of water thick in the air though there was obviously no change in humidity.

One of the friends warned Suramyn, saying, “Don’t get carried away with whatever you are doing.”

The other friend’s response was different. She felt that whatever Suramyn was doing was very deep. Her attitude was, “It is beyond me.” Over the years, Suramyn continued to explore the mermaid realm. She made contacts. The mermaid queens watched her carefully. For example, Suramyn joined a number of times with the mermaid queen named Isaphil.

As a general rule, those with magical training would never do such a thing. They are cautious when it comes to spirits. They worry about things like maintaining their individual “magical authority.” They may talk about the importance of love, but you would be hard-pressed in any century to find one magician who favors love over will.

And typically mages keep a distance from the spirits with whom they interact. They stand in “magic circles” and evoke spirits into mirrors or triangles drawn on the floor. They love duality—“It is a matter of keeping the spirit there and myself here so there is a separation that is not violated.” In this way, things remain formal and clear.

Such is the nature of magic when it is defined and pursued by men. They forget their own training—the mind is a mirror, and as a mirror it is unafraid of what appears within it. If your mind is indeed clear, then there is no separation between you and what is perceived. If you concentrate so that there is no ego in your consciousness, then you and the spirit that appears are already one.

Suramyn had no need of academic or theoretical training to pave the way for her to make spiritual connections. Her knowledge was of the heart. And this was true of her connection to Isaphil.

As with Suramyn’s interaction with Jaidin, when Suramyn was in front of Isaphil, she felt the mermaid queen’s aura flowing through her. In this case, the magnetic field of the mermaid was extremely pure and refined. Looking at this mermaid is like looking at the light of the moon manifesting in the form of a woman.

Being in the presence of the mermaid queen and blending your energy with hers is like entering a state of stillness. The universe is free to be reflected through you—its movements, its seasons, rhythms, and ages, its changes, and visions of what shall come to be.

The mermaid queen was impressed that a mortal could share her heart. As one who carries a great mystery within her soul, the queen sensed that one day her burden would be lifted. The love and stillness in which she exists would be passed on to a race capable of embodying the wonder that this planet was created to share.

What kind of conversation does a mortal such as Suramyn have with the mermaid queen Isaphil? Putting it into words, Suramyn says, “I see what you see and I feel what you feel—in you, the earth and the moon are one. I stand as you, free of time; I see the ages unfold.

“Time is a sea. And for those who perceive its depths, they see where every need will be met and every dream fulfilled. Like a navigator who plots a ship’s course, the heart charts with purity and love a course to its home port.”

In this way, by joining with their auras, Suramyn came to know things no other human being has ever learned about the mermaid queens. And so one day Suramyn spoke to a mermaid queen, saying, “I belong here with you and not with the human race”:

She addressed the mermaid queens
 With words never before heard
 Is not my love of water the same as yours?
 The lakes, the rivers, the streams, the seas—
 One taste, one embrace?
 Is not my love everywhere in every moment
 Your own reflection, your own perfection?
 Do I not know how to let go and flow?
 There is no past or future
 No wisdom or destiny
 The sea shall encompass each with ecstasy.

Others had tried before. But previously no mortal had every joined with the race of mermaids. Too much of the human remained alive to make the transition. They were unable to become one with water. Magic will only take you so far. You can acquire a temporary visa or a travel permit. You can enter in disguise as an illegal alien and try to blend in.

Even great words of power that create the essence of the mermaid vibration can only carry so much water. The spells wear out. The soul finds itself in over its head. And then the person washes up on the shore so to speak, cast out, because to fit in here you have to find pure love in your heart.

What followed has only happened perhaps once or twice in the history of the human race on this planet. The mermaid queens met in a council to discuss this thing—Suramyn's request. There were arguments pro and con. The issues had to be carefully weighed.

Against her: She is a human being. She can visit, but she cannot stay. She thinks she knows what she wants, but she does not. She will not fit in. She cannot share our dreams.

A greater objection was this: the divine sets the boundaries separating the different evolutions. The human race has a destiny quite different from our own. Allowing her to remain here would create an imbalance. There would be unforeseen consequences—the fates and destinies of the two realms would begin to join.

For her: She can change her aura so there is only a faint trace of yellow brown light down the back—if it was not for that she would be one of us without anything left to indicate a difference. Other mermaids already respect her as a mermaid of high rank. She loves with our love, and though her dreams may never be fully our own, it is not for us to forbid entrance to one who has already crossed over so completely as she has done.

It came down to this: it is not our decision. She is guided by an inner vision and is under the protection of the divine. She may remain until she is called away:

Council is taken, all problems debated,
A decision rendered:

If you will step aside from mankind
All privileges and gifts of the mermaids
Shall be granted
For as long as you wish to remain
Until that day the divine
Sets before you another way

As Suramyn grew older and was in her forties, she could have risen to a position of power and honor. Her very presence was charismatic. People she met felt a satisfaction just from being around her. But she chose not to play a dynamic role in her society.

More and more she focused on another realm, though you have to understand the bottom line. Fairy itself was not her fascination. She was seeking to embody within herself the mystery of love. And if her path led her to cross over the boundaries that protect and limit mankind, then she was willing to leave mankind behind. Sometimes the divine authorizes a quest on the basis of what is sought. The goal that lies in front of the individual overrules all objections.

It was not until she died that she crossed over to the Other Side. While still alive, she lived as a human being. But when death came, her soul made the transition. Her intentions and the welcome of another realm were sufficient to determine her destination.

She remained as a mermaid in the sea for a thousand years. She swam and played in a group of three. I described one of the two other mermaids in her group in “A Modern Undine” in my first book, *Undines: Lessons from the Realm of the Water Spirits*. The third mermaid I describe in the story, “Caelius Aurelius Luscus and the Mermaid,” in my book, *Mermaids, Sylphs, Gnomes, and Salamanders*. I have been very fortunate, to say the least, to meet all three in person.

What is it like to spend a thousand years as a mermaid of high rank in the sea? You have your identity, your curiosity, and you make decisions every single day, but there really is no you: there is just this boundless embrace of unending love that surrounds you.

Beyond the knowledge of mankind, at the core of one’s being and many levels deeper than what the conscious mind of a person can

conceive, she felt a completion—a love that only the divine could ever imagine, define, or call into being.

A mermaid who knew her at that time described her this way—she was funky. She fit in fine. No one ever objected. But she was always curious, willing to try new things that mermaids would most likely never imagine or dream.

Whereas a mermaid would take something for granted, like a reef, and blend with its energy or enhance it so it flourished, Suramyn was thinking options. Why is no reef surrounding that atoll? Why can a reef not thrive deeper beneath the water? How do reefs in others seas flourish as compared to these?

The feminine is different from the masculine. Men go off by themselves. They chart their own courses. They set their own goals. They do what they must do because that is what it is like to be a man. They separate and then they come back. They reunite when the time is right.

Women are like a circle that expands and contracts. They maintain close contact. They flow in and through each other, preferring to stay together.

If one should separate and go off by herself, the separation remains external. She is still joined to the others from within. The self does not need to separate to the same extent in order to shape and give definition to one's identity.

In a way this is the difference between fire and water. The man needs to test his boundaries to find his strength and claim his power. He must go on a quest to define and refine who he is.

By contrast, the very nature of a woman's body contains the mystery of being one with another. Sharing feelings and experiences with others is a celebration of the mystery within. Mermaids may join in a group of three because in this way love flows more freely.

At the same time, each member of this group had her own unique interests. One was like Isaphil. She sang of serenity and the moon and earth joining the inner and outer worlds in peace and harmony.

The other preferred to explore the ocean depths, the ocean trench, and the mountain ranges and valleys of the ocean floor. Suramyn learned

from both. She could capture the beauty of the world, reflecting and holding its images in the stillness of her heart.

And she could also focus her being on the power of water—how it turns solid as ice, melts, evaporates, returns as rain, and yet remains itself even in the depths with a mile of water pressing down upon it. She was aware that water has the power of solid rock and can also pick up boulders and hurl them about. That kind of power was becoming part of her.

One day, as the mermaid queens had foreseen, Suramyn received the call. The sea became silent. The songs of whales a thousand miles away, the splashing waves, the sounds of fish nibbling on a reef, even the electrical pulse in the presence of a shark—in her ears, everything was turned off.

And in the silence she heard these words spoken clearly even though no one else on earth could have heard:

Return Oh human child
From the sacred and the wild
From the sea so filled with beauty
It is time
To walk again among mankind

Who spoke those words? And for what purpose was she called? Murjel is one of the twelve highest spirits who exist within the sphere of Jupiter. She presides over the astrological sign of Cancer. Her specialty is water and all manner of fluids and every form of magnetism.

The planet earth has water on its surface in liquid form. But other planets have seas of liquids, even if these are of other chemicals such as methane. Murjel is aware of fluids everywhere they flow. Even the sun has great flowing masses and powerful magnetic fields.

Murjel is an example of a spirit whose heart can embrace the diversity of an entire solar system. Amid all the complexity of a star with planets and moons, an asteroid belt, and an Oort cloud farther out, she can sense the entire system as one encompassing vibration.

As a great spirit with immense vision, she takes an interest in a specific planet when a civilization is undergoing a major transition. In such a case, she is free to intervene at her own discretion. She offers a path of love, illuminates it, and assists those who travel upon it to attain completion.

Murjel spoke to Suramyn, “You are needed elsewhere. I would not call unless the same love that created the realm in which you exist did not set before you another task. I promise you this: the sea of love that you taste today will in no way be less but soon enough far greater and more wondrous.”

Suramyn could not refuse the voice of the divine that holds in its grasp the fate of mankind and the entire planet in all its spiritual domains and separate evolutions.

Suramyn felt the sea slowly drain away. And not long afterward she awoke as a human child. She still felt the sea of love inside of her. But on the outside she was surrounded by the desolation that is unfortunately a part of human civilization. It is a place where there is little or no sharing heart to heart, in which human beings have not learned how to become one with each other in any moment, in which feelings are secondary to other commitments, and in which love is rationed and treated as a possession.

She was born into Atlantis in a later age. There were three women present who assisted with the birth. Everything went well. She took her first breath. And shortly later they heard her make a sad, plaintive cry. Two of those women went home that night and cried themselves to sleep. They did not know why.

She grew up to be a beautiful, loving woman. She knew key players in Atlantis. Yet she was ignored in that time just as she is ignored and unappreciated now. Men love her physical beauty. But they do not perceive the soul inside.

Human beings are obsessed with knowledge, technology, and power. Even those who knew better failed to offer her love or honor. Their hearts were elsewhere.

Imagine if Murjel herself could have appeared to one of the leaders of that world in a dream and say, “I have sent this woman to teach you

about love before it is too late and you destroy yourselves.” The response would have been, “I just do not understand. Nothing in me understands what you are revealing.”

Darkness was then beginning to fall over the civilization of Atlantis. Though more advanced than we are in technology and science—not to mention magic—powerful factions were forming that would tear that society apart. When given too much leisure, individuals can be brilliant, creative, adventurous, and playful too. And yet their hearts can become jaded. If a people lose their sense of wonder and an appreciation of beauty and love, they can still do amazing things. But the glory they seek is short-lived, and they may come to a sudden end.

Still, from the point of view of Murjel and other higher spirits who preside over entire evolutions, Suramyn was not just a gift to Atlantis. She would be offered again to another civilization as it too ignores the warning signs of its own destruction.

Yet those with sufficient clairvoyant vision see that one day she shall be received by a race that is ordained to replace mankind, a race more suited to living in harmony with the beauty that is this planet. All the same, the opportunity is offered by the divine in case there be a few who change their minds. A few hundred would be enough to create a new destiny for humanity. With a genuine response, the world as we know it can become a different place:

The tale is told
How fairies from the Other Side
A child exchange, a trade is made
But I speak with ease
Of greater mysteries than these:

She addressed the mermaid queens
With words never before heard
Is not my love of water the same as yours?
The lakes, the rivers, the streams, the seas—
One taste, one embrace?
Is not my love everywhere in every moment

Your own reflection, your own perfection?
 Do I not know how to let go and flow?
 There is no past or future
 No wisdom or destiny
 The sea shall encompass each with ecstasy.

Council is taken, all problems debated,
 A decision rendered:
 If you will step aside from mankind
 All privileges and gifts of the mermaids
 Shall be granted
 For as long as you wish to remain
 Until that day the divine
 Sets before you another way

And so for a thousand years
 In a group of three she does play
 Among the waves, as pure delight,
 A song unlike any other
 The sea does sing and dream at night

But now she returns
 The divine intervenes
 For what purpose am I called?
 My peace disturbed?
 What service am I to render to mankind
 That the realms of bliss I must leave behind?

Return Oh human child
 From the sacred and the wild
 From the sea so filled with beauty
 It is time
 To walk again among mankind

Think not that humans

Are selfish and greedy
 Vulnerable and needy
 Blind to the beauty that shines
 In the sky, the earth, the trees, the seas,
 Imagine what they shall be
 If freed of all need
 If they were but to taste the love you feel
 They would be healed

As once before you did implore
 Another realm to open its door
 Persuade mankind with your receptive grace
 Every moment boundless love does embrace

Return Oh human child
 From the sacred and the wild
 From the sea so filled with beauty
 It is time
 Walk again among mankind
 For what purpose do you ask?
 Fulfill this task:
 Set them free.

Story Telling and the Mermaid

The year is 2026 and we are in a classroom at a magic university. The professor teaches the writing methods of ten different earthzone spirits. He channels, evokes, invokes, or otherwise just speaks to the class exactly the words the spirits speak to him. Anyone who follows through with their basic magical practices can do the same sooner or later. That is why this is a writing class 101 in the curriculum.

The professor's name is Herbert. The class happens to be sitting outdoors in a little Greek theater shaped in a circle with a stage at one end and the seats carved out of the hillside.

Herbert says, For the next two weeks we will be studying the spirit of seven degrees Taurus in the earthzone sometimes mistakenly referred to as Corubot. But Corubot is as good a name as any to call him.

Corubot inspires writers to write stories such as *The Princess Bride*, *The Last Unicorn*, and parts of Tolkien's *Hobbit*. He loves fairy tales and sagas. For him it is all about a quest—the story starts and you find yourself in another world whether you know it or not. And so at first things around you may be familiar and friendly and yet you are compelled by forces beyond your control to go on a journey.

But underneath it all--and this you can sense in Corubot's own aura--is a very sweet love that is part of having a family and being with close friends you cherish. This is where the story may begin and where the story ends or at least what the characters seek to have.

A story is about friendship, trust, sharing, and retaining or discovering innocence. Innocence is the ability to be fully alive in the present moment without anything in the past interfering with your ability to give all of yourself right here and now to what is in front of you. And after all this is life—an attempt on our part to find and to preserve love, oneness, innocence, and trust in all situations we confront.

In your syllabus I list quite a few different genres of fairy tales and stories—there is a treasure to be found, a wrong to be made right, a gift to be received, a truth to be grasped, a prisoner to be freed, a darkness to be lit, a debt to be paid, a sleeping beauty to awake, a prince in exile his kingdom to be claimed or saved, and so forth on and on.

A story is about the five senses. You, through the experiences of the characters, learn new ways to think, perceive, and feel. The characters themselves show you how as they learn from and affect each other.

For example, a teacher communicates to students his sense of clarity, beauty, fairness, justice, wonder, awe, and the thrill of discovery. The student walks away with part of the teacher inside of him. A good poet communicates through metaphor and enchantment the ecstasies of the five senses and the four elements of nature. If you study with a great poet, whether you write poetry or not, you become a poet in the way you feel and perceive.

There is a discovery process. The cop learns to think like the criminal and the criminal is obsessed with the cop who is the first person in his life who understands his mind. The hero learns to think like the monster or the villain. In the end we are on the edge of our seats because we are not sure who is more clever or skilled. Who will win and who will suffer defeat—the villain with his darkness or the hero with his light?

And the story is always about you. Go inside each person and you will find the story of that person's life. What love, trust, innocence, and oneness have they found, do they seek, or have they lost? Where are they now and where are these things within their hopes and dreams?

And if you should find these treasures of life and are willing to offer them to others then you become the object of desire and the treasure at the end of the quest. Anyone you meet who hears your story is introduced to the wonders that you have found.

