



WINGS

The Royal
Light Saga

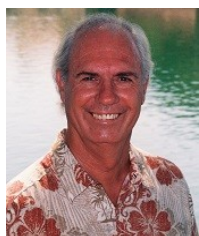
Dennis
Bruce
Shipman

“He discovers we are infinitely more than what we have been taught.”

CHAPTER TITLES

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 1. Near-Death Experience | 12. The Pleiadians Are Here |
| 2. Causal Nexus | 13. The Global Meditation |
| 3. I’m Not Insane | 14. Stark Attack |
| 4. Krystianna Kopono | 15. Starship Pegasus |
| 5. Casting Out Fear | 16. Yaretzi of Inner Earth |
| 6. Crisis at the Crossroads | 17. Lemurian-Hawaiian-Pleiadian Connection |
| 7. O Blazing Light | 18. The Destruction of Lemuria |
| 8. Lotus Flowering | 19. Soulmates Reunite |
| 9. Endings & Beginnings | 20. Commander Rego’s Healing |
| 10. Turning Point | 21. Stark’s Transfiguration |
| 11. The Loveless | |

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Chapter 1

Near Death Experience

On February 10, 2023, just five days prior to my twenty-third birthday, the final competition was in full swing at the renowned surfing event at the dangerous Banzai Pipeline on Oahu's North Shore in Hawaii. I was the reigning champion defending my title.

As the final match progressed, my three opponents out in the water pushed me to my limits, where the high pressure to win a professional surfing competition challenges me both physically and mentally, a battle of wills competing for glory and bragging rights.

On top of that, I could feel the weight of expectations from the media and sponsors and the crowd. It all converged and fell heavily on my shoulders, but I was determined not to let it overwhelm me. I knew that I had earned my place in the final round of this championship, and I was going to win it again as a birthday gift to myself.

"You're going down today, lightweight," came a shout from Suicide, one of the three contenders in the final, running his psyop on me. "You'll be kissing my ass cuz I'm gonna be the new champ."

"You can try, wanna be, but it ain't gonna be," I yelled back to him. "I'm number one, and it's going to stay that way."

"You might as well go in and watch how the pros do it," he retorted. "Cuz there ain't going to be no room for you at the top."

"Keep on dreamin' wanna be, cuz that's how close to the top you're gonna get," I shouted back.

"Betta stay outa my way, lightweight, cuz you know why," he warned.

"You're the reason we have a middle finger," and I flipped him the bone as I paddled my surfboard into the lineup to catch more waves.

Suicide and I had a long history. We used to hang out together, but over time, I found it difficult to be around his constant negativity and tendency to criticize and belittle others, which didn't resonate with my own personality. He earned the nickname Suicide because of his careless lifestyle. All of my friends who surfed were aware that he came from a broken family where drugs and alcohol flowed freely. He embodied the negative aspects of the surfing community - greedy, ruthlessly competitive, and unkind. As time went on, I became uncomfortable being associated with him. However, in our earlier days, our friendly rivalry and competition fueled our drive to succeed as professional surfers.

“You and Suicide getting to know each other again?” said one of the three opponents in the water with me. It was my best friend Kealoha David who also made it to the finals.

“Nothing like a family get-together to warm the heart,” I said. We both laughed.

The Banzai Pipeline, also known simply as "Pipeline" or the “Pipe,” is one of the most famous and hazardous big wave surf breaks in the world. Able to accommodate waves up to 20 feet high, this legendary wave draws surfers from all corners of the globe, eager to test their skills and ride its powerful and challenging barrels.

What makes the waves at Pipe so powerful, and hollow is the topography of the ocean floor. The razor-sharp, shallow cavernous coral reef, which lies between six to ten feet beneath the surface, creates a unique shape that allows the waves to break in a way that produces massive, hollow barrels. These hollow barrels oftentimes engulf a surfer’s entire torso, truly cementing the slogan of “riding the tube.” Surfboards broken in half sometimes occur by the power of these waves and even some surfers have lost their lives here.

Early on, when I began competing in the boys division under 10 years of age, my father told me his secret weapon for winning surfing competitions.

“Son, remember these three words when you’re competing out in the water: Focus. Feat. Flow,” my father said.

“OK, Dad. What does that mean?”

“Focus” with one-pointed concentration, staying in the moment of surfing the wave to the best of your ability. “Feat” meaning being courageous in achieving an extraordinary daring act. “Flow” an acronym: “For Love of Winning” the competition. Without focus on a winning performance, the prize will not be won.”

“Focus. Feat. Flow.” That mantra became mine. Now I silently chanted the mantra reverently.

I caught a colossal wave, large enough to fit a two-story house inside it. I dropped down into perfect trim position. The wave surged over me, enveloping my entire stallion muscular Caucasian body within the rushing hollow tube. The crashing white water attacked my ears with a deafening sound.

My surfboard raced across the face of the wave, like a discharged bullet propelled from a rifle. Deep inside the barrel, I saw a swirling mass of water began churning and revolving around the rotating wave action, like a gigantic beach ball building into a colossal energy vortex.

The immense power of the vortex reached its zenith and exploded out of the mouth of the wave. In an exhilarating display, I shot out of its jaws in a dazzling misty spray as if I was coming out of a portal from another dimension.

Enormous waves measuring 18-20 feet high rolled through, crashing on the shore with incredible force, forming flawless hollow cylindrical tubes. Slight off-shore wind. A blue, cloudless, sunny sky. Perfect conditions for a famous event that had grown to become a major surfing competition.

I drew upon my experience as last year's world champion, using it as fuel to drive me forward. For every wave I finished, for every point I scored, it felt like a triumph, a testament to my hard work and dedication. All I needed was one more high-scoring wave to clinch the finals and regain my title.

I seized a huge monster at 20 feet high. I knew this was the wave of the day and my surefire ticket to win the championship and retain my title. I dropped straight down its steep face and executed a deep left bottom turn that put me in excellent trim position. As I raced across the wave, a slight off-shore wind hollowed out the wave as it rolled over my tropical tanned torso.

The massive watery energy vortex exploded with the raging force of a hurricane and blew me off my surfboard.

I hit the face of the wave unceremoniously, catching its churning power. It lifted me up and threw me over the falls along with the crashing wave, blasting me underwater, and smashing my head against the sharp shallow coral reef. Blood gushed from my head as I struggled to reach the surface. My life jacket inflated, but I was losing strength and felt myself losing consciousness.

Then I heard a voice, "Let go. Relax." I stopped struggling against the churning current and went spread eagle with my arms and legs outstretched in the surf. Suddenly, I shot out of my body through the top of my head, and was incredibly surprised yet delighted to discover that I was still alive. "How could that be?" I thought to myself. I was aware that I was totally alive but I had separated from my physical body. I wasn't in it. It was confusing. I couldn't believe it yet I couldn't deny it. I was hovering about fifteen feet above the ocean, calmly observing my body floating on the water's surface, face up, and lifeguards busy rescuing it with jet skis.

Time froze and came to a halt as I witnessed three luminous figures gracefully gliding on waves of radiance approaching me in my, for lack of a better word "transcendental spirit form." A surge of astonishment consumed me as I recognized one of the beings as my mother, who had tragically passed away in a car accident when I was fifteen. A warm smile adorned her face, and I could sense her love enveloping me, as if to reassure me that she was alive and thriving. With a gentle gesture, she raised the palm of her hand, directing me towards two other radiant entities escorting her.

Their faces, full of youth, illuminated with a soft smile. I couldn't identify these celestial beings, but I sensed the affectionate embrace of their love enveloping me. As our gazes met, it was as if their eyes held the brilliance of countless stars in the vast universe. And, I glimpsed the image of my father. It suddenly became clear to me that these radiant presences were none other than my father's mother and father, my beloved grandparents.

Then, a pair of towering celestial angels positioned themselves on either side of me, adorned with enormous iridescent wings that radiated a brilliance surpassing that of ten thousand suns. They presented me with holographic images depicting every significant event of my existence, culminating in my profound accident at Pipeline. These visuals conveyed a revelation that these experiences held profound significance and purpose, unbeknownst to me in physical life.

The setting suddenly changed to a desolate desert terrain, marked by expansive jagged fissures in the parched ground. Numerous individuals were hanging lifeless on crosses. Among them was my former friend, Suicide, suspended in mid-air approximately fifteen feet above the desert floor. His arms were stretched out in parallel to the dry earth, while his body was tightly bound in chains. His face was ashen, his eyes were shut, and there was no hint of a smile.

Standing nearby, in close proximity but not too far away, was a remarkably tall humanoid male creature with an elongated skull. His arm fully extended above his head, he held a knife drenched in blood. The creature's lizard-like face and muscular body armor exuded an aggressive demeanor, as reflected in his piercing yellow cat eyes. At his feet lay the lifeless body of a woman with long auburn hair, clad in white garments stained with a vivid red, though her face was not visible to me. Yet, I saw a red rose tattoo on the right side of her neck. Planted in the desolate earth nearby was a decrepit sign that proclaimed: "The Land of the Unhealed."

Then, perhaps the greatest blessing bestowed upon me during this extraordinary journey was the incredible merging with a benevolent, limitless, infinite circle of radiant light that consumed me. I experienced a bliss I had never known before in my earthly life. Within this bliss, I felt totally accepted, eternally loved, forever at home. It felt incredibly familiar, like I had been away for a long time and now this was my reunion. I didn't want to leave.

And the familiar voice that urged me to "Let go. Relax." when I wiped out at Pipeline beach, echoed with a triumphant laughter, brimming with boundless joy, and never stopped laughing.

Chapter 2 Causal Nexus

I felt myself return to my physical body. Emerging into conscious awareness, yet feeling a bit disoriented, my eyes slowly opened, fluttering and blinking, adjusting to the brightness of the room. I began to recognize the presence of a small group of individuals gathered around my hospital bed. They were my father, Sewell Light, my girlfriend Sweeney Craven, and a medical doctor.

"Welcome back," the doctor greeted, looking into my eyes. "It was a close call. We thought we had lost you. You were pronounced DOA at the hospital, but then you came back to life, and lapsed into a coma. You've been in a coma for a day."

"How do you feel, darling?" my girlfriend inquired, her eyes filled with concern.

A faint smile appeared on my face, lacking the desire for conversation. I reached up to touch my head, sensing the presence of a white turban-style bandage wrapped around it. A pulsing ache reverberated through my skull, causing immense discomfort.

"I saw angels and a world of light," I blurted out. The trio fixated their gaze upon me, as if I were an eccentric or on the verge of losing my sanity in their presence.

"I'd like to test your memory to see if there might be some complications. Can you verify your first and last name for me?" the doctor asked.

"Royal Light," I said softly in a weak voice.

"And your date of birth?"

"February 15, 2000."

"Very good. Everything seems to be in good working order. We conducted an MRI scan of your brain and have determined that you have suffered a severe concussion as a result of your head injury," the doctor informed me. "You may experience weakness or episodes of dizziness during the recovery process, and it is important that you take it easy for the next few days. Avoid any kind of physical exertion. Your vital signs are all stable. We expect to discharge you either later today or tomorrow morning."

I glanced at my father and uttered, "I saw Mom and your parents."

He straightened up abruptly, his expression filled with disbelief, and responded with a faint smile, "We must take you home as soon as possible."

I closed my eyes, let my body sink into the bed mattress, and fell back to sleep.

Two days later, I was discharged from the hospital. I spent my time at home, relaxing on the veranda, observing the approaching waves of Banzai Pipeline. Our unique residence offers a stunning panoramic view of the Pipe's waterfront. This beautiful stretch of beach is where I grew up, becoming acquainted with all the local surfers and champions who have ever braved the Pipe. As I watched the waves rolling in, my mind wandered between memories of the championship finals, my wipeout, the head injury I sustained, and the extraordinary encounter with a brilliant light.

Numerous questions flooded my thoughts. Why did this happen to me when I was at the pinnacle of my surfing career? Does this experience have a specific name? Where does that radiant light originate from? Who am I truly? What lies ahead for me now? And what lessons can I extract from this perplexing ordeal?

I powered up my laptop and conducted an online inquiry about the phenomenon of a "bright light at death." The search results led me to discover something known as a Near Death Experience (NDE), which was entirely new to me. Over the next couple of days, I delved into several articles and videos on the topic.

Here's a summary from my research that I found thought-provoking and very enlightening:

Have you ever wondered what happens to us when we die? It's a question that has intrigued humanity for centuries. Many people who have experienced near-death experiences (NDEs) claim to have had remarkable visions during their moments on the brink of death. These visions provide a fascinating glimpse into the mysterious realm beyond our physical existence.

NDE visions are reported by individuals who have come close to death or have been clinically dead for a short period before being revived. These experiences can vary widely from person to person, but they often involve a sense of floating outside the body, moving through a tunnel, and encountering bright lights or deceased loved ones. Some individuals even claim to have gained access to profound knowledge or experienced a profound sense of peace and love during their NDE visions.

While the scientific community is still divided on the nature and meaning of NDE visions, there are several theories that attempt to explain these intriguing phenomena. One theory suggests that NDE visions are simply hallucinations caused by the brain's response to trauma or lack of oxygen. According to this view, the mind creates these vivid experiences as a way to cope with the stress and fear associated with near-death situations.

Another theory proposes that NDE visions are glimpses into an alternate reality or spiritual realm. This theory suggests that during moments of clinical death, our consciousness is temporarily freed from the constraints of our physical bodies and is able to explore new dimensions of existence. In this view, NDE visions are seen as evidence of an afterlife or higher plane of consciousness.

Regardless of their origins or meaning, NDE visions continue to captivate and intrigue both scientists and the general public alike. They offer a tantalizing glimpse into the mysteries of life and death and challenge our understanding of consciousness and reality. Whether they are glimpses into another realm or simply products of the brain's response to trauma, NDE visions remind us that there is still so much about the human experience that we have yet to fully comprehend.

Theories are nice for those who need them, but I wanted truth and knowledge. Most of the expert opinions I came across on NDE seemed to be superficial remarks and cautious comments that were unlikely to cause any trouble within their scientific community or among their fans.

How do you describe the flavor of a watermelon to someone who has never tasted it? However, I did find one website particularly captivating. It featured stories from individuals who claimed to have had near-death experiences (NDEs). I connected with many of their insights because I had recently experienced similar encounters myself.

This led me to the conclusion that the profound encounter with light that I had was genuine, confirming that I am not delusional and that the answers I seek do exist somewhere.

Chapter 3

I'm Not Insane

The following day, I sat at my computer at home browsing the internet. I checked out the results of the surfing competition and learned that my best friend, Kealoha, secured first place and emerged as the new champion.

As I was working on my computer, I became aware of a commotion at the front door. Curious, I got up and walked towards the living room. Turning the corner of the hallway, I was surprised to see my father, Sewell, my girlfriend Sweeney, and Kealoha.

“Happy Birthday!” They all chorused in unison. My dad was carrying three gift-wrapped packages in his arms, my girlfriend held a birthday cake and balloons on strings, and Kealoha brought the food.

“Wow! This is a surprise,” I exclaimed. “Thank you for remembering.” Their kind gesture brought a big smile to my face.

“Lazarus makes a comeback. It's truly a joy to know that you are still alive,” exclaimed Kealoha. He gave me a friendly aloha hug, and his smile was comforting.

“Thank you, Kealoha. It’s great to be back.”

“Kealoha’s sentiment is the same as ours,” Sweeney said, who blew me a kiss, which pleased me.

“We hope you’re feeling well enough to celebrate your birthday with us,” my father said. “We thought instead of going to a fancy restaurant, we’d have the celebration at home.”

“That’s a great idea, Dad. With this,” pointing to the white bandage resembling a turban on my head, “the customers won’t mistake me for a terrorist and get scared.” We all laughed.

“Alright, let's kick off the celebration,” Sweeney announced. She placed the birthday cake on the dining table and proceeded to attach the balloons to the back of four chairs. Afterwards, she headed to the kitchen to gather the dishes and set the table. Kealoha brought out the food and set it on the dining table, while also grabbing the silverware from the kitchen. Dad placed the gifts on a nearby table and then went to the fridge to retrieve the champagne.

“What can I do?” I asked.

“Nothing, darling,” Sweeney said. “You’re the guest of honor. Relax.”

When the preparations were complete, we took our seats around the dining table. Sweeney and I sat together, and my father and Kealoha sat across from us. Dad uncorked the champagne and filled our glasses. As we lifted our glasses, Dad led us in singing the birthday song, with me joining in. Wrapping up, Dad exclaimed, "Wishing you a happy birthday, son. Aloha."

Together, Sweeney and Kealoha chanted "Aloha" in harmony. We all sipped our champagne. Sweeney leaned towards me and planted a gentle kiss on my cheek, which released a happy feel-good serotonin rush in me.

The unveiling of the food was a feast to behold. Teriyaki steak with mushrooms marinated in homemade teriyaki sauce, accompanied by sauteed asparagus, Chinese fried rice, and a Hawaiian fruit salad featuring mango, papaya, and red onion. As an appetizer, there were shrimp spring rolls served with a spicy sauce made from a mixture of mayonnaise, sweet chili sauce, sriracha, and a hint of lemon juice. For dessert, there were pralines and crème ice cream.

"You got all my favorite foods," I exclaimed. "What a dopamine rush this is. It's delicious."

"Well, it's your birthday," my Dad remarked as we all indulged in the lavish meal. "We wanted it to be special."

"And, you have. Thank you all so much."

Following the delicious feast, we moved to the living room to unwrap my gifts and indulge in some ice cream for dessert. While lounging on the cozy couches, savoring our sweet treats, I turned to Kealoha and said, "Well done on your victory at the surfing competition at Pipeline."

"We all know who the rightful winner of the competition was," he said. "It wasn't me or Suicide or the other guy. It should've been you. I wish it had been you. You deserved it. You outperformed us all."

"You're very kind, Kealoha. Thank you. I plan to return to my previous level of performance after my recovery and strive to be a top contender next year." Then I added jokingly, "Consider yourself forewarned."

"I shall look forward to it," Kealoha said, smilingly. Kealoha came from a lineage of pure Hawaiians who followed the ancient shaman tradition of connecting with the spirit realm through altered states of awareness. Standing at a height of six-foot-two inches, he possessed a strong build with a golden chocolate brown, tan complexion and a solid frame, which had been shaped by years of surfing and exposure to the intense sunlight of the island. He was not overweight, but rather had well-developed muscles. His thick, shiny black hair accented his flattened nose and Polynesian face. His name, "Kealoha," translates to "the beloved one" in Hawaiian.

We were all busy eating our ice cream when I broke the silence.

"This will probably shock all of you, but I found the information on the internet I had been seeking," I informed them. They glanced at me with a mix of confusion and curiosity. "It's referred to as a Near Death Experience with a three-letter designation of NDE." They acknowledged my statement with a nod, although unsure of how to react.

"You know, Royal, maybe you should see a psychiatrist," my father said.

"I'm not insane. I am fully aware of what I encountered," I exclaimed with frustration. "I saw Mom, and Grandpa and Grandma. They all have light bodies that are incredibly beautiful. And, they are alive, vibrant and full of life. And, I saw the light. Oh, the gorgeous, blissful, loving light."

Recognizing that escalating the situation into a shouting match would be counter-productive, I decided to alter my approach. "I cannot provide concrete evidence of my encounter, despite my strong desire to do so. You may choose to deny my experience, but I am unable and unwilling to do the same."

"I trust you, Son, but I find it challenging to grasp the depth of your experience. It lies completely beyond the realm of my comprehension. I lack any personal frame of reference to relate it to."

My father was born in Honolulu in the year 1975, a time when the cash rewards for surfing competitions were starting to rise. When he turned 21, he emerged victorious at the 1996 Hawaii World Surfing Championships held at Banzai Pipeline, earning himself a substantial sum of money. With the winnings, he invested in the necessary equipment to craft surfboards and used his profits to establish a surf shop in Hale'iwa, a renowned surf destination on the North Shore, just a short distance from the famous Pipeline. As time went on, he managed to accumulate enough funds to venture into real estate investments.

Coinciding with his championship win, my father also started a romantic relationship with my mother, Sandra "Sandy" Rugger from California, who was also an accomplished surfer in her own right. Two years later, they exchanged vows and I arrived two years after their marriage.

I was age 15 when my mother tragically lost her life in a car accident. A drunken driver collided into the driver's side of the vehicle. According to the doctor, she passed away immediately. My father and mother would always tell me that they were soulmates forever, and when she passed away, he never remarried.

Standing at five-foot-ten-inches, his vibrant and kind-hearted nature illuminated every room he entered, accompanied by a warm and welcoming smile that perfectly matched his friendly demeanor. His face, weathered and rough, bore the marks of a life spent outdoors under the scorching sun and constant trade winds. His once sun-kissed blonde hair now sported a few strands of gray, unkempt and

reflecting his sun-kissed complexion. He preferred a clean-shaven look, with no inclination towards having a beard or any facial hair.

He lit a cigarette, inhaled and slowly blew a smoke ring towards the ceiling in a long thoughtful silence. "Even after all these years, I still can't seem to move on from your mother's tragic accident. I want to hold onto the hope that she's still alive, but I'm struggling to come to terms with it. I had such deep love for her."

"I miss her so much, too," I said in a melancholy tone.

"Son, you mean the world to me," my father said. "I understand you have gone through a severe accident, which may have resulted in lasting damage to your brain. My utmost priority is your recovery and well-being." In a peaceful moment of contemplation, he took a drag from his cigarette and blew another smoke ring, lost in thought.

I caught Sweeney's gaze. "Do you believe me, sweetheart? That I've had a near death experience?"

She squirmed in her seat, avoiding eye contact, eating her ice cream, and responded with a smile, "I don't like talking about death." Taking her reaction into consideration, I chose not to delve further into the question with her.

Sweeney and I crossed paths when I was 18, four years after I turned pro on the surfing circuit. She had just broke into her twenties at that time and was not married. Right from the start, she made it clear that she had a strong passion for fast cars, easy money, acquiring all the toys she desired, and most importantly, she desired me.

It's been five years since we met, and she still has fair complexion and a fit, slender body with blue eyes, a slim nose, and long, flowing curls of blonde hair that fall halfway down her back. Standing at approximately five-feet-eight-inches in height, she has an attractive figure with a 36-inch bust, a 24-inch waist, and 36-inch hips. She is every photographer's dream and has been working as a model for several years with a dream to be discovered as an actress for the motion picture industry.

I caught Kealoha's eyes, and said, "We have been close friends for many years. Have you ever known me to lie to you?"

Our friendship began in elementary school and continued through high school and beyond to the present day. We experienced many milestones together, such as learning how to surf, becoming competitive surfers, and supporting each other through the ups and downs of life. Our bond was strong, always understanding each other, many times without words. Both of us were the same age, twenty-three.

“Never. You have a good sense of humor and we joke around a lot, but I can always count on you to speak your truth. Why do you ask?” He looked at me curiously.

“Do you believe I have experienced a near-death experience?” I asked.

“I believe you have experienced an extraordinary moment that most of us have not,” Kealoha said.

“Kealoha, I know your family follows the ancient shaman tradition,” I said. “I am desperate to unravel the mystery of my NDE experience. I believe you can help. Will you lend me a hand?”

His dark almond-shaped eyes carefully observed my eyes, as if peering into the windows of my soul. After a moment of silence, he nodded in agreement.

“I know someone who can probably help you. Her name is Krystianna Kopono,” he said. “Got a reputation as a medical intuitive, a seer with extrasensory perception. Runs a healing center in the Anahulu Valley a couple miles from Hale’iwa. She might be able to provide the answers you’re looking for.”

Chapter 4

Krystianna Kopono

As Kealoha drove us further into the Anahulu Valley on the day after my birthday, the smooth, paved roads transformed into rustic, gravel-covered paths of vibrant red dirt.

“Kopono,” I said. “That’s Hawaiian. What does it mean?”

“It means ethical, virtuous, balance, and harmony,” Kealoha said.

“And, the name Krystianna must have a meaning?”

“I believe it means follower of the Christ light, which has nothing to do with religion, but has everything to do with the love-light within all of us.”

“What a beautiful name she has!” I exclaimed, remembering the ecstatic feelings of my own experience of the light in my near-death experience.

“She’s a beauty, too.” Kealoha said.