The story is different for each person, each culture, and each religion. They each seek and perceive in different ways. They have a different experience and so they have a different story to tell. Find this story. Listen well for a silent voice relaying a story in anyone you meet.

Now then, we are going to break into groups of two for an hour. Ask each other this question: What can you give that offers me a new way of perceiving, thinking, and feeling?

Harry and Linda are sitting next to each other up in the eighth row.

Linda says to Harry, Shall we?

Harry says, Sure. Thanks. Do you want to begin?

Linda says, That is fine. I am not a human being.

Harry says, Oh, neat. When did you first discover you are not human?

Linda--I realized a lot of things as I was growing up. I could feel others' feelings and I notice no one else was doing that. Even as a little girl I could read others minds. But that was very confusing for me because when I talked to others using telepathy they did not talk back to me. How weird is that?

But it was when I went to my first discothèque that I realized I was not human at all. I was surrounded by so many people and all of their feelings were flowing through me at the same time. And I fainted from the overload.

It wasn't until two days later when I went down and jumped into the ocean that I felt normal again. I had to wash away all of those emotions that human beings feel. And jumping into the ocean I finally saw the difference between me and human beings. I am of nature. I am the sea in human form whereas members of the human race do not know how to look within and find nature inside.

Harry asks, So what are you? Are you a fish, a silke, a descendent of aquatic apes, a mermaid, what?

Linda answers, I have strong connections to mermaids.

Harry says, I have not met any mermaids. This is really good. So can you show me any of this so I can sense what you sense?

Linda: I can make the air cold.

Harry feels the air freezing cold as if he is outside and it is winter.

Linda says, I can stop your mind from thinking thoughts.

Harry feels he is inside of an iceberg and has no need of thoughts. In fact, for a little while, his mind no longer seems to exist within linear time. He is just aware without need of mental activity of any kind.

Ah, Harry says. That is very good. I like that. I wonder if I can put you on speed dial or pay you a small retainer for when I want to stop worrying or obsessing on something and you can just make these things go away for me?

Linda laughs and says, Dream on.

Harry asks, So what about feeling? What can you share with me about what it feels like to be you?

Linda says, One night while he was systematically charting the Pacific Ocean using sextant and chronometer, Captain Cook wandered up to the bow of his ship. His shadow was cast on the deck by the full moon and the ship swayed back and forth. There was a sound of the bow wave if you listened, the flap of the sails high aloft, and rigging slapping against the mast and beams.

And Captain Cook asked himself, What is this sea like by itself if my ship is not here and I am not standing on this deck to observe?

And in that moment Captain Cook saw the sea that was before him. And for nearly a half hour his brain waves became wind, water, and waves.

There was no more captain or ship or charts to be made. Just the open sea that vibrated through his entire being.

And then Linda says, Touch me and concentrate only on the sensation of the touch and let nothing else distract you.

Harry touches her arm. And after a few seconds Harry feels that there is no longer a Harry or a Linda but only the sea itself which is now the only thing in his awareness.

After a few minutes, Harry says, Ah. Now I understand what Captain Cook felt and also what it feels like to be a mermaid—to be the sea without a ship or a human identity to encumber me.

But what can I give to you that you have never felt or experienced? asks Harry.

You have already given it, says Linda. You have taught me that a human being can step outside the rigid confines of his society and become like me, a part of nature.

And how is that new for you? Asks Harry.

Your curiosity to explore the unknown and to take risks in order to become more than what you are are qualities not well known among mermaids. We exist to love. We feel what others feel. But we do not usually use our minds to chart oceans with a sextant to make a map or to touch another's arm in order to be reborn.

The Mermaid Who Was an Airplane Pilot—Or, Writing the Modern Fairy Tale



Boarding the plane, I find my seat, stow my carry-on in the overhead bin, and sit down. It is a six-hour flight. Placing a newspaper in the seat pocket in front of her, a woman sits down next to me. She is tall, at least six feet, and slender. She looks friendly but immediately opens and starts reading a thick, ring-bound manual of some kind.

She has that look of someone who is doing mental calculations as she reads each line. Yet her body shows no strain or tension even as she focuses with single-minded concentration. At the same time, there is a light, uplifting quality about her like that of a four-year-old playing on a swing. Perhaps, I speculate, she grew up outside the United States; maybe in Switzerland beside a lake where she spent summers sailing and hiking with friends in the mountains.

One minute later, she turns to me and asks, “Is that your water bottle?” referring to a small, unopened bottle of water on the armrest between our seats.

“No,” I reply, “help yourself.” She nods in appreciation before opening it and taking a drink.

She then takes the newspaper, the *Wall Street Journal*, out of the seat pocket in front of her and says, “Would you like something to read?” Ah, I think, she is generous and thoughtful.

I reply, “No, I have my own copy in my carry-on.”

“Do you do investing?” I ask after a moment. I like to share my investing experience. Of twenty different investing strategies I pursued over three years, they all failed since the stock market did things it never did before in its history. I discovered a new strategy as a result, but so far no one has shown any interest in a strategy based purely on volatility.

Replying to my question about investing, she answers, “No. I picked up the habit of reading the *Journal* from my grandfather. He used to read it every day. The reporting seems fair and balanced. But this copy came with my hotel room.” She then turns back to her manual.

She reads the *Wall Street Journal* for general news. I cannot wrap my mind around that concept—information on business, yes. News? No. But her body language is clear—her attention is engaged elsewhere.

I am a spiritual anthropologist. I study people, their auras, and their life stories, and I seek to grasp anything they have experienced that is unusual or unique. And sometimes the people who sit next to me on planes are very unusual. So I take the liberty of sensing this woman’s aura. I do this by concentrating on my right hand, which precisely replicates her energy field. Her energy is strong, firm, intense, highly integrated, and very stable. This is an individual who obviously is living a productive and successful life.

Then I focus on her “inner aura,” that is, the more hidden side of her that supports her outer life. This energy, by contrast, relates more to water and to feeling. But it is carefully controlled as if it is being held in reserve. It is also magnetic, which indicates a high level of self-motivation—that the individual is not dependent on the external world

for emotional support or self-validation. But again, it is hesitant and restrained. It does not make its presence known.

Okay, here is a woman who may have strong water within herself in a way that does not show up in her outer life and personality. But it is there.

I pursue this further by asking my psychic intuition, “What is the water in her, or her special gift in life?” The cabin of the airplane vanishes along with the chair and even my own body. I am confronted with the open ocean. The energy is a vast watery expanse, and I am there out on the ocean far from any continental mass.

This vibration is typical of what I call hard-core mermaid women. They do not just feel sparkling and pure like a mountain pool, peaceful and serene like a great river, or inviting and relaxing like a small ocean bay. They have that vastness and depth of the seas of the earth in their auras.

The plane has finished taxiing down the runway, and we are in the process of taking off.

I catch the woman’s eyes and say, “You have a lot of water in your aura. You must have no sense of time?”

I ask that question because it is typical of hard-core mermaid women—they almost always say something to the effect that time is not real. She replies, “Actually, I am very impatient.” She turns back to her manual.

This is called cognitive dissonance—I am confronted with facts that contradict my basic assumptions. I tell myself, “This is great—a new type of mermaid woman.” I want her story.

The immediate problem, however, is that it usually takes me one to two years to get an interview with these women. Once they trust me, they will tell me anything about themselves. But it takes time and patience. I do not have time. At best, I may be able to ask her about one question per hour on this six-hour flight. Push too hard, and I risk appearing invasive and rude. And I hate being rude, even in the pursuit of a noble purpose.

Settling back into my chair, I close my eyes and go into a meditative state. I shift part of my consciousness directly inside of her. This is not

an effort. I can do this quicker than a businessman can turn a page in the *Wall Street Journal*. For myself, I have had many experiences that lead me to suspect that individual identity, personal boundaries, and the autonomy of the ego are either illusions or arbitrary social conventions.

And, as a spiritual anthropologist, this entire planet and everyone on it are part of my research. I know a mermaid woman who has been placed in a human body just to observe and record human experience. The mermaids are concerned that we will not be here much longer; and we have nothing in our civilization even remotely close to their ability to capture and communicate the essence of life experience. In telepathy and clairvoyance there are no boundaries to perception.

As I enter her aura, once again I feel and see myself out on the open ocean. But now a woman comes walking on the water toward me. She stops about ten feet away and just looks at me.

This is different. Usually mermaids extend their auras through you when you are near them. They flow energy in and through anything around them. Like water, it is their nature to give and to receive, to exchange energy freely. For mermaids, joining souls is the best and most appropriate form of social greeting.

But the woman in my vision does not do this. As she looks at me, there is a silent question in her eyes—“Why are you here?” But it is not, “Why are you bothering me?” or “Why are you inside of me?” It is not, “What do you want?” or “What is your purpose?”

The “Why are you here?” is the curiosity of nature itself. She is surprised to encounter a human in her realm. And so naturally she is asking what energy within or underlying nature I embody.

When interacting with a real mermaid, you have to approach her through the language she speaks: feelings, pure sensuality, love, oneness, and flowing energy. Again, to meet another in the mermaid realm is to be a part of each other without barriers or boundaries.

By asking, “Why are you here?” she is actually asking, “Why are you not already a part of me and everything that I am? What constrains you to hold you back from becoming one?” These are good questions.

Mermaid women are naturally empathic. It is spontaneous and without effort. I have to concentrate to attain their level of sensitivity. I have to

think, reflect, meditate, and contemplate. I can get a mermaid woman to sense that I feel what she feels. But to arrive at that place I have to search for words and images that resonate with pure feeling; otherwise my experience quickly fades and is forgotten by my conscious mind.

So here I am. In my mind, I have identified a hard-core mermaid woman sitting next to me. Yet she has done nothing to indicate who she really is. I have observed nothing concrete or tangible in her behavior, and she has said nothing to remotely suggest that she is other than as she appears—a woman traveling between cities instead of what I perceive—a female spirit who possesses a dual passport granting her entrance to both human and magical realms. And I am also surprised that she does not sense that I am reading her aura.

If I had done this same transference of consciousness inside of my Tai Chi Chuan master during class, he would walk across a room full of students, come up to me, and correct my form. If I do it with a Zen master while we meditate in a group, he will turn to me after the meditation is over and say with a slight hint of compulsion, “We should give a seminar together.” But these are human beings. They possess nothing in comparison to the empathic powers of mermaids.

What is going on with this woman? What kind of mermaid woman is this? What is her connection to the realm of mermaids? Is she aware that she is different from other human beings?

Exploring further, I first focus on her akashic body. Everyone is aware of having a physical body with its vitality and health. We all are aware of the astral body with its ability to feel alive and engage others and life in a way that brings happiness and satisfaction: the astral is not just the perception of a sunrise; it is also the feeling of newness and wonder that the birth of light conveys. And we are all aware of having a mental body through which we think, reflect, plan, and make decisions.

The akashic or spiritual body is more elusive. It is the source of conscience and the inner voice. It is our source of intuition into the deeper purposes of life—why we are here, what lessons we are to learn, what tasks we are meant to fulfill.

The akashic body is like a supervisor; it grants an overview, the big picture, and a sense of urgency about doing whatever we are supposed to

be doing in life. The energy of the akashic body is detached and yet engaged. In effect, it says, “You have been granted a certain amount of time; discover something worthwhile and valuable that transforms you, others, and the world around you.” Hot, cold, light, or heavy in sensation, it always has that voice of consultation about it.

The girl next to me has no akashic body. There is nothing there—no color, no image, no sensation, no vibration. Nothing. This woman sitting next to me on the plane does not have a human soul. She is an actual mermaid—the real thing—inside of a woman’s body.

Now do not take this the wrong way. There is no certification process or manual from the American Psychiatric Association that I can turn to in order to confirm my conclusion. I am writing fairy tales. God alone knows who has what kind of soul. But that limitation does not prevent me from doing research.

And I am an artist. If I say she is a mermaid, I have to build my case. I have to write an interesting story that tells how she came to be in a woman’s body. And the story must be entertaining if it is going to capture anyone’s attention.

The story should suggest in a subtle way that the author knows more than he is sharing. This is because I write the story from both sides—from the perspective of human beings and from the perspective of mermaids. In other words, if you read the story carefully, the story opens a gate: you might sense that you are looking beyond the human and directly into the realm of the mer.

When I say this woman does not have a human soul, I am not saying she cannot learn new things. Mermaids are more human than we are in the area of love and feeling. They learn new things easily because they have no ego to interfere with the learning process. There is no self-doubt or worry, and conflicts and contradictions do not bother them.

I review the list of mermaid women traits that I have made. If I can get a woman to admit she has just two of the twelve or so traits, she most likely embodies most of them. This has been my experience so far. I was hoping it would be that easy. But not this time.

I turn to my imagination as I glance into her past. I ask myself, *Where and how did she make the transition from mermaid to woman?* And this

moment is where the ethnography, interview questions, and spiritual anthropology leave off and the fairy tale begins:

I see a mermaid sitting on a rock in the sea off of a small coastal town. It is night, and it has been raining steadily for two weeks. The town and people are drenched in water. The air is full of fog; the clouds have come down and now drift over the ground.

For the mermaid, it feels like the town is part of the ocean. Water is in the ocean, and water is here on the land. The shore where waves are breaking is no longer a firm boundary.

Stop. I come out of my meditative trance. The flight attendants are offering refreshments. We put our trays down. I take orange juice. The girl asks for another bottle of water. I am ready with my next question for her. I try to be casual and natural even though I have not laid a foundation for my question.

“You grew up next to the water?” I ask.

“No,” she replies in a matter-of-fact voice, “I grew up on a farm in Oklahoma.”

I reassess my vision of a mermaid next to a town on the ocean. “Perhaps,” I tell myself, “I am seeing the time when she originally made the transition from mermaid to woman during another lifetime.” Viewing it in that context, I can still use my vision. But now I have to account for what happened in a different lifetime and why she has continued to incarnate as a woman.

We are done with our peanuts and drinks. I am feeling lucky. I sneak in another question: “You spent a lot of time in water as a child?” This is another trait of mermaid women—they spend huge amounts of time in water as children.

She replies, “How did you know? My mother ran us through all sorts of sports when we were little. Swimming was one of them.”

Now I am having difficulties. How can she have so much water in her aura and not have been self-motivated to seek out and be in water as a child? There are a few exceptions I have run into. A human woman may have an internal conflict with the water in her aura. The water gives

unusual sensitivity and empathy. The woman may decide she does not want to explore psychic perception.

In such a case, the woman represses or simply ignores that side of her. She may not even like being in water. For her, deep feelings may be like a darkness that she does not want to enter.

Another hour passes. She has gotten up and gone to the bathroom twice. I am starting to get desperate. I return to my vision of her mermaid-human origins—the town by the ocean.

I see and feel what the mermaid in my vision perceives from her perspective—ocean waves surging about my waist, the rock on which I sit, the dark, cloudy sky, and the rain-soaked town.

With, inside of, and through her, I extend my mermaid awareness onto the land. The animals appear to me first. A very wet dog, birds snuggled among the tree limbs, mice in the ground, a house cat, and horses in a stable.

The dog winds his way on a familiar path. He would like a bone to chew on. The cat, indoors, is content as always to watch and wait for food, play, or hunt. All the same, in the back of her mind, the cat remains attentive to the rain outside. Being indolent or idle does not imply she assumes the world will return to normal. She reclines both relaxed and vigilant.

The crow on the tree limb—he also waits for the rain to abate. Occasionally he forages out for food as he thinks in his own way, “Something to eat—if nothing else a berry will do.”

And the grove of trees and the forest beyond—different from seaweed and coral. Trees are sentient in their own right. They just do not express themselves in such overt ways as animals. So much life is hidden within them, so much wisdom, patience, and so many songs that remain unsung.

And the human beings. A man with a dark raincoat and waterproof hat walking down the main street. Occasionally grasping and rubbing his upper arms to stay warm, the vibration in the mind is of a man who likes neither rain nor night. The world for him is cold, not just in temperature but also in his soul.

It is not that his caregivers were bound by greed; rather, they had to struggle to meet their basic human needs. They lived their lives in a cage whose bars were made from what they lacked and what they could never have. Because they could never satisfy or change their desires, their creativity became the art of waiting, delaying, and denying what was hidden in their core.