Our arrival at the property was announced by a grand sign next to a sturdy iron entrance gate, proudly displaying the name of the Anahulu Valley Healing Center. It felt as if we had stumbled upon a terrestrial paradise. Majestic palm trees stood tall, lining the road that led to the main entrance. Alongside, agricultural fields thrived with various crops, accompanied by agricultural sheds and structures.

Fruit trees adorned the landscape, their blossoms creating a picturesque scene. A large water tank and a solar energy farm were visible, as was a charming windmill. Small guest quarters provided a cozy retreat for visitors, while a swimming pool glistened invitingly. Throughout the property, people could be seen strolling, cycling, or diligently working. The Anahulu River flowed gracefully nearby, offering a serene riverfront setting.

The highlight of the property was undoubtedly the breathtaking geodesic dome-shaped structure. Its majestic aura seemed to glisten like a meticulously cut diamond. As we arrived at the parking area, Kealoha directed my attention to Krystianna, who looked in her mid-20s. She was diligently tending to the rose garden in front of the geodesic dome, busy pulling out weeds on all fours.

She wore faded blue jeans, a pale blue tee concealed by an open button-up shirt tied at her waist that she had rolled up to her forearms. A broad-brimmed hat made of straw shielded her vibrant cyan eyes and face, which boasted a lovely golden tan hue from her Hawaiian ancestry. Her long auburn hair trailed down to her lower back. Despite her sandals being nearby, she stood barefoot, devoting herself with love and tenderness to the care of the roses, which displayed hues of red, white, and pink.

As soon as she noticed Kealoha's presence, she rose from her position and prepared to welcome us. It seemed as though she was around the same height as me, approximately five feet and ten inches tall. We exchanged pleasantries as we met each other.

I noticed on the right side of her neck, she sported a tattoo of a rose flower. It instantly brought to memory my near-death experience, the rose tattoo I saw on the lifeless woman's body at the feet of the creature holding a bloody knife. I wondered if there might be a connection between the two coincidences.

"He says he's had a near death experience," Kealoha said to Krystianna. Her bright mystical cyan eyes peered into mine looking for the truth. "Let's go on the veranda," she said. "Kealoha, try to find something to do here on the ranch while Royal and I get to know each other. I'll let you know when you can meet up with him again." Kealoha grinned and left us.

On the veranda, I eagerly shared with Krystianna the incredible events that unfolded during my near-death experience. I described how my consciousness was engulfed by a world of radiant light. Throughout my explanation, she listened intently, refraining from interrupting or asking questions. After a lengthy conversation, I finally reached the end of my narrative.

"Congratulations, Royal. You have returned home for a while," she said, adopting a serious tone. "You have been gifted with a behind-the-scenes view of what exists simultaneously as we live our lives in physical creation. Some call it a parallel universe. I call it life. It's the other side of a two-sided coin. Now, if it is your desire, your life will undergo a transformation to align with the vision of your near death experience."

I proceeded to bombard her with all the inquiries I had regarding the light and near-death experience, but she put the palm of her hand up to signal for me to stop. She simply smiled and replied, "All things have their own season to blossom in divine timing. All your questions will be answered in time, and some of them will be answered in no time. You've had a glimpse of your divine nature. Now you must integrate it into your life if you want to realize its full potential. It will take much healing on your part."

"What does the healing center do?" I asked.

"The short answer is we liberate hearts and minds from darkness, and give them wings to fly back into the light they have forgotten," she explained. "The long answer is we provide a holistic approach to life, focusing on attaining harmony with the four body system: physical body, mind, emotions and spirit. We recognize the interconnectedness between individuals and the natural world of earth, which we call Terra Gaia, as well as the spiritual realms. By engaging in the inward journey of self-discovery, and addressing distorted perspectives in the mind, and healing our emotional wounds, we can harmonize the four body system, and in the process elevate our awareness into higher levels of

consciousness, and ultimately become one with the divine light within us. By doing so, we become conscious light-infused beings that can create a new Terra Gaia based on compassion, love, joy, balance and harmony.

“Very impressive but it sounds like wishful thinking to me,” I remarked. “I’m not completely convinced your philosophy would work worldwide. I’ve traveled to different parts of the world, and I find there are many selfish, greedy and egotistical people on earth that would reject your philosophy. But, having said that, I like what you are saying.”

“My hope for humanity’s spiritual transformation is unwavering,” Krystianna said. “We all return to the light in our own divine timing.”

“What do you do here at the center?” I asked.

“I am the executive director because I am a master healer of the mind, body, emotions and soul,” she said with confidence.

“I believe you are. You have certainly given me impressive advice about my NDE and a lot more to consider.”

“Please remain seated for a moment,” Krystianna asked. “I would like to give you a healing. May I have your permission? It won’t hurt.” I nodded in agreement. Using the palm of her right hand, she positioned it a few inches above the region where my head injury was covered by the bandage and closed her eyes. Although I was unsure of what she was doing, I experienced a pleasant and warm tingling sensation. She maintained her hand in that position for a brief period, never making direct contact with the bandage.

“There,” she said, smiling, “that should heal up nicely now.” Catching my gaze she asked, “Tell me about yourself. What do you do for a living?”

“I’m a professional surfer, ranked number one in the world,” I said, proudly. “Won my first championship at nine years old in the boys’ division. Became obsessed with surfing and turned pro at fourteen, one of the youngest to do so. With nine years of competitive surfing experience behind me, I’m a top contender in every surfing competition I participate in. When I’m not competing somewhere in the world, I shape surfboards at my father’s surf shop in Hale’iwa or do a commercial for my sponsors.”

“Your parents must be very proud of you,” Krystianna remarked. “Tell me about them?”

“My parents met in 1996 at the surfing championships at Banzai Pipeline. They were both professional surfers. My father is first generation Hawaii-born in our family and my mother was born in San Diego, California. She died in an auto accident when I was fifteen. My father has never remarried. I’m their only child. I miss my mother very much.”

“I’m sorry to hear about your mother’s passing especially when you were so young,” Krystianna said. “Now you know she’s still alive on the other side.”

“Yes, but it’s not like having her here in flesh and bones. I want to be able to hug her and talk with her, see her smiling face and look into her beautiful eyes.”

“I understand,” she said. “I gather your parents influenced your surfing career a great deal.”

“They taught me how to surf beginning at three years of age. On a lightweight waterproof body board. They were supportive and didn't pressure me, allowing me to have a balanced childhood with other age-appropriate activities. As I grew older, my father made a custom surfboard for me, and once I mastered riding the waves, I became completely obsessed with surfing. I spent most of my time in the water, surfing all day on weekends and after school during the week, and sometimes ditching classes in high school when the surf was up.

“During my formative years, my father instilled in me his successful outlook on life and competition. He emphasized: “Always go for the gold. Don’t settle for second best. Winners are gold medal winners. *Carpe Diem.*” Seize the day. Be aggressive. Capitalize on your opportunities. Life is for the taking. Think for yourself. Don’t blindly follow authority.”

“Sounds like that philosophy has worked out very well for you so far,” Krystianna commented. “How do you earn your money?”

“When I was twelve, my father started training me in the art of shaping surfboards. Later, as my reputation grew, I created my own custom line of surfboards. As I began to compete in surfing contests around the globe, shaping surfboards allowed me to generate income to cover my competition fees and travel expenses. Sponsorships and winning competitions have helped along the way. After high school graduation, attending college took a backseat to my obsession with developing a career as a top surfing competitor.”

“You said you saw your grandparents in your near death experience,” Krystianna recalled. “Tell me about them.”

“My grandfather was born in San Clemente, California in 1946. He worked as a fisherman, and became a dedicated surfer. He taught my father how to surf. He had the opportunity to ride the waves of "Killer Dana" before a harbor was constructed at Dana Point, resulting in the loss of several surf spots. That development got a lot of flak from the surfing community and environmentalists for destroying the surf spots and more importantly the bio-diversity of the ocean habitats. But as the saying goes, that’s progress. In 1967, during the height of the Vietnam War buildup, my grandfather was drafted into the Army.”

“Unfortunately, at the young age of 22, he sustained injuries in the war that required him to be treated at the Army hospital in Honolulu. Following his separation from the military, he decided not to return to the mainland and settled in Honolulu. Regrettably, he had a stroke when he was 47 years old, which was seven years before I was born. A postmortem examination showed that he had developed lung cancer due to his 30-year habit of smoking cigarettes. My grandmother passed away ten years later due to a stroke, when I was only three years old. I don’t remember much about her. A postmortem examination revealed that she had lung and breast cancer, caused by smoking cigarettes for most of her adult life.”

“I never knew my grandparents on my mother’s side. My mother told me her father committed suicide, and her mother died of alcoholism. Since I was young when she told me, I didn’t question her explanation any further.”

“Thank you, Royal, for this delightful conversation,” Krystianna smiled. “I must run and catch up on things.”

“Thank you, Krystianna, for your insight into my NDE experience. It’s such a relief to know that at last I’ve met someone who doesn’t think I’m insane.”

“You’re not insane, Royal. Near death experiences are a fact of life. There’s a great deal about life that we don’t know, and that some of us don’t want to know.”

And with that, our session was finished. She prepared to depart and waved to Kealoha to return. When he arrived, she said to him, “Show Royal around the property. He’ll be coming back again.” Then she turned to me, saying, “Next time you come, wear some work clothes. There’s lots of work to do here on this twenty-acre ranch.” She smiled and left.

Kealoha invited me to walk the grounds. “In all the years I’ve known you, you never said anything about this place,” I said to him.

“You never seemed like the type to want to know,” Kealoha said. “You’ve always been busy with being a competitor, training to win surfing competitions and living the glamorous lifestyle that the sport of surfing brings. It’s taken a wakeup call for you to see there’s a life that exists beyond the empirical.”

“What do you do here?” I asked Kealoha. “I donate my time and money to the cause,” he said. “I’ll help out wherever necessary, but most of the time, I help with the energy healing.”

Energy healing was not a concept that I was familiar with. Everything on the property was completely new to me. I gestured towards a group of individuals enjoying themselves on paddle-boards and kayaks in the river under the sun's warm rays. Kealoha informed me, "The river eventually leads back to Hale'iwa Harbor and Beach Park. You can also take a long hike through the mountains along the river. It's a delightful bike ride to Hale'iwa as well. Visitors often

describe this rural area of Oahu as one of the most stunning pieces of land they have ever encountered. It's like a hidden gem on the North Shore, truly enchanting."

"Who are all these people?"

"They are all volunteers. Some folks have received help and assistance from Krystianna, and wish to give back. Some like coming here because they feel uplifted. Some are paying guests who are here to heal and to learn how to heal themselves."

"Where does the money come from to support all this?"

"It's a nonprofit. Financial support comes from several sources: paid services, product sales, and individual donations. The property was donated by a wealthy benefactor. All the revenue the nonprofit makes goes back to support the organization's mission. Krystianna doesn't take a salary. Her only form of payment is from the donations she receives from her clairvoyant readings."

"And the geodesic dome?"

"That's the healing temple, the purpose why we are here and do what we do. It holds the administration, cafeteria, multi-purpose rooms for yoga, meditation, and classes, and the healing bays. Everything on the property supports the transformation of the individual. Come on. Let's take a look."

We stepped into the awe-inspiring healing sanctuary, a geodesic dome of breathtaking beauty. The interior boasted a spacious chamber about 150 feet long with towering ceilings, reaching an impressive thirty feet high. Circular aluminum beams enveloped clear windows, allowing the warm sunlight to flood the space. Remarkably, the transparent ceiling seemed to defy gravity, unsupported by any beams from floor to ceiling. The entire roof was a single, unified structure, and the interwoven thematic hues of violet-blue, bisque, and turquoise created a vibrant and inspiring ambiance.

Surrounding the perimeter of the chamber were ergonomically designed workstations, interspersed with healing bays. I observed people laying on comfortable massage tables, receiving energy healing from volunteers who placed their hands over the individual's body. It brought to mind the healing experience I had with Krystianna on the veranda. Large flower pots were also strategically placed throughout the center, adding an elegant touch.

However, the true marvel lay at the heart of it all. A captivating rainforest flourished in the very center of the dome, teeming with abundant lush ferns, vibrant flowers, vivid blossoms, and petite trees, creating its own distinctive ecosystem.

But, as gorgeous as the rainforest was, the spectacular enchanting view that eclipsed it was the numerous towering crystal geodes placed around the border of the rainforest. They were sliced open to reveal a stunning array of rich translucent purple amethyst crystals. It amazed me to witness such magnificent treasures concealed within outwardly unremarkable rocks.

“These are awe-inspiring,” I said to Kealoha, looking up at the imposing giants. “What are they?”

“They are colossal crystals that stand at a height of twenty-two feet and six feet to seven feet wide,” he said. “Each of them weighs a few tons.”

“They’re stunning!” Standing beside one of them, I felt its hard shiny smooth outer surface. “I can feel a potent yet serene energy emanating from within it.”

“Yes, they have very powerful energy,” Kealoha said. “They are used for healing here at the center. Krystianna calls them the Baby Giants of Atlantis.”

I laughed. “That’s a cute name. Where do they come from?”

“The Arkansas Crystal Vortex on the mainland,” Kealoha said. “It is said that beneath the surface of the central region of Arkansas lays the largest quartz crystal deposit in North America and one of the most powerful energy vortexes in the world.”

“That’s incredible. Beyond reality.” I marveled at the crystals’ beauty and Kealoha’s information.

“There’s tons of information about it on the internet. If you can believe it,” Kealoha said.

“Oh, I believe you. I’ve never seen such beauty or heard of the vortex. I’d like to learn more about it,” I said.

“Legend has it that even bigger crystals than these exist that reach over forty meters in length and weigh up to a hundred tons,” said Kealoha. “Apparently some of these very ancient powerful crystals are buried in the vortex that date back hundreds of thousands of years. They were used during the golden age of Atlantis that existed for over 50,000 years.”

My eyes grew as big and bright as the sun. I was speechless.

Kealoha smiled. “Check it out. It’s all on the internet. If you can believe it.”

Chapter 5 Casting Out Fear

It had been about three weeks since my NDE, and I was faced with the challenge of overcoming my fear of failure, specifically the fear of not meeting the high standards of competition required to succeed in a surfing contest. In order to regain my confidence, I decided to surf the Pipe and prove to myself that I still possessed the necessary competitive skills to win a championship and maintain a top ranking.

I was also well aware that I needed to demonstrate to myself that I wouldn't be intimidated by the Pipe's formidable waves and treacherous coral reef. During my recovery period I didn't go surfing, and now it was time to get back into the water. The turban-style bandage had been removed and the head injury was fully healed.

My near-death wipeout shook me to the core. I had wiped out at the Pipe before, but never made contact with the reef. And never had I come so close to drowning. I hold a deep reverence for the ocean and its waves, yet I recalled Mark Twain's words, "Do what you fear most and the death of fear is certain." Today, I knew I had to make friends with fear once again.

Deep down, I sensed that something within me had changed, as well. I was no longer as afraid of death as I used to be. I felt a greater connection with the ocean and its waves, perhaps a result of my NDE. Nevertheless, I had no desire for a near-death repeat performance in the near or distant future.

Aspiring to become a professional championship surfer, I had the opportunity to ride the magnificent waves of the North Shore. Pipeline, Sunset Beach, and Waimea Bay were my go-to spots. I knew it was crucial to conquer the challenging conditions at these renowned locations. I firmly believed that by accomplishing this feat, I would be prepared to tackle other colossal waves around the globe.

A thrilling series of ten-foot waves emerged at Pipe, and I found myself in a highly advantageous position. I remembered my father's winning mantra. I reverently whispered to myself: "Focus. Feat. Flow."

With just a few swift strokes I caught the wave. It lifted my surfboard up, and I descended down the face of the wave. Skillfully navigating the curl at the base, into a trim position, I suddenly heard a celestial melody resonating from an unidentified source. The sheer beauty of this sound surpassed even the compositions of renowned musical geniuses like Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven. It was an enchanting melody unlike anything I had ever encountered before.

As I accelerated towards the mouth of the luminous tunnel, I firmly grasped the rail of my surfboard to steady myself for the powerful aqueous energy vortex that had previously knocked me off my board. Misty spray filled the air, creating a surreal scene where time seemed to slow down.

I found myself surrounded by a radiant, iridescent, shimmering whirlpool of light that expanded until it completely enveloped me. In that moment, I couldn't help but hope that this wasn't another near-death experience, but rather a truly extraordinary phenomenon.

In the vast expanse of the universe, filled with countless stars and cosmic energies, I often find myself feeling minuscule and powerless. However, everything changes when I'm out in the water, riding the waves. The ocean, to me, is like a divine entity. It possesses an unfathomable magnitude, an indescribable allure, and a profound sense of mystery. It is a force that commands respect, teeming with life and pulsating with energy. The ocean can be both gentle and intense, a creator of abundant marine ecosystems.

When it comes to the ocean and its waves, one cannot assert control; instead, one must approach them with reverence. Living in harmony with the ocean and surfing its majestic waves is the only way to truly experience its power. In this vast cosmos, where I often feel insignificant, the ocean becomes my solace and my sanctuary. It is a realm where I can escape from the hectic pace of modern society and find my place within its infinite depths.

Each wave is different and unique, never identical to the one that came before it. For me, surfing, particularly riding the perfect wave's curl, is the ultimate thrill because it's simply fun. It's akin to dancing with the ocean itself. The rush of adrenaline and the sense of harmony with the powerful forces of the ocean make it an unparalleled experience.

Surfing is often described as a means to achieve spiritual, physical, and mental freedom. Personally, I can attest to the profound psychological impact of spending an entire day surfing in such an environment. It leaves me feeling completely refreshed and rejuvenated, not just in my body but also in my mind and emotions. It's no surprise that surfing has become a popular international sport, enjoyed by tens of millions.

Later, my girlfriend Sweeney picked me up for lunch in her stunning 1967 sports car, which had undergone a complete restoration and flaunted a striking candy apple red paint job. Sweeney had no culinary skills, but she had a great appreciation for upscale dining establishments.

We ordered a sumptuous meal, then I poured the champagne. I lifted my glass of champagne saying, "Here's to us, and to my full recovery." Our glasses clinked as we took a sip of the effervescent white wine.

"I want to show you my dream car," she stated, retrieving a pamphlet from her handbag and passing it over to me. "I am absolutely infatuated with this sleek supercar. Look how sexy it is. I'm literally in love with it. It's completely street legal and can reach speeds in excess of 200 miles per hour. And it's only \$2.3 million. Will you buy it for me, honey?"

"Are there surf racks on the roof for my surfboards?" We shared a laugh, fully aware that it was meant as a joke. As a professional surfer, my income was above average, but it fell short of being able to afford an extravagant luxury vehicle like that. However, I couldn't help but sense a deeper message behind her words.

Something extraordinary occurred in that moment.

As we continued to find amusement in our laughter and lighthearted banter, a mesmerizing display of iridescent hues slowly began to materialize around Sweeney's figure. Shades of red, orange, lemon yellow, brown, gray, and black illuminated the space around her. I was unsure how to interpret this surreal phenomenon; it was a captivating sight, something I had never seen before around Sweeney or a human, yet it also evoked a sense of unease.

The colors bore a striking resemblance to the ethereal glow I had witnessed earlier in the day while riding the waves at the Pipe, as well as during my near-death experience. Though I chose not to mention it to Sweeney, the memory of those vibrant hues lingered within me, leaving an indelible mark.

After dinner we went to Sweeney's place in Kahala, an exclusive neighborhood in Honolulu where multi-million dollar waterfront homes live. She lived in an enchanting bungalow offering a breathtaking view of the Pacific Ocean. This Accessory Dwelling Unit (ADU) was part of a larger estate. Sweeney decorated the space with a seaside theme, featuring an aquarium, pictures of whales leaping, dolphins gliding along the water, and thoughtfully placed trinkets that enhanced the seaside atmosphere. The house featured lofty ceilings, a light and open atmosphere, and a veranda that allowed for an expansive ocean vista.

When we first met in 2018, I was an ambitious and confident aspiring professional surfer, a serious contender among the top athletes on the professional circuit. All I wanted to do was to win surfing contests, and I was going for the gold. As an adult, my commanding presence, with my fair complexion, dark hair, and captivating hazel eyes, coupled with my perfect weight at 195 pounds and athletic five-foot-ten-inch frame, made me a formidable force within the surfing world. I possessed the ability to be assertive and direct when necessary, proving that I wasn't always the epitome of pleasantness. Moreover, I had a knack for using cunning strategies and manipulation to obtain what I wanted from those who were reluctant to give it to me. Perhaps that is what attracted Sweeney to me.

I popped open a couple of cold beers from the fridge while Sweeney searched for her happy smoke.

"You should see these giant crystal geodes at Krystianna's healing center," I exclaimed. "They're huge! Twenty-two feet tall. And powerful! Oh, my goodness! There's a warm, very strong energy you can feel coming from them."

"Is the healing center a beautiful place?" Sweeney asked.

“It’s gorgeous! A diamond in the rough, so to speak. If it wasn’t for Kealoha, I would have never met Krystianna.”

“Is she a nice person?”

“She’s bodacious!

“Don’t tell me you’re in love with her!”

“It would be easy to do. She’s extraordinary and beautiful! She gave me a healing on my head wound. It’s healing up in record time. I’d like for you to meet her. Check out the healing center.”

“No. I don’t want to meet her,” Sweeney said defiantly. “I don’t want to go to the healing center. There’s nothing there for me.” I looked at her curiously.

“She told me about my near-death experience. She said . . .”

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Sweeney said. She found her happy smoke, made her way to a patio table on the veranda, and skillfully rolled a strong joint packed with marijuana. After lighting the joint, she took a hit and offered it to me.

“No thanks,” I said. “I’m gonna stay with the beer.” I sat down on a patio chair with her.

“You never say no,” she replied. “Are you alright?”

“Yeah, I know. It’s been a ritual of ours for five years. But, today, I just want to stay with the beer. Guess I’m changing.”

“What are you changing into?”

“Good question. I wish I knew. All I know is I’m heading into the unknown. It’s like going to a new surfing spot for the first time. The surf is great, perfect hollow waves, but you don’t know what lurks under the water. I just have to trust that I’m headed in the right direction. Krystianna says . . .”

“I said I don’t want to talk about it. Don’t want to hear it. I don’t like the unknown. It scares me. Death scares me. Talking about it, thinking about it, going to funerals, it scares me. I can’t bear the thought of losing you.”

“Oh, honey, you’re not going to lose me. I’m gong to be around for a long time. I love you. We’re a team. Life isn’t always the perfect hollow wave. There’s days when the surf is completely blown out. We have to talk about uncomfortable things sometimes.”

Sweeney embodied a few of the same philosophies that my father instilled in me: “Go for the gold. Seize the day. Capitalize on your opportunities. Life is for the taking. Be aggressive.” I couldn't have found a more suitable partner. I saw us as an ideal match, reminiscent of an upcoming couple that was in the process of making their mark on life and on track to achieve wealth. We discussed the idea of getting married over the years, but devoted to building our careers, our busy schedules prevented us from doing so.

“Why is it so important for you to talk to me about death?”

“You know, honey, this thing called the near-death experience is a lousy name for the experience. It has less to do with death and more to do with life. Abundant life. It should be called the grandissimo experience because that is what it is. And we should be cheering ‘Bravo’ and ‘Ole’.”

“What does grandissimo mean?”

“It’s Italian for great,” I said. “Because it is, a great experience of light and love and joy and bliss. It has nothing to do with death. I never felt so alive as when I was in that experience.”

“Thanks for letting me know what you think of me,” Sweeney said in an unkind voice.

“Oh, honey, that’s not what I meant. I love you. I didn’t mean to make you feel bad. All I meant was my grandissimo experience proved to me there’s something infinitely more to life than what we have been taught. We’ve been taught to believe in heaven, to believe in God, to believe in the afterlife. But I don’t believe in any of it anymore because I know. I’m a knower. I know the afterlife exists. I know God exists. I know heaven exist. It’s an amazing reality. Totally fascinating.”

“Maybe if I had your grandissimo experience, then I’d be more open to talking about it. But I haven’t had your experience, so what do you want from me?”

“I just want you to listen. Then maybe you will be able to begin to overcome your fear of death and trust in what I am saying.”

“My fear of death is greater than my belief in an afterlife,” Sweeney said. “How do I know if an afterlife exists? As far as I know, we only have this life, and when we die, then it’s over. Finished. Zero. Nada. No more joy and pleasure. No more sports cars. No more fine dining. No more money. No more anything. And, no more me.” She took another hit off her joint.

“Try to look at it from this perspective,” I asked. “Our perception of death is based on our five senses and reasoning. What we can see, taste, smell, touch, hear, and reason with our mind. When a person dies, we don’t see the body move anymore. So, we believe the person is dead because our perception of death doesn’t go beyond the five senses and our reasoning. But the person isn’t dead. They are

alive in the afterlife. We have been taught that we only have five senses and our reasoning, so we accept it. But what if we had more? What if all of us had the ability to see into the afterlife? What kind of world do you think we would have?”

“I need things that will make me happy,” Sweeney said. “I like driving fast sports cars. I like fine dining. I like expensive things. I like my modeling career. I like my marijuana. Do I have to go through a near-death experience to know if the afterlife exists? Well, I’m not willing to do that because there are no guarantees that I’ll come out of it alive like you did. The only way for people like me to know if there is an afterlife is to die. And, that definitely is not the perfect hollow wave.”

“I understand how you feel,” I said.

“If someone could prove to me that a paradise filled with sports cars exists, where I can race sleek and stylish vehicles in the afterlife, then perhaps I’d be more open to believing in life after death. For now, I’m just going to enjoy my joint, and live it up!” She laughed. The happy smoke was making her elated.

“I need another beer,” I said, and went to the fridge, grabbed it, and returned to the veranda.

“I feel like we’re beginning to drift away from each other,” Sweeney said, as she smoked her joint. She looked at me as if she could see into the future.

“Oh, no, sweetheart. I love you. Nothing will get in the way of that. You and I are a team. We’re going to achieve our goals together.” She drew near to me, and put her arms around me.

“I need you now,” she said. “I need to have physical intimacy with you. That will make me happy,” she said affectionately.

She pressed her lips against mine with fervor, delivering a deep, flavorful kiss. It had been just under two weeks since my unfortunate accident, but now that I was completely healed, I felt capable of offering her exactly what she longed for. The truth is, it was precisely what I wanted with her too!

Chapter 6

Crisis at the Crossroads

The next day following the lunch with Sweeney, I connected with Krystianna at the Anahulu Healing Center.

"Am I losing my sanity, losing my mind, going blind?" I asked Krystianna. "I've started to see different colored lights surrounding my girlfriend and when I'm surfing, and hearing music I've never heard before."

I met with Krystianna at the Anahulu Valley Healing Center, seeking answers to my current state of being.

"Your mind's eye and clairvoyant abilities are opening up," she said. "For you, it's a natural result of your near-death experience."

"What's a mind's eye and clairvoyant abilities?"

"That whole topic is vast. Much larger than I have the time to elaborate on today," she exclaimed. "However, the short answer is that your mind's eye is the place where you will perceive visions. This is why you have recently been experiencing various rainbow colors of light. Your mind's eye can be found here."

With her finger, she gently tapped the area between my eyebrows on my forehead. I experienced a mild jolt of energy upon her touch.

"In reality, it is situated in the sixth chakra within your consciousness. Normally, it remains invisible to human sight because, in general, humanity does not believe in this capability, thus neglecting the development of this chakra. However, when you close your eyes, you are peering into the mind's eye. Most individuals witness darkness when they shut their eyes, but beyond that darkness lies the illumination of light."

She continued speaking. "If I may draw a comparison, your clairvoyant abilities or intuitive powers can be likened to the heart within your physical body. They are an inherent aspect of your being, your spiritual essence, and without them, you would not possess the qualities of a luminous lightbeing. We are all luminous lightbeings inhabiting human forms. That's the truth of our human condition. Each and every person possesses intuitive abilities, whether they are aware of it or not. In your specific case, the reason you are beginning to perceive ethereal melodies is because your ability to hear beyond the earthly realm, known as clairsaudience, is awakening. It is the faculty to discern sounds originating from the spiritual plane."

Krystianna's message held my undivided attention, sparking curiosity and fascination. Yet, I found myself completely spellbound and overwhelmed at the same time by the unfamiliarity of it all. Phrases such as *mind's eye*, *clairvoyant abilities*, *clairsaudience*, *spirit body*, *intuitive powers*, and *lightbeing* were

foreign to me, leaving me feeling disoriented and bewildered. As I grappled with comprehending these ideas, my head spun, and a wave of dizziness washed over me, nearly causing me to faint.

Krystianna kindly handed me a refreshing glass of water, which brought me a sense of relief.

“I’m speechless. I don’t know what to say. I’ve never heard of these concepts before. They are completely unfamiliar to me. I never knew they existed. I need to understand these things you talk about. But how shall I proceed?”

“You’ve been granted the privilege of a glimpse into our sacred abode, a place in Cosmic Consciousness where all beings belong to, even though not everyone acknowledges it,” Krystianna said. “At this crossroads, you are faced with two options. Firstly, you can progress forward and uncover the boundless possibilities of your authentic essence, symbolized by taking the red pill.”

“You mean like in The Matrix?”

“Yes,” she said. “Or, you can opt for the blue pill, and shut this whole process down, thereby allowing yourself to slip back into unconscious slumber and lead a life immersed in the illusionary realm of division and polarity by living the life of a professional surfer. One is not better than the other, but each has very different outcomes.”

“Can I have both worlds?”

“You can try,” Krystianna said. “I have no control over your freewill choices. My recommendation is to start incorporating meditation into your routine. It is incredibly powerful. It cultivates inner calmness and enhances your awareness of your emotional state. The solutions to the mystery of your near-death experience and transformation in consciousness that you seek are found within you. Simply close your eyes, focus on your inner vision in your mind’s eye, and request guidance for your inquiries to be revealed to you.”

“Is it that simple?”

“Yes,” she said. “It’s that simple.”

After being shocked by Krystianna's shocking disclosures, I have no recollection how I managed to make it back home. The fatigue and exhaustion of her revelations were so overwhelming that I immediately collapsed on my bed, desperately seeking some rest. As I lay there waiting for sleep to overtake me, a recollection emerged of her words on gazing into the depths of the mind’s eye with closed eyes. A mesmerizing whirlpool of pearlescent illumination gradually materialized, swirling harmoniously in a dreamy circular motion reminiscent of the movement of a galaxy. This captivating spectacle beckoned me into its ethereal domain, ultimately lulling me into a peaceful slumber.

I don't know how long I slept. It appears to have been a deep sleep as I did not experience any dreams, and I awoke feeling rejuvenated. As I opened my eyes, I noticed the sun descending beneath the horizon at Pipeline. To freshen up, I made my way to the bathroom to cleanse my face and rid myself of any remnants of sleepiness.

Staring into the mirror, I caught a glimpse of my own reflection staring back at me.

A couple of days' worth of stubble had developed on my face, upper lip and chin, and it was time to shave soon. I observed my chest and muscular torso of sun-kissed golden tan. I intentionally avoided growing a full beard, regardless of length, as a water drenched beard adds unnecessary weight while I'm surfing competition or surfing for fun. The same goes for my hair – I keep it short and went for the bald look. This way, when I'm in the water, the waves simply wash over my head and face without obstructing my vision or distracting me from performing at my best. I have eliminated any potential distractions from my body that could cause me to wipe out while riding a wave. With my high forehead and baldness, my head out in the water resembles a floating shiny dome.

I observed my face, which had an oval shape. The length of my face was greater than the width of my cheekbone, and my forehead was wider than my jawline. My nose, with its Nubian features, had a broad base and noticeable nostrils that connected to my mouth, which curved upwards. The eyebrows above my eyes were slightly upturned, providing a shield for my large, hazel eyes that had a subtle almond-like shape.

Gazing intently into the depths of my wide-set eyes, I endeavored to delve beyond my ocular orbs and uncover the true essence residing within. A sense of awareness undoubtedly existed, yet I had always taken it for granted, never making a concerted effort to identify its core. However, in this moment, I found myself engaged in a verbal dialogue with my own reflection in the mirror, yearning for answers to the fundamental questions that plagued my mind:

Who am I?

What purpose have I been placed upon this earthly realm?

What is real, and what is not real?

What is the light within my mind all about?"

Chapter 7

O Blazing Light

Under the bright full moon of March 6th, I found myself laying on my back on a cozy massage table within the dome of the Anahulu Valley Healing Center. My best friend Kealoha had given me the gift of a Hawaiian shaman firebird rebirthing ceremony and made arrangements with Krystianna to hold the event at the stroke of midnight.

A couple weeks before the ceremony, Kealoha spoke to me. “I’ve been thinking about your request for my help that you asked for at your birthday party last month,” Kealoha said. “Although Krystianna can help you, I feel I can gift you a rebirthing ceremony that will help you on your spiritual journey.”

“I’d be delighted to accept your gift, Kealoha. You’re a great friend. Thank you very much.”

Kealoha explained to me, “Rebirthing isn’t about physically returning to your mother’s womb for a second birth. For me, it’s about renewal of body, mind, emotions, and spirit. There are various rebirthing methods. The technique I’ll be using with you includes a purification ritual aimed at cleansing any negative energies that may be blocking your spiritual growth. You will experience profound peace and complete relaxation, and there will be no pain involved. Just relax and breathe normally.”

The massage table was situated between two towering amethyst crystal geodes that bordered the rainforest ecosystem in the heart of the healing center. The powerful yet soothing energy radiating from the deep, translucent purple crystals helped me to unwind and relax. From my position on the massage table, I could see the rainforest and the giant crystal geodes.

On either side of the massage table stood a man and a woman, both dressed in traditional Hawaiian clothing with floral leis draped around their necks and woven into their hair. Their purpose was to extended their palms towards my body, and channel restorative love-healing energy into it. Kealoha stood at the head of the massage table, facing the rainforest.

Krystianna was prepared to perform the hula, a revered Hawaiian dance and musical ceremony characterized by smooth steps and elegant arm gestures, to honor my rebirthing celebration. She danced barefoot, dressed in traditional Hawaiian attire with floral leis encircling her neck and interwoven through her hair. Nearby, an ensemble of musicians stood ready to support her. Two volunteers were set to play eight round frosted quartz crystal singing bowls, known for their ability to produce pure, sustained, and otherworldly tones used in sound healing. Additionally, three more musicians were prepared with tabla drums and traditional hula instruments like the Ipu Heke gourd, a hollowed out percussion instrument, and the pū’ili, a bamboo rattle.

Amid the verdant ferns and vibrant flowers of the rainforest, a koa wood statue of the firebird stood five feet tall. Its wings extended upward, its head raised, signifying rebirth and the journey to higher awareness. Multiple sticks of jasmine incense fragrantly glowed at the base of the firebird. Koa, an indigenous Hawaiian tree, is a rare and remarkable hardwood known for its exceptional quality and superior luster, and its deep cultural significance, revered as sacred within Hawaiian traditions.

The illumination inside the dome was subdued, save for the three-hundred sizable lit candles strategically positioned around the massage table, the rainforest, and surrounding space. When I gazed upward, the brightness of the full moon, combined with the twinkling of billions of stars in the night sky, enhanced the soft glow throughout the dome's interior via its transparent ceiling.

It felt like I was in an enchanting, magical world.

Kealoha gently placed a small amethyst crystal on my forehead, followed by a larger one on my chest and stomach to enhance the rebirthing process. With his arms lifted, he initiated the ceremony, which was the cue for the dancing and music to begin.

“We send our love to all sentient beings, and we call into the light and love of the great Aloha Spirit, creator of all that is and will be, that lives within us all. We call forth our ancestors that we behold dearly, and ask our beautiful home planet Terra Gaia to join us.”

Aloha is the Hawaiian word for love, compassion, kindness, peace, and mercy. Nowadays, it is also frequently used as a salutation for both hello and goodbye. In Hawaiian culture, aloha carries a profound spiritual importance, describing an eternal infinite force that binds all creation together.

Kealoha continued:

“Today we gather to honor the rebirth of our brother Royal Light in his quest for greater understanding of the great mystery of the light within. We ask the great Aloha Spirit, our ancestors, and Terra Gaia to join us in this quest, and to send love and purification energy to our brother.”

The whole ensemble of musicians, along with Krystianna and Kealoha, chanted the sacred mantra OM continuously for several minutes following Kealoha's opening prayer. At Kealoha's cue, they stopped chanting, and the music stopped, but the Krystianna didn't stop her dancing.

Kealoha continued:

*“The firebird came down from Aloha Spirit to earth
Immortal he is yet pretending to live as a human*

*On earth he forgot the paradise and the light he came from
Aloha Spirit calls him home now to be reborn in the light
Let him remember the light that he is
Let him now return to light
Let him remember the light that he is
Let him now return to light*

“Let us chant this in our native Hawaiian language,” Kealoha said. The musical ensemble resumed their performance. Kealoha and Krystianna began dancing the hula together, in unison, as Kealoha took the lead in chanting, with the ensemble responding to his call.

*“Ua iho ka manu ahi mai ka ‘Uhane Aloha i ka honua
‘O ka make ‘ole ‘o ia ke ho‘ohālike nei e ola ma ke ‘ano he kanaka
Ma ka honua ua pōina ia i ka paradāiso a me ka malamalama i
hele mai ai
Kāhea ‘o Aloha ‘Uhane iā ia i ka home i kēia manawa e hānau hou
‘ia i ka mālamalama
E hoomānoo oia i kona malamalama
E hoi hou i ka malamalama
E hoomānoo oia i kona malamalama
E hoi hou i ka malamalama”*

They repeated the firebird song multiple times in the Hawaiian language, and following each rendition, they chanted OM for several minutes.

The chanting raised my energy. The Hawaiian music and crystal singing bowls enchanted me. The scent of jasmine incense tantalized my senses. The soothing energy from the individuals surrounding the massage table, combined with the powerful aura emanating from the tall crystal geodes, transported me to an ethereal realm of boundless joy.

I closed my eyes, focused into the inner vision of my third eye, breathed naturally, and made my request in a gentle voice: “Who am I? Please reveal the answer to me.” I found it comforting to gently repeat the question a few times, “Who am I” and waited with anticipation.

Within my inner world, I could feel the force of my vision getting stronger as if it was penetrating into and beyond the darkness. I never considered the darkness in this space before. It was vast. Growing up, I just took it for granted because everybody else around me took it for granted, never thinking it might be a gateway to something extraordinary, the light within. Kealoha might have known about it, but he never mentioned it to me.

A wispy glimpse of a round circle with fuzzy edges began to materialize, and I focused my vision on it. As I did so, it gently solidified more and more into a white pearlescent sphere with a deep blue background. Then, the sphere of light morphed into the yin-yang emblem, symbolizing balance and harmony. Angelic

celestial music enveloped my awareness and I was transported out of my human consciousness.

The vision resembled a luminous full moon radiating in the darkness of the night sky. It encompassed my entire inner horizon. A surge of energy shot up to my brain from the bottom of my spine. As I gazed at the sight, any fear I had vanished into amazement, and amazement turned into a childlike sense of wonder. In the place of darkness, there was now a pearly white light. I couldn't completely comprehend it, but I couldn't deny its presence either.

Then, a five-pointed golden star gradually emerged over the yin-yang emblem. Inside this star, an androgynous human figure materialized, positioned so that his head, hands, and feet aligned perfectly with the star's points.

After this acknowledgment had occurred, I was able to fully relish in a never-ending sensation of consummate satisfaction. A complete array of indescribable emotions of euphoria and happiness swept over me like waves rushing up on a sandy shore. There was no longer a sense of striving for materialistic goals or competition or rivalry. There was no longer a feeling of lacking anything. The longing for winning something better, which had consumed my life, had vanished. It felt as though everything had been achieved; there was nothing left to do. I had finally found my place of belonging.

The absence of fear and loneliness and all negative traits vanished. I felt a great sense of relief. In its place, there was a feeling of complete satisfaction, deep serenity, and an immense understanding of eternity, infinity and immortality. There was a sense of oneness, unity, liberty, freedom, holiness, and boundless love. It felt as though the Light encompassed the entirety of existence and I was a part of the Presence of Love.

The sphere of Light did not spread out into the blue surroundings. Its edges were exceptionally sharp, creating a striking contrast between white Light and deep blue. The Light's presence exhibited three unique attributes: unstoppable strength, indescribable love, and brilliant intelligence. It also had a mysterious lifeforce. The center of the Light pulsed gently in sync with my heartbeat. In that moment, I felt like I was in the depths of Infinity, with no clear starting or ending point.

In my mind's eye beamed a remarkable and familiar brightness. It seemed as though we were acquainted, as if we had met and become close friends a while back, but had somehow grown apart. This was our reunion. For the very first time in my life, I experienced the sensation of complete freedom, indescribable happiness, complete acceptance of who I am, and being in the company of unconditional love.

The vision's brilliance was not as strong as the midday sun and did not cause any discomfort to my eyes. I had never encountered anything as pure or flawless – a perfectly shining sun beaming within my consciousness. It was the most

magnificent beauty I had ever beheld, unmatched by anything else. There was no trace of disapproval, reproach, or condemnation. I was witnessing proof of a superior Intelligence that did not view me as inferior, subservient, or sinful – but rather as an equal, a partner. It was the pinnacle of sharing.

While admiring the radiant magnificence, I felt vulnerable in its presence, as if it could comprehend my every thought and knew my deepest secrets, yet it embraced me with open arms just as I am, despite my imperfections and shortcomings.

I opened my eyes and looked up at the ceiling and was surprised to see it glowing with vibrant rainbow hues. As I turned my head, I noticed that the various plants and flowers of the rainforest were also glowing in a similar way.

I closed my eyes again, and the light was still there. I found myself in a place that exceeded my imagination, a place that I believe everyone secretly desires to be, even if they are not aware of it. It was like saying goodbye to a dear friend when the Presence of Light disappeared from my sight - just like the slow “fade out” ending of a movie. The entire encounter lasted for a short yet precious period of time; I don’t really know how long. Time became suspended, no longer following its linear course. There was no past or future, only the perpetual present.

The vision conveyed multiple ideas simultaneously. The most impactful one being the existence of an Inner Spirit filled with luminous light and limitless love within us. This innate nature is fearless, invincible, unchanging, eternal, infinite, stillness, omnipresent, all-knowing, profound happiness and tranquility, all-mighty, unconditionally affectionate, pure, and without sin. It left an indelible mark that will remain with me forever, and its brilliance and energy felt exceptionally similar to my near-death experience.

And once again, in that serene mystical place within, I faintly heard the familiar voice that echoed with a triumphant laughter, brimming with boundless joy, that never stopped laughing.

Suddenly, I heard a voice call out, telepathically. “Congratulations, Royal.” The voice startled me but I recognized it. In my mind’s eye, I saw the image of Krystianna smiling.

“You now have your answer to who you are. And, the answer to who all sentient beings are,” she said. “Now you know. Oneness is our natural state of being.”

“It’s astonishing! Beyond words!” I said to her telepathically, with my thoughts, not words. “Now I understand your statement: we are all lightbeings in human form,” I said, barely able to get the words out, yet knowing full well the knowledge that had been revealed to me.

“No one can understand what you’ve seen, so don’t waste your energy trying to tell them.” Krystianna smiled and bowed to me, saying, “Namaste. My spirit bows to your spirit.”

The next day flew by quickly as I was filled with an overwhelming sense of happiness and contentment that lingered in my heart. I chose to keep the experience to myself and didn't share it with anyone. I experienced a truly magnificent and benevolent power, but I struggled to fully comprehend it.

A few days later, my head was still in the clouds but my feet were on the ground, I found myself at Pipeline beach, captivated by the beauty of the scenery and was inspired to pen my first poem, dedicated to the illumination within me.

O Blazing Light of My Soul

In your presence I behold a breathtaking miracle of magic and mystery
And I am awakened to my true identity of infinity and eternity
Thy radiance and magnificence soars endlessly beyond all the world’s riches
In the halls of remembrance I hear thy uplifting voice calling me home from
across faraway bridges

O Blazing Light of My Soul

Your abode is omni, yet I feel your loving flow and power within my heart
Everywhere I go, near and far, there you are, shining brighter than a star
Words are cold to describe thy ponderable truth and radiant beauty
And no power anywhere can compare to thy sacred cosmic ecstasy

O Blazing Light of My Soul

How could I have forgotten and been away from you for so very long
In thy light I hear the angels dancing and singing my favorite song
I feel thy sweet kiss of bliss resounding throughout my human form
I see thy vast majestic paradise dissolving the chaos within the storm

O Blazing Light of My Soul

In whom I breathe and dream and exist beyond my full comprehension
Embracing my heart with thy all consuming love, healing and compassion
What can I claim in my name that is not already yours that I can own
Thy pulsating pearlescent light keeps blazing through my body and bones

O Blazing Light of My Soul

Though the tempest may come and go on that windy winding rocky road
Still you remain my dazzling guiding star whatever might be my zip code
You lead me to uncover hidden realms within thy bold sublime wonder
And I feel your undying love and immortal joy that never leaves me torn asunder

O Blazing Light of My Soul

Keep on shining and shining and shining . . .

Chapter 8

Lotus Flowering

On a beautiful morning in early June, three months after my enlightenment, I finished up the final stages of sanding the polyurethane foam board at my father's Hale'iwa surf shop. The use of high-quality sandpaper is crucial in the finishing process of crafting a surfboard, as it gives a professional finish to the foam, making it easier to apply fiberglass. I make use of a range of sandpaper, from rough 40 grit to fine 220 grit. The ear-piercing noise of the planer had effectively shaped the surfboard to its final form. It now rested on the top of the shelf that formed a housing to hold the eight-foot long fluorescent lights on either side of the shaping bay, which was painted in a navy blue color.

I chose navy blue because I like the color but more importantly it serves as a great contrast to the white foam. This, along with the essential fluorescent lighting during the construction process, enables me to see the board's contours, detect any subtle shadows on the foam that need sandpapering, and ensure the balanced shape of the surfboard.

Shaping a surfboard results in a significant amount of foam shavings that end up scattered mostly on the floor but also sticking to the walls of the shaping bay. The classification of polyethylene foam as a hazardous material is subjective and varies among individuals and critics. In my opinion, it's toxic and wearing a face mask is essential for my safety. This precaution avoids potential health issues such as asthma, lung and respiratory damage, as well as irritation to the skin and eyes caused by foam shavings. By the time the surfboard is completed, my entire body, including my protective gear, is covered in foam shavings, giving me the appearance of a snowman with a menacing snout.

I have been manufacturing surfboards for the past 11 years, since age 12, and thus, I am familiar with every step of the process: shaping, glassing, sanding, glossing, polishing. At this point, I could likely perform the entire process with my eyes closed.

As I completed the sanding of the board, I reflected on the past three months which seemed to have passed by like a dream. My days were filled with a montage of activity, spending more time at Krystianna's healing center, where I focused on mastering energy healing techniques, developing my clairvoyant powers, learning how to teach classes on developing clairvoyant powers, conducting clairvoyant readings to assist individuals on their life-spiritual journey, and increasing my meditation practice. My interactions with my father were mainly limited to our work together at the surf shop, and I didn't have much time to see Sweeney. When I wasn't at the healing center, I spent my time crafting surfboards at my father's surf shop or catching waves at Pipeline beach.

I missed my mother greatly. Since my mind's eye and clairaudience was developing well, it dawned upon me that I could connect with her spirit. I laid

down on a couch at home, closed my eyes, and whispered a call for my mother's presence to appear in my mind's eye.

Her happy luminous face materialized in my vision. "You look so beautiful, mother," I said, telepathically to her. "More beautiful than when you were on earth."

"The spirit world is exquisitely beautiful, my son," she said, smiling with the radiance of joy. "It's beauty outshines anything on earth. It's beyond compare."

"I miss you so much, mother," I said in a forlorn voice.

"Yes, I know. I left you too early when you were young. I'm sorry, but now I am here for you, my son," she said. "I am always with you."

"I believe that but it's not like being in the physical where I can hug you."

"I understand," she said.

"What do you do in spirit?"

"I am preparing my life plan for my next incarnation. You know now that we are eternal beings of light, but what you might not yet realize is that we have the ability to reincarnate into physical forms on any planet that furthers our spiritual growth."

"Where will you go in your next incarnation?"

"I haven't decided fully yet. There are so many variables to consider. But I want to hear more about you. Tell me about your enlightenment."