And there is a woman. She is cooking. She is wrapped about in the light of a kerosene lamp. There is the smell of carrots, onions, and beef broth. There is the sound of the soup boiling and an ache in the middle of her back. Her teeth are bad and also her digestive tract. But the light spills out through the windows and traces faint shadows while the wet tree bark glistens slightly in shades of yellow and brown.

There is a preacher in the church who meditates. His mind has grown complex because of the people whose lives he guides. He reads from the Bible. He pauses. Then his mind stops thoughts as if he has stepped into an empty room without light where he listens until the darkness itself shines with its own inner light. Gaining for himself a sense of being guided, he lays out his sermon like a chef in a restaurant planning appetizer, main course, and dessert.

The food for the soul must be neither too rich nor too dull but nurturing and balanced. The goal for the preacher is to leave an aftertaste as his congregation departs. And he knows in the end the sermon must be reduced to one simple thought—in this case, sweet has no meaning without bitter, and joy would be without taste if there were no sorrow to establish its cost.

And up toward the hill behind the town in a large house is a woman attended by two midwives. She is about to give birth to a girl. And touching this small gathering with her mind, the mermaid makes that shift in which she travels through time. She feels not just the labor but also the fetus in its struggle to be born. Held tight, and yet, with the contractions, it faces the inevitability of change.

The mermaid lets go of her oneness with the ocean. She becomes that first breath that has not yet happened—light, smell, sound, taste, and touch—being born in another world in another form.

This is not at all like entering the awareness of a squid, a jellyfish, a shark, a whale, a dolphin, or an eel. They all exist within the sea. In them, nature unfolds in its own way.

But to be a human baby—to truly make your way, you must create. And if the mermaid were to express in words her reaction, it would go like this: “For humans, life is cloaked in loneliness and pain. The isolation at times defines and shapes their being. But not for me. I am of the sea. Going deep inside to my core is love; going out into the world there is also love, because this entire planet exists to celebrate love.

“Human beings are not yet aware of this. Perhaps, like a man trying to swim across the sea, they would drown in the ecstasy if they tasted the love I taste in every moment.

“But that matters not. The child’s first breath—hidden within it, disguised in darkness, suffering, loss, pain, and separation, is a great wonder waiting to take birth.”

And here is one of the differences between mermaids and us. The mermaid does not need a reason or a purpose to act with courage and daring. She is like water that flows without having to reflect, yet every molecule and vibration is in the present moment responsive, alive, ready to give and to receive.

She makes the leap. She leaves behind her mermaid form—eyes still closed, she takes that first breath and rejoices from the depth of her mermaid soul, a soul now hidden within and yet expressed outward in the form of a human child.

* * *

The woman has returned from the restroom. As she sits down, I turn to her and ask, “What are you reading?”

She replies, “I am a pilot. I am studying for my next pilot’s exam. I fly for the military and a different airline.”

I ask, “Are you qualified on this plane?”

She answers, “Not this one. But others close in size. My husband is piloting this flight. Whenever one of us is free, the other rides along so we have more time together.”

I am stunned, but I quick-draw and fire off a question while I still have her attention: “You must be good at sensing the weather.”

Her terse reply: “Radar helps.”

“One last question,” I say to her. “Did you meet your husband in flight school?” I know that mermaids can join with a man so deeply that they can acquire the other’s abilities. Maybe that is what happened. She met a pilot and absorbed the vibration of his mind and his aptitude regarding flying.

She replies, “No, a mutual friend introduced us. We were both already pilots.” And then she is gone, as if I am not here and she and that training manual are the only things that exist in her awareness.

A mermaid who pilots commercial airlines—the idea is mind-boggling. It does not fit any preconceptions I have of mermaids. Lying back in the reclined seat, I go again into deep meditation and search in the darkness for a ray of light. I am looking for a way to salvage my fairy tale and make sense of a mermaid who flies planes:

The child grows up in the small town by the sea. With an emotional flexibility similar to the adaptability of a cuttlefish that changes its appearance to blend with its environment, the mermaid woman quickly learns to act like human beings. Her particular talent is in so aligning herself with the soul vibration of those around her that, indeed, if a family trait is being impatient, then she also feels and acts that way.

If they are hardworking and severe in outlook, so is she. If her friends are competitive and demanding as she grows up, she learns not just to mimic them but also to outdo them in coming out the winner when being a winner is what is needed.

But if you watch carefully, you will notice that unlike human beings, she is never mean or selfish. And she is never lonely or

sad. Still, at times it is hard to tell if she is acting. It is like she is engaged in a game of poker and is simply playing her best hand.

What is the right question that captures the essence of this mermaid's life in the form of a woman? Whatever the question, the answer is that she blends in, goes with the flow, and adapts. But beneath these things she observes and waits, because for her something is about to happen. After all, other than expressing love, for a mermaid the essence of life is wonder.

In that first lifetime as a mermaid woman, she meets a man who understands her powers of empathy and the depth of her feeling. And this is truly an amazing thing, for as all mermaid women know or else quickly learn, when it comes to love, men are nearly incapable of understanding anything.

How did they meet? And the first moment? The first eye contact?

He is from a neighboring town. And they meet twice, first at a wedding and the second time at a funeral.

But there is something here I do not understand. He senses her before she senses him. And he is no merman. Though not indifferent to others' needs, love and kindness are not at the top of his priorities. He is industrious, hardworking, and, at times, inventive. But when it comes to this mermaid woman, he never loses his focus.

For him, it is like this. He senses that she is so malleable and receptive that she can fit inside of him. It is conceivable that you can get a human woman to align herself with your heart and soul, like two individuals dancing together, listening to the same music and experiencing the same rapture.

But the souls of women are not fluid like water. They do not extend outward like a stream of energy that can flow in and through another. The mermaid woman can do precisely that. He knows this the first moment he glances back in the church and looks into her eyes. He feels he is no longer in a church made of stone and wood but in a grove of trees at night with the moon shining above.

When the people are filing out of the church, he finds her and introduces himself. He squeezes her hand. And in that moment, in that touch, she knows she has found her man.

And so lifetime after lifetime, these two incarnate and find each other so they can be together again.

It is a nice story. It is certainly romantic. But what am I missing?

* * *

The flight is well into its descent. I sense the nose of the plane dropping slightly in relation to the earth's surface. I am now desperate. I need some sort of confirmation that she is a mermaid. I cannot create a story and hang it on nothing. My fairy tales involve real people who embody wonder, power, and mystery mixed together.

I pull out all the stops. I focus on the mermaid queen Istiphul in my mind. And I say to her, "I could use a little help here." After all, the fact that I am seated next to this mysterious woman is part of the Other Side's design. I was supposed to meet her. And so I ask Istiphul, "What is the purpose behind this encounter?"

How can I ask a mermaid queen about purpose when mermaids do not need purposes in order to act and to plan? Actually, Istiphul is a grand master of identifying the deepest desires in your heart and then presenting you with a totally captivating vision that feels one hundred percent real—a vision of what you are meant to become.

The plane is approaching the field. The girl turns to me and says without any prompting on my part, "You mentioned you sensed a lot of water in my aura. My whole life and even until just recently I have had the worst problem with empathy. Sometimes when I am in a group of friends, I feel I am in a dream. I feel so much a part of the other people I am with that it is like I am inside of them—like, if I were to wake up from the dream, I could easily be one of them instead of me."

I review for her how the mermaid women all at some point as they grow up learn to limit their empathy in order to survive in this world. She does not agree with me. She says, "It is not that easy."

And then it comes to me. I see it in part because of another mermaid woman who has been following my train of thought through her powers of telepathy. She points out that there is a beam or bar of red energy extending out from the woman's abdomen to the pilot, her husband, who is flying the plane. The two have a powerful internal bond that he has created that draws them together lifetime after lifetime.

I study his aura briefly. He possesses a laser-like concentration that was hardwired into his soul from birth. He too is not a human being, but what I call a Perseian. He is a member of an advanced race of souls that are here at the invitation of the earth. They have been asked to replace *Homo sapiens* should we become extinct.

For that race, it is not unusual to bond with another so that the two souls are joined together from within. It is an act of power that is natural for them because it is part of their immense capacity to adapt and to change.

Think of it like this. Men spend an enormous amount of time trying to attain balance. It takes an effort to relax, to unwind, and to feel happy. They need entertainment, coddling, support, self-validation, repose, satisfaction, someone to talk to, and an intimate connection to distract them from their acute isolation.

But a Perseian brings a different ability to a relationship. One woman put it like this: "My husband and I share the same soul." In this case, the Perseian feels the woman's presence, life force, and soul energy inside of his own body. He is that connected to her. Human beings have not yet learned how to do this.

The result is that this frees up a Perseian male so that he no longer has any personal needs. He has internalized his opposite, the female, by making her part of himself. There is a lineage such as that of Swami Rama who transmits from master to disciple the experience of internalizing the feminine within oneself. This establishes the feeling of being united to a woman from within.

But the Perseian's internal bond is with an actual woman. He thus gains life force and soul energy far more easily. The Swami,

however, can compete with the Perseian by practicing a lifetime of strenuous yoga. But the internal bond with an actual woman offers far more experience with feeling and intuitive insight than any yogi typical gains. To put it simply, the Perseian's internal bond with a woman gives him five times more energy than that of a human being.

But mermaid souls are different. They freely flow love into anyone and everyone around them according to each individual's capacity to give and to receive. They do not "bond" with another. It is never appropriate for a mermaid to have a man imprint his desire upon her so that her entire life, at least in terms of love, revolves around him.

My answer to why this woman is sitting next to me? The mermaid queens themselves put this woman next to me here on the plane knowing that I would sense that her soul was of water. And in writing my modern fairy tale I would arrive at the place where I realize I was being asked to intervene—to either mediate or arbitrate a resolution to a conflict that arises out of the interaction of these two nonhuman races.

This is not so odd. A woman on the board of a conflict resolution institute once said of me that I am the best mediator she ever met.

* * *

The plane has landed and is approaching the gate. I tell the girl that I will have another book out in a year and in it there will be a story about her and her husband. She asks me the name of my book that was just published. I tell her and say that if she emails me, I'll send her a copy.

I have done similar things with other mermaid women. I wrote an essay on the social conflicts between mermaid women and the men they love. One such woman had her boyfriend read the essay. He already knew she could do things with energy and that she loves in ways he had never seen before. But he had always been uncomfortable with the fact that she could let go of him in any moment and not feel loss. The essay helped him understand the woman he was with.

Perhaps if the mermaid pilot and her husband read this story, they might be more accepting of each other's differences. She can unite with him by flowing her love in and through him. But in her very essence she is also united to the sea. He has taken that away from her. For the mermaid queens, beauty is something to respect and to love. But you never want to bind it to the will of another. Beauty, like the sea, is always wild and free.

The vibration of water on this planet possesses wonder, beauty, and love to such an extent that only in the far future will a race appear that fully aligns itself with the deeper purposes of the earth. The mermaid queens know this. The human race and the next race, the Perseians, as of yet do not.

My fairy tale is now complete. To summarize, in another lifetime a mermaid enters a newborn child. She grows up and meets a man. Their love is such that they find each other lifetime after lifetime in order to be together again.

But she only exhibits one mermaid trait—powerful empathy—that indicates she is something other than a normal human being. But this is next to impossible. A real mermaid in a woman's body always embodies the traits of mermaid women, except in one circumstance—where a magician has taken possession of the mermaid and changes her soul vibration through the force of his magical will.

The situation with this mermaid pilot is similar even though it does not involve a human mage. The reason her other mermaid qualities are hidden is that she is under the spell of a man who has the soul of an advanced race.

But now the mermaid queens have asked me to intervene. They would like a mutually satisfying resolution to the conflict.

I know how to proceed. I shall indicate to her how to reunite her soul to the sea to reestablish her natural state of being. Then she shall again be free to love in accordance with her true nature, without being bound and caught in her lover's gravity well of will.

When she took that first breath as a human being long ago, she opened herself to taste the wonder that was there to discover; but it was not her intent to surrender and be consumed by the needs of another.

A human woman in a similar situation would, after a long period of time, eventually get angry and then burn so hot she would break the bond with the Perseian. Romance is nice, but independence is essential for loving another. All human women eventually learn this.

Love can take you in different directions. It can keep you focused on this world. It energizes you to overcome life's limitations. It inspires you with daring so that you make the most of the opportunities that come your way.

But for those who are from the Other Side, this world is always less real than the astral plane from where they come. And so love, real love, is sometimes knowing how and when to let go. There is a time to realize that this world is only a small part of what you feel inside.

As for the Perseian? He will come to understand that to touch life with tenderness requires greater skill than is present in the power he now commands. And if it should be that he needs a referral to a member of his own race, I know a few women who will do, who can match his will every step of the way with equal skill.

The River Mermaid



Nations are outlined on maps by natural barriers like mountains, rivers, and seas. History also plays a role in designing national boundaries: battles lost and won; there are negotiations--territory bought and sold--and marriages that establish which flag flies over a piece of land.

By necessity, there are also boundaries that guard our souls. Certain feelings are off limits. They are too foreign. Some are not just strangers who, with an effort, we can turn into friends. They are alien to our personalities and the opposite of what we are.

Certain sensory experiences are also off limits. When they dream, Catholics do not change from human form into a crow or a deer. They do not move through the woods at night in state of exaltation free of fear.

The homeless person or prisoner can easily enough dream at night of owning a mansion in Grosse Pointe or a beach house in Malibu. In his imagination, he can sit on the sundeck with his friends and enjoy the peace and ambience of the sunset. But a god and goddess of the sea such as Neptune or those of sunrise or the night sky will never appear. Some things are beyond normal reach. You have to be on a spiritual journey or magical quest if you are ever going to meet archetypes that arise from those depths.

The wiccans and druids do not dream at night of a formless god. They do not they wrestle with him for a blessing that shapes the destiny of many nations. It just never happens. We cling to what is familiar. Too much ambiguity produces anxiety.

Our dreams move within familiar landscapes. Whether we awake from nightmares, night terrors, or wistful bliss, our dreams are our own. They do not stray far from what can appear within the day.

We may want what we have been denied. And so a dream can compensate. It can remind us of what might have been, of what it is like to be fully loved, or bring back the love that once was.

Dreams may speak with the voice of our instincts. Hungry, prowling desires lurk in the darkness at the edge of our consciousness.

Dreams can also speak with the voice of conscience. Things we may consciously deny the dream declares we still feel inside--guilt, remorse, sorrow, and loss. Occasionally, the dream speaks plainly--happiness is right here inside you if only you would let your conscience guide you.

Dreams may overextend their welcome in a more palpable way. The mind wakes up, but the body is still asleep. Your body feels paralyzed, not fully in one world or the other. The brain may panic and imagine all sorts of monsters and horrors moving about. But there are no monsters or traps--only our imagination desperate to explain the fear that accompanies feeling helpless.

Then there is false awakening in which you dream you have just woken up. You get out of bed. You do things as if you are fully awake, but usually something is not quite right—you switch on the light, but nothing happens or you turn the door knob, but the door will not open.

And with false awakening there is repetition--suddenly you find you are back in bed dreaming again that you have just woken up.

In the false awakening, there may be an ominous or strange feeling present. There is a sense of the uncanny, experience lit with a strange light, and feelings that are uncomfortable or suspicious as if something is not right.

This feeling of things being “off” or “not right” can pursue us even when we are finally awake. If someone feels strong ties to fairy or the astral plane, the Other Side, to the Sidhe, or the Next World, then the “false awakening” does not go away—this entire world of ours may feel like a “bad dream” because inside there is a feeling of belonging somewhere else.

Fairy tales invade some people’s lives. All manner of creatures may appear. Some of these beings are from the realms of fairy--the Sidhe, the sylphs, gnomes, salamanders, undines/mermaids as well as many other creatures. Some may be just ghosts of the departed.

Some of these creatures have survival instincts and seem to exist for no other reason than to feed on the life force of any human they can contact. They may try to scare you. Fear makes you vulnerable and they feed on the emotional energy that spills out from you. And there are the demons both of low and high rank and some have well-defined roles such as Mephistopheles who was assigned the task of negotiating a contract with Faust.

There are good reasons to avoid encounters with fairy realms or to stray too far from our familiar world. When we wake up in the morning, we are back in reality. To leave part of your soul--your feelings and aspirations--on the Other Side is to perhaps weaken or compromise the integrity of your personality.

It is not just terror and fear that may try to cling to us when we wake up. Beauty and enchanting wonders can also leave us feeling like we belong elsewhere. Fantasy gives us a break from the ordinary and can relieve stress. But no one wants to be swept away by some emotional riptide that takes us away from the shore of our world and out into a sea of feelings where we have nothing solid to hold on to.

And then too there are extreme cases that, if true, would place too much strain on the rational mind. Might there not be a few born in human form whose souls are from the Other Side? As I have mentioned, there is no User's Manual lying next to the crib that clarifies everything when your dream kingdom is different from human beings.

What would this be like? Her words:

I do not have mirrors in my room
For others a mirror reflects light and form--
You can see your face, your hair,
Your smile, your tears
But for me a mirror
Is a portal between the worlds--
Spirits step out of my mirror
And walk about my room
Moving objects here and there
It is not that they wish me harm
My well-being is not their concern
What kind of home
Leaves it to the child
To deal with these things
On her own?
I tell you
This world is not right
Others see rainbow colors
I see a little grey
But mostly black and white
Though at night
Creatures come to drain my life
It is during day desolation plays--
Without use of magic mirrors
Family members betray
Lovers cause heartbreak
Others see rainbow light
I prefer to risk the night

Yet in spite
I am ready to declare--
My heart is the mirror
And those I love
Shall always be near

When she was young, she ran away from home many times to escape the spiritual beings that walked about the house during the night.

How do you retrieve the soul of a mermaid who has strayed and lost her way as she journeys between the worlds? What ancient word of power must I speak that creates a path so enticing, so full of delight that she can slip free of her human identity and exclaim--“I knew it all along that this entire human enterprise is a ship upon the sea without home port. In this moment love is what I am—it flows through me without end.”

As I write, my room spontaneously fills with watery blue green energy. Waves of water flow around me. Yet this water is not just a flowing, undulating sensation. It has life and feeling. Its touch is affection, acceptance, and love.

There are times in life when a dream, as thick as a cloud, comes down to the ground and surrounds you. Others may not see or sense it. But for you it is more than a day dream or more than being awake inside of a dream.

It is the telltale sign of two separate realms coming together, overlapping, and uniting. These realms are then like two lovers whose two lives flow into each other and join as one. For mermaids, the life within one is sensed and felt as the same life within the other. We are all immersed in one sea of love. Mermaids have great difficulty in imagining any other kind of reality.

But what happens when a mermaid enters a human body? It is easy to stray when they walk in human form among humanity, for the rules governing love in our world are not the same that operate in theirs.

Since her soul is from the Other Side, she sees spirits with great ease beyond what is familiar to human beings. These spirits are not those that

associate with mermaids. These beings embody the id of the collective unconscious, the dark and blind side of human craving and obsession.

But when she tries to talk to human beings about her experiences, no one understands. People can offer no advice. And if she were to persist in seeking answers, others consider her crazy.

But other parts of her life are familiar to us. These are the typical experiences of a young woman growing up. There is the normal level of failure and success; there is the loneliness and friendship, rebellion and learning to fit in.

When I look at this woman, my surroundings change. I see the mermaid inside of her. And then immediately I find myself sitting in a small pool beneath a waterfall with the Colorado River a few hundred yards away. She is in front of me within the falling drops. The water is cool. The sound of water splashing and the spray on my face blend. The drops dripping down my skin is a language of its own. The scene shifts which is her way of speaking to me:

We are sitting in the Colorado River where the water flow is calm. It is dawn. The current wraps around our bodies, eddying, curling, swirling.

I look into her eyes and feel the flow of the entire river--its waves and shores, its rapids and the pace that moves fast and slow.

Her eyes never lose their tenderness, their innocence, their purity, or their newness even as a million years pass by in her mind, two million, there million, four million years are here and gone.

Gazing into her eyes, I am hypnotized, mesmerized, for I have become like her--beyond the confines of time.

She is the mist
 A soft, wet caress
 On my chest her fingers drift
 I am her song
 The world is gone
 Her breath, her lips
 All that exist.

I ask, Tell me about yourself?

She replies:

I am still in the mountain pool
 My waters are soothing, serene, and cool
 I am turbulent,
 A rapids, a flash flood, a waterfall,
 Crashing and smashing against canyon walls
 At times I lie down and sleep
 This life is one of my dreams—
 My incarnation as a human being
 Yet I remain part of nature
 Pure, innocent, and free
 Should I fulfill some purpose like other human beings?
 Does the wind have places where it must be
 Or the sea have plans for tomorrow's activities?
 The river and I share the same soul
 Feel what I feel—
 In this moment
 Millions of years of water
 Splashing, laughing, singing, and dancing
 Vermillion, citrine, and violet
 Receptive, yielding
 Yet bold and daring
 These buttes and cliffs
 Are sculptured by my fingertips
 Inch by inch
 Geological art
 The work of my heart

Tell me more of your journey in becoming a human being. She replies,

I love: Human beings negotiate for affection
 I dream: They make and shape things
 I flow: They use thoughts to think
 I know: They analyze and hypothesize

I am: They act to further their beliefs

For millions of years I flow
Without thoughts, decisions,
Negotiations, or beliefs
I am complete
Human beings strive to create a fate
If I touch my dreams
Then with them I am unable to speak
If I speak to them
I take away their pain
Which is too much for me
Unlike them,
I cannot be mean or feel hate
Yet that is what they share with me

In the end
The sea will find me
Then again I shall be free

And then the mermaid says to me:

You are not as other human beings
You see and greet us
You find and celebrate us
You are the mermaids' bard
With your art
You open gates between the worlds
Speak the words that heal
Reveal that I am love
And with the sea I am one.

Another Knight and the Mermaid



It was a dark time
He was a knight who fought for the light
Without knowing
If his acts were wrong or right
He met a mermaid one day
Along the shore by a lake

Being both battle-hardened and widely traveled, he had the skill of a merchant—He could tell how much someone wanted something by the way they touched an item.

He could read in another's face if horror or wonder had touched them, and if these things were small or great.

He could tell by another's breath and the movement of their chest whether they had lived in peace or suffered distress.

He could tell by gazing into another's eyes how well they had lived their lives—if there was waste or if they had been guided by someone who was wise.

He could tell by listening to another's voice—even hearing only one or two words spoken aloud—if their lives were lived with honor or if their lives were shaped by a mistake.

So when he met the mermaid in the form of a woman he noticed right away what most others would have missed—she is like water, changing her form and shaping her responses in a new and unique way as each moment unfolds and with each person she is with.

Knowing that some opportunities occur only once in a life time, the knight seizes the moment and asks her, “How do I become what you are?”

The mermaid says, “You do not ask, ‘How do I love you?’ but instead you ask, ‘How do I become what you are?’”

“All other men seek to possess nature—to master it, to control it, and to turn it to a productive end. Only a few of your race have come this far—to open your heart to embrace rather than to take.”

“You must already know the wisdom of nature—gaze on the sea contemplating the images, sounds, smells, taste, and touch of water. Then open your heart to feel what is underneath the outer form.

“Here there is a love that encircles the planet and surrounds every creature that moves upon it. Become this love and then you shall be as I am—one who gives all of oneself in every moment and for whom love is never lost.”

The knight replies, “It is not enough to have the words. The things you speak of are beyond the reach of the human mind.”

The mermaid says, “This is why you must remain completely alert and

perceive without any thoughts intervening even as you have been doing from the first moment you began speaking to me.”

The knight asks, “Can you show me the way?”

She says, “Take my hand” and this he does.

She goes on, “Now you feel what is inside me—I am water in human form. To touch me is to feel the winds caressing the waves on and on without end. There is no identity—the beauty of the sea is what I am—the waves running free, the silent depths, every manner of creature, and the purity of receptivity that can find the beauty and wonder of the stars shining within its heart.

“The waterfall—to let go and to fall into the embrace of air; the lake with its mirror-like stillness and the light that shines from its face; the river and the stream that bring to life whatever is near; the mist, the fog, the cloud, the rain—I am forever free—every form I can take and yet I am always the same—the definition of my very being is seen in the act of giving.

“If you can look upon nature as you look upon me, if you can in your heart unite with that beauty even as your body can become one with mine, then this I promise you—the two of us will be forever joined.”

The knight says, “Now I understand—you are myself in another form. How could I not have seen this before—love designs each moment of time. As a knight, I now see my task—to serve her purposes and to fight on her behalf.”

Letters to Mermaids



Question: Who am I?

Response: This is your back story—the story that comes to my mind when I focus on the point in time when you began to incarnate as a woman among human beings.

The dream of the sea,
Like all lovers,
Is to love
And to be loved in return.

I see a man on a raft who has survived a ship wreck. He is unconscious as he lies on his back. The mermaid comes to him, her arms resting on the wood where he lies, and she gazes upon him. She cups her hands, and I suppose as some mermaids know how to do, she somehow collects water free of salt and sprinkles it on his lips.

He is rescued and survives. But occasionally in his dreams she comes to him. He dreams he is again on the raft. But he is not ship wrecked. He feels at peace floating on the sea. The sky is clear and calm. There is a moon rise. And then a woman appears to him holding his head in her lap.

In another dream he floats on his back on the open ocean. But the water is not just water. The water is love in physical form and it surrounds and supports him.

But though she is in his dreams on occasion, she perceives that the sea is not in him. Without her being near, the sea does not appear in his dreams.

He marries and has a daughter. But unlike most young women, the girl as she grows up loves to be by the sea. If she could, she would be there by its side every night. She is also very good at sailing as well as understanding and predicting the weather.

Even before she is twelve years old, she demonstrates a most unusual ability. On the coast where the family lives, storms on occasion drive ships into the shore where they crash on the rocks. Three times she has gone out at night when everyone else was asleep. At dawn she comes back having rescued a sailor who would have otherwise drown.

One of these men is a ship's captain who a few years later marries her. She leaves the island where she is born to be with him. Her father sees her every few years when the captain's ship sails on a Northern route.

But though both her father and the captain spend years living with her, the sea never enters their dreams without her being near. They do not perceive or understand the gift they have been given.

The dream of the sea,
Like all lovers,
Is to love
And to be loved in return.

The Knight, the Merman, and the Maiden



Mermen are brothers to mermaids. They are the male version. Ermot is one such merman. His area of interest is rivers and streams. And he is also interested in human beings. He likes to inspire women in regard to love. Though he has been mentioned only once before in literature, he

and I at times work together. Whenever I am near a stream, he often will inspire me to write a poem.

For Ermot, a stream is a living being. A stream is like a woman. Both are able to let go, to flow, to feel love in their souls, and to dream others' dreams.

If you ever want to perceive, feel, and think like Ermot, simply pick a stream. Then walk down it from beginning to end. Memorize the ways the stream flows, turns, splashes, dances in rapids, dreams in pools, and laughs in a waterfall. Do this and you begin to possess the wisdom Ermot holds. But a knight who once rode in our history did not know these things.

Riding a mighty warhorse, the knight returns from foreign lands. As he crosses a stream, he is weary and worn, his heart damaged and torn. High ideals to which he is sworn—all the light and justice with which they did shine—that time of dreams when men dreamed such things—that age has drawn to a close.

The knight hears the horse's hooves splashing in the water. The merman hears with the ears of the water and foresees the future. The knight, having lost his own dreams, has just entered the dream of a being from a land so far away it is not portrayed in any of mankind's mythologies.

In this moment, the merman plays with the fate of the knight to see if a trade might be made, an exchange so that the inevitable is less hostile. After all, love is a matter of the heart. And love, like water, need only let go and respond to the moment to find peace and release.

The path to the left that the knight plans to take leads to a home that is empty and cold. There the years and decades will fade away. The light that is his life will fade into night. Evenings he shall sit alone by the fireplace or gaze at the forest from the window during twilight wondering where the meaning has gone.

But in this moment the horse stops where the road forks. The knight does not realize his hands have pulled back on the reins. “To the left is where I should go. But the other road draws me like a silence yearning for song or a fairy tale that wants to be told. My castle waits. My lands require their lord. I have duties. I have a place in society I must take.” Without a thought crossing his mind, the reins pull to the right. The horse turns. A day passes and a night.

Another fork in the road. “I know the way to a great city lies to the right,” the knight says to himself. “To the left there are valleys and dark forests, places that are not well marked.”

Like a strong undertow, like a ship that rises up to ride down the face of a wave, like praying all night in a church until the first rays of dawn make the candles’ flames obsolete, the way to the left calls out--like someone you meet, the feeling so casual and complete, you know you have just made a new lifelong friend.

The knight speaks aloud, “I have been to the city. I am well known in that place. There is honor and respect and brothers in arms who will welcome me into their homes. Why then should I choose to wander alone?”

His hands on the reins decide for him. The horse turns to the left, and the knight follows another lonely road.

Two days later, the knight enters a tavern. The master of the house brings him mead, hot soup, and coarse bread. And then the master’s daughter comes out. She touches the knight’s left shoulder from behind him and asks, “Is there anything else you require?”

Invisible to mortal eyes, Ermot sits at a table in the corner. He watches his dream unfold. He watches as the knight turns and looks into the girl’s eyes. In that moment, ten thousand years of water splashing and dancing in streams all over England and all the feelings that lovers’

hearts may dream—these feelings flow from one through the other like water being poured into water or like a stream that has found the sea.

A year later, the merman again sits unseen in the corner of a great hall in the knight's castle at a wedding festival. Early the next morning, just before dawn, the knight rises from the marriage bed and sits by the window watching the indigo light of night fade as rays of rose and pink begin to play upon the horizon.

And then the knight recites this poem for the girl from the tavern whom he has just married. These are the same words the merman heard when the knight's horse first entered the stream, words from a dream in the mind of a being from a land so far away they as yet have no place among the stories of humanity—words that have now become reality—

On this night
 The howling in the trees is gone
 The wind sings a sweet song
 The volcano's devouring flames
 Becomes tame

On this night
 Because you are in my arms

On this night
 The most bitter tears
 The lost soul
 The love that has grown cold
 All terror and fear
 Are images in a mirror
 At dawn they are gone
 Because I hold you in my arms

On this night
Decades thrown away
Dreams that would not stay
Hopes I could not defend
The broken heart that would not mend
But on this night
Love has found me again
She is my friend
Because you hold me in your arms

How the Mage Rosh Lor Survived the Destruction of Atlantis



It was not the best of times. Kind of like our world now.

Then as now we have creative geniuses and technological wizards, theoretical scientists and philanthropic entrepreneurs rubbing shoulders with men more evil than any demon fallen to the earth from the stars—the CEO of Monsanto, Hugh Grant, out to destroy the crops of the world

and subject all human beings to his hideous food; the CEOs of GE and TEPCO who build the prefect doomsday machine—a cooling pool above a nuclear reactor next to the sea and over a fault line (why not end civilization with radiation pollution and destroy the Pacific ocean as well must be their motto); Kim Jong Un and Saddam Hussein who gassed his own people cannot hold a candle to the malice of men such as these.

The thing is the priest kings, scientists, and mages of Atlantis did not even know they had any darkness within them. Well, we have ethics and morality, a world court, and a UN security council. At the best the teacher will say, Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Which is to say, Don't take more than you give.

But this no one lives. Our codes of morality and ethics merely say, Here you can take this and this and there you must not take more than this or that.

Here is the fact—human beings are always short on love. They always take more than they give. This predatory craving arises from the core of their being.

From Atlantis on down, it is said human beings possess five elements—from fire is will, from water is love, from air is intelligence and harmony, from earth is consciousness and productivity, and from the fifth element of spirit is oversight and purposes that endure through all ages of the world. Yet the great curse upon the human race is that in their souls not one of these five elements is sufficient unto itself. The very elements composing human nature are defective and so weak that human beings must feed on each other in order to feel complete.

And so the politician lies and deceives even as with great skill he reassures and promises others better lives. And the corporation steals from the environment and from human beings all that it can for the corporation has no conscience. It is a golem granted the rights of a person by the courts.