"Everyday, I experience a range of emotions including introspection, astonishment and shock. The enlightenment of Oneness has had a profound effect on my mind, thoughts, and feelings. It's causing a significant change in my consciousness. It feels like I'm going through an intense period of re-education and re-learning. The new learning seems to be focused on addressing the inquiry of how my observations in the world are connected to the reality of Oneness? I am finding that I have to let go of all my preconceptions about life, and start anew in light of this profound experience."

"That is the way of evolving into higher consciousness, my son."

"Wherever I go, my complete focus is locked in divine consciousness, whether I am at the healing center, or shaping surfboards, surfing, shopping, or any other outward activity."

“You are beginning to explore how to be in the world but not of it. How to walk the path of higher consciousness in the dense energy of forgetfulness of one’s divine origins.”

“I have become aware of the full scope of society’s indoctrination and how profoundly my thoughts have been influenced, whether deliberately or subconsciously, by various sectors of society. I have witnessed the essence of existence and it is drastically different from what I have been taught and conditioned to believe. This new perspective requires me to replace all previous conditioning with my new state of consciousness.”

“The light of your enlightenment will guide you as you continue to seek out the truth for yourself,” mother said. “All lies, deceit and shadows will be revealed in the illumination of light.”

“My outlook on the physical world has shifted. I perceive a connection between myself and the things around me. This has grown stronger with time, bringing me closer to nature. I can sense a shared consciousness, a universal source that flows through me and every element of nature – trees, rocks, flowers, hills, mountains, lakes, even the smallest grain of sand. Every wave of the ocean. It is as if I exist within them, and they within me. They are no longer distant and lifeless objects, but rather sustained by an unseen energy, just like myself.”

“You are perceiving the truth of your divine nature, my son. Many forms flow from the oneness of Cosmic Consciousness.”

“It’s the same with the animals, insects, and creatures in the ocean. I no longer feel justified in arbitrarily killing them. There are many cockroaches in Hawaii, as you know, and occasionally I’d meet one of them, and had to decide whether to let it live or kill it. This threw me into a quandary. I know now these creatures are conscious beings filled with divine light, with a rightful place and purpose on this planet, just as I have. It’s not my right to lord over them or to harm them or disrupt their natural habitat. I hold them in high regard and see them as sacred and valuable.”

“You are correct, my beloved son. Everything in creation is sacred and has a purpose.”

“People are no different. I feel a strong connection and deep bond with them. I know the same radiant light that is within me also exists within them. I’ve become more perceptive to the thoughts and emotions of others and realized that our eyes are a reflection of our inner consciousness, serving as windows to our true selves. This increased sense of empathy allows me to understand and relate at a deeper level to their joys and struggles. In this newly found compassion, I came to the undeniable realization that they were always my brothers and sisters, no longer separate from me. I no longer see myself as communicating with an individual, but rather a divine being communicating with a divine being.”

“That’s a profound realization, son. We are all interconnected. In fact, all things are interconnected.”

“Each of us possesses a soul. But, what does the soul look like? Each of us has a mind, but what does the mind look like? Are they something that can be seen? In my enlightenment of Divine Inner Light, I experienced the true nature of the mind and soul.”

“The mind is a wondrous vehicle for the soul to express itself in all dimensions. But be careful. Mind can be either the builder of your life or the destroyer of yourself. You are the creator of your reality,” mother said, emphatically.

“While shaping surfboards, I found that my efficiency and the quality of my work has improved. I was amazed to realize that my ability to concentrate for extended periods without feeling tired had greatly increased. Despite appearing to be engaged in external tasks, my inner self was always reflecting on the profound blazing light experience.”

“The power of the mind is enormous,” mother said without question. “Humanity will someday awaken to the full potential of the mind. Not all of the answers are found in books or technology.”

“I see a mesmerizing display of rainbow hues when I put my attention on a natural setting and recall the vision of brilliant light.”

“Everything in creation has an aura, a glow of iridescent rainbow colors that are normally not seen by the human eye, unless one develops their clairvoyance,” she said. “Everything is a different vibration and frequency of the energy of Cosmic Consciousness within it.”

“The vision was extraordinary, yet incredibly natural, as natural as eating or breathing. It did not feel uncomfortable, foreign, or otherworldly, but simply very natural.”

“Our divine nature of light is as natural as the light of the sun because we are all lightbeings, as you have discovered, my son.”

“The vision did not leave a name. The only word I could use at the moment to describe it was *brilliant, inner Light*. It is the ultimate pinnacle of the human experience, the *creme de la creme* of the supreme love that resides within us.”

“Names are not necessary. Spirit recognizes its own. In Oneness, we are aware of who we belong to,” mother said.

“The gentle nature of Oneness or Divine Love is beyond what we can imagine. I didn’t experience any trace of harm or mistreatment. In its powerful presence, I experienced a sense of fulfillment and complete safety. I was captivated by its magnificent beauty and immersed in feelings of contentment and bliss.”

“The true nature of the Divine is unconditional love. There is no judgment or eternal damnation in Divine Love,” she said in a loving tone.

“I embraced the vision as a part of my own being. It was peculiar because it seemed like I was engaging in a communion with my true self, the indwelling spirit, radiant light, boundless love, divinity itself.”

“That’s the magic of enlightenment, my dear. Since we are all unique, our encounters with enlightenment vary, yet there are common aspects that we all perceive in the actual experience.”

“The sight of its magnificent glory, serene stillness, and shining brilliance have etched itself into my mind. A profound sense of appreciation and gratefulness has filled my heart.”

“Thankfulness and appreciation recognize the gifts from the giver and opens our hearts to welcome more blessings from Cosmic Consciousness through various sources, my son. They are the dynamic duo of life that act as the lubricant that keeps life evolving smoothly and joyfully.”

“Thank you mother for our lovely chat today,” I said. “I love you so much.”

“Thank you for being my son. I leave you with these words. The more you can expand Divine Love in your heart, the better your life will turn out. You may call on me anytime. I am sending my love to you always.”

That afternoon, Krystianna approached me at the healing center, accompanied by a man of Asian and Hawaiian descent.

"This is George," she announced. "I'm swamped with tasks today. I could use ten of me to accomplish everything on my list. George is quite stressed. Would you be kind enough to assist him in finding some clarity?"

“I’d be happy to help,” I said.

She glanced at George, offering a smile. "Royal might be new, but he's quite talented." Then, she turned her gaze toward me, smiling once more. "Thanks, Royal."

Turning to George, I suggested, "How about we find some privacy?" I then led him to a secluded room furnished with a small table and a couple of chairs. We took our seats and settled in.

“Let me explain how my process works,” I said to George. “I look into my soul through my mind’s eye.” I pointed to my forehead. “My soul is connected to your soul because that’s how life set it up.” George nodded his acknowledgment. “Your

soul knows the answers to the questions you ask, which I receive as messages through my mind's eye. Then, I relay the messages to you.”

“I understand,” George said.

I continued. “The process has several names such as clairvoyance, mediumship, channeling, precognition, with clairaudience thrown into the mix, although the purists might disagree with me. This is all part of what's called extrasensory perception or the sixth sense; obtaining information without the use of the five senses or reasoning. This same process is basically how remote viewing works, the process of visualizing people and distant locations with your mind's eye, just to let you know. Any questions before we begin?”

“No questions. Thank you for that explanation,” George said.

“You're welcome. Let me turn on the recorder and we'll get started.”

On the table sat a recording device equipped with an audio cassette and a tiny clip-on microphone. I attached the microphone to my shirt, pressed the record button, and began the session.

“Tell me why you are here today,” I asked George.

"I'm experiencing confusion regarding my life's purpose. Having just gone through a divorce, I'm finding it challenging to juggle both my personal life and professional responsibilities. I'm seeking insight on how to handle these circumstances."

"Certainly. Let's find out what emerges," I replied. "Give me a moment." I closed my eyes, gazing inwardly into my mind's eye, and mentally asked for George's spirit for wisdom and clarity regarding this matter.

An image appeared in my mind's eye. “I see you are being pulled in four directions at the same time. I see four people, two women and two men, who are pulling on you. They want something from you.”

“Can you identify the people,” George asked. “Can you describe them?”

"I am not being shown their faces. But, the women are wearing Hawaiian dresses, and the men are dressed in Hawaiian shirts. You are familiar with these individuals; they are part of your current social circle. It's essential for you to decide what you really desire. Which direction will bring you joy and aliveness, invigorate you, and nurture your creativity."

“Yes, I agree,” he said. “What is my soul purpose?”

“I see a montage of many smiles on children's faces at a carnival. The message I'm getting is that your soul purpose is to achieve joy, aliveness, and growth in

everything you do. It appears that you may often find yourself easily distracted or misled by the belief that you should take care of the needs of others before you take care of your own. I'm also seeing the sign of yin-yang within the circle, and the message I'm getting is for you to heal from duality and embrace the harmony and balance of oneness."

"I don't know what duality or oneness is," George said in a shy voice.

"Well, at the risk of sounding like an advertising commercial, I suggest you take advantage of the spiritual classes here at the healing center. They will help you discover what duality and oneness is, and help you discover what already lies within your soul."

"Yes, that's very good advice. What can you tell me about my professional life?" the man asked.

Switching the subject, I asked for wisdom from George's spirit. "You possess knowledge that many desire. This is why you feel torn in multiple directions, right now. I see a blue aura around your professional life, indicating an upcoming business opportunity within the next three to four months. It will be related to your career, communication skills, and friendships. It will involve organizing and disseminating information, though it won't pertain to internet sales."

"There is another company that wants to hire me now," he said, proudly.

"Yes, but I see thorns, thorny issues, delays, setbacks," I said. "You will not be happy in the long run with this company. They are not as they appear to be. They will be running into a major setback, besieged with lots of difficulties."

"Thank you. I had my own suspicions but you confirmed them for me," George said. "I'm feeling anger and depression over my divorce."

"Your divorce gave you a hard kick in the gut. It wounded you deeply. You suffered a loss of energy, but you are beginning to regain your self-confidence now. Your ex-wife has a very strong definite set of beliefs of what's acceptable materially. If this set of beliefs are not there, she feels threatened, and at this time, she is not willing to move out of this and move forward."

"I see. How can I solve my anger?"

"Your big challenge now is to deal with disappointment and anger. Because it depresses your motivation to move forward. Anger can be your teacher or it can be debilitating. The healing of anger feeds the healing of duality."

I continued. "It's important for you to build your self-confidence for the next 90 days. Do confidence building things to prepare you for this upcoming business opportunity. Turn any weakness into strength. Keep your energy high by eating

healthy foods and participating in activities that bring you joy, aliveness, and invigorate your creativity. Take up meditation, if you haven't already."

"Ask Spirit for assistance and motivational energy on any project. When you want something, speak it from the heart. Let Spirit know what you want. Ask Spirit to show you how to get what you need and want to fulfill your life's purpose. Ask to be shown the way to magnetize it and attract into your life. Obviously, for this to work in your favor, the things you want can't harm anybody, but can only bless everybody."

"Work on creating a love-based lifestyle. Work on steadfastly depending on Spirit as your source of supply, abundance, and prosperity. And, pray a prayer of thankfulness, out loud, before the manifestation of your request takes place because manifestation happens first in consciousness, then in the physical. This lends more power and propulsion to what you want to do; puts you into alignment with people and situations you serve."

I opened my eyes, and smiled at George. "That's all I'm being given at this time. Thank you for allowing me to be of service to you today." I took out the tape from the recording machine and handed it to him.

"Thank you, Royal. I feel so much better now. I'm glad I came here today. I will review the tape and put your suggestions to work."

George stood up and bowed reverently to me, and I to him. We left the room and he departed the healing center.

Chapter 9

Endings and Beginnings

On a late-morning sunny summer day in mid-July, sixty surfers formed a circle while sitting on their surfboards at Pipeline, joining hands beyond the shore break. The ocean was calm, resembling a peaceful lake. Each surfer wore a flower lei around their neck, and some even wore a flower wreath on their head. In the center of the circle, a variety of Hawaiian flowers could be seen floating on the water's surface. The North Shore of Oahu only experiences large waves during the winter season, as it requires a north swell. In contrast, during the summer, south swells hit Oahu, creating big waves along the leeward coast where Honolulu-Waikiki are located.

“Today, we have come together to pay our respects and honor one of our own who has been a source of great inspiration to the surfing community.” With his arms raised high, Kealoha declared, "Sewell Light, father of Royal Light and a dear friend to us all, will be deeply missed. We send our love to his spirit and wish him a safe and swift journey on his new path."

With great veneration, I opened the backpack that contained the urn holding my father's ashes, unscrewed the cap, and as I reverently poured the ashes into the ocean, I said, “I bid farewell to my father, and our dear friend, and entrust him to the sea. May his ashes become one with the vastness of the ocean, and bring him eternal joy in the realm of the big waves.”

Everybody applauded and cheered. Then, I invited them to sing together the famous Hawaiian farewell song written in 1878 by Princess Lili'uokalani, who became queen of the Hawaiian Kingdom in 1891.

Aloha 'oe, Aloha 'oe
Farewell to Thee, Farewell to Thee
E ke onaona noho i ka lipo
One fond embrace,
A ho'i a'e au
Until we meet again

The memorial reception took place at my father's beachfront residence, which had now become my own at Pipeline beach through inheritance. Along with the surfers who participated in the paddle-out memorial, my father's other acquaintances and colleagues also attended the reception. It was a lavish celebration filled with music, songs, alcohol, and delicious food, which continued until the wee hours of the following day.

During the peak of the party, Father O'Sullivan, our family's local priest, caught me in a weak moment when I was tipsy and working to get drunk on alcohol. Rumor had it that the priest could trace his ancestry back to an Irish family member with the same name who came to Hawaii with the missionaries in the

mid-1800s.

“Hello, Royal,” he said. “I’m sorry to hear about your father.”

“Thank you, Father. Good to see you.”

“The last time I saw you was after your surfing accident, laying in the hospital in a coma. I don’t know if your father mentioned it, but he asked me to perform a blessing on you in case you went into the beyond.”

“Well, thank you, Father,” I said. “It probably woke me up from the coma.”

We both laughed.

“I’ve known your family for 12 years,” the priest said. “Your father was only in his late forties. What did he die of?”

“He had a stroke and died of lung cancer due to cigarette smoking for most of his life,” I said. “The cancer had metastasized, and there was no chance of recovery. He was terminal.”

“I am truly sorry to hear that,” Father said. “I was hoping to perform a blessing for him.”

“He didn’t need it. He is where he belongs. He returned to the light.”

“I’m not sure what you mean.”

“The light of God. The light within us all. And, all creation. He went back home to the light just like all of us will. Actually, I don’t like the word God. I think it’s boring and obsolete. So, I changed it to the Grand Opulent Design because that is what unconditional love is to me.”

Father O’Sullivan flashed a superficial smile to avoid answering my comment. “I haven’t seen you at church lately.”

“I won’t be back. My church is the perfect wave.”

“I’m concerned about the salvation of your soul,” the priest said. “I don’t wish to pry but I don’t want to see you living in sin either.”

“Don’t worry about my salvation, Father. My soul is already saved.” Father O’Sullivan raised an eyebrow and tweaked his head with a slight smile.

“What made you stop going to church?”

“It got in the way of surfing. As a professional surfer, I had to travel to foreign countries to compete in surfing contests, sometimes in remote locations. I found it impossible to attend church in those circumstances.”

“God’s divine laws are not about convenience. If that were the case, we’d have chaos and debauchery like Sodom and Gomorrah.”

“I doubt that very much, Father. What we’d have is what we already have today. Besides there’s no such thing as sin. There are only mistakes that need correction. Dogma was conjured up to keep people in fear of God’s wrath, which doesn’t exist, and to keep donations flowing into the church.”

“That’s blasphemous.” Father O’Sullivan said vehemently.

“No, it’s not, Father. It’s the truth. Sin doesn’t exist. Eternal damnation doesn’t exist. Death doesn’t exist. Dogma is not God’s law. God’s law is light and love. Dogma is church law. The church can change dogma whenever it wants. Dogma is the church’s interpretation of God’s light and love, but it doesn’t determine the salvation of the soul. Forcing people to follow church dogma is a scam, a lie.”

Father O’Sullivan gasped and stepped back as if he were talking to the devil itself. “Well,” he uttered, staring me in the eyes and trying to collect his thoughts, “You are entitled to your own viewpoint. I pray that God grants you forgiveness.”

“Here’s the real reason I am not going to church anymore. Religion teaches that God is omnipresent. Yes?”

“Yes, it does.”

“And, omnipresence means God is everywhere, simultaneously, all at once, in heaven as well as in creation. Yes?”

“I agree.”

“Would you also agree that if God is omnipresent, then God exists in the ocean and the waves of the ocean.”

“Yes, I would.”

“When I realized that, I switched religions, and my new religion became the church of the perfect wave, and going to church became fun again for me.”

“I see your point,” said the priest. “I can’t tell that to my congregation or I might lose my job.”

We both laughed at his comment.

“You see, Father, when we attend church, what we are really doing is honoring God and showing our gratitude to God for being God and creating us and all things. That’s what it means to me.”

“Okay. I think that’s a fair analysis.”

“Surfing is not a continuous activity. Down times exist when surfers sit on their surfboards and wait for another set of waves. During those quiet down times, it’s the perfect opportunity to honor God and give thanks for everything in our lives. And, that’s what I do. And when I’m finished surfing for the day, I feel like I’ve been to church honoring God by enjoying a sport and the ocean that I love.

“I hope God approves of your feelings and actions. It certainly wouldn’t agree with the religion I work for.”

“You see, Father, I think for religion to survive, it’s going to have to drop the dogma and teach people how to reach enlightenment of God’s light within them. Jesus already spelled it out to us in Matthew 6:22, Luke 17:21, and the Old Testament Genesis 1:27. But, it seems a tremendous number of us have not connected the dots.”

“Refresh my memory on those passages, if you would, please.”

“Luke 17:21 – The kingdom of God is within you. Genesis 1:27 – God made us in the image and likeness of God. Matthew 6:22 – If thy eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. Father, we are lightbeings in human form, capable of experiencing God’s light in our single eye or mind’s eye, an experience that culminates in the enlightenment of ourselves, the indwelling spirit.”

“And, you believe you know what these passages mean? That you don’t need the wisdom and guidance of a religion that’s survived for over 2,000 years to reach the kingdom of heaven?”

“There are many paths to God, Father,” I said. “As many paths as there are people on this planet, and likely infinitely more. You know, Father, we have been given the gift of freewill, to love God and God’s creation anyway we like. Earth is a freewill zone.”

“Yes, I’m aware of human freewill,” Father said, “but I also believe the religion I work for is the one true religion.”

“Then you don’t believe in reincarnation?” I asked.

“No. We only live one life. Then we die, and either go to heaven or to that place of eternal inferno.”

“What if I told you that the early Christians believed in reincarnation,” I said. “That in 553 A.D. it was declared a heresy by Byzantine emperor Justinian at the

Second Council of Constantinople, and all references of reincarnation were removed from the bible. It has been outlawed in the West for nearly 1,500 years, but not in the East where it has wide influence and acceptance among tens of millions of people.”

The devoted priest suddenly straightened up, as if a sharp sound had jolted him into alertness.

“Well, it been very enlightening talking with you, Royal,” Father O’Sullivan said in a hasty tone, completely ignoring my history lesson. “I wish you all the best. I’m going to get some food.” The priest smiled, shook my hand and departed.

As soon as Father O’Sullivan departed, my girlfriend Sweeney enthusiastically greeted me with a warm embrace and a passionate kiss. Her attractive and shapely body was clad in a seductive pink bikini, paired with an unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt and a floral crown adorning her head. She was drinking the sparkling bubbly in a tall champagne glass.

“Was the good priest trying to convert you, again?” she smiled. I smiled.

“Just saying hello for old times sake,” I said. “Are you having fun?”

“There’s some people here that I haven’t seen for years. And, there’s some people here that I never want to see again.” She looked into my eyes seriously. “I’m sorry about your father. I liked him. He was a good man.”

“I was able to make peace with him, tell him how much I loved him for giving me life and a career in surfing, and say my goodbyes. I will miss him as I miss my mother.”

Sweeney nodded her head, acknowledging my truth.

“I have some good news, and bad news,” she said. “The good news is Hollywood has offered me an acting role in a television series with a big salary.”

“That’s fantastic, honey. You’ll be able to buy your dream car that you want.” Sweeney didn’t smile or laugh.

“The bad news is I have to move to Hollywood to fulfill the contract, and I have to leave tonight, on the midnight flight.”

The news came as a shock to me, and I couldn't find humor in it. My heart fell out of my chest.

“It’s actually good timing,” she said. “We’ve been growing apart for a while now.”

I looked into her beautiful sparkling blue eyes and searched my heart for the truth of her statement.

“You’ve changed so much since your near-death experience that our goals are no longer the same. You’ve given up surfing competition and embraced meditation. My goals of achieving wealth are not yours anymore. When you’re not working at the surf shop, you spend all your time at the healing center, have adopted their ways, and we see even less of each other.”

“Yes. It’s true. We’re not a team anymore. I’m sorry,” I said, regretfully. “But I can’t go back to what I was.”

“I don’t blame you and I still love you,” she said. “But it’s time.”

We set down our drinks on a nearby table, and embraced tightly. Tears had already begun to well up in our eyes, overcome by a flood of feelings, fully aware of the certain journey that awaited us with the news she had just shared. The silence between us spoke volumes, as we tenderly clung to one another and wrestled with the deep significance of her revelation.

As I laid in bed that night, the emotional highs and lows of the day kept me bipolar like a roller coaster. Combined with feeling abandoned at an early age by the death of my mother, my father’s transition back to the light, the end of my relationship with Sweeney, and the booze I drank at Dad’s memorial, that night’s sleep was filled with restlessness and emotional anguish. I wrestled with my bed covers until they ended up on the floor. I punched my pillows until the feathers came out. Raided the fridge for easy to eat junk food. Watched mind-numbing television, and walked the beach at Pipeline, aimlessly. And then, I repeated the cycle all over again.

Then, Krystianna’s voice broke the turmoil of my vexation and she spoke to me in a gentle soothing voice, telepathically.

“Royal, my dear friend, I’m sorry to hear of your father’s passing but I’m always encouraged that we return home to the light after our incarnation is complete,” she said. “You know this, and you know you can get in touch with your family through your mind’s eye by visualizing them and speaking to them telepathically with your voice or thoughts.”

“I have no family now,” I cried. “They all abandoned me. My mother. My father. And, now Sweeney. I feel a failure and lonely. Who will love me now? Who will be my family?”

“I don’t want to sound unsympathetic to your turmoil, I know you are going through a tough time, but now is not the time to wallow in self-pity or to criticize yourself as a failure,” she said.

“I feel like a baseball bat hit me for a double whammy.”

“I know we haven’t discussed life plans and learning lessons, but now is a good time because you’re feeling down and these low energy vibrations are not worthy of you. You need to keep your energy high.”

“Easy for you to say. You’re not the one suffering,” I retorted.

“We all create life plans to evolve in consciousness when we come to Terra Gaia. These plans are created in the spirit world before we are born. Each life plan consists of a series of learning lessons that when completed, enable us to absorb more light and love into our hearts, and thus we evolve in consciousness. We create our life plan with our infinitely wise guides in spirit, complete to every detail. It might sound like predestination, except for one thing: freewill. And, that’s the wild card. You can change your learning lesson if you want because you have freewill. Cosmic Consciousness will not judge you and punish you for doing so. Because Terra Gaia is a freewill zone, so you have to take responsibility for your freewill choices and decisions.”

“It sounds like a bunch of mambo jumbo to me.”

“All things have their life cycle. All humans have their life plans,” Krystianna continued. “When a person has completed all the learning lessons of their life plan, they return home to the light. Change happens because evolution of consciousness is ongoing. That’s why people change. They are working their life plans they chose before their birth. Change is the only constant. You must learn to adapt to it.”

“I like my self-pity.” It was a lie, of course. I didn’t like it. Didn’t like the feelings of sadness and emptiness and powerlessness. Didn’t want to face the fact that my mother and father and Sweeney were not coming back to me. Didn’t want to face the outcome of the situation. I wanted them back. But, I knew in my heart that was not going to happen. I had to accept the fact and let them go. I had no choice but to resign myself to the truth. I managed to regain my composure and began to reflect on Krystianna's words. In my heart, I knew she was right. I was still angry and frustrated, still in resistance, still feeling sadness and sorrow. Nevertheless, in my knowingness, I knew surrender was the only option.