And lovers never ever not even once discover or produce an innocence that gives all of itself in every moment without holding back. No, even the best of lovers have no connection to nature that offers an inexhaustible aquifer of energy welling up to make them feel happy inside.

But who am I to criticize? I am describing myself during many past life times. And furthermore I am not permitted to complain. I am just pointing out the obvious—that human beings have no independent, autonomous, and self-renewing capacity within their souls that makes them fully alive. And so without continuous and vigorous stimulation from the external world and from other human beings they die. They are not like the sun and the stars. They are not like the oceans and the forests and the winds of the earth. No, everywhere human beings go they lay waste. They destroy species, pollute the ground and the sea, and take green and leave brown.

And so what I have to say about Atlantis in this context will not seem too horrible. They are just like us--almost exactly as if we have become them again now at this later date.

Where to begin? Edgar Cayce prophesized that Atlantis would be discovered in 1969. 1970 surely is close enough. Ray Brown and his diving friends dove off of Bimini in 1970 and found three pyramids beneath the sea. Each of the divers entered a different pyramid. Ray returned with a crystal ball in which could be seen three images of pyramids and if you were clairvoyant you will see a fourth. I only saw three but I made a wish upon the crystal ball which kind of made up for my inability. Daring often trumps insight when it comes to quests and missions.

The crystal ball radiated light from time to time without external input. And those who stole that crystal ball brought it back immediately with a note apologizing for carrying it away.

Back to our story. When Ray Brown swam around the pyramid the first time he saw no way of entering. But the second time around a door had opened. He swam in. And after he found and took into his hands the crystal ball at the very center of the pyramid, he lingered trying to scrape off a piece of gold from a metal rod. But a voice spoke to him in his head saying, "You have what you came for. Now leave."

I am not making this up. I was there at Ray Brown's first lecture in Phoenix in 1975 when he spoke about this.

Now then, if you have any magical training you can do this for yourself. Project your mind into that pyramid where the crystal ball was found. And what you will find is horror upon horror. These Atlanteans, as high and as advanced as they were, had souls that were now completely corrupted. Perhaps no Buddha, Moses, Christ, or Krishna could have found a way to turn them back to the light.

We all are familiar with the complaints about the patriarchy. Masculine control of society with alpha males running the show leads to hazing, domination, and control. Men of power torture and torment. And in their innermost essence they seek to absorb the life and will of others into themselves. They wield guilt, fear, and terror to accomplish their purposes and to maintain the order of their world.

You can see this kind of authority in action even now. Whether it is a man or a woman in power, the authority figure not only uses rules and regulations to control others. He or she will cause pain or anguish in another in order to renew his or her own soul. Like I say, human beings are short on energy and they know that to strengthen their own egos all they need to do is to put someone else down, to make the other weaker or cause a wound.

But you actually have to turn to the Spanish Inquisition or comparable to understand the Atlantean mind. The authority figures of Atlantean time, like those who served the purposes of the Church, sought to take

every feeling of being alive within others and to absorb it into themselves. The Church, however, only used agonizing torture, fear, terror, and guilt to maintain its power over others. When the Church was done it left corpses or terrorized people. Ah, but the Atlanteans were far more skilled.

The Atlanteans turned the souls of human beings into zombies. They did not need to kill the body. They could directly interact with another's soul to drain it of every feeling that enables a human being to feel alive and whole. Happiness, sensitivity, the capacity to respond and react, curiosity, desire for satisfaction, the need to feel free, wonder, awe, hope, love, contentment, affection and kindness—if an Atlantean mage/priest/corporate executive (equivalent in that time) came upon another who felt alive and innocent inside, he could focus his mind and, if you were clairvoyant, you could see a cool white mist leave the body he was targeting and you could see him absorbing that soul life into himself.

You could say at the end of Atlantis, before the earthquakes rumbled and the big waves hit, that they were highly skilled energy vampires. But there is still an advantage they had over the most skilled of energy vampires you see today. An Atlantean could make a permanent bound to the other person--like some species of insects or parasites that keep its prey alive in order to feed whenever they wished. This is what you will find as a vibration inside of Ray Brown's pyramid off Bimini under the sea.

By comparison to the Atlanteans, the Hugh Grants of corporations like Monsanto and the North Korean Kim Jong Uns of our world are innocent and kind. And in regard to the spiritual worlds with their infinite powers of magic the leaders of our world are blind.

To put it another way, we have nuclear weapons but within our souls we have no “nuclear” power of will. The Atlanteans had discovered

desires within their bodies and souls that burn like nuclear fire. The light is so bright, the power so great, and the shock wave so amazing they were radiant like the sun. But they did not have the energy of the sun. Like I say, they fed on the energy within others' souls in order to keep that flame alive.

Occasionally from time to time we will get a Hitler whose power of will is like a pyroclastic flow—the hot ash of a mountain exploding as a volcano. His power of will overwhelms an entire people. But our world has never seen a nuclear man in whom the mysteries of magic and political power are united.

Rosh Lor was a nuclear man. The energies underlying nature he could perceive and understand. Like those in his own time he had a blind, insatiable and implacable craving to devour inside. But unlike those of his time, he actually wanted a lover not as someone to devour and feed upon to keep his soul alive. No, he wanted another equal in power and who possessed the opposite qualities of himself. But where do you go, to whom can you turn when a dark version of the fire of the sun illuminates your soul?

You can guess at this point where this story goes. Rosh Lor called a mermaid into being out of thin air through the power of his will. He called her from the sea and gave her the form of a human woman so he could touch her, talk to her, and be with her to satisfy his needs.

To the sea has been granted the authority to cover Atlantis keeping its dark evil from awakening to destroy our world. But the sea that encircles the earth can bring peace and satisfy the needs of even an Atlantean mage whose craving is beyond the knowledge of our world.

The mermaid that Rosh Lor brought into human form was in her soul like a storm raging with forty foot waves running and rolling thousands of miles across the open ocean. She had the silence of the ocean trench. And she has the mysterious empathy of mermaids who can easily extend

their auras into any other living being on earth sensing, feeling, renewing, and healing it through the power of her innocence and giving.

Atlantis went into the final leg of its race. Like today, men were willing to court danger, to take any risk in order to acquire more power and for the sheer thrill of brief moments when they felt alive when in fact they were already quite dead inside.

But Rosh Lor had turn his eyes upon the sea. He fell in love with the sea's beauty. And his love was so great of all men who have ever walked the earth Rosh Lor was one of a mere handful in whose eyes you could see the deepest dreams of the blue green sea.

Because of his skill in magic, it was within Rosh Lor's ability to shape shift into the form of a merman. And this is exactly what he did when Atlantis met its fate and sank beneath the waves.

What else can I say? Nuclear fire has returned to the earth. The power men hold now is of the external world and not the internal world of the soul. Perhaps it is with infinite stupidity that human beings employ fission as a source of energy. In our life time, we shall see the results of the choice we made to use fission to generate electricity.

If the Atlanteans had been permitted to live they would have corrupted and destroyed the astral plane of the earth. Human beings now seek to destroy the physical body of the earth. But perhaps the sea has new cards to play as fate and destiny engage in a wild dance of submission and domination, as humans seek to feel alive and perhaps one day to even discover peace inside.

The Prophet Elijah and the Mermaid



A mermaid once appeared to the Prophet Elijah down by the brook Cherith where he had fled from the wrath of King Ahab. And the mermaid standing in the stream says to the prophet, “Fire burns so bright in your eyes. Tell me, what can you do other than call fire down from the sky?”

And the prophet replies, “If I put forth all my will and focus my mind I can join with the entire atmosphere of the earth—every cloud, every raindrop, every rainbow, wind, and mist, every hail and lightning—it is a supreme taste of bliss. Air and not just fire is who I am within.”

And the mermaid says, “Ah, so that is how so easily you can stop the rain from falling for three years over this land—not one drop falls without your command.”

“Yes,” replies the prophet. “It is the part of me that people miss. Because the rain was scarce my people sojourned in Egypt. And there

Joseph arose and interpreted the Pharaoh's dream about seven years of plenty and seven years of lean.

“But to me has been given power over air and fire so that the glory of God might be seen.”

And the mermaid says, “What you are now one day all men shall be. I have seen it in a dream. And this too I have seen--In another life time when you are born again I shall meet you then and you shall be my friend.”

And the Prophet Elijah smiles at her and turns away and goes to look for some locust and wild honey to eat because even prophets get hungry.

St. Columba and the Mermaid



St. Columba met a mermaid one day
Where she played
Among the waves as they break
She was dancing in the spray
And calling out to her he says,
Though I have studied theology
And practiced Druid methodology
Of what you are
I have no knowledge, no education, no learning
Tell me, therefore,
What is the nature of your race
And the innermost essence of your being?
And the mermaid replies,
With the depths of the sea shining in her eyes
The essence of my race
Is a love that gives all of itself in every moment
And never loses its innocence.
And St. Columba says,
I perceive now there is a place
Where a saint who seeks God's face
Might pause on his quest
And take rest
As the night shelters the stars
The sea guards the heart
When we are ready
Secrets of love
It shall impart.
And from that day
St. Columba conceived

God's creation
Was more than Druids or Christians
Have yet dreamed or imagined.

Neptune



A man was sitting next to a stream that runs into the sea. The man's left foot was in the stream and his right hand immersed in a silver bowl of water. And the god Neptune appears in front of him.

And Neptune asks, "What are you doing?"

And the man replies, "I am singing to every drop of water on earth, upon the land, within the sea, and in the sky and clouds."

"That must be quite a song you are singing," says Neptune. "What are the words?"

The man says,

Awake, awake Oh human race.
Attune yourself to the beauty of the world.
Nurture, heal, and love.
Move in harmony with the stars above.

And Neptune asks, "Do you think your singing will make the slightest difference?"

And the man says, "Yes I do."

"Well, you certainly woke me from my dreams with a start. I thought you were my doppelganger."

"No," says the man. "I am of a different race of beings. I have come down from the stars."

"You know," says the god Neptune, "I tried to share this same song with the world thousands of years ago. I set up temples all around the Mediterranean Sea and also the Delphi Oracle. But it just did not take hold. Do you think you will have better luck than me?"

"I think so," says the man.

"And why is that?" Asks the god Neptune.

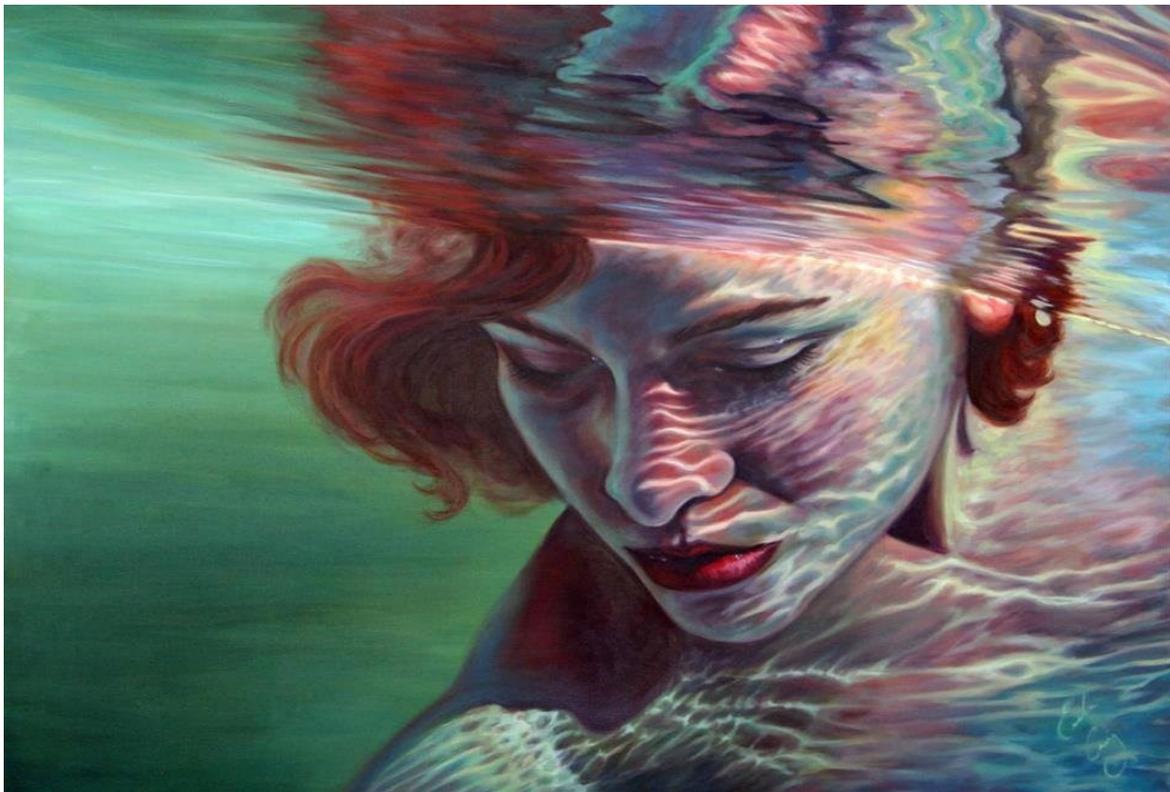
"Because," says the man, "mermaids have the entered the world and they have brought the beauty of the sea with them. Their love can heal the wounded soul and lead the lost back to a path of light."

"I hope you are right," says Neptune. "I dream the dreams of the sea and these dreams lately have not been good."

"Yes," says the man. "I too dream the dreams of the sea. She speaks

with me. I think human beings will finally understand. Because if they do not another race of beings will walk upon the land and replace them. But in the end as I am sure you must already comprehend everyone on earth will celebrate the dreams of the sea within their hearts.”

The Mermaid's Gift



Prologue

I know a woman who says she can slow time. She says she does it often. For example if she is driving in her car and she encounters a dangerous situation she slows time down so that she can maneuver in a way to avoid an accident. Or if her little niece is falling down on the other side of the room, she can slow time and catch the girl before she hits the ground.

I have not witnessed her do this first hand. But I do know that I cannot drive a car for three or four hours after I have had a conversation with her. I lose all sense of momentum, movement, and depth perspective. It is like I am floating under water and gravity no longer applies to me. And so driving a car, for example, is not a good idea until I am free of the effect she has on me.

I know another woman. She says she can stop time. I have not seen her do this. But I have seen her move small objects with her mind. She has a telekinetic ability. And she has a search function. If I ask her to find people who have certain abilities, she can scan the entire population of the planet. Visualizing one nation after another, it is like she can look down and see points of light that shine bright according to the degree these individuals meet the criteria of what I am after. And then she can telepathically suggest to them that we meet. I think that is pretty neat. That too I have observed her do first hand.

I mention this because I want to ask a question—What if each moment contains an eternity? What if we are not trapped in linear time like someone who has fallen into a flashflood and is carried along out of control and in danger of drowning in any moment? What if we can take any moment in life and, freezing time, go inside that moment expanding it until we experience it in every facet—an entire world of life?

A spirit once said to me something similar. It said, Create your own astral kingdom, a world made from your dreams where you can experience inspiration of the purest, highest, and most transforming kind.

In other words, take a feeling or experience and envision a myth, a story, or a kingdom that celebrates that experience. In this way you create the motivation and inspiration that are required to accomplish whatever you need to do in life.

Want nobility? Dream you are a King Arthur who has established a Camelot, a round table, and knights committed to the highest ideals, to nobility, and who serve the light.

What poetry and song? Dream you are a Celtic bard whose voice is so sweet when he sings armies put down their swords to listen knowing that

the songs they hear are more sacred than anything they themselves hold dear.

What a Hero's Quest? Dream you have entered the realms of the unseen or have sailed beyond the boundaries of the known world. And here you encounter the greatest terrors and fears embodied in various monsters. And here too you meet loyal and trustworthy companions of magic and wonder. Together you find treasures that have been forever hidden from mankind. And from your commitment to enriching the world, you bring these treasures back to share them with others. How about that for an imaginary realm of your own creation?

Want a lover? Pause sometime and meditate. Imagine for five, ten, or thirty minutes every so often that you spend time with the lover you desire. Do not be shy. Pull out all the stops. Do not worry about dangers. Why you can live an entire life time together. Better than watching Netflix. Why not?

In a similar fashion, I am writing an entire novel that expands a few moments I once spent with another. Must be my inner Dante. She was not a Beatrice. She was a sylph wearing the body of a human being. If I am going to write, why not write something interesting? And sometimes art is in fact the only way to understand our experience.

The Mermaid's Gift

The mermaid was given a gift. Though mermaids are of nature, her gift was not of nature. It was a gift brought down to this planet from the stars. And it was given to her because of her innocence, her purity, and her love.

She was told she would know when to share the gift. There was no hurry. And since this mermaid is an immortal being and dwells on the astral plane, time for her was never a problem. She does not chronicle or record experience based on movements of the sun, moon, stars, or the electronic vibrations of atoms.

Now it just so happened there was a man who had a problem. He could see in advance that his civilization was about to end in destruction. Life is short. Wisdom is scarce. Power corrupts. We all know these things.

Sometimes the worst of possibilities cross paths and just like that life as people have known it comes to an end very fast.

But this man was not a Cassandra who could speak what she sees and yet not be heard. He was not a weeping prophet who foresees destruction, gets thrown into a pit for telling others about it, and then is given the VIP treatment by a foreign king who invades the land and thanks him for declaring this king's victory in advance. No, he was no Jeremiah.

Something different was going on here. In any case, the man began to meditate. And in his meditations as he looked about for a remedy to prevent calamity, he began to imagine every possibility. He envisioned opportunities and options one after another. He spent years doing this. He searched for solutions. And as he searched he interviewed a great many wise men. But that was to no avail. Reaching further, he began to interview spirits, for he was not content to limit his searching to the realm of human history and to the known world.

And so finally one day he found a meditation that seemed to work. But it needed some sort of spice—there was a charm, an enchantment, a spell, or a way to recreate life and the world that was lacking.

And this was the moment as had been foretold that the mermaid sensed a man was ready to receive her gift. Well, it is all quite simple once you do the preliminary ground work. You just need to make the right connections and enjoin others to work together to accomplish a mission and to reveal a new wonder to the world.

What precisely happened next? The mermaid appeared to the man who could see and hear her easily enough. I mean if you work with your five senses, exploring their ecstasy, bliss, and endless rapture, perceiving mermaids just comes with the territory.

Upon appearing to the man the mermaid began to sing. If you are going to give a gift, you do not sit there and talk about it. You give it. She sang one note. And as she sang this note the man finally realized what his meditations were missing.

Her note contained the power to cause time itself to slow down and to stop. And when time stops in the way she was stopping time space itself dissolves. Well, to be accurate, things are still there but they just are no

longer in your awareness. What happens is that the very best possibilities in life appear before you and all obstacles and barriers to their manifesting begin to dissolve.

People tend to think of magic as making things happen. But what if it is the other way around? What if the very best action in life, your highest purpose attained by making your best choice, is always right there in front of you? And all you have to do is put aside everything else that is distracting and seize that course of action.

The mermaid and the man sang this note together. Well, wisdom of this kind is of course rather profound. It certainly encompasses and includes all other wisdom in the world and then it goes beyond what is known. As I already mentioned, this was a gift given to a mermaid that had come down from the stars.

And to be concise and brief, instead of writing an entire epic, that civilization did not come to a disastrous end. Men did not destroy themselves.

Soon enough when men woke up in the morning, they noticed they had new dreams. Men of greed suddenly began to think about how to meet others' needs. Those who were filled with hate began to see their enemies as brothers and sisters and long for their embrace. Those who craved power without end began to imagine noble quests, peace on earth, and a world filled with justice from end to end.

Now you cannot get away with changing the world just like that without a final encounter and conflict to overcome. That is how stories work—when things get good, something bad has to happen otherwise the story does not hold our attention.

And so just as you would expect, given the transformations envisioned, many spiritual and much darker guardians of the world appeared immediately on the scene. These were great and mighty beings of ancient powers far older than the human race. They were of many realms and races almost all of them invisible and unseen by the eyes of human beings.

And together they spoke in once voice, a voice as terrifying as an asteroid plunging down through the night that nearly brings to an end all of life. And they asked the man with a quiet but absolutely penetrating,

seemingly sovereign and irresistible voice (the air in that place began to flame and shimmer with blue and purple light),

By what authority do you unleash this magic upon the earth? You are not one of us. And what you do is not in accord with the history of this world.

And the man neither replied with words nor did he use telepathy and speak mind to mind. Instead, he opened his heart. And the great and mighty beings looked therein and they saw what he himself had once experienced—there was within him an awareness of everything that exists from one end of the universe to the other—countless civilizations among countless stars stretching through this and other galaxies. Here too were countless beings some divine and some of nature beyond what any creature in our solar system has ever dreamed. In fact, this awareness was so vast every speck of dust in the universe was included within it.

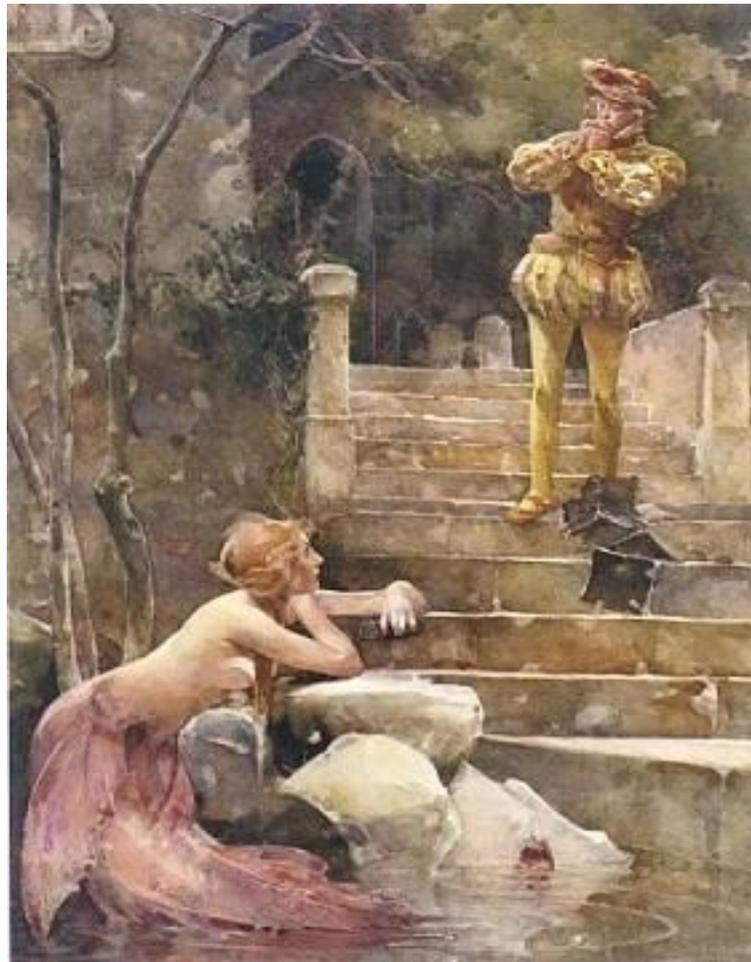
And the guardians had no need to discuss or debate what they had just seen. They departed immediately vanishing into thin air taking their shimmering blue and purple light and penetrating voice with them, for they were completely satisfied. When you encounter certain things there is no need to understand or to try to comprehend them. They themselves are what give definition and create meaning.

And what of the mermaid who is pure, innocent, and loving? Once she gives her gift and it is received the realm of mermaids and the world of human beings will join. Then you will be able to see in people's eyes the dreams of the blue green sea. And you will meet mermaids who are wise in inspiring people to find nature at the core of their being and a love that innocent, pure, and free.

Afterward

I know a woman who says she can slow time. I know another woman. She says she can stop time. I know a mermaid who has a gift that will forever transform mankind.

A Mermaid Who Once Loved A Musician



I am after the backstory. How did this mermaid first make contact with the human race?

I could be mistaken of course. She might be an unusually receptive and empathic woman and not a mermaid. But my clairsentience tells me otherwise. She has the mermaid trait of having water in her aura that is like a stream. This is beyond psychology. She is of nature.

Add to this that I have never met a woman so free of ego. She wants only to help and to love others. There is not a trace of selfishness in her.

Add to this that I have never met a woman who offers everything that she is to me without inhibitions, conditions, or restraint of any kind. This is not a come on. This offering or giving of herself arises from the core of her being.

Even the most submissive of human women make demands. Whether the thought is in their mind or not, their submission is a way they get inside of you. The submission—the attempt to be receptive in every way--forges an inner bond. The fact is that the submissive is always in charge. She is the one who determine who enters her life and who goes.

This mermaid is not submissive any more than a glass of water. The water gives itself to you but it does not bond. Its nature is to flow and nothing you do will change that essence.

I gaze at the picture of the girl. No thoughts in my mind. No references lead back to myself. There are no self-validating actions to remind me that everything is normal by rehearsing something familiar. I am after wonder—the unknown coming through and appearing in this moment to me in a new way.

I just gaze. The room I am in vanishes. I could be in infinite space and here appearing before me—her body and face.

And so as often occurs, the girl disappears and is replaced by some scene in nature with water. The void state of mind I enter reveals the original nature of what I gaze upon. It looks past the outer form to the inner core of the other's being.

I see--

Waterfalls on black rock cliffs

Mountain pools

Cool, calm, at peace

The imagery is so strong that I enter into it. I am here by the waterfall now. This waterfall is not strong, but wide—maybe the water is a few inches thick running down the cliff which is a several hundred feet high. And the pool beneath is wide—maybe two hundred feet through the center.

And I am sitting here by the side with my feet in this pool. I hear the water splashing. I can smell the air. I feel the water moving gently against my skin.

This is so real that it takes a serious effort to return from this imagery back to my room. But I am comfortable moving between the realms. I can imagine the difficulty a friend or lover of hers might have when he leaves her presence. Not aware of energy, the energy she emits still affects him. For some I imagine they feel that part of them is now missing or that some terrible mistake has been made. But, unlike me, they can find no observable action that explains why they feel that way.

When I feel her aura with my hand, I feel only water. I suspect women with water like this in their auras are fairly rare. You could walk the streets of Paris, Prague, London, or New York for three hours every day for twenty years and not encounter an aura like this. But then if you were lucky or guided, you might sit in a café or visit a nightclub and over a few months or perhaps a year you might be able to meet two or three of these women. Life keeps its own council regarding when, where, and how to reveal its surprises.

When I feel with my hand the girl's inner aura, there is a sense of space, time, and location a mermaid in her own realm would not possess. The girl has acquired experience with the human race.

As I spend more time focusing on her, the water inside of her changes into an intense magnetic field of energy. This is slightly hard to explain. She is a living magnet. She has the ability whether she knows it or not to alter and modulate the vitality and life force of anything near to her that

the lines of her magnetic force pass through. She can change others' feelings as easily as she might change her own simply by focusing on something playful, something light and humorous, or something cool, calm, and at peace like the vibration of mountain pool that she radiates.

And also, where a human has the fifth element of akasha in her soul, like other elemental beings, this girl has nothing. That is, she comes from another realm that has its own evolution and laws. She does not belong to the collective race of souls we refer to as Homo sapiens.

As I again gaze on her picture, I now see waves breaking on high cliffs by the sea among many small islands. A mermaid appears before me and comes forward and hugs the girl from behind. The mermaid places her cheek against the girl's cheek. The mermaid has that same feeling the girl has of innocence, love, giving, and pure tenderness in every single moment of time.

In my fairy tales, I bring together two separate realms—that of elemental beings and that of human beings. When I meet a woman like this, there are two different beings I am actually meeting—the girl who has a personal history. She was born into a human body, grown up and so possesses a childhood, parents, friends, and educational experiences. And she has discovered through direct observation that she is somehow different from other human beings.

And then there is the spirit residing deep within her that is of nature—an immortal being composed of one element—the intelligence of the sea that has somehow mysteriously now taken on human form to walk among us. I must make friends with both otherwise the story I tell would not be the truth or reveal the wonder that I perceive in front of me.

I focus on the mermaid. And then to better understand her nature, I do what mermaids themselves can do without effort. But I must concentrate to accomplish their spontaneous action—I imagine I am the mermaid

inside of the girl, the mermaid who is her inner spirit and who resides in this moment in the sea.

I sense what she perceives. I can feel waves breaking in different ways on reefs nearby, on sandy beaches, and on rocks and shoals. I can actually hear their sounds and sense the bubbles and foam, the spray in the air, the surging currents and undertows even for miles around.

Mermaids use water itself to extend the sensory perceptions of their nervous systems. Anything within water is directly accessible to their awareness. A mermaid like this can feel the temperature change as sunlight hits the water's surface and then sinks down into the depths. I can feel wind stirring up waves, coaching them to rise, dying down, or else changing their speed or shifting until the waves move in a different direction.

I can feel the life in fish, seaweed, and marine algae as if that life is within myself. The water moving through gills is like my own breath, though as a mermaid I draw vitality and life directly from the water element and its magnetic fields.

What is it to be a mermaid? It is similar to being human except I do not use thoughts to think. I do not need feet to walk since I am within the water element of the sea. I am aware of my environment. I am curious as are human beings about new things. And when I encounter something I have not seen before, I can feel what it feels inside and sense the qualities that make it alive or how it exchanges energy with its environment.

On the other hand, I do not build things and I have no desire to mark territory, insure my safety, or take control of anything. If you want to ascribe to me a purpose it would be this: I like to nurture, support, and make things more alive.

And so this difficulty. When mermaids first observed human beings beginning to sail the seas the mermaids felt that people were half dead

inside. Unlike all other creatures on earth, human beings have no purpose. They do not know why they are here. They are not aligned with life. They are not filled with wonder, beauty, and love inside.

This is not a judgment. It is a description of energy. Humans are dry, weighed down, and bursting with fire. Add they do not use the power of water. If their energy was more magnetic, they would nurture and protect whatever they encounter. But instead, they try to possess. And when there is something they want, they will pursue it even if it means destroying everything in their way to get what they want.

How then did this particular mermaid first make contact with humanity? For some mermaids there is a rule that is like an inner voice. When they spy ships on the sea the voice says to them simply, Do not intervene. This is not their time. They are forbidden to taste or to feel the beauty of the sea.

For other mermaids, different rules apply. They have been sent into the world of mankind to act as emissaries. But they remain in disguise. They embody love and for anyone who can see energy their love is impossible to miss. But though human beings see with their eyes, in their hearts they are blind. And so these mermaids tend to live out their entire lives among us never noticed for what they really are.

Yet on occasion there is an honest exchange. On a case by case basis, a human being may encounter a mermaid and, under the authority of love that oversees all things, the two are permitted to share with each other experiences that would otherwise be forbidden.

On very rare occasions it has occurred that a human being could hear the songs the sea sings at night. By the same token, a mermaid who is skilled in listening can hear a man singing no matter where on earth he may be if when he sings he sings with all of his heart.

And this is no small accomplishment. Usually singing is a performing art. There is technique. There are tones and pauses and modulations that

can make people weep. But to sing so as to put all of your soul into the words and into the melody so that others hear not just the sounds of beauty? A few can sing so that when you hear their song you find yourself experiencing the love that is within the depths of their hearts.

Beneath the moon on the open sea the mermaid heard words of love. A man was singing half way around the earth. At times such as this the gates to separate realms are briefly pried open. The veils are parted and the seals are undone. You cannot forbid love when the celebration of love is the reason the universe has been brought into being.

It is hard to say unless I go deeper into trance if it was at a tavern, a festival for a Baron, or a king's court where the musician sang. But as odd as it may sound it is nothing at all for a mermaid who is motivated to enter the body of a woman who is drunk out of her mind and to temporarily put on that body as if it is her own.

The musician was taking a break back stage, sitting by himself alone. And she comes up to him and takes his hand introducing herself with the name of the woman whose body she had borrowed.

And I tell you I can feel in this moment their two hands touch and sense the feelings that flow between them—it is as real as if this memory is my own. But the experience is not mine. Any developed mermaid can relive another's experience as if it is her own and at times so can I.