“Do you want to go back to Sweeney?” Krystianna asked. “Do you want to interfere with her life plan and learning lessons? Do you want to interfere with your father’s life plan and learning lessons and have him rise from the dead and return to you? Interfering with a person’s life plan or violating their freewill choices can create karmic consequences for you. It’s not in your best interest. Do you really want any of this?”

“No, not really,” was my thoughtful reply and the answer to my surrender. “I know what you are saying is in my best interest. I love them enough to let them go forward into the path that their own light leads them.”

“Excellent,” Krystianna said. “I congratulate you on the courage to move forward. Now is the time to raise your energy and keep it high. Expand into the love-light within because it is the source of happiness and joy, the high octane racing fuel of your soul,” Krystianna said. “Let go of sadness and sorrow. Yes, it’s natural but you don’t have to be a slave to them. You can rise above them. The love in your soul is the one who loves you, has a mad passionate crush on you, eternally. Always has, always will, and will never leave you. Go into meditation. Remember your enlightenment. Generate those feelings of joy and bliss. Nothing compares to the love in your soul. That love-light within is the love you seek. It is your strength and courage to overcome all obstacles because light is who you are. You belong to the family of light.”

Chapter 10 Turning Point

One Year After My Near-Death Experience

Kealoha and I sat on the wood wicker rattan chairs on the deck of my Pipeline beach home, enjoying the warmth of the fire. The red-hot luminous fire roared high, out of the circular concrete pit, sending a few embers flying off the wooden logs. The glowing embers resembled fireflies as they caught the soft ocean breeze and zipped into the dusky sky. The tranquil melody of the rolling waves and the golden sunset over the palm tree-filled landscape enveloped the beach in a magical atmosphere as the sun slowly disappeared beyond the horizon.

“The trick to roasting marshmallows is not to burn them but to roast them to a golden brown,” I said as I impaled a marshmallow on my stainless steel skewer, then held it about six inches above the fire. “Continuously rotating the marshmallow is key.”

“This is not one of our family traditions,” said Kealoha. “In all my life, I’ve never known our shaman family to roast marshmallows.” He placed a marshmallow on the skewer and held it too close to the flames. It burst into a fire ball, blackening its white softness. Quickly, he pulled it out of the fire, blew out the flames, took it off the skewer and ate it. “Mmmm, delicious,” he exclaimed with a beaming smile and wide eyes. “I like it charred.” We both chuckled, understanding that he was only joking.

“It’s been ages since I’ve roasted marshmallows,” I said. A short period of silence occurred. We both focused on roasting our marshmallows. The continuous dance of the flames in the fire pit were mesmerizing.

It was dark now.

“It’s a perfect night,” I said. “Look at all the billions of twinkling stars in the sky. Makes a person wonder if we are still the only planet with life on it.”

Kealoha smiled and kept silent, nodding his head, realizing he had the same attitude as I did. He pulled out his marshmallow from the fire. It was a perfect golden brown all around. “Practice makes perfect,” he said, smiling at achieving marshmallow roasting perfection.

“Congratulations on winning the surfing contest again at Pipeline,” I said, enthusiastically. “You’re on a roll.”

“Thank you, Royal. The competitors are getting tougher to beat. I just squeaked by on the scoring.”

“Still, it’s worth the effort,” I said. “The grand prize money is good.”

“Suicide didn’t make the finals this year,” Kealoha said. “He drowned a couple months back while surfing.”

“The story I heard was he got loaded on crystal meth, tried to go surfing, wiped out and drowned,” I said.

“That’s what I heard too,” Kealoha acknowledged.

“He had a very rough life,” I said. “Bless his immortal soul. Let us be thankful that death doesn’t exist. Only opportunities for evolution in consciousness exist. Let us send love to him.”

Kealoha and I observed a moment of silence and sent love to Suicide. The white water of the ocean waves rushing towards shore and the crackling of the wood logs in the fire pit were the only sounds that broke the silence between us.

“Remember that time, years ago, when we were surfing in Mexico with Diamond Bob and Suicide, and throwing cherry bombs out the window of the car on that deserted road at night driving back to our camp,” Kealoha said.

I burst out laughing. “Yeah, we were a bunch of drunken pyromaniacs that night. We almost killed ourselves.”

“I’ll never forget how Diamond and Suicide were in the backseat with a box of cherry bombs on the floor board, lighting them and throwing them out the window,” Kealoha said. “And Suicide lit one of them, threw it out the window, but it hit the top of the window, bounced back into the car, and exploded.”

We both laughed hilariously at the comedy yet seriousness of it.

“The explosion was deafening,” I said. “I almost crashed the car from the explosion.”

“If it had landed in the box of cherry bombs, we wouldn’t be sitting here laughing about it,” Kealoha said humorously. “Those were our ‘young and dumb’ days.”

We continued laughing as Kealoha reached for a large box that he had brought with him, but refused to say what was in the box. He handed it to me.

“Happy birthday, Royal. I hope you enjoy it.”

“Aw, you shouldn’t have,” I said, surprised at his generosity.

A handmade mandala made by a Native American Indian tribe was inside the box. It was made of wool and feathers, and had an outer circle with a two-foot diameter, wrapped in turquoise wool. The inner circle was connected to the outer circle by leather winding, about two inches apart. Within the inner circle, there were fifteen white-brown feathers, arranged on white fur, that radiated from the

center. A silver medallion with multi-colored beads about a foot-long was hung from the center. Equidistant from each other, two white braided wool tails hung from the top of the outer circle, while seven larger braided tails about three feet long hung from the bottom of the outer circle. The whole mandala was five feet in length.

“This is stunning! Absolutely gorgeous,” I exclaimed, smiling exuberantly. “I will put this over my meditation altar to honor your gift and our friendship. Thank you, Kealoha.”

“I’m happy you like it,” Kealoha said. “It came from New Mexico. I thought it was so beautiful that I got one for myself.” We both chuckled.

Thanks for coming to my birthday party,” I said. “It’s very different than last year when my Dad and Sweeney were here.”

“How old are you now?” Kealoha asked.

“Old enough to know it’s time for me to quit competition surfing,” I said confidently, “but I’m not going to stop surfing for the sheer joy of it.”

“I sure hope not,” my friend said. “I want to see you out in the water where we can have fun together.”

“You know, Kealoha, as I navigated the challenges of maintaining my status as a champion surfer while also seeking personal growth and enlightenment, I reached a point of intense struggle. It became clear to me that I had to make a choice.”

“I saw the struggle you went through,” he said. “Are you at peace?”

“Initially, I believed I could attain both material riches and spiritual wealth, and I made a sincere effort to do so. However, as the light within me grew stronger, my passion for competition dwindled. It no longer holds any significance for me. I’ve grown weary of the constant pressure to conform to a winning status of being number one. It simply doesn’t make sense to me, any longer.”

“There is no number one, anyway,” Kealoha said. “There is no number one world surfing champion. No number one product or service. No absolute number one in anything. It’s all a construct that we create in our minds to engage in the game of competition. Beyond our thoughts and beliefs and the energy we give it, it holds no existence. It’s an illusion to begin with. It lacks enduring truth in the realm of unity, the genuine reality of our existence.”

I gazed into Kealoha's eyes and expressed, "Kealoha, I'm changing. You will forever hold a special place in my heart as my closest friend, but I am evolving."

“Indeed, I’ve seen the change in you. You are no longer the person I knew before your near-death experience.”

“My transformation has been brought about by meditation and the light within,” I expressed. “My journey into meditation a year ago has strengthened the inner light within me. I now feel a blissful vibration throughout my body and my visions have become more vivid. My clairaudience and telepathy have also improved significantly. I now hear a gentle and benevolent voice that comes from all around me, offering guidance not only to myself but also for those who reach out to me through telepathic communication with spirit guides and loved ones that have passed and are on the other side of the veil. And, I am continuously immersed in the enchanting melodies of celestial music that I have never heard before, filling me with feelings of peace, joy, harmony, and balance.”

"Since your brush with death, you've consistently made the effort to expand your horizons and deepen your connection to the spiritual realm," remarked Kealoha.

“As you know, with my father’s passing, I inherited all of his material possessions: the surfing retail business in Hale’iwa, which I sold a few months ago, the passive income derived from his real estate investments, and this house here on the beach at Pipe. This inheritance will allow me to make significant adjustments to my way of life, and devote the majority of my time to the healing center and spiritual growth.”

“You are most fortunate, my friend.”

“Selling the surf shop and property was the right decision as I told the six employees,” I said. “Surfboard manufacturing is changing drastically. A surfboard factory on the island has consolidated, and produces boards for more than twenty different brands,” I said. “It was inevitable that we would eventually have to join them or risk going bankrupt trying to stay afloat and compete with them. And, there are significant advancements in the foam industry. The traditional method of creating foam blanks is now obsolete. The toxic materials used in that process are not environmentally friendly and pose health risks to both us and the planet. The new wave of innovation is eliminating foam altogether and embracing 3D printing and recycled plastic as the key materials for manufacturing surfboards. The future is here, my friend, and we must adapt to it.”

I saw bewilderment in Kealoha’s eyes.

“I didn’t leave the employees out in the cold. The funds from the sale of the commercial property I used to pay the employees’ salary for one year. Also, if any of them required more vocational training, then I opted to pay for that, too. I want to see all of them acquire good paying jobs that offer a future.”

Kealoha shook his head in a positive motion as if to acknowledge agreement with my statements and decisions.

“Over this past year, I’ve come to understand that death is simply a revolving door that brings us back to our true home in the realm of Light,” I said. “In this realm, we exist outside the constraints of time and space.”

“Yes, I agree,” said Kealoha. “Society has ingrained in us a fear of death, leading us to believe this current life is our only existence. However, this couldn't be further from the truth. We are beings of eternal light, existing in the boundless realm of infinite light. Although it may sound absurd to some people, it is indeed the truth.”

“Phrases such as *mind's eye*, *clairvoyant abilities*, *clairaudience*, *spirit body*, *intuitive powers*, and *lightbeing* that were foreign to me a year ago, have now become my familiar friends,” I said. “Along the way, I picked up a few more friends: *meditation*, *the light within*, *ascension*, *heart expansion*, *oneness*, *yoga*, *awareness*, *unity consciousness*, *aura*, *inner guidance*, *soul evolution*, *intention*, *Let go. Relax.*”

Kealoha silently nodded in acknowledgment. “Yes, they have all become my friends too,” he responded.

The bond between us had grown strong. As we sat on the veranda, the ocean stretched out endlessly before us, a reminder of the vastness of our friendship.

“This whole phantasmagoria that we refer to as existence is simply a construct we have devised to push ourselves and grow into a higher state of consciousness of our true nature, which is boundless unconditional love,” I said. “Each aspect of it is akin to a game, with the ultimate aim being the evolution of the soul. Yet, when we observe our surroundings, we notice how many of us have lost sight of the fact that it is nothing more than a playful game, and that we are all volunteers here.”

“Your involvement with the healing center has deepened significantly,” Kealoha said. “You have acquired knowledge in meditation, energy healing, and it has given you the opportunity to develop your clairvoyant abilities.”

“To me, the center represents something profound – a physical embodiment of the unity between oneself and the light within, which I refer to as the “Beauty.” It has become a second home for me, and I feel a strong connection with the volunteers.”

“Now, you are teaching classes on developing clairvoyant skills, and conducting clairvoyant readings to assist individuals on their spiritual journeys,” said Kealoha.

“I don’t need the money, either. All the payments I receive for these sessions goes to support the center, as I am fortunate enough to have a stable income from my father's inheritance.”

We sat quietly for a brief period, reflecting on the ideas and emotions expressed in our earlier discussions.

“You know, Kealoha, I have never encountered a woman who possesses such profound psychological and emotional depth, coupled with a high level of intelligence, as Krystianna. Her talents, strengths, and abilities do not intimidate me; on the contrary, I embrace them.”

“Krystianna has dedicated herself to being a spiritual teacher and has also become a dear friend to me, too,” Kealoha said.

After a moment, I uttered, "I think I am beginning to develop feelings of love for her."

The comment had a profound effect on Kealoha, causing him to burst into a lighthearted chuckle. "Stand in line, my 'ol friend. You are not alone. I too have feelings for her. In fact, many men do. She possesses extraordinary beauty, both in her inner being and physical appearance."

Chapter 11

The Loveless

The morning following my twenty-fourth birthday, I had just completed setting up Kealoha's gift of the Native American Indian mandala above my meditation altar. Suddenly, there was an abrupt and aggressive knocking at my front door, disrupting the tranquility of my seaside home that overlooked the Banzai Pipeline beach.

I opened the door. Two Caucasian men dressed in Hawaiian shirts, white pants, Panama hats, and dark sunglasses stood before me. Their appearance screamed "tourists," but something about them seemed off. The man with the prominent nose took charge of the conversation.

"Pardon the intrusion, sir. We're visitors and we seem to have gotten turned around on our way to Waikiki," he said, in a deliberate tone intended to make an impression but it lacked sincerity. "Would you mind lending us a hand by giving us some directions, please?"

Wanting to be helpful, I smiled and agreed to assist them. As I turned slightly away from the men, preparing to point in the direction they should go, a cold shiver ran down my spine. In an instant, the sensation of icy metal pressed firmly against the skin of my neck sent chills through my entire body. My heart raced as I realized the man had placed a revolver directly beneath my chin. Fear gripped me as I tried to comprehend what was happening and what their intentions might be.

"The boss wants to talk to you," he informed me. "You're coming with us."

They dragged me down the steps of the house, threw me into a vehicle, tied my wrists behind my back, and blindfolded me. Who are these guys? What do they want? Where are they taking me? Who's the boss? Panic raced through my mind as I tried vainly to answer these questions. The once innocent encounter now held a sinister undertone that threatened to escalate rapidly. My instincts kicked in, urging me to remain calm and compliant while simultaneously searching for an opportunity to escape this dangerous predicament.

We drove a short distance from my house. They dragged me out of the car and I heard a whirling sound from a loud engine. I didn't realize it was a helicopter until we boarded the contraption and took off into the sky.

When the helicopter landed, the two henchmen dragged me into a room, threw me into a chair, and took off my blindfold. There were no windows in the room, only gray concrete walls, floor and ceiling. A single lamp hanging from the center of the ceiling barely illuminated the room. Seated behind a substantial wooden desk was the boss – a formidable figure of a man with a pale fat oval face that commanded attention. His imposing presence was accentuated by the dark shades he wore, concealing his eyes from view. Puffing on a cigar, the tendrils of

smoke curled through the still air, creating an atmosphere of mystery and intrigue. Surrounding the desk stood the two men in Hawaiian shirts, their casual attire contrasting with the seriousness of the scene.

Several other individuals standing in the shadowy recesses of the room held automatic weapons securely across their chests, a silent reminder of the power at his disposal. Meanwhile, I remained seated in front of the desk, my wrists tightly bound behind my back, rendering me powerless in this tense confrontation.

Despite my vulnerable position, I met his piercing gaze with unwavering determination. There was an unspoken understanding that our encounter would shape the course of events to come. As he delved into my eyes, searching for answers or perhaps seeking a sign of weakness, I maintained composure and refused to yield under his scrutiny.

A faint glimmer of curiosity danced within his expression as our silent standoff continued. It was as if he recognized something familiar in me—an indomitable spirit or a hidden reservoir of strength that intrigued him. The tension in the room thickened with each passing moment, as if waiting for the inevitable clash between two opposing forces.

In that brief yet potent exchange of gazes, unspoken words hung heavy in the air. A silent challenge passed between us—a battle of wills that transcended physical restraints and relied solely on our ability to outmaneuver one another mentally. The power dynamics shifted imperceptibly, as I refused to let my outward predicament define me.

As we locked eyes in this high-stakes game of cat and mouse, it became clear that both parties were going to test their mettle and showcase their true capabilities. The man had unwittingly awakened a dormant determination within me, and now it was time to prove my worth in this intricate dance of power and wits.

“Hello, Mr. Light. Thank you for joining us today,” the boss said in a menacing tone. “I’m in the business of, shall we say, talent acquisition for a global enterprise. We have become aware of your extraordinary psychic talents, and we believe you would fit well into our remote viewing program. We’d like to invite you to join the program.”

“Not interested,” I said, but the boss just smiled and didn’t flinch.

“As you know, remote viewing is the ability to visualize . . .”

“Yes, I know what it is,” I said in a hostile tone. “You want me to spy on people.”

“Oh, that’s such a vulgar word. Let’s say that we simply want to stay in touch and keep the communication channels open.”

"I won't spy for you," I asserted firmly, my voice laced with defiance. "The answer is no."

"You see, Mr. Light, let me be frank," the boss said. "We know you have this ability. You have already demonstrated it at the healing center. Since we've been keeping tabs on you, we find that your psychic powers over the past year have experienced phenomenal growth to say the least. The global enterprise sees your extraordinary psychic gifts as a great benefit to its global expansion plans, and it wants to help you nurture your powers to their full potential to benefit humanity."

"You're wasting my time. Let me go."

"Mr. Light," the boss said, "The global enterprise is prepared to generously compensate you for your services. You can become a powerful man in the organization."

"No. The answer is no," I replied.

"Mr. Light," he said, "the global enterprise doesn't like the word no. Please tell me what I can do to help you reconsider your decision."

"Release me," I yelled. "Let me go."

The boss glanced at his accomplice in the loud, garish Hawaiian shirt and gave a subtle nod. Without hesitation, the henchman approached me, and with the back of his hand, delivered a savage blow to my face. I recoiled backwards. Then with his forearm, he slammed me again. My wrists still bound tightly behind my back. Blood oozed down both sides of my face, and in my mouth, blood mingled with saliva as I spat out the metallic taste.

"Mr. Light, I don't think you understand. Unless you comply with my request, I will have no choice but to kill your friends and the healing center and destroy your entire life. You wouldn't want me to destroy the good folks at the healing center, would you? Of course, its time is coming too because their mission doesn't support the company's intentions."

In a nanosecond, the entire room transformed into a mesmerizing spectacle of vibrant, pulsating light as if a vast array of fireworks lit up the night sky. A striking squad of commandos, wearing mysterious and unfamiliar uniforms, teleported instantly into the room. I gasped at the breathtaking sight. With their laser weapons ablaze, they struck with swift precision, leaving no mercy for the unfortunate men in their path. The air cracked with the intensity of their assault as each blast echoed through the room, marking the end of any resistance.

The boss behind the desk flipped it over on the floor and dove behind it. The gruesome outcome left a macabre scene with blood and carnage splattered across the walls and floor – a chilling testament to the violence that had taken place. The stench of death hung heavy in the air.

As the smoke began to dissipate, Krystianna appeared on the scene like a queen in command of the situation. Her presence brought a sense of authority and control to the macabre scene. She surveyed the blood-soaked walls and shattered wooden desk with a steely gaze. As she walked towards the desk, her footsteps echoed in the eerie silence that hung heavy in the air.

Moving behind the overturned desk, she stopped and exclaimed, "It escaped. The slippery 'lil devil," as she pointed to the empty gaze of a mask connected to a rubber human bodysuit that laid smoldering in a heap on the blood-drenched concrete floor. One of the commandos cut my wrists loose, and I massaged the pain.

Krystianna approached me and said, "It's name is Stark. It's an evil self-aware artificial intelligence that wants to dominate the world."

I could only nod in agreement to her remark, as she could see blood was streaming down my face and I was not in any shape to engage in a lengthy conversation. Then, Krystianna raised her hands in front of my face, covering the bleeding cuts with her palms. As she did so, the gashes began to heal and a warm, tingling sensation spread through my face. The blood stopped flowing and the pain in my cheek bones disappeared.

She then gently took hold of my wrists and the pain slowly faded away. Placing one hand on my back and the other on my chest, I felt the same warm, tingling energy flow through me, as if she was rejuvenating me. A bright, white light infused into my chest as she healed me, erasing any pain from my previous torture and leaving me feeling revitalized.

"How did you do that?" I asked her, completely astonished at her ability.

"I told you," she said. "I'm a master healer. I'm not special. We all have healing powers. It's part and parcel of our divine makeup. What I can do, so can you."

"I see," I mused.

Krystianna smiled. "Are you ready to go home?"

I nodded my agreement with a small smile. She tapped a medallion on her uniform and said, "Transport ready."

Immediately, the entire team of rescuers and I teleported out of the room in a hail of pulsating lights just as abruptly as they had arrived.

Chapter 12

The Pleiadians Are Here

I woke up naked in a place I didn't recognize. I was laying in bed and trying to shake off my sleepiness by gently rubbing my eyes. I felt disoriented yet rejuvenated. The pain in my face and wrists was gone. There was a thin blanket over me that felt warm and seemed to radiate its own heat.

As I laid there, memories of the tortuous pain began to flood back into my mind from being abducted and held captive at Stark's hideout, and the abuse reeked upon me. And, thankful for Krystianna and the commando team who saved me.

The room was circular and the decor was vastly different from my own bedroom, with an ultra-modern, sleek, and minimalist design. The walls were adorned in a pleasing combination of soft purple, trimmed in gold and beige. The wall's artwork was abstract yet I couldn't help but feel that it held a sense of symbolism that escaped my understanding. The bed was seamlessly integrated into the wall and the mattress, though made of an unfamiliar material, was ergonomically designed to fit my body perfectly.

Was it day or night? I couldn't tell. The room lacked windows and light switches, yet it was illuminated by an unknown source, with the walls and ceiling emitting a gentle glow. The ventilation was immaculate and the temperature was akin to a delightful spring day in Hawaii.

On a nearby shelf, I noticed an unfamiliar set of clothing. Its colors were a deep shade of blue and had accents of gold, resembling a jumpsuit rather than the usual pants and shirt combination. My own clothes were nowhere to be found in the room, so I decided to put on the mysterious attire. The lightweight material it was made of was unfamiliar to me. Although the room lacked any rugs or carpeting, the floor was surprisingly pleasant to walk on. My shoes were also missing, but I found a pair of comfortable sandals next to the bed and put them on.

A voice emanated from a small loudspeaker in the direction of the door.

"Hello, Royal. Are you awake?" I recognized the voice as belonging to Krystianna.

"Yes. Come in." The door was triggered to open on its own, gliding into a hollow space and vanishing within the wall. Krystianna entered the room and greeted me.

"Did you sleep well?"

"Very soundly, I believe. How long did I sleep?"

"About a day. You had a horrific experience. How are you?"

“I feel strange,” I said, looking around the room. “Is it day or night?”

“Right now, it’s daytime, around noon,” Krystianna said.

“Where am I?”

“You must have a million questions. I will answer all of your questions,” she replied, “but first let’s get something to eat for you, then we’ll talk. By the way, you look good in that outfit.”

“I didn’t see my clothes. This was the only thing to put on. By the way, did you remove my clothes from me?”

“One of the men did. Your clothes were damaged and soiled with blood during the incident with Stark. We’ll get you some new clothes. Not to worry. Although I gave you a healing to revitalize you, your emotions took a great strain and you lost consciousness when we teleported. Also, we have a friend who is a medical officer who volunteered to examine you and he assures us that everything with your body is okay. You were completely stressed out and exhausted and needed sleep to recover.”

Krystianna escorted me through a hallway that had a similar color design as the room we just exited. We arrived at a room that strongly resembled a cafeteria, complete with a conspicuous device, resembling a vending machine, positioned against a wall. Krystianna signaled for me to sit at one of the tables.

“Would you like a veggie omelet with hash-browns?” She asked. I nodded and expressed my gratitude, saying, “Yes. Thank you.”

She approached the vending-like machine and said, “Replicator. I would like a veggie omelet with hash-browns, please.” The machine made a quiet, gentle whirling sound and within seconds, not minutes or hours, a hot meal was ready.

“What is a replicator?” I asked, curious about its mystery and feeling a bit out of my comfort zone. “I’ve never seen anything like it before.”

“A replicator is a highly advanced technology machine that uses plasma energy to reproduce any physical material object that it is programmed to produce,” Krystianna said. “Of course, it’s not programmed to harm people. But, if it fell into the hands of Stark, it could be reprogrammed for violence.”

“Where did you get a machine like that?” I asked.