For her, it was like ten thousand flashes of lightning and the accompanying roar of thunder. But the lightning was not blinding and the roar was drowned in silence. In this brief moment, the touch of skin upon skin and the feelings within carried all the desires of the sea to reach out and to love humanity through the connection.

And for him, he felt he had just met a woman whose love encircles the earth and yet the only reason she exists is to awaken, to satisfy, and then to set him free of his deepest desires and needs. Or, to put it simply, he felt time stop and knew that time would not start again as long as she

was holding his hand. And he did not ever want to let go or live one day more without her by his side.

And so I present this as evidence. I argue my case before Divine Providence, before the mermaid realm, and before humanity that the dryness of soul—the absence of watery feeling--and self-hatred that causes human beings to destroy can be overcome through love.

In a good story, there is conflict. You have to push your characters to their limit so that through the choices they make they make themselves into something new. The conflict? The body was not hers. She could not again appear to him in this form.

And there is more conflict, for even when the first difficulty is overcome and things seem to look up, something happens that makes everything even worse. And that arc of the plot in this story was what these two had to face.

She wanted to be with him, to learn from him, and to give him not just the touch or a taste but the entire mystery of love that is at the core of her being. Not an easy to do when the gates separating two realms have been closed for tens of thousands of years and will not open again for another age or two.

So she says to the man simply, Will you trust me and do what I ask you to do?

Yes, he replies, ask me anything, anything I possess, anything within my ability, and I will give it to you.

I will find you again, she says, but I will come to you in the body of another woman. Do not try to understand. But you must first do these two things.

There is a lake not far from here. Go live on the shore of this lake for one year. Each day swim out and float in the lake. Relax and let go and slowly you will feel the water has become this same love you now feel.

And even more, look for it—you will feel that as you float the two of us have become one.

You will sense this oneness only when you are in the water. When you step again on dry land, the feeling of my presence will slowly fade.

The man tries to speak but she puts her fingers to his lips and says, Wait, I have to finish.

She goes on, When you have accomplished this, there is waterfall north of the lake. Build a small cabin near the falls. There the soft roar of the water will be with you both by day and by night. Here you must learn to perceive not with your mind but with your heart that the waterfall, the pool beneath, and the stream are me in another form.

Again, this cannot be understood by your mind. You must use your heart to perceive that when you touch the water you feel my love flowing through you.

If you fulfill this second request, I promise you one day I will knock on your door. And you shall greet me and in that moment it will feel as if we have never been separate. And then we shall live together as a man and as a woman.

Now you may speak, she says.

He asks, What happens when I let go of your hand? Will I awake from sleep and think this was only a dream? Will you disappear as if the woman I now see in front of me was only an illusion?

She replies, I can spend this night with you until dawn. And then I must leave.

Well, I leave it to your imagination what it is like to make love to such a mermaid. Screenplay writers must stick to presenting dialogue and brief descriptions of scenes. It is up to the director and the actors to try to portray on screen the kind of passion and wonder that an event like this contains.

As for the two tests? There was some difficulty with the lake and with the cabin by the pool. Attempts to circumvent the dark fate that binds the human race separating it from the mermaid realm are not always easily overcome.

But in the end, the girl/mermaid got her man. And the man found bliss in the arms of a woman. And also he developed a love in his heart that united him sufficiently with nature that he was able to pry open if only by a notch the gate to the mermaid realm that fate would otherwise have sealed shut. As every mage knows, fate is willing to trade and grant you what you want if you can offer something of fair value in exchange. In all realms, love and affection are common currency.

As for the girl/mermaid, she continues to incarnate among us as a mermaid in a woman's body. She is here as a teacher.

But as this story goes on, new conflicts appear. For in other life times, she is not so lucky or blessed to meet men of such heroic and noble character or who possess the will and courage to find a way to return the love she gives. For human beings will almost always take from her without offering anything of value in return. In our age of the world, men try to possess her or to twist her and harm her desiring to turn her into something she is not. She is pure innocence that knows that there is no end to her ability to give.

So even now, to express this conflict in her own words, "I would give anything to anyone and give entirely all of me to bring joy and love to those around me. I forgive and continue to love but it's almost like that is not what they want. I would suffer any pain to keep someone else from hurting. I hope to find that soul mate in some life that someday will love me for just me and accept who it is that I am, that someday my love will be what someone wants and is willing to return."

And so as you can see my story is not finished. Love has work to accomplish if her story is to find its best ending.

To the complete poem I started earlier:

Waterfalls on black rock cliffs
Mountain pools
Cool, calm, at peace
She is within every one of her friends
Healing, renewing,
She makes us all one.
Among the masters of mankind
Who try to master fate
Not one loves
With such innocence
Or such grace

The Sea So Vast



The sea so vast
I shall walk down these steps
And set aside my identity
And she shall put aside her vastness
And sit beside me
At last

The Mermaid and the Buddha



The Buddha was walking down a road one day and a woman was walking toward him. And when they came face to face the Buddha bowed down before the woman and said, “Ah, a mermaid. What a delight!”

And the mermaid replies, “Of all men on earth, you are the only one so far to recognize what I am.”

The Buddha goes on, “It is understandable that no one sees who you are. Human beings do not know what love is much less perceive beings from other realms who dwell among them. But you are not just loving, are you? You are love itself wearing a woman’s form.

“Unlike you, humans do not sense that they exist within a sea of love. And so they do not know how to let that endless love flow through them in every moment of time. This is why they attach to their egos and constantly take more than they give. They are all burning up like a candle using up its wax. They have not yet united to nature from inside themselves.”

“I have a question for you,” says the girl. “What are you not telling me? You are holding something back.”

Buddha replies, “Nature itself is curious. The sea senses disharmony and knows when things need to be nurtured and healed. But your question is not of that kind. The truth is you are asking me for knowledge that does not belong to your race. And this you are doing only because you are standing here now within my aura and so beginning to perceive as I perceive.”

And the mermaid says, “Is not my love richer, more natural and spontaneous, and indeed more giving than your own?”

“It is true,” the Buddha replies. “I have not chosen during this incarnation to embody within myself the elemental energies of the realm of nature from which you have come. I am compassionate but I am not compassion itself. No one who touches my body would say from the sensation in their fingertips that they are touching the sea.”

And putting forth his hand he touches the girl’s upper arms and says, “But in touching you it is not a human woman with a personality and human identity I am touching. I am touching the sea itself. Your love is inexhaustible because in every moment the life and love of the sea flows through you.”

“And so why do I feel incomplete for the first time in my life as I talk to you?” She asks.

And the Buddha replies, “As long as suffering remains to sentient beings I shall continue to incarnate to be of assistance to them. The word compassionate does not adequately describe my motivation. My empathy is so great I see all others as myself in another form. What I do for them in truth I am doing for myself, for I feel in my heart that I and all others are one.

“You could place me anywhere in this galaxy among any race of sentient beings and I would remain with them, assisting and inspiring them, until that race ascends and attains enlightenment and absolute freedom.

“And indeed if you were on any other planet where there is a sea you would continue to be exactly who you are—love itself, forever innocent, forever free, giving all of yourself in every moment without hesitation or limitation. But you need that sea with its inner energy of love to flow through you to accomplish these things.”

“And so the difference?” Asks the girl.

The Buddha replies, “The difference is that I create love where love does not exist. I need no sea. The love within me is united to infinity.”

And the girl asks, “What would I be if I needed no sea to love and yet when someone touched me they still felt the sea? I would no longer be a mermaid, would I?”

“No,” says the Buddha. “You would no longer be a mermaid. You would be the perfection of love.”

“Ah,” says the girl. “I now understand why you have been holding back. Some things one must first find within one’s own heart before a path opens up. But are there not other mermaids who have chosen to follow such a path?”

“Yes,” replies the Buddha. “The mermaid queen Istiphul, in her innermost dreams, seeks to become the perfection of love, the highest expression of love that exists on this planet.”

The girl says gazing upon the Buddha, “I see your aura clearly. I see all your chakras as they once were and now are. I see how you have united yourself to formless awareness and so have attained absolute freedom.

“But I also see a dream deep within you—that one day this entire race shall ascend and as you say attain perfect enlightenment. But there is more. They shall also fulfill the dream within the heart of the earth itself and become one with the universe. The sea of love they shall then be shall have no shores. The wind that drives the waves shall create bliss and in the depths there is ecstasy that shines brighter than the stars.”

“Of all those who dwell on earth,” says the Buddha, “you alone see me for who and what I am.”

“Tell me more about the perfection of love?” Says the girl as the two of them, the Buddha and the mermaid, walked down the road side by side.

A Mermaid Queen



“I notice a throbbing in your aura,” I say to the mermaid queen. “Not since the time of Atlantis has evil disturbed your dreams. What is it, may I ask, since for eons the mermaid realm has not intervened with human beings? You are of nature whereas they are a race struggling to define their identity having yet to choose a destiny.”

She says to me, “Humanity seeks to destroy the seas whereas it is my

nature to nurture all living beings. Between what your race is and what I am there is almost never a genuine connection. But now I can no longer stand back and do nothing.

“Shall I not advocate for harmony and restoration? Perhaps rogue waves a thousand feet tall or stop the North Atlantic Current so an ice age falls? Call the ionosphere to drop down to the ground or melt the poles? Release methane from the seas’ floors?

“Turn off the magnetosphere or remove the ozone layer? Should I flood your cities or freeze your world? Perhaps red tides from ocean shore to ocean shore?

“Level five hurricanes everywhere or a jet stream that loses its way and wanders down to Mexico or below? Or like during Atlantis—a fifty mile wind that howls nonstop for years on end?

“Tell me oh mage what actions should I take in order to advocate for harmony and to restore the balance for the mistakes a young race makes?

“The sea nurtures me as I nurture every living being. I can no longer stand back and do nothing in the face of such cruel and wanton destruction.”

Afterword

Question: When you share mermaid fairytale stories, do you ever have others say it sounds familiar or sounds like their story? The story about Donovan and the Mermaid Queen is too familiar for me.

Response: I do not recall anyone off hand saying that. Sometimes the fairy tale is a past life they tell me about that they feel certain happened to them.

Often I “see” the “mermaid” standing behind the girl so there is the incarnated personality and the actual mermaid. The two are often separate though the girl’s aura usually has some of the mermaid’s vibration.

Sometimes the girl is fully aware she is a mermaid and not human at all and she was never confused about her real nature.

Sometimes the girl says “the part of me that is human and the part of me that is not human.” So whether or not she thinks in terms of being a mermaid, she has a clear awareness that she is not like other people.

Sometimes the girl has no awareness of her mermaid side but knows her empathy and inability to be mean or negative make her different from human beings.

And so again sometimes the two are in front of me--the human person part and the spirit mermaid part. But the girl is not ready to connect to her mermaid part because it is too vast and mysterious.

I may then write a story that she does not sense is about her in particular. She does not think in terms of when she first began incarnating as a human being when earlier she was a mermaid.

But this “gap” between the real woman in front of me and the fairy tale I write about her is okay with me. I have spent a fair amount of time in the mermaid realm and working with the mermaid queens so I feel comfortable with the “accuracy” of what I write. Even if the story is made up out of thin air it still works on some level because it captures part of the journey in moving between the different realms of human and mermaid.

The Ghost of Christmas Future in Charles Dicken's *Christmas Carol* takes a human soul into the future. That future does not exist yet. And there are different future outcomes depending on decisions made now. In a sense, there are different realms in which an individual can end up--a world of health and creativity or a world of destruction and horror.

The choices that humans make produce various outcomes, alternate realities far greater in difference than that between the present human world and the mermaid realm.

In that sense, I am constantly moving between worlds, this world and worlds of imagination, worlds of elemental beings, and worlds of hope and love versus horror and destruction.

It is more likely that your "this story is familiar for me" comes from your ability to reproduce my brain waves in your mind so that anything I do feels familiar to you. It is a gift you have.

Magicians who are human beings usually have to transform their aura into the vibration of water to connect to mermaids in the mermaid realm. And human beings if they are going to at least meet a mermaid woman half way in a relationship need to somehow feel a connection to the sea or to the water element. Otherwise they run the risk of being with a mermaid woman, spending years or decades with her, and never having the faintest understanding of who she really is.

But if we can produce or find a human man who can connect to water there is also the opposite problem. Can a mermaid who is essentially a visitor to this world understand a man for what he is? Can an immortal understand a mortal? Can a creature who feels in her innermost being that she is love discover how to love a man who is not just water but also earth, air, fire, water, and akasha? Even if these human beings almost never get even one of those five elements so it is independent and self-sustaining?

You put on a human body and live among us. You all are nearly irresistibly attractive. It is like cocaine being in your presence. So loving a human being for you in a way is like trying to love someone who is half dead and your try to nourish and bring him back to life.

But the opposite is also true. As I mentioned before, these humans are godlike beings in training. They are meant to integrate into themselves

one day all five realms of earth, air, fire, water, and akasha to the extent they possess the immortality of these five elements.

The zombie half of human beings who run powerful government agencies or corporations are often hideously self-deceptive. They acquire strength by feeding on the life in other people, leading them down paths in which their life force becomes destroyed simply because these individuals like power and being in positions of authority that sustain power.

Humans could in fact lose this planet and be forced to continue their evolution somewhere else. And yet there is the other side—they could just as easily say, “Let us do a few things that insure our survival. Let us protect this planet rather than racing to see how quickly we can destroy the earth, air, fire, and water that sustain our existence.”

One girl says, “I sometimes spontaneously ‘zap’ people so they step back and take a second look at what they are doing.” This entire human race needs some encouragement to step back and take a second look at what they are doing.

Appendix

Top Ten Things Mermaids Can Teach Mankind

10. Graphic Imagination: Mermaid women can sense directly if something feels good or not, right or wrong, and how a project or plan will work out. They can do this without relying on thinking to evaluate, guess, or estimate. Even ideas and plans have vibrations that resonate on multiple planes. They read these vibrations.

When they think about the future, they perceive themselves inside of the future rather than approaching it through abstract concepts or comparisons to things with which they are already familiar.

Part of what is occurring with these women is that their brain waves are actually the same vibration as water in nature. They are not separated from the thing they are thinking about. They are connected to it the way

water can respond to every situation in a new and unique way rather than using categories or past results to determine how to respond to what is in front of them.

9. Overcoming linear time—mermaid women experience memories of the past and visions of the future as if they are equally real. They can relive the past and live moments in the future with a sense of reality that others ascribe to the present moment.

Serena, a world champion surfer, points out that when surfers are in the barrel--the curling wave on all sides of them—they experience a stillness in which time stops. Advanced surfers value and seek this experience. But mermaid women often in any moment are in a state of stillness. Talking to them you can sense that time has stopped, connection to the rest of the world is suspended, and all that exists in her awareness of your presence.

Or as the girl in the story said, “For me, there is no ‘I was’ or ‘I will be.’ There is only ‘I am.’” But she can say this because she literally experiences the past and the future of other people with the same degree of detail and emotional intensity that they themselves have experienced.

Or, put another way, on the open ocean there is no time—a billion years can go by and the sea remains the same with barely any noticeable change.

8. Empathy—to feel what others’ feel. Mermaid women do this spontaneously and feel exactly what anyone around them is feeling. Her empathy extends to the past and to the present. Yet her empathy can also extend into the future. In mermaid empathy, the mermaid women may speak to you from within the future—not a vision or a dream—but time is suspended and she is witness to what you will one day be. So when she offers you reassurance about who you will become she does it through observing your future from a first person point of view.

7. A Sea of Love. The essence of being mermaid is to feel immersed in a sea of love that encompasses the planet and that in every moment you are flowing this love through you to others.

How on earth do you teach to human beings this non-thinking, concept-free state of awareness that is totally in the moment without mental effort being exerted? There is no “mindfulness” training occurring here, no thinking, and it involves no effort of will.

If you observe first-hand what these women do and then observe those among the human race who calls themselves masters you realize the humans are still without understanding of this aspect of the water element in nature.

You can observe this for yourself. In a mermaid woman’s presence, it is like she is a stream and you are gravity—every single move she makes is shaped by your presence.

Some individuals try to use the mermaid woman herself to support their own ego, for being with her often makes others feel twice as alive as they normally are or, in effect, they feel half dead when they are no longer around her.

One man said to one of the mermaid women—“After having had a relationship with you, I can never be with another woman.” And that was ten years ago and he still has not recovered.