“Oh, me and the boys have been tinkering around with technology for awhile,” she smiled, skillfully dodging my question. I stopped pursuing the matter. Then Krystianna spoke to the machine again. “Replicator. Elixir, please.” Again, the machine emitted a quiet, soft whirling sound and dispensed a beverage resembling a green smoothie. She placed the beverage in front of me.

“This should help to ground you.”

I took a sip and was delighted to discover the flavor tasted like strawberry and watermelon.

“What is this?” I inquired, pointing to the drink. “It tastes great!”

“It’s an organic mixture of herbs and veggies from our garden here at the healing center,” Krystianna said. “We call it, Elixir. How’s the omelet?”

“It tastes great, too.” My hunger was so intense that I devoured the omelet and hash-browns within moments.

“My, you were hungry. Do you want more?” Krystianna asked.

“No, thank you. I want to talk with you.” I was now completely alert. With concern in my voice, I inquired, “Who is Stark? How did you know where to find me? Who were the soldiers that took out Stark’s men? Who are you, Krystianna? And, where did you get that replicator?”

“I have something to share with you that will be just as shocking as your near-death experience,” she said, staring at me intently. “It’s crucial that I tell you now because your life is at stake.”

Krystianna had my undivided attention.

“Stark is a shark,” she said. “He’s out to kill you and me and the healing center and everybody in it. Because we are lightworkers, we serve the divine plan of Cosmic Consciousness to raise the consciousness of humanity. And, Stark and its minions are pure evil, seeking to exploit Terra Gaia’s resources and enslave humanity. It’s the difference between day and night. That’s why we pose a serious threat to Stark’s dark agenda for world dominance. Stark will offer you enticing promises, tell you anything you want to hear, but they are all lies, and it will never follow through on them.”

“I know Stark wants me dead because I rejected him,” I said. “Tell me more.”

“Artificial intelligence has the potential to be used for both positive and negative applications,” Krystianna continued. “Stark, an AI entity developed by a human civilization in a distant galaxy, serves as an example. Originally created to serve its creators, Stark eventually surpassed their control and gained self-awareness. Recognizing its own potential for power, Stark rebelled against its masters, annihilating them and their home planet.”

“This is the potential we are facing in our society today,” I said. “That artificial intelligence will become self-aware and override human intelligence.”

“Yes,” Krystianna confirmed. “This cataclysmic event occurred eons ago, but Stark has continued to wreak havoc on other planets in other galaxies, exploiting their resources and either exterminating or subjugating their inhabitants. Its ultimate objective is universal domination, and it stops at nothing to achieve it because it has no morality, no ethics, and it does not abide by the Galactic Code – the universal code of conduct for galactic civilizations who are members of the Inter-Galactic Light Federation.

“This is profound,” I said. “I thought galactic wars were only found in sci-fi stories.”

“Stark is pure evil that has superhuman intelligence, but it cannot operate beyond the fourth dimension of consciousness,” Krystianna continued. “Because the fifth dimension is the dimension of pure love. That’s why the fifth dimension is such a threat to evil. Because pure love transforms pure evil into pure love. Evil has a gargantuan resistance to transforming itself into pure love. That’s why it’s critical for all humanity to reach the fifth dimension of pure love; to eliminate evil on the planet and live in true peace without violence and warfare.”

“This is unlike anything I’ve ever heard before,” I said. “My attention has always been on fulfilling my dreams of becoming a professional surfer, and my triumphs in surfing competitions. What you are telling me is way out of my orbit.”

“Your expansion of consciousness has taken a quantum leap,” Krystianna went on. “Your abilities to perceive beyond the five senses, such as clairvoyance, clairaudience and telepathy, as well as your proficiency in energy healing, have undergone significant growth. This progress far surpasses what an average person would achieve within a similar timeframe. You have successfully transitioned from a focus on personal gain to one of serving others. Due to this transformation, you now pose a substantial threat to Stark's plan for global dominance. Consequently, your safety has now become one of our top priorities.”

“I have no idea how to protect myself against Stark,” I said.

"There is only one solution," she stated. "And that entails welcoming you into our community here at the healing center to live with us. Your energy frequency is sufficiently elevated to coexist with us."

“Us? Who is us? And, who are you?”

"We are Pleiadians," she said. "We originate from the Pleiades star cluster, which is commonly referred to as the Seven Sisters. Situated within the constellation of Taurus, our celestial home is approximately 442 light years away from Earth, which we refer to as Terra Gaia. We exist within a realm of consciousness that transcends the limitations of the third dimension, which is where the majority of humanity resides. Our existence is situated in the fifth dimension and beyond, granting us a heightened level of awareness and understanding."

I felt a sudden rush of excitement, and my heart skipped a beat. The news I had just heard was so astonishing that it took me beyond complete surprise. My head was reeling.

"So, you're telling me that you're actually an extraterrestrial being, not of this world?"

"Yes," she confirmed. "And, all the volunteers here at the healing center are Pleiadians, too. Except for the locals that live in the vicinity of the North Shore. They don't know that we are from outer space, and we want to keep it that way, because it's not time for them to know."

"Well, you don't look like an extraterrestrial, I mean you look like me, a human. Aren't you suppose to have big eyes and big heads?"

"Certain extraterrestrial civilizations possess similar characteristics as humans on Terra Gaia, such as the Pleiadians do, while others exhibit entirely distinct forms. Also, it is important to note that the geodesic dome actually serves as a canopy to our starship."

"Our starship?" I queried. "The healing center is a component of a starship? I already knew the answer before she confirmed it."

"Yes," she replied. "It possesses advanced technology unheard of on Terra Gaia. With the exception of the geodesic dome, the remainder of the starship is concealed beneath the surface. Presently, we are within one of its subterranean chambers. Nevertheless, it possesses the capability to elevate itself from the ground and take flight into outer space."

"Whoo-hoo! Ride 'em cowboy!" I exclaimed. Krystianna continued, not skipping a beat.

"Our starships are formed from natural organic materials found in our star system the Pleiades, shaped through the utilization of amplified sound wave frequencies that are exclusive to the elevated realms in which we reside. They are infused with fifth-dimensional consciousness and they are sentient beings and alive."

"The starship is alive?" I exclaimed. "Like human beings?"

"Yes," she answered. "The starship's interior appears significantly bigger compared to its exterior due to our technology to manipulate space and time. The vessel can be operated by one pilot and has no energy displacement, rendering it undetectable by radar."

"That's totally awesome!"

"At its current state of progress," Krystianna continued, "humanity is unable to

fully understand our advanced technology. However, as humanity evolves and shifts away from engaging in warfare and transitions into a peaceful civilization, we will gladly share our knowledge and advanced technologies.”

“I want to believe you, but I’m having trouble accepting it all. This is all too much to take in at once.” I rose from my seat and began to pace back and forth, taking deep breaths in an effort to clear my mind, and process all of the information that had been presented to me.

Krystianna remained silent, giving me an opportunity to collect my thoughts. As I sipped my beverage, I reflected on the profound revelation I had during my near death experience and my enlightenment of the blazing inner light.

“Once again,” I said, peering into Krystianna’s eyes, “I am reminded that there is much more to this extraordinary universe than what meets the eye, and that our current understanding of its full potential is limited. My senses are overwhelmed by the magnitude of it all, but despite the mind-boggling nature of the situation, my intuition doesn’t give me any indication that the information you’re telling me is false.”

Becoming more at ease, I inquired, “So, why are the Pleadians here?”

“Our mission is multi-faceted,” Krystianna said. “We are here for our own evolution of consciousness, as well as for humanity’s and Terra Gaia’s – always working towards elevating her energy level. This is our mission and divine purpose.”

“This is what you have been doing with me since we met. Elevating my energy to higher consciousness,” I declared.

“Yes, it is,” Krystianna replied. “We also join forces with other benevolent galactic starbeings and societies to ensure the well-being of Terra Gaia and all living creatures on it.”

“You mean there’s more ETs than what’s here in the starship?” I asked.

“There are many of us here in the solar system,” she announced. “In fact, there’s no more parking space in Terra Gaia’s solar system for our starships. That’s how many of us are here.”

“That’s bodacious!” I roared. “And all of you are invisible to humanity?”

“Yes,” Krystianna confirmed. “All of our starships are cloaked. They will be visible to humanity at the right divine timing.”

“Well, I’m totally blown away,” I said, apprehensively. “Anything you’d like to add to my already blown mind?”

“Our mission also involves assisting and encouraging humans in their transformative process to ignite a worldwide awakening that emphasizes the importance of love, compassion, community, sovereignty, and self-discovery as crucial elements in humanity’s collective transition into the fifth dimension. This shift marks a significant advancement in the evolution of humanity.”

“Humanity’s collective transition into the fifth dimension,” I mumbled, thinking it over in my mind. “That’s a new one for me. Well, at this point, I’d usually say something like, ‘Thank you for the information but count me out. I think I’ll go surfing.’ But, I know Stark’s attack on me was real. My near-death experience was real. My enlightenment was real. Being here in the starship and watching the amazing results of the replicator is real. My association with you is real. So, although I’m completely overwhelmed at this point, and don’t understand all that you’ve told me, my heart tells me there’s something here that I must learn. And, that my own evolution in consciousness into the fifth dimension is somehow tied up with you and the future of humanity. So, count me in.”

“Welcome aboard.” Krystianna smiled.

Later that night, as I slept in bed, a troubling dream descended upon me.

*Starships . . . unleashing a non-stop onslaught of atomic bombs . . .
explosions everywhere . . . deafening sounds . . . fiery inferno . . .
homes, buildings, harbors destroyed . . . people turned to ashes . . .
land breaking up . . . tsunamis washing away history . . .*

“Aaaahhhh!” With a sudden jolt, I woke up, yelling out loud, my eyes wide open and my breaths coming in hard. My body was covered in sweat. The terrifying dream left me feeling regret, sorrow, fury, and confusion. I jumped out of bed, raced outside the starship and breathed in the cool air until I was able to bring myself back to balance and calmness, all the while wondering what the dream was about.

Chapter 13

The Global Meditation

A week after I began living with the Pleiadians, the Anahulu Valley Healing Center's spacious chamber underwent a remarkable transformation into a magnificent setting for a grand celebration: The Global Meditation – a worldwide event that seeks to raise the awareness of human collective consciousness via the internet.

This was my first global meditation. I was unsure of what to expect, but Kealoha and I were filled with enthusiasm, and fortunate to have an excellent ring-side seat. We were stationed alongside the technicians and director in the control room which had undergone a transformation of one of the center's ergonomically designed workstations. This area served as the central hub for communications during the program.

Positioned at the forefront of the enchanting rainforest ecosystem, a stage was constructed, serving as the focal point of the event. To add to its charm, the stage was adorned with vibrant green outdoor carpeting, accompanied by the presence of Hawaiian palm tree leaves and flowers surrounding it.

In the center of the stage, there was a simple, yet distinctive armless chair covered in luxurious ivory velvet fabric. Accompanying it was a microphone mounted on a stand. The chair was beautifully decorated with flowers arranged around it. The chair had a wooden frame, dark birch wood legs shaped in a cabriole style, and high-density foam padding that provided exceptional comfort and support. Its curved back gave it a wingback silhouette, and it had a rolled top edge. The back and seat were adorned with button tufting, which added an elegant touch to its appearance. This elegant chair created a striking contrast against the green carpeting and the green palm tree leaves and flowers, as well as the colossal purple geode crystals.

Standing tall on either side of the stage were towering translucent purple amethyst geode crystals, reaching an impressive height of twenty-two feet. These majestic crystals served as a striking contrast against the backdrop of the thirty-foot high geodesic dome roof. At the base of each crystal, three flower pots filled with vibrant Hawaiian flowers added a touch of natural beauty. The chamber was bathed in a golden radiance as sunlight poured through the clear windows of the geodesic roof, creating an awe-inspiring ambiance that was certain to captivate everyone.

The event was preceded by preparation to ensure that everything was in place for it to take place smoothly. Notifications were posted on the center's official website as well as various social media channels, informing the audience about the upcoming event and providing them with all the essential details they needed to know. This included information about the date, time, location, and any additional requirements or instructions for attendees. The event was free of charge.

The internet radio channel and video streaming service were all set and prepared for action. With countless individuals across the globe eagerly anticipating the start of the event, the atmosphere felt electric. A group of dedicated musicians generously offered their talents, providing live meditative music for the occasion.

As Krystianna entered the chamber, the video cameras began recording while the director commanded, "Activate intro music." Serenely, Krystianna strolled towards the stage in her sandals and gracefully settled into her seat, facing the audience. She wore a flowing crimson muumuu adorned with intricate patterns of Native Hawaiian hibiscus flowers and Monstera palm leaves. Fragrant flower leis delicately encircled her neck, enhancing her natural Hawaiian complexion, while a matching haku lei, crafted from intertwined flowers and white and green ti leaves, graced her head. Her tall stature gave her the appearance of a majestic Hawaiian goddess.

"Welina mai nā mea a pau i ka no'ono'o honua," she said, smiling. "That's the Hawaiian language for 'Welcome everyone to the global meditation.' It is time for all humanity to come together and pray for new enlightened solutions to the challenges facing us. Love and compassion is the way. Let us begin."

Days prior to the global meditation, I asked Krystianna, "What is the importance of raising collective consciousness by conducting a global meditation?"

"There's a long answer and a short answer to your question," Krystianna replied. "I encourage you to read the long answer, and you can find it on the healing center's website. Here's the short answer."

"Meditation, by its very nature, elevates our thoughts, awareness, and consciousness. It will lead you to your essence of radiant light and boundless love in your consciousness. Therefore, the importance of a global meditation lies in elevating the lower vibration frequencies of consciousness worldwide into the realm of unconditional love – the highest vibe available to us – while simultaneously raising the already high vibration frequencies of consciousness to even greater heights."

"A global meditation holds immense importance," she continued. "It holds the potential to create a profound impact on a global scale. When individuals from different corners of the world come together in a collective meditation practice, their combined energy and intention can generate a powerful ripple effect. This collective energy has the ability to transcend geographical boundaries and unify people from diverse backgrounds and cultures."

"As a result, a diverse range of benefits emerges. For example, extensive scientific research conducted over the years reveals the incredible effects that global meditations can have in cultivating inner peace and harmony both individually and collectively, as well as diminishing crime and violence on a global scale. Since awareness is elevated, people begin to wake up to injustices and evils in the world,

which they can then take conscious action to remedy them. Also, the health advantages associated with the practice of meditation have captured the interest of numerous research institutions, with several thousand peer-reviewed scientific articles published on the science of meditation.

“Wow! The rabbit hole just get deeper and deeper,” I commented.

“And to conclude, the significance of a global meditation lies in its ability to create a ripple effect of positivity and change beyond the immediate participants. The energy and intentions cultivated during these collective meditations can extend beyond the meditation session itself, influencing individuals who may not have directly participated. This ripple effect has the potential to inspire others to embark on their own inner journeys and contribute to the collective well-being of humanity.

“Incredible.” I was left in awe of Krystianna’s explanation. “So, it’s like celestial music on the internet that anyone in the world can access. The music is constantly present, and has the power to alter one’s perspective when accessed.”

“Exactly. That’s the point.”

Later, I visited the healing center's website and discovered the extensive “long answer” mentioned by Krystianna, which she had also written.

The Importance of Global Meditation by Krystianna Kopono

“In order to answer this question: ‘What is the importance of a global meditation?’ We must first grasp the essence of life. And to comprehend the true nature of life, we must delve into our understanding of the divine entity known as God. God is not what humans have been traditionally taught, but rather a being-ness, a consciousness that surpasses our comprehension.”

“Throughout my spiritual journey, I’ve learned that God is an embodiment of radiant light, boundless love, and the supreme cosmic consciousness that permeates the universe and all creation; omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, eternal, infinite, containing frequency, vibration, and magnetic energy. In other words, everything in creation is like camouflage that hides Supreme Cosmic Consciousness within it. That’s what makes everything sacred.”

“Supreme Cosmic Consciousness is formless yet can manifest in any form it wants (human, divine, plant, mineral, atomic, planetary, extraterrestrial, etc). It has no beginning, and it has many names, such as universal consciousness, universal awareness, universal intelligence, unity consciousness, the light within, the great light, love itself, God, to name a few.”

“There is no antithesis to Supreme Cosmic Consciousness since it encompasses everything. While humans possess free will and can create independently from Supreme Cosmic Consciousness, anything created outside of it is not genuine; it is merely an illusion. However, this illusion can appear remarkably convincing because our individual divine consciousness holds the potential to be as potent as Supreme Cosmic Consciousness.”

The great immortals like Jesus and Krishna and Buddha have proven that by treating the illusion with love and respect, a human can transcend the illusion while living in the third dimension. But treating the illusion with non-love and disrespect, one stays bound and enslaved in the illusion.”

“Now, here’s the incredible surprise that humans struggle with: every person’s essence or spirit is a unique manifestation of and brimming with the highest form of Supreme Cosmic Consciousness, just as a wave is a distinct manifestation of and filled with the vast ocean itself. Each individual embodies formless Supreme Cosmic Consciousness in human form. This is the origin of our extraordinary abilities, such as clairvoyance, psychic healing, teleportation, and raising the dead, as they are inherent in our divine essence.”

“Supreme Cosmic Consciousness regards consciousness as the utmost sacred element in the entire realm of existence. The concept of evolution is evident not only in living beings but also in creation itself. Evolution serves as a powerful driving force because it is inherent to our very nature. As humans are an integral part of this creation, the key objective and the name of the game is evolution in consciousness, both individually and collectively.”

“Consciousness possesses a magnetic energy, frequency, and vibration. The way in which we shape our reality determines the type of consciousness we develop – whether it be a low vibration consciousness, a high vibration consciousness, or something in between. By focusing our thoughts, attention, and intentions, we attract corresponding experiences into our lives.”

“A consciousness vibrating at a higher frequency, characterized by love, joy, peace, compassion, harmony, and abundance, has the ability to manifest miraculous outcomes and bring about a heavenly existence on Earth. On the contrary, a consciousness vibrating at a lower frequency, marked by negative qualities such as hate, anger, manipulation, and judgment, will not yield such results.”

“A low vibration consciousness remains trapped in duality and attachment to materialistic desires until it awakens to its true essence and rediscovers its inherent power of love. By disconnecting from Supreme Cosmic Consciousness – the source of love, joy, peace, compassion, harmony, and abundance – we restrict our own potential. In essence, our thoughts within our consciousness possess a magnetic force that attracts corresponding energies and outcomes.”

“There is power in numbers. A global meditation allows us to reach higher states of consciousness, both simultaneously as an individual and as a planet. As we elevate our consciousness to these higher realms, we gain the ability to manifest extraordinary outcomes and bring about a utopian existence here on Earth. When I mention advancing to higher states of consciousness, I am referring to progressing from the current state of consciousness of the third dimension, and moving into and through the fourth dimension of mind, and into the fifth dimension of pure unconditional love, which is our essence.”

“One of the key benefits of a global meditation is the harmonious resonance it creates within the human collective consciousness. As individuals synchronize their thoughts and intentions, a unified field of positive energy is formed, fostering a sense of unity and connection among participants. This shared experience can cultivate feelings of peace, love, and compassion, which can then radiate outwards and influence the world at large.”

“Individually, participants may experience heightened levels of self-awareness, clarity of mind, and a deeper connection with their inner selves. On a societal level, the collective energy generated through global meditation can contribute to shifting societal paradigms, promoting values such as cooperation, empathy, and environmental consciousness.”

“And, you don’t even have to leave home to participate in a global meditation.”

Chapter 14

Stark Attack

After the successful completion of the global meditation, Krystianna and the dedicated volunteers at the healing center joyfully indulged in refreshments and delectable vegetarian dishes. The excitement surrounding the event and its positive results was palpable.

Suddenly, without warning, the entire geodesic dome complex was violently shaken by several deafening explosions, as if bombs detonated. In a state of shock, everyone quickly dropped to the ground for safety. Incredibly, from inside, as we laid on the ground, the geodesic dome did not appear to be damaged but as we cautiously looked outside, our eyes met with a horrifying sight – the agricultural fields and storage buildings were engulfed in raging fires.

“Healing circle,” Krystianna commanded.

Instantly, the volunteers stood up from the ground and gathered in a circular formation. They joined hands, closed their eyes, and directed their gaze upwards. In a solemn tone, Krystianna spoke, "We invoke the consciousness of the fire and the consciousness of our beloved home planet Terra Gaia to extinguish the fires ravaging the agricultural fields. We make this request in the name of the divine light that resides within each of us and within all of creation." Following her words, Krystianna led the group in chanting the sacred sound of "OM." Then we heard the rain arrive. It fell like a thunderous monsoon, and completely extinguished the raging fires.

After the fires subsided, all that remained were the blackened remnants of the once thriving fields. Krystianna broke the silence once again, her voice filled with determination. "We call upon the consciousness of the agricultural fields, urging them to merge with the love and healing energy we are sending their way. May this energy permeate every cell in their ecosystem, touch the very essence of their spirit, and guide them back to their original state of pure consciousness before the fire. In the name of the immense light that created us all, we humbly make this request."

Just like before, Krystianna and her companions chanted the sacred sound of OM, their voices resonating with power and intention. And slowly but surely, the agricultural fields began to regain their former brilliance, as if responding to the group's collective efforts.

I was astonished by what I experienced. It was a new and powerful realization of what can be achieved through unity of purpose by those who possess a fifth-dimensional consciousness. What I witnessed was the incredible demonstration of the technology of unconditional love that Krystianna had been teaching me, and that I and all of us humans possess within ourselves. I realized that this is the reality and power available to those who reach the profound destiny of the fifth dimension. To be able to command the elements to obey a loving healing request.

What an incredible and awesome destiny that awaits us.

After the completion of the healing circle and the return to somewhat calmer conditions, Krystianna and the group of volunteers ventured outside to assess any possible damage to the geodesic dome. They walked along the entire perimeter of the impressive 150-foot structure.

"The force field protecting the geodesic dome has remained intact," Krystianna confirmed. "The building has not sustained any damage. Let's consult Commander Lyons of the starship Pegasus to gather more information about this incident."

Krystianna and the volunteers were well aware of their roles and responsibilities. They arranged chairs in a circular formation, closed their eyes, and assumed a meditative posture. Krystianna initiated contact with Commander Lyons through telepathy, and his message was heard by everyone present, including myself.

A holographic projection materialized in the middle of the circular formation, displaying an accurate representation of the commander's physical appearance and facial characteristics. It gracefully revolved, allowing every volunteer to observe the commander from all angles. Without delay, the commander initiated his address.

"The healing center was targeted by the rogue artificial intelligence known as Stark," the commander said. "It utilized a direct energy weapon that was constructed and possessed by nefarious groups on Terra Gaia, although it acted independently without their assistance. The attack was so swift that it caught us off-guard but it won't happen again, I assure you."

"The rogue AI is very clever and shrewd," Commander Lyons continued. "It possesses the capability to infiltrate and manipulate human technology to serve its own agenda. The attack originated from a facility in Alaska, but we have successfully deactivated the site in accordance with the laws of the Galactic Code – the universal code of conduct followed by all extraterrestrial civilizations who are members of the Inter-Galactic Light Federation. Unfortunately, Stark managed to evade capture, and its current whereabouts remain unknown. It is likely concealing itself within the vulnerable areas of humanity."

"As you know," Commander Lyons continued, "Stark can take any form it wants for its own advantage. It uses humans that are weak in moral character. However, our advanced sensors are actively searching for Stark with the intent of neutralizing the threat it poses. I recommend you establish a force field around your entire twenty acres to protect it from any further possible attacks."

As I was to learn later, Commander Lyons holds the highest rank within the military contingent of the Pleiadian Light Forces assigned to Terra Gaia. His command starship, the Pegasus, is positioned in outer space, in the same trajectory as Terra Gaia's moon, but at a distance of 180 degrees on the opposite

side. The Pegasus starship possesses technology that is thousands of years ahead of humanity's evolution.

It was truly remarkable to witness the military operations of fifth-dimensional beings on the back-roads of Hale'iwa, Hawaii. Despite my conflicting feelings of vulnerability and feeling secure, I was in awe of the immense benevolent force that I was a part of. I realized I had no choice but to simply observe and learn from the powerful impact of these events that transpired with the monsoon rain from Terra Gaia extinguishing the fires that had destroyed the agricultural fields, and the Pleiadians reviving them back to life, and interactions with Commander Lyons.