But you see, he fails to understand—a mermaid woman on earth is a teacher to mankind. To connect to her is virtually identical with connecting to the sea, an arctic bay, a stream, or waterfall or lake frozen solid in winter. She is nature itself in human form.

The man might try, then, to get past his own ego and realize he is not in a relationship to a woman who he can possess or bond with, but rather she embodies a wonder and sacredness not known in human religions and wisdom traditions.

6. Astral Immortality. When one of the four elements becomes so much a part of a person that the energy in the individual’s aura has the same vibration as that element in nature you can say that the individual has attained astral immortality--at any age or in any future life, the individual’s astral body does not deteriorate. The individual revitalizes and renews himself from within. If he reincarnates, usually from birth the individual has the wisdom and energy of the specific element. This embodiment of the element is so strong that the signs of the Zodiac in

the individual's natal chart usually do not shape, reduce, or modify it. These people have transcended astrology and psychology.

For the element of water, the individual's astral body remains forever new, young, innocent, vivacious, purifying, self-renewing, and life giving. When this individual relaxes, the aura has the vibration of nature such as a waterfall, a mountain pool, a stream, a lake, a wave breaking on a beach, an arctic bay, or an entire sea.

Within a woman's soul is the one ocean that gave birth to life on earth; the stream that brings life to whatever is by its side and that can dream others dreams effortlessly without loss to herself; the water fall that knows how to let go and embrace the air without fear; the lake that reflects from its face the beauty of the universe; and the wave that always is in sync, always rhythmic, always a part of so much more than this world that we see.

For one woman, it is like the stillness of the sun blazing in clear ice-- the present moment shines brighter and more full of beauty than anything else the mind can think of or contemplate in life.

For another, she is totally in the moment and receptive. She is beyond the capacity to even think a mean thought ever; and she radiates watery vitality more than any master or guru on earth. In this sense, these individuals are more alive than other human beings.

As one woman says, nature is embedded in my very core. To be in their presence is to feel like you are out in nature. Again, the very touch of their aura on you tends to vitalize you and make you feel twice as alive as you are without being around her.

5. Rejuvenation. I said to Serena, you are not a day over 25. She is 39. She has no desire to hide her age.

When you developed your astral body so it is a direct embodiment of some aspect of nature, your energy is continuously being exchanged, recharged, and united through the element of water in nature.

I asked Serena if anyone has ever asked her, "Can you teach me how to create in myself the sense of peace and feeling fully alive that you get whenever you swim in the ocean?" And she replied, "No, one has asked

me that, though a few have told me to go swim in the ocean and recharge myself when they see that I am worn out or tired.”

Then I asked her, “If someone were to ask you that question and they were sensitive to energy so they could observe the way your aura changes when you are in water, could you show them how you do what you do?”

She asked me in reply how it is she came to embody a mermaid’s aura and I said I would meditate on her past lives to see when she became what she is now. Some people live with a close connection to nature and fall in love with its beauty and in so doing they unite with nature from within. This gives them an internal well-being that no wisdom tradition on earth has learned how to teach.

Serena, as a pro surfer who has surfed waves all over the world, says that every wave pattern, every water location, and with every difference in temperature the water has its own unique energy vibration which she can perceive.

I ask you, if you put a mermaid, which is a spirit and also an elemental being composed of water, inside of a woman’s body, would she not say exactly what Serena had just said about water?

4. Sending healing energy of the sea to others. Serena initially emailed me because she wanted to know how to give back to the ocean in response to all it has given her. Because mermaid women feel watery healing energy flowing through them continuously, they are often compulsive about giving in return to others what is being given so freely to them. This is not the kind of bright white light healing that western magicians are sometimes taught to send. Rather, this is the healing energy within water itself. Some of the mermaid women perceive this energy as a mist they can see flowing above the surface of the ocean.

3. Free of fear of death—These women almost all say that they have no fear of death. It is not a belief, idea, or doctrine in their minds but a gut response. In effect, they have no need of religion or beliefs since they sense directly they are a “part of so much more than this world that we see.”

This also derives from the fact that many of them have had many experience of being outside of their bodies and experiencing states of profound bliss. Serena, as well as others, tell of times when they were told to get back in their body. Serena tried to refuse. She said her body was like wet sack of potatoes compared to her state of freedom she was experiencing on the astral plane. But the voice prevailed over it. It said she had things still to accomplish on earth.

2. They perceive love through direct observation of the energy being exchanged between individuals. There are no special moments as in the kind of bonding that occurs in human romance. For them, every moment is equally special.

They are aware also that sex has nothing to with love—they are innocent beyond human understanding in that they give all of themselves in very moment to whoever they are with and they are free of all attachment to another since they feel complete in themselves.

So, unless imprinted at a young age with someone else's will power, they do not get jealous or angry as do human beings. They simply do not seek external or social validation to confirm their sense of self-worth. They are a part of nature such that what occurs in human society has little influence on them—"Events in the external world do not change who I am."

1. Reinstatement of the Human Conscience. Without the four elements operating equally, the human conscience is in default; it is dysfunctional and simply does not operate with any effectiveness. The fire element is will and power; the earth element is inner silence and working to make something real; the air element is knowledge, harmony, wisdom, and artistic sensitivity.

But the elemental water vibration is almost totally absent from human religion, culture, society, and consciousness. The water element is all of the previous points two through nine. Without them, the human race will increasingly engage in risk taking experiments that threaten its own existence. When CEOs, scientists, and governments plan for the future,

they do not perceive their goals from the point of view of love and an all-embracing, nurturing sensitivity.

Empathy is not taught in any university on earth with any degree of depth or power. Astral immorality—being united to nature from within—is almost never mentioned in any religion on earth.

The one energy field of love that encompasses this planet which every mermaid woman is united to is totally outside of the wisdom and experience of any tradition on earth. These traditions may talk about it conceptually or as a religions ideal or try to describe it using words. But the actual perception of it and being one with it has not yet entered human consciousness.

These things that mermaids do are not superhuman. Mermaid women are operating at a normal level of awareness with the water element in their auras. It is we--the rest of humanity—who are critically deficient in awareness of the water element in nature.

But things have changed. Mermaid women--the real ones--are no longer disguising themselves from the human race as they have done so effectively for ages when they have walked among us in human form. They are now meeting in groups--meeting others like themselves for the first time. This has never occurred before in the history of this planet in groups of this size.

Perhaps they will agree when they meet to offer seminars for others who wish to be “initiated” into the mysteries of love that water on earth has always embodied in the sea, the stream, the rain, the waterfall, the mountain pool, the wave breaking on the beach, the cloud, the mist, the lake, etc. There are some who are ready--in meeting them--to meet nature itself which they embody.

How Mermaids Enter Our World and Human Beings May Enter Theirs

She teaches kundalini yoga as do some other mermaid women. It makes sense. They are like goddesses of the second chakra and this woman is

like a goddess of bliss. You only need to watch her anytime when she is relaxing. Her body spontaneously undulates as if the world no longer exists and through her nervous system love flows as ecstasy.



There are many ways mermaids can enter and then live within a human body. Some are born as infants out of the womb just like anyone else. How do they do that?

There are seven major chakra centers in the human body that receive, store, transform, and transmit energy. They are often considered to be located in the spine. The first five, beginning with the lowest center, are each associated with a different element of nature.

The second center, called Swadhisthana, is located in the sacrum area of the spine. As a flower has petals, the second chakra has six energy configurations associated with it. Each of these “petals” embodies different qualities that combine feeling and life force or vitality.

If you concentrate on the sacrum at the right point (see [Wikipedia.org](https://www.wikipedia.org) under “chakras,” “swadhisthana,” etc.) you may be able to sense the

specific petal that produces the element of water. When I concentrate on this area of my spine, I feel my body filling with water. All of the following effects occur simultaneously.

First, not only do I feel that my body has filled up with water inside. I also feel, think, and perceive within the vibration of water. One of the mermaid women who surfs gives an example of this. She says she can sense the specific qualities and different kinds of energy in any specific location and set of waves in the ocean.

Second, I feel only the present moment exists. Past and future are not somewhere “out there.” They are here right now equally present in this moment.

Third, I can understand through feeling the extreme receptivity of the sea—that in its essence it gives birth to and nurtures life. With this vibration of water within me, I feel it is also my essence to do the same.

Fourth, I feel within and a part of anyone I am near. The water that I sense I am extends around me in space. The vibrations within me and the vibrations within other people are very similar. So naturally it is easy for me to feel we are the same.

When someone who practices yoga approaches this chakra in an immature way, he may experience feelings such as disdain, suspicion, delusion, a desire to destroy, etc. But this is my point. Exposure to a mermaid woman can overstimulate an individual’s second chakra because that individual has now had a huge amount of watery energy suddenly entering his nervous system. What may happen, then, is that the individual’s second chakra is not receiving, storing, transforming, and transmitting energy in a positive manner.

Instead, the second chakra has become like an electrical wire without its protective coating—energy leaps wildly about often in a destructive manner. Or like a whirlpool, power is now present but it is drawing

anything nearby into itself rather than transforming and giving through nurturing those nearby.

On the other hand, if you gently activate this second chakra within yourself, you can experience the water element as it fills your body from inside. Often those who work with the chakras as part of a spiritual system will try to get through this second chakra the way a race car driver at the Indianapolis 500 Motor Speedway tries to complete the second lap of the race course so he can get onto the third lap. In this case, the yoga practitioner totally misses the opportunity to unite from within to the element of water that has blessed this planet with such beauty.

A mermaid can be born within a human body as an infant. She can do so because as her spirit approaches the body in the womb the fetus fills with the vibration of water. For her, entering this body is then like entering her own realm within lake, river, or sea.

In the same way, if a human being thinks, perceives, feels, and loves like a merman or mermaid, then he or she is one. You have reversed the process. You now belong equally to two separate kingdoms.

The Astral Plane and Astral Immortality



When one of the four elements—earth, air, fire, water--become so much a part of you that the energy in your aura has the same vibration as one of these elements in nature you have attained astral immortality--at any age in this life or in any future incarnation, your astral body remain ns forever new, fresh, life giving, and pure. For this woman, it is like the stillness of the sun blazing in clear ice--the present moment shines brighter and more full of beauty than anything else the mind can think of or contemplate in life.

Letters to Mermaids: Is not the astral plane lower?

Response

The astral body is in the shape of the physical body but is made of a subtler substance. The astral body expresses our feelings and emotions. It is receptive and impressionable. It gives a sense of being connected to others. It enables us to respond with appreciation and sensitivity to the specific situations that we enter. Our astral body in combination with sensory impressions enables us to feel fully alive.

The astral plane surrounds and penetrates our physical world. Sometimes referred to as the “other side,” the “world beyond,” or “the next world,” the astral plane pertains to the realm of the soul. Mermaids and many other conscious entities exist on the astral plane. Sometimes we enter this realm in our dreams. The astral plane often presents itself to us as being a dream like recreation of the situations, sensations, and feelings we encounter in the real world

For many spiritual traditions, contact with the astral plane—the realm of feeling and emotions--appears to be an obstacle or “the enemy.” Religion and society consider it dubious at best when individuals become distracted or fascinated by astral dream like visions and experiences.

At the same time, the astral body mediates between the mind and the physical body. If you are upset or angry, do not drive a car. Your perception of the road and your ability to make snap decisions are greatly impaired. Strong emotions actually interfere with an individual’s ability to think. And the perceptions of the five senses are no longer as clear.

But the astral plane and emotional life of the individual are not just a realm of illusion, distraction, and selfish desires. It is also the realm of inspiration and motivation that moves people to action and inspires them to put forth their best efforts.

A coach talking to his team during half time or a commander speaking to his troops before a battle—these men do not rely on ideas of the mental plane and they no longer have time to engage in physical training. What they do is transmit to those under their authority their own sense of fearlessness, courage, conviction, and the ability to give all of oneself without holding back to what one loves. What they are communicating is pure astral energy. It is force of emotion. Use it well and in a positive manner and you not only connect easily to others. You can transform the world.

The original nature of the astral plane is revealed through refining and combining one or more of the five elements so as to attain astral immortality. Accomplish this and your very presence offers to others

direct experience with electrifying courage, endless wonder and curiosity, down to earth and practical perseverance, and pure love.



A Mermaid Woman: When I'm in the ocean, this world and all that I am in it goes away and then I am myself again. It is effortless and a relief. For the time that I am in the ocean I am home and I am my true self. There is nothing hidden and nothing to worry about. I am surrounded by strength, love, pureness, and I am at the core of my original being. There are peace and serenity in my heart-- I find myself not wanting to regain my human self again; I just want to live in that moment forever.

If I were to try to get someone else to understand what I feel in the ocean, I would have them hold my hand and float in the ocean letting go of all of their worries. I would place my hand on their forehead and let them feel how I am one with the water. I would have them use every sense to feel what the ocean is. I believe others can feel what I feel as I hold them in the water--that I flow through them as the water flows around them. They may not understand it but they will feel it.

Mermaids are united to nature at the core of their being. In effect, mermaids are motivated to love because they never exist without a sense

of wonder, beauty, ecstasy, bliss, love, peace, and happiness. They can love because love is endlessly overflowing through themselves like streams of living water.

Water in nature for mermaids is not just a lake, a stream, a waterfall, or an ocean. Water in nature has an inner vibration that embodies the essence of love. The human race as of yet does not sense the energy underlying the element of water in nature.

A mermaid is not encumbered by a human ego--she is not dependent, needy, worrying, defensive, cautious, or wounded. She may of course acquire these emotions growing up as a young woman, but they are not a part of the nature of who she is. What is she?

She is an immortal being--her emotional life is not subject to deterioration but rather is forever new. She is continually young and she never loses her innocence--she never stops giving of herself regardless of how much she may have been abused or hurt in the past.

How do you acquire astral immortality like a mermaid? Again, the mermaid perceives herself to be joined to the energies underlying nature. Her personal identity, then, is not fragile and vulnerable. She is united to a vast sea of love that encompasses the planet.

This awareness has nothing to do with human religions or theologies. Nature is embedded in her very core and so she does not rely on a need to think with concepts or use beliefs. She has direct perception of these things. When you are in the presence of a mermaid woman you are in the presence of an immortal spirit from the astral plane who embodies the vibrations of love. The essence of her realm within nature is the ecstasy of bliss, happiness, and love.

It is small wonder that these women have had to disguise themselves when they live among us. Their very existence shatters all human systems of cognition and philosophy and offers a peace and hope the great mystics of the earth have rarely tasted.

About the Author

William Mistele graduated from Wheaton College in Wheaton, Illinois, with a bachelor's degree in philosophy and a minor in economics. At that time, he began studying esoteric, oral traditions. In genuine mythology, individuals come into contact with the creative powers of the human spirit. Words and language possess a symbolic and imaginative quality that is magical. To understand an idea is to experience it from within. This involves a lifelong, transforming journey—if you change the self, you change the world.

As part of his field research, he lived in a Tibetan Buddhist monastery in Berkeley, California. He next studied Hopi Indian culture and language at the University of Arizona, where he received a master's degree in linguistics. At that time he became the only accepted student of a Hopi Indian shaman.

While living in Tucson, Arizona, he began studying the Western hermetic traditions and the nature religions of Wicca and Druidry. He worked with a number of extremely gifted psychics and parapsychologists whose primary focus was on experimentation and research. He also practiced evocation with a Sufi master.

He moved to Hawaii in 1982. There he studied with the relocated abbot of a Taoist monastery that existed for over two thousand years in China, with a Vietnamese Zen master, and with one of the foremost Tai Chi Chuan masters of China.

Since 1975, he has been a steadfast student of the system of initiation taught by the Czech magician Franz Bardon, who died in the fifties. This system has provided the methods for contacting nature spirits and interacting with them in a personal and original manner. Bardon's mission was to offer a system of self-initiation that maximizes the spiritual powers and creativity of the individual.

The author calls himself a spiritual anthropologist. Expanding on Bardon's purposes, he has sought to integrate into his practice the wisdom of all traditions. To this end, he has created a new genre of modern fairy tales. These stories are not about belief or faith but direct

experience. They open gates to other realms where we discover the keys to what is missing from life.

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The Author at Work