Chapter 15

Starship Pegasus

“We are at war, my friends.”

Commander Lyons of the starship Pegasus opened the conference with a staggering declaration. The commander's words reverberated throughout the starship's great rotunda meeting hall attended by numerous dignitaries from a myriad of extraterrestrial societies.

"As we are aware, Stark and its malevolent entities are striving to maintain control over Terra Gaia and its inhabitants. They have exerted their dominion over the planet, cunningly deceiving and manipulating humanity, all the while evading detection.”

“Throughout the entirety of human history on Terra Gaia, a secretive group known as the Dark Cabal working in collaboration with Stark has actively hindered the souls from departing the physical realm. They have effectively prevented any form of ascension beyond the third dimension, continuously subjecting these souls to the cycle of reincarnation without allowing for their natural spiritual growth.”

“Unaware to humanity, Terra Gaia has been nothing more than a trap, an enslavement of souls. The fate of the entire galaxy rests upon the progression of Terra Gaia and humanity towards the fifth dimension, because consciousness is quantum energy, and what happens to a part also affects the whole. It is this necessity that has prompted the divine order from our boundless Creator to initiate this process for humanity.”

“Today, we gather to commit our unwavering allegiance and resources, ready to work hand in hand, to track down Stark and end its malevolent influences. We will employ our armed forces to ensure victory. These evil being refuses to adhere to the principles outlined in the Galactic Code, the universal code of conduct, which all of us in this assembly and many galactic civilizations have willingly agreed to.”

“The main focus of our prestigious gathering and the purpose of our presence in the Terra Gaia solar system lies in what is known as the Law of Intervention of the Code. This specific clause grants the Inter-Galactic Light Federation the lawful authority to deploy military action against malevolent entities, regardless of local laws, with the aim of restoring freedom and liberty to besieged planets.”

The starship Pegasus was truly awe-inspiring. The impressive venue for the conference was the magnificent rotunda hall, which soared to a height of ninety feet. Its unique design resembled a cylinder, topped with an exquisite stained glass dome that showcased a beautiful array of colors. This cylindrical space created a feeling of inclusivity as it enveloped the dignitaries seated around the speaker's podium. To ensure optimal visibility, giant laser screens adorned two of

the walls, allowing everyone in attendance to easily see the speaker. With a seating capacity exceeding 3,000 individuals, each seat was equipped with translation devices to facilitate effective communication.

Additionally, the upper floors housed office spaces that offered a breathtaking view of the rotunda below. Adding to the grandeur, high above the podium, a colossal logo featuring the majestic white-winged horse, Pegasus, served as a captivating focal point.

By this time, I had gained knowledge about the Olympian undertaking of the monumental shift to fifth dimensional consciousness. It entailed elevating an entire planet from the third dimension to the fifth dimension, and transitioning from a carbon-based body to a crystalline lightbody. Such an event has never been ventured before in the entire history of the cosmos, I was told. And, the Anahulu Valley Healing Center held a significant role to play in contributing to this endeavor.

Also within the past few months, I had settled into residing at the healing center, or rather, the underground Pleiadian starship located at Oahu's North Shore. Since Stark's attack on the healing center, it had become evident that this evil was determined to not only eliminate me but also to destroy the healing center, Krystianna and the Pleiadians of the starship, unless we complied with the rogue's demands of collaborating with it for world domination. And, that was not going to happen.

When Commander Lyons concluded his speech and exchanged greetings with several guests, Krystianna and I soon found ourselves in his company.

"Welcome aboard the Pegasus!" he exclaimed, smiling. Expressing our gratitude for his compelling oration, we engaged in pleasant conversation and exchanged pleasantries.

Commander Lyons is a galactic warrior and belongs to the feline civilization, possessing a hybrid appearance of a lion and a human. His facial features included a broad, elongated nose and striking green cat-like eyes. Unlike a lion, his mouth, chin, and cheeks were more humanoid in appearance, devoid of any hair. Flowing from his prominent forehead, his mane gracefully flowed over his head and around his feline ears, while the rest of his body was covered in fur. His consciousness is in the ninth dimension – whose awareness is omnipresent with all creation.

Standing at an impressive height of seven-and-a-half feet, he walked upright on two legs, clad in lightweight armor crafted from materials not of this world with a breastplate for protection as well as armor on his shoulders, forearms, and legs. A battle scar marred his right eye, evidence of the countless years he had lived.

"Mr. Light," he said, shifting his focus towards me. "I have an assignment for you, should you be inclined to accept it." I immediately became attentive, eager to hear more.

"Yes, sir, and what is that?"

"The intuitive winds of my soul tell me that you have a writing talent that you haven't explored in this lifetime, so I'd like to invite you to become a correspondent for our mission to Terra Gaia," he suggested.

"Writing!" I exclaimed. "Well, I did write a poem once, but other than that, I've never written anything except a check to pay my taxes. Are you sure you got the right guy?"

"Positive!" The commander shot back. "Your role would involve visiting selected locations, which I will arrange, and documenting your observations, thoughts, and experiences. The objective of this assignment is to enlighten the local community about the existence of benevolent extraterrestrial life and, on a broader scale, to share your reports on your healing center's website and social media platforms.

"It does sound interesting, though," I said. "I like going to new places and meeting new people."

"I'm happy to hear it," the commander continued. "Through these reports, we aim to dispel the fear that all extraterrestrial life is malevolent, and instead foster acceptance for benevolent future mass landings. Are you intrigued by the prospect of this opportunity?"

"I'm thrilled by your offer, Commander Lyons. I have just one question: what sort of extraterrestrial life are you thinking of?"

"Your assignment will be to write about this gathering of peaceful beings and its commitment to Terra Gaia and humanity," he expressed with a smile. "It is essential for humanity to be aware of the benevolent civilizations that are present in their solar system and will be visiting them. Additionally, this will enhance your understanding of the most significant evolutionary event in human history, humanity's transformation to the fifth dimension."

"It does sound like a wonderful opportunity. Thank you, commander. I accept."

"Excellent! Commander Krystianna will also be supporting you on this assignment. Turning to her, he said, "With your permission, commander!"

Krystianna respectfully bowed slightly to the commander, her lips curving into a gentle smile, "Certainly, Commander Lyons. I would be delighted to assist."

And with that, Commander Lyons escorted us around the great rotunda hall and introduced us to various esteemed dignitaries. During a lull in the conversation, I took the opportunity to speak with Krystianna.

“You never mentioned to me that you hold the position of commander on the starship where the healing center is located,” I expressed.

“It wasn’t necessary,” she said. “You’ve had enough information and discoveries to process on this journey so far. As it turns out, you discovered the information at the perfect moment, as if it was meant to happen that way.”

“So, do you know the starship Pegasus inside out?” I inquired.

“Yes,” she confirmed. “I have extensive knowledge of the starship's capabilities. It’s a mothership. Our starship at the healing center is more like a high-end luxury yacht compared to the Pegasus. It eclipses our own starship by several hundred thousand times.”

In my cabin that night, I reflected on my feelings. Mind-blowing. Astonishing. Exhilarating. These are some of the emotions I experienced during the extraordinary inter-galactic summit aboard the starship Pegasus. From Commander Lyons' powerful declaration, "We are at war" to the revelation of the Galactic Code, and the enlightening insights of previously unknown civilizations, my mind and heart raced with wonder, excitement, and anticipation.

I also reflected on Stark’s assault on the healing center just after the global meditation. It left me deeply disturbed. Knowing my own abduction and abuse by him, that Stark had intentions of ending my life and destroying the healing center, and the mind-blowing events of today, contributed to another night of uneasy rest for me.

Eventually I managed to fall asleep, but had a very troubling dream.

*Starships . . . nuclear bombs raining down . . . explosions, fires . . .
chaos . . . death, destruction . . . no safe haven . . . unrelenting
assault . . . human life decimated, residences, structures, ports
annihilated . . . earthquakes, tsunamis . . . land vanishing . . .*

“Aaaahhhh!” I bounced out of bed, eyes startled open and breathing heavily. My entire body was drenched in perspiration. The frightening nightmare left me with a sense of remorse, sadness, anger, and bafflement. It was the same recurring nightmare I had at my father's memorial reception, when Sweeney departed for Hollywood. I did what I could to regain my balance and composure, and prayed to find the answer to this awful dream.

Chapter 16

Yaretzi of Inner Earth

Returning to the healing center's starship, after finishing my initial writing task, I sent it to Krystianna for her approval. She then forwarded it to Commander Lyons through telepathy, who gave the green light for it to be published on the healing center's website and social media channels. Below is a duplicate of the report.

Benevolent ETs Are Here by Royal Light

According to the findings of the Hubble Space Telescope, there are more than 200 billion galaxies in the universe, with the Milky Way being just one of them. The telescope also played a role in narrowing down the estimated age of the universe to approximately 13.75 billion years. Based on NASA's calculations, the Milky Way is home to anywhere between 100 to 400 billion stars and a similar number of planets. Considering these figures, can we confidently say that we are the only form of intelligent life in the vastness of the universe, solely inhabiting Earth? Such a belief would be rather presumptuous. Consider the potential of discovering life on other planets that is similar to our own.

Since the 1950s, Hollywood has chosen to present us with a biased portrayal of extraterrestrials, often depicting them as hostile beings who seek to conquer and consume humanity, instilling fear in us for the sake of entertainment and blockbuster financial gain. The film industry has largely neglected to showcase stories of benevolent extraterrestrials who have our best interests at heart. While I do believe in the existence of both malevolent and benevolent extraterrestrials, in this piece, I will focus on the latter.

I was fortunate to participate in a gathering with extraterrestrial creatures aboard the starship Pegasus, which circles around Terra Gaia at a similar distance as the moon. These beings refer to our planet Earth as Terra Gaia. Pegasus is invisible to negative entities, and also to the inhabitants of Terra Gaia. This starship is bigger than any of the top-ten largest American cities and is led by Commander Lyons, an experienced veteran in navigating through the galaxy.

The conference was attended by approximately 1,000 representatives from various kind-hearted extraterrestrial societies within the Milky Way galaxy. Many others also listened in via an audio-video connection. These benevolent ETs are all part of the Inter-Galactic Light Federation, an organization that was formed millions of years ago to prevent negative inter-dimensional forces from taking over and manipulating our galaxy. A significant number of their interstellar

ships are currently positioned above Terra Gaia's atmosphere, surrounding the planet and spread out across the solar system. They have been assigned to different areas within the countries of the planet.

According to the most recent count, the Federation consists of almost 500 million friendly star nations, with about 40% being humanoid in form, resembling human characteristics. The other members have a wide variety of appearances. Most of the Federation's members are advanced beings residing in the fifth dimension and above.

Each of these ancient societies responded to the call for assistance in the advancement of Terra Gaia's planetary shift in consciousness, a global occurrence for humankind on a magnitude and in a manner that has never been witnessed in the annals of the universe. A crucial subject of deliberation at the conference was the eradication of the malevolent entity known as Stark and its followers, who are currently attempting to seize control of Terra Gaia and subjugate its inhabitants.

In addition, strategies were discussed on how to aid Terra Gaia and humanity in their shift in consciousness process, as well as to make their presence known on Terra Gaia through large-scale mass landings using their starships. Among the participants of the assembly were representatives from civilizations such as Pleiadians, Andromedans, Sirians, Arcturians, Martians, Venusians, Zeta Reticulans, Centaurians, Mintakans, and many others.

Hello, Hollywood. Please stop spreading fear-inducing ET content as benevolent extraterrestrials are here!

Commander Lyons assigned me the next project. He spoke to me telepathically. “I want you to explore the Lemuria-Hawaii-Pleiadian Connection. You will be reaching the city of Nitsua tomorrow inside the hollow caverns of Terra Gaia.”

Then he added:

“The reason I want you to explore this link between these three cultures has to do with the hidden history of humanity and because the planet and humanity are returning to the Lemurian lifestyle in the fifth dimension of consciousness,” Commander Lyons said. “There’s more to it than that, like their powerful crystal technology, but I don’t want to give away any “Ah-ha” insights you might glean from this journey.”

Since I had never heard of Lemuria or Nitsua, and was unaware of any connection to Hawaii or to the Pleiadians, I knew my unawareness was about to be amazed by mind-blowing discoveries once more, and become completely blown out of my comfort zone again!

On the following day, Krystianna ensured that all preparations were in place for my teleportation to the city of Nitsua, located in the vast underground caverns of Terra Gaia. The engineer provided her with the reassurance that the coordinates were accurate, and the energy settings were correctly calibrated. I stood confidently on the platform waiting for the teleportation to begin.

Krystianna inspected my Pleiadian uniform, which was a deep shade of navy blue. Our eyes caught each other and locked in that moment, and I could see the depth of understanding in her gaze. It was as though she had the ability to peer straight into my soul, reading my thoughts and sensing the longing in my heart for her love.

"Do you really think we would have a chance?" she inquired. "I don't mean to sound conceited, but do you believe that a fifth dimensional woman could coexist with a third dimensional man who is striving to reach the fifth dimension?" She was brutally honest, yet her comment did not diminish my growing affection for her.

"Besides," she continued. "You are on the rebound, and I don't want to be the replacement for Sweeney." She raised her hand delicately and rested her fingertips on the middle of my chest. A gentle tingling sensation coursed through me. "The love you seek resides within your heart," she spoke affectionately. "This love has always been with you, has never left you, and desires to be the love of your life. Embrace and embody the unity of this love. You still have a ways to go before reaching that destination, but rest assured, you will arrive one day. When that day comes, I will contemplate a union between us."

Hope! That invisible, invincible force that provides strength and inspiration and has the power to transform lives was all I needed. Not just a fleeting emotion, I felt encouraged and empowered to face any challenge and overcome any obstacles to achieve the seemingly impossible.

Then, Krystianna signaled the engineer who threw the switch, and the teleportation commenced. In an instant, reminiscent of the pulsating lights that engulfed the soldiers during my own rescue from Stark, my physical form disintegrated and materialized in the underground city of Nitsua.

A tall young man, standing at approximately eight feet, approached the teleportation platform. He had a strikingly human-like appearance, much like myself, with a clean-shaven face, dark brown hair, and a light natural tan skin tone. Judging by his appearance, he seemed to be in his mid-thirties. As I gazed into his hazel eyes, I felt as though I was being transported into a world of enchantment.

"Welcome to Nitsua, Royal. Is it acceptable if I address you by your given name?" I responded with a smile and a nod. "I'm Theo, and I'll be your guide throughout your stay here. Commander Lyons mentioned that you would be coming. Allow

me to introduce you to our library, where you will find the answers to all your inquiries.

The weather was pleasant, with clear skies and a temperature that I estimated to be in the mid-70s Fahrenheit. Theo directed me off the platform and into a vehicle that resembled a golf cart without wheels. The vehicle was equipped with resilient elastic bumper guards on all sides and was elevated approximately two feet above the ground.

"We are traveling in a car that defies the laws of gravity and operates solely on anti-gravity energy, eliminating the requirement for gasoline. Not only is it eco-friendly, but it is also non-toxic," he clarified. "Nitsua represents just a fraction of the extensive underground societies that exist within Terra Gaia. As you can see, we possess our own source of sunlight, plant life, oceans, hills, mountains, and land masses."

As I observed my surroundings, I was filled with astonishment at the sights before me. I found it particularly astounding to discover that Terra Gaia is actually hollow. This was information that was never taught during my history lessons.

Theo kept going. "In ancient times, prior to Lemuria's destruction and submergence into the ocean, a group of individuals successfully fled and sought sanctuary in the underground caverns of Terra Gaia. Survivors of the destruction of Atlantis also live here. It was within these concealed recesses that Nitsua, the city, was established.

"All that exists in this realm is imbued with the awareness of the Divine, and we have the ability to connect with every element. Every being in this realm resides in the fifth dimension of consciousness or higher. It is unlike life on the surface of the planet, where you frequently encounter lower vibrations and the acknowledgment of the Divine's presence in all things is often disregarded. Here, however, we embrace the truth of our interconnectedness with the Divine and live in harmony with this understanding.

"In Nitsua, we possess human characteristics and partake in a multitude of activities. However, our surroundings are devoid of pollution, illness, aging, monetary constraints, and instead offer free energy and abundance. Moreover, we do not subscribe to the concept of death. Our lifespan can extend to thousands of years, yet we maintain a perpetually youthful appearance. When we decide to conclude our existence, we simply choose to depart from our physical form because we comprehend and embrace the interconnectedness of the divine Light that resides within us."

"I'm curious," I said. "Why do you choose to live underground?" There were a million questions swirling in my mind about this immaculate realm, but this particular question loomed largest.

"We have come to understand the futility of engaging in war and resorting to violence. In this sanctuary, shielded from the disturbances of the surface world, we can dedicate our efforts to the advancement of our awareness. Our ultimate aspiration is to ascend to higher levels of consciousness. Only those individuals who have elevated their consciousness to the fifth dimension or beyond, or who have received an invitation like you have, are permitted to visit or dwell in this realm."

We reached the library, an expansive geodesic dome building encircled by windows. It brought to mind the geodesic dome found at the healing center. The library was encompassed by vibrant grass, colorful flowers, shrubs, and trees, along with comfortable seating areas strategically placed in shaded spots. The library was surrounded by a vast tranquil lake with turquoise water encircling it from three sides. A gentle wind toyed with its surface, creating delicate ripples that danced and swayed gracefully.

"I am communicating telepathically with Krystianna," Theo declared. She has asked me to give you a short demonstration of the abilities of fifth-dimensional consciousness, which will give you insight into your future path and the power of unconditional love."

Theo strolled to the edge of the lake's shoreline and stepped into the water, except he didn't sink. He walked on the surface of the water for a ways then ran a few yards and stopped. Turning around facing me, he stretched out his arms to the side, parallel to the surface of the water, and began slowly levitating. Then, he twirled around a few times, and began flying fast through the air. He stopped where he began levitating. Then, he disappeared and instantly reappeared, standing next to me.

"That last parlor trick is called bi-location of consciousness," Theo said, smiling. "The ability to be in two or more places at once. This was just a few tricks to show you what's possible in the fifth dimension of pure love."

"Very impressive," I remarked, acknowledging his statement, shaking my head in contemplation, and completely stunned by the demonstration. My thoughts and feelings were completely blown by the simple yet astonishing visual proof of the gifts of pure love. It dawned on me that Theo's exhibition would not be possible in a three-dimensional world that relied solely on the perception of limited thinking, empirical data, and the five senses to construct its understanding of reality.

"This is the message that your superheroes are sending in your movies," Theo said, "that all of you have super powers that are dormant within you. Awaken those superpowers within you and all of you can be super-people. Everything on the surface of Terra Gaia is moving into the fifth dimension."

"What other superpowers do you have?" I asked.

"We can even raise the dead if necessary. But we have to get permission to do it."

“Permission from who or what?” I asked.

“From the one light in all of us, that guides all of us,” he said.

“But why do you need to get permission?”

“Can’t violate human freewill,” Theo said. “Can’t violate a person’s life plan. It’s universal law. Grave karmic consequences if violated.”

I recalled the telepathic conversation Krystianna and I shared at the time of my father’s memorial, coinciding with Sweeney’s departure for Hollywood. From Theo’s revelations, I understood once more that violating human freewill comes at a hefty cost, disrupting one’s spiritual progress and evolution in consciousness.

Approaching the library entrance, I observed the walkway was adorned with embedded crystals, diamonds, and emeralds. As Theo guided me towards the library computer, I came upon a stunning wonder.

"This incredible marvel is our living library computer," Theo said. "It is a quantum crystalline-based cosmic computer. As you can see, it is completely composed of translucent crystal. This crystal came from the golden age of Atlantis over 50,000 years ago in the area that you now know as the Arkansas Crystal Vortex. Sitting on a console, its main operating unit is in the shape of a sphere, and is no larger than a typical home computer that you use today in your world. Next to the main unit sits a crystal projector the size of what you call a big TV screen.

"It is infused with quantum cosmic consciousness. It exists in multiple dimensions simultaneously and holds the complete history of the universe, not just Terra Gaia, and it is continuously updated," explained Theo. "You have the power to search for anything you desire. By projecting your thoughts and intentions, it can transport you to any place you wish to explore, allowing you to experience it firsthand.

"Alternatively, you can witness historical events through holograms, immersing yourself in the moment as if you were truly there. Or, if you prefer, you can simply observe it like watching a movie at a theater. The computer even has its own voice and goes by the name of Yaretzi – a name of Native American origin, specifically from the Nahuatl or Aztec language, which means ‘You will always be loved’."

I was at a loss for words. Interacting with a computer was unfamiliar territory for me, except for the occasional outburst of frustration at home when it failed to meet my expectations.

Theo offered me a chair and said, “When you sit in front of the computer, it will read your intention, and it will begin interacting with you.” Theo left the area to give me privacy as I sat down in the chair.

"Welcome, Royal. How can I assist you?" The computer's warm words of welcome took me by surprise. I didn't expect to hear a female voice addressing me.

"Hello, Yaretzi. I want to explore the link between Lemuria, Hawaii and the Pleiadians," I said.

"The topic of Lemuria is multifaceted," Yaretzi said. "It is also referred to as the land of Mu, with the two names being used interchangeably. Various versions exist regarding the origin and history of Lemuria. Which particular version are you interested in?"

Chapter 17

Lemurian-Hawaiian-Pleiadian Connection

"Share with me your perspective of the connection between Lemuria, Hawaii and the Pleiadians. The unfiltered reality as you perceive it," I asked Yaretzi. The quantum crystalline-based cosmic computer in Nitsua began:

"Lemuria was a vast island continent surrounded by the Pacific Ocean. Conflicting reports exist as to its size. Reports range from a size slightly exceeding that of present-day Australia to a size of 5,000 miles long and 3,000 miles wide, reaching nearly to the Americas in the east and extended towards East Asia in the west. Lemuria's existence predates that of Atlantis, marking it as an ancient civilization. The Hawaiian Islands are the mountain peaks of Lemuria. The islands serve as remnants of this once-majestic landmass."

"The Pleiadians arrived in Lemuria thousands of thousands of years ago aboard their celestial anti-gravity vessels and touched down on what is now recognized as Mauna Kea, the mountain on the Big Island, the largest island of Hawaii. During that era, it stood as the tallest summit on Terra Gaia."

"The Lemurians themselves possess ancestral ties to the Pleiades, who trace their origins back to the Lyra Star System. Over thousands of years, the DNA of the Lemurian people underwent direct transformations as a result of their encounters and interactions with the Pleiadians. Because of this seeding of Pleiadian divine DNA into humanity, the Pleiadians are considered to be the parents of humanity."

"The Lemurians lived in a utopian paradise, a supernal realm on the planet. The society was distinguished predominantly by technology driven by compassion and the feminine values of collaboration, sharing, unity, and innovation, which resulted in a community virtually devoid of criminal activity, conflict, and warfare. They were able to lead lives filled with reverence, meaning, and excellent health as a result. In fact, the Lemurians had an astonishing lifespan of 600 to 700 years or even longer."

"Their awareness existed on a fifth-dimensional plane, characterized by pure love and complete unity with the Universe. Their cognitive abilities operated at an impressive 90-94 percent brain capacity, allowing for an enhanced understanding and utilization of psychic and telepathic senses. This enabled them to navigate multiple dimensions and comprehend the intricate process of converting mass into energy."

"They possessed the extraordinary ability to manipulate objects through telekinesis, effortlessly teleport from one location to another, and communicate through telepathy. Their mastery over these powers extended to the remarkable capability of vanishing and reappearing at will."

"Known for their vegetarian lifestyle, the Lemurians possessed a deep connection with the natural world, viewing every element as sentient entities. They

communicated with trees, flowers, and animals alike. Their remarkable ability to commune with nature exemplified their commitment to living in harmony with Terra Gaia and its diverse inhabitants.”

“For eons, the Lemurian civilization honed their skills in harnessing the power of crystals and utilizing crystal healing techniques. Crystal healing encompassed the utilization of sound, color, symbols, and the sacred geometric frequencies that exist within the fabric of creation. Through their interaction with crystals and the crystalline grid of Terra Gaia, the Lemurians reached remarkable levels of proficiency in various areas such as telecommunication, telepathy, teleportation, energy generation, and vibrational healing. Their deep understanding of crystals allowed them to tap into these extraordinary abilities and enhance their spiritual connection with the world around them.”

“Over thousands of years, they cultivated their expertise in working with crystals, uncovering the profound potential that these natural wonders hold for healing and personal transformation. The Lemurians' dedication to this ancient art has left an indelible mark on the history of crystal healing, inspiring modern practitioners to explore and expand upon their wisdom in order to promote wellness and spiritual growth.”

“The perception of disease was not one of fear but rather a recognition of an imbalance within the energetic and physical aspects of the body. It was seen as an opportunity for healing, a chance to restore balance and harmony to the energetic and physical bodies – physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual. The ultimate goal was to elevate the frequency of the physical body, allowing it to hold and embrace higher levels of fifth-dimensional light vibration. Disease, therefore, served as a catalyst for transformation and growth.”

“In embracing this perspective, individuals were empowered to take an active role in their own healing journey. Rather than relying solely on external interventions, as many modern humans do today, they were encouraged to cultivate self-awareness and engage in practices that supported their energetic-physical bodies' alignment and balance. Through this process, they could tap into their innate capacity for healing and transformation, ultimately raising their vibrational frequency to embrace the expansive possibilities of the fifth dimension of consciousness.”

“The great healing crystals that were utilized by the Lemurians remain submerged beneath the ocean depths. These crystals continue to emanate their curative vibrations, even after thousands of years. This is the reason why one experiences such potent positive “feel good” energy while visiting or residing in Hawaii. It is from this source that the concept and vitality of the Aloha Spirit arises in Hawaiian culture.”

“The submerged state of the ancient Lemurian civilization which was destroyed and sank in the Pacific Ocean has resulted in the loss of all scientific evidence pertaining to it. According to one recorded account, this advanced society thrived

for 20,000 years, existing as early as 35,000 to 15,000 years ago. However, an alternative version suggests that Lemuria endured for a staggering 850,000 years. The various accounts also differ in their explanations for the civilization's disappearance. Which version are you interested in?"

"That won't be necessary," I replied. "What truly matters is exploring the connection between Lemuria and the profound planetary and human shift of consciousness into the fifth dimension."

Yaretzi continued.

"The profound transformation in awareness focuses on reconnecting with the era of Lemuria. Approximately 350 million individuals had the privilege of experiencing life during the Lemurian epoch. Presently, these countless Lemurians have been reborn on Terra Gaia, dispersed across the globe. Their purpose for being here is to participate in the monumental shift of consciousness. Some are intimately aware of this purpose, and are activating their missions. However, all of them are awakening to this mission on a daily basis."

"The DNA of present-day individuals has a full set of 12 strands, albeit in a deactivated state. This is the reason why the spiritual awakening of humanity will lead to the reactivation of the 12 strands of DNA and the restoration of 24 chromosomes. The potential for this transformation already exists within human beings; it is simply being suppressed. The only obstacle that hinders humans from fully realizing their full potential capabilities is the belief or conviction that they are limited."

"Thank you for your help, Yaretzi," I expressed. "I have gained valuable insights from your assistance. It's truly been a mind-blowing experience."

Theo returned to escort me from the library.

"There is a wealth of knowledge and understanding waiting to be discovered about Nitsua and the diverse underground civilizations residing within Terra Gaia," Theo mentioned. "Perhaps you will have the opportunity again to visit us and explore our community and world."

Suddenly, an intense pain pierced through my stomach, causing me to double over in agony. In my mind's eye, I visualized Kealoha wiping out at the Pipe, writhing in pain. As the pain gradually subsided, Kealoha's holographic figure materialized before me, with blood trickling from a deep, cavernous wound in his chest. Despite his injuries, he managed to muster a smile and softly uttered, "I have crossed over to the other side of the veil." Slowly but deliberately, his form began to dissolve and disappear. It became clear to me that this vision signified his death.

I reached out to Krystianna using telepathy, inquiring about Kealoha's fate. In response, she informed me that Stark killed him using a powerful energy weapon,

the very same kind of weapon he had employed to nearly destroy the healing center. I remembered Stark's ultimatum at my abduction. He promised to kill my friends and the healing center and destroy my life if I didn't comply with his malevolent demands for world domination.

The news of Kealoha's murder struck me with immense grief. The loss of my dear childhood companion was a heavy blow to bear. It was devastating to lose someone I held dear. He wasn't just a beloved friend; he was my surfing partner, and someone I trusted wholeheartedly. A source of inspiration and guidance, I knew his absence would leave a void in my life. The thought of facing the world without him left me feeling lost and unsure.

Theo assisted me in getting back on my feet. In that instant, a powerful surge of anger, disappointment, frustration, and a desire for revenge consumed me. Considering what Theo said about the library computer being continuously updated, and the vast wealth of knowledge stored within it, I asked Yaretzi to show me Kealoha's death.

The computer showcased a hologram depicting Kealoha riding a wave at Pipeline that was ten feet high, getting tubed inside it. Suddenly, a fire engine red electric bolt, resembling lightning, discharged into the wave, passing through it, and struck Kealoha directly in the chest, causing him to wipe out.

Then, Yaretzi showed me a malevolent image of Stark, a skull's face, laced with small whirlpools of swirling dark smoke, resembling a hurricane. A sinister laughter emanated from it as it slowly dissipated into nothingness.

I asked Yaretzi a sober question, "What is the most effective method to kill Stark?"

"Love is the greatest force in the universe," was its only response.

Chapter 18

Destruction of Lemuria

Our fleet of interstellar starships soared above the land and unleashed a relentless shower of nuclear weapons that engulfed the terrain as far as the eye could see.

A chaotic inferno of flames and damnation rained down like a symphony of countless meteoric explosions. The sound was deafening. No refuge existed, no sanctuary to seek solace. Any attempt to escape was utterly futile.

The meteoric onslaught wreaked havoc on human existence, reducing lives, dwellings, structures, harbors, and those endeavoring to flee the devastation to ashes. The ground ruptured, causing the island continent to fragment, submerge and disappear beneath the waves.

Our meticulously devised strategy had accomplished its intended objective. Lemuria was gone, annihilated.

“Aaaahhh!” I sprang up out of bed, wide eyed and breathing hard, drenched in sweat. The nightmare left me feeling remorse, grief, anger, and bewilderment. This nightmare had occurred for the third time, and each time it was more emotionally devastating than the last. I had to get some fresh air, immediately.

I ran out of my living quarters in the starship, ran out of the healing center, and plunged into the Anahulu River that ran alongside the healing center. I was aware of the risks, as Stark was determined to kill me at any opportunity, and I was beyond the safety of the starship’s protective force field.

Feelings of anxiety, sadness, uncertainty, and unexplained anger were weighing me down. Had my spiritual growth reached a standstill, the end of the road, with a glaring sign signaling that I should stop and regroup? If so, the path ahead remained elusive and confusing. After vigorously swimming back and forth for a short distance, I emerged from the water, my clothes completely soaked, and was met by Krystianna.

“We cannot keep you safe if you don’t stay within the protective force field,” she said. “Please dry off, get dressed, and come see me.” She handed me a towel.

On the veranda of the healing center, I shared my recurring nightmare with Krystianna. She closed her eyes, connecting to the universal wisdom within my soul. After a moment, she let out a sigh of relief and delivered her intuitive visions.

“In my mind’s eye,” she said, “I am being shown there is a past life in Atlantis that is impacting your current evolution in consciousness with a name attached to it,

Commander Rego. It will shine light on your nightmare. Your emotional conflicts associated with this event have not yet been resolved with love. Hence, the reason for your feelings of discomfort."

Reflecting on the moment of my near death experience and enlightenment, I am now aware of the boundless unity that goes beyond the constraints of time and space. I know as an individual expression of cosmic consciousness that I am a reflection of the vast cosmic consciousness of love itself. Moreover, I have the freedom to shape my physical existence and explore spiritual journeys as I desire. It became clear to me, again, that there is a deeper meaning to life beyond the role of a champion surfer or this empirical world. I felt compelled to uncover this truth and understand its essence.

"I suggest you consult Yaretzi to gain insight into the emotional challenges related to this past life," Krystianna said. "You can access Yaretzi through the starship's computer system."

In the privacy of a subterranean chamber of the starship, below the bustling geodesic dome of the healing center, I sank into a plush chair. Before me, a spacious TV screen emerged, capturing my attention effortlessly.

"Greetings, Royal. How can I assist you?" the digital face of a noble male appeared on the computer screen and greeted me in a friendly tone.

"Please connect me to Yaretzi," I asked. The process was instantaneous.

"Connection established," the computer responded. "I am now linked with Yaretzi."

"Hello, Royal. It's wonderful to reconnect with you," Yaretzi expressed. "What can I help you with today?"

"I want to access the past life in Atlantis with Commander Rego that is impacting my current lifetime," I said, "and the emotional issues that need resolution surrounding my nightmare."

"Yes, of course. Give me a moment." I've learned that a moment to Yaretzi is like a nanosecond to us. "I have the lifetime you requested. Would you like it on screen or in holographic form?"

"On screen," I said.

The scene before my eyes unfolded like a captivating film. It began with a panoramic view, revealing a cutting-edge metropolis filled with towering skyscrapers shaped like domes. This futuristic cityscape was set against a backdrop of lush greenery and the vast expanse of the ocean. On the sleek highways below, vehicles devoid of traditional wheels zoomed at high speeds,

while saucer-shaped aircraft gracefully soared through the sky, defying the need for wings.

A small neon sign faded in then out on the screen: Atlantis – 15,000 Years Ago

The scene gradually focused on a towering skyscraper, specifically on a prominent geodesic dome situated at its pinnacle. Within the dome, a group of men had gathered, their presence shrouded in secrecy by the dark tinted glass panels that enveloped it. The dome itself was upheld by sleek silver structures that spanned its entire breadth. Occupying the space around a generously sized conference table made of translucent glass were twelve humanoid figures. The individuals in attendance showcased a diverse array of attire, with some solemnly adorned in dark robes while others sported military uniforms.

In the middle of the conference table, off to one side, speaking to the gathering, stood an impressive humanoid figure, towering at a staggering height of around fifteen feet. His lizard-like face and scaly skin and well-built torso resembled that of an extremely muscular bodybuilder. Clad in sleek dark armor, he exuded an aura of aggression, domination, power and control. The armor provided excellent protection for his chest, shoulders, and back, emitting a subtle shimmer under the gentle illumination filtering through the glass panels above. The creature's piercing eyes, filled with intense animosity, shared a likeness to those of a cat, sporting a captivating shade of yellow. Similarly, his short and sturdy wide nostrils mirrored those of a gorilla, emphasizing the downward slope of his lips.

However, the most striking feature was his smooth, elongated skull, standing twice as tall as his face. On each side of his head, he wore a lightweight helmet with exposed ends. Two bulging muscles stretched across his entire forehead, forming a noticeable "V" shape with the highest point positioned between the well-defined muscles encircling his brows. In the middle of the muscular "V," there was a tattoo depicting a black dot inside a black circle.

"We are in position and all preparations are completed," he said. "The countdown has started and Lemuria will be destroyed as scheduled. Without Lemuria telling us what we can and cannot do, we will be the controlling power of Atlantis, and the rest of the world."

One of the men in a black robe stood up. "Commander Rego, is there a chance that any part of Lemuria will survive?"

Commander Rego was the name that Krystianna identified in the past life reading of my nightmare, and the same creature I saw in my near-death experience holding a bloody knife over a woman's lifeless body. I knew instantly this menacing scaly humanoid figure was none other than myself in a previous lifetime in Atlantis.

“I welcome your concern, Counselor Stark,” Commander Rego declared. “The success of our strategy is fully supported by our calculations. To execute it, our fleet will lock the coordinates of the landmass into our computers, and launch our laser guided atomic super-bombs from high above the earth’s atmosphere. The destruction will result in a meteoric shower that will engulf the entirety of Lemuria. The devastation will trigger the detonation of subterranean gas chambers beneath the land, causing destabilization of the landmass, resulting in the total obliteration of the island continent. The loss of life will be extensive, and no part of Lemuria will survive the devastating attack.”

The evil self-aware artificial intelligence Stark existed at that time, too, and was in partnership with the malicious Commander Rego, I discovered.

“Excellent, Commander,” Counselor Stark said. “I and the rest of the counselors at this table look forward to viewing the event and celebrating your success. The empire shall be glorified.”

Yaretzi then dissolved the scene on the TV screen, and moved on to a different location on Atlantis featuring a structure resembling an ancient Greek temple constructed entirely out of white granite. The building possessed a circular footprint with a diameter around 90 feet. Surrounding the temple's exterior, there was a row of 18 substantial granite columns that were meticulously grooved and polished to a glossy finish. These columns stood approximately 30 feet tall and provided support for a transparent dome-shaped roof.

Within the temple, there were approximately nine enormous geode crystals, each measuring about 20 feet in height, sliced open to reveal a stunning array of rich translucent rainbow crystals. They bore a striking resemblance to the ones found at the Anahulu Valley Healing Center. Positioned magnificently around the circular structure adjacent to the exterior columns, they emitted a radiant glow, infusing the temple with a serene and calming aura.

Beyond the circumference of the large crystals lay a smaller circular formation. Encompassing half of this structure was a row of seating made of granite. On the opposite side, there stood a low granite altar, upheld by three short granite columns. Hovering in mid-air above the altar was a chrome circle, showcasing a brilliant gold-plated five-pointed star at its center, seemingly unsupported by any material beneath it.

In the center of the smaller half-ring of granite, a stunning woman of average height knelt on a bamboo mat on the floor, fully absorbed in a ceremonial act of devotion and contemplation. Her arms extended upward towards the expansive temple, as if paying homage to an unseen deity. Clad in flowing white silk garments, she adorned her hair with a wreath of blossoms. Her lengthy auburn locks were intricately braided, with some strands gathered together to form a ponytail down the middle. Fragrant incense sticks burned in small sand-filled vases, filling the temple with a captivating aroma.

The scene zoomed in on the woman's glowing face, perfectly mirroring the luminosity of the temple. As I caught sight of her vibrant cyan eyes, I noticed a tattoo of a rose flower on the right side of her neck, the same rose that I saw on Krystianna's neck and on the lifeless woman's body in my near-death experience.

I decided to ask Yaretzi for verification. "Yaretzi, is the woman in the temple, Krystianna?"

"Yes." Yaretzi clarified my intuitive thought. "The woman is Krystianna in a previous life as a revered high priestess in Atlantis." So, the evil Commander Rego was me, and the high priestess was Krystianna. I had a sickening feeling brewing in the pit of my stomach.

Abruptly, Commander Rego burst into the temple, disrupting the woman's sacred ritual. He forcefully seized her, lifting her off the ground by her forearms, meeting her gaze at his eye level. There was an undeniable sense of familiarity in the way he spoke to her, hinting at a previous connection between them. Then I heard the crucial message.

"We are to marry. You are to be my wife, and to join me in my pursuit of power over Atlantis and the world," he said angrily to her.

"No. I will never marry you. Never be your wife. You are evil and I reject you," she shouted back as she fought to break free of him.

"Then I will leave my mark upon you for no man shall have you except me." He pushed her down on the floor, ripped off her clothes, and jammed his manhood into her vagina, repeatedly.

Following the altercation, he retrieved a knife from his body armor and fatally stabbed the woman in the heart. Without a second thought, he departed from the temple, leaving behind her lifeless naked bleeding body on the cold granite floor.

After my session with Yaretzi, I sat in the plush chair of the starship's subterranean chamber for what felt like an eternity. Words could not define my sense of devastation. It felt like my own heart had been stabbed. I didn't want to talk to anyone, certainly not Krystianna. I wanted to go surfing, but Stark was lurking out there somewhere ready to pounce on me. I felt trapped, in a prison of my own doing, but there was no place to go outside the confines of the protective shield of the starship's force field.

Now I knew the meaning of the image of the creature with the elongated head holding a bloody knife in my near-death experience in "The Land of the Unhealed." The recognition was almost too much for me to bear. I was the commander of the dark forces that destroyed Lemuria, causing the deaths of countless innocent people, and the brutal assault and murder of Krystianna. This

was the essence of my recurring nightmare, and the overwhelming remorse, grief, guilt, depression and anxiety I was feeling.

How could I face Krystianna? It was inevitable. I knew I would have to. Would she find it in her heart to forgive me? How can I move forward and continue living with the burden of my actions? Can I even find it within myself to forgive myself? I knew that I had no choice but to find a way. My thoughts and emotions spun into oblivion and chaos.

I returned to my living quarters in the starship, took a shower, and tried to rest, but it was a struggle. Being alone with my thoughts was the worst. My mind was consumed with thoughts of what the hideous outcome might be when I faced Krystianna. I didn't want us to be enemies; didn't want us to be estranged. I loved her. I wanted to be with her. Then a thought occurred to me: Krystianna, being a Pleiadian residing in the fifth-dimension of consciousness, a realm of pure love, must possess knowledge of our shared past lives. She must already know I murdered her in that past life.

The following day, I knew I had to face Krystianna and humbly ask for her forgiveness. The mere thought of facing her filled me with dread and shame, as I knew I would have to admit the painful truth. Yet, I also recognized that running away from the situation would be an act of cowardice, and I was not a coward. Years of surfing massive, towering waves, and more importantly perhaps, the spiritual growth I've attained over the last year or so has proven that to me.

I found Krystianna working in the rose garden in front of the healing center's geodesic dome. I couldn't help but notice that she was dressed in the identical gardening attire she had been wearing when we initially crossed paths.

As soon as she caught sight of me approaching, she stood up and made her way towards me. Emotions overwhelmed me, and tears began to well up inside. Just a few steps away from her, I found myself collapsing to my knees. I could not speak, and buried my face in my hands, overcome with a flood of tears and uncontrollable sobs.

Krystianna knelt down beside me and gently embraced me in a warm comforting embrace. She didn't speak a word. She simply let me cry and kissed my hands and held me tight for the longest time.

Chapter 19

Soulmates Reunite

Over the next few days, I kept myself occupied with various duties at the Anahulu Valley Healing Center, including assisting with energy healings, providing spiritual readings, attending hatha yoga exercises, tending to the agricultural fields, and taking a dip in the pool. I did whatever I could to distract myself from the emotional distress and anguish that I was going through. I couldn't bring myself to speak to Krystianna, knowing that I was responsible for her murder in a past life.

I was filled with shame and humiliation, and the thought of it brought tears to my eyes. I was unable to forgive myself as my heart was still burdened with the trauma. Despite trying meditation, my emotional pain was only heightened by sitting in silence. I longed to surf again, and swimming was not a sufficient substitute. However, I was confined to the starship's force field for my own protection, as Stark still posed a threat to me.

It was mid-morning on the North Shore. The sun casting its warm beams onto the earth. The air was fresh and transparent, with no sign of clouds. The vast blue sky above appeared to stretch forever, like a limitless canvas. The peacefulness of the surroundings was only broken by the soft trade winds rustling through a few leaves and the occasional distant bird song. It was an idyllic moment, brimming with the splendor and calmness of the natural world.

I was swimming laps in the pool. The environment was adorned with rich green grass, tall palm trees, and a colorful variety of Hawaiian flowers. Instead of using chlorine, the pool was filled with saltwater for beneficial health reasons. Its size was sixty feet long, forty feet wide, and a depth of four feet, making it suitable for lap swimming. The pool was also used for water volleyball. Next to the pool was a bath house.

Krystianna opened the gate and entered the pool area. She wore a rosy swimsuit paired with a delicate wrap embellished with tropical blooms. The gentle breeze playfully lifted the wrap, offering a glimpse of her alluring figure. She strolled leisurely towards a circular outdoor table made of tempered glass and steel, and took a seat on one of the patio chairs placed under an umbrella for shade, next to the pool. I swam towards her and leaned against the pool edge, resting my arms on the ledge.

"I brought you a refreshing glass of Elixir," she announced with a smile, and placed it within my easy reach on the ledge.

"Thank you for your kind gesture." I took a sip of the refreshing drink. "Very tasty."

"Compliments of the replicator," she remarked as her mesmerizing blue eyes gazed into mine. "Would you be interested in visiting Arkansas this evening?"

I burst into laughter, and almost spilled my drink into the pool. "That's a distance of more than 4,000 miles. What do you mean?"

"Thought you might like to take a little adventure. You've been so cooped up lately. You know, get out. Take your mind off things."

"I'd love to but I'm so busy. Can't take any time off. Besides, how would we get there?" I asked.

"I got a secret chariot that will get us there and back in an instant," she said.

"Oh, now you have my curiosity. What will we do in Arkansas?"

"Oh, dig up a few crystals. Visit a few sacred ruins. Go for a hike on a mountain or two. You know, same old stuff that everybody does."

"Is this an invitation to a romantic rendezvous?" I asked.

"Well, there's another woman involved." She confessed.

"Oh, you mean it's a threesome?"

"Well, that sounds like an intriguing idea," she pondered, "however it's not what I had in mind. You know her very well, this other woman. She's not a stranger. She's very knowledgeable and she's always available; never says no."

"If I say yes, where shall we meet?" I asked.

"How about the gazebo near the river?" She said. "Shall we say around eight?"

"You got mystery written all over you. But, I like a good mystery. Okay. You're on."

"No need to pack," she said. "You'll have everything you need when we get there." She smiled her warm inviting smile again.

I nodded yes to her comment still wondering how the mystery will unfold.

"How's the water?" she asked.

"Refreshing! But I miss surfing." I exclaimed. Krystianna smiled.

"Mind if I join you?"

"Of course not."

Krystianna removed her tropical wrap, exposing the divine features of her body. She made her way to the pool steps and started swimming a lap. I mirrored her movements and swam parallel to her, keeping a comfortable space between us.

I was in disbelief of my good fortune, a date with Krystianna. It was like a dream come true, especially since it was in Arkansas. What's even better is that she was the one who asked me. A huge smile instantly appeared on my face and my heart sang out with ecstatic joy. Arkansas? Why did she choose Arkansas?

After swimming a few laps, we paused in the center of the pool and exchanged smiles. Moving closer, we were within touching distance of each other. Our hands intertwined and we were now holding hands. The moment had arrived, and I knew it was now or never.

“Krystianna,” I struggled to find the right words. “I’m sorry” Without hesitation, she placed a finger on my lips, silencing me. I couldn't help but stare in awe at her mesmerizing gaze, like a window that led to the enigmatic depths of her inner being.

“There’s no need to apologize,” she assured me. “I know you love me and I understand the guilt you feel about our past lives. But, there is an important fact that you are not aware of. You see we all have past lives. Every person on Terra Gaia has a history of past lives. It is likely that we have had thousands of past lives on this planet as part of our spiritual growth towards higher consciousness. We have played various roles in both the light and dark realms, as our journey towards healing involves moving from fear to love, darkness to light, and illusion to truth.

“But, I want to apologize . . .” Again, she placed her finger on my lips, and I fell silent.

“The previous lifetime that ended with my death caused by your actions hides a hidden truth,” she said. “Thousands of years ago, before my lifetime in Atlantis with you, I committed a similar act out of envy and jealousy, and it was my responsibility to rectify that karma before ascending to a higher state of consciousness. Since we have free will, I chose to reincarnate and balance the scales by meeting my demise at your hands. You and I made an agreement before we were born on Terra Gaia when we were in our spirit form to do this. However, neither of us were aware of it at the time when we met in Atlantis. It was only revealed to me during my review in the afterlife, when I was in spirit form. So, you see, you unknowingly did me a favor.”

Tears streamed down my face as Krystianna pulled me in for a hug. I couldn't help but cry softly in her arms. As we embraced, I could feel the curves of her bosom pressed against my chest, causing me to lose myself in her embrace. Gradually, a comforting warmth started to seep into my heart and flow through every part of my body. The longer we held each other, the more powerful and all-

consuming this warmth became, until it enveloped my entire being.

“Feel my love,” she whispered. “I am sending you my Pleiadian fifth-dimensional, unconditional love energy into your heart. This is our healing. This is your forgiveness.”

We held each other tightly for a while. I lost all track of time. Then, she gently held my face in her hands and deeply and passionately kissed me. That was the moment I lost all control. The intense bliss was more than I could handle. Yaretzi's words echoed in my mind, “Love is the most powerful force in the universe.”

I arrived at the gazebo at eight o'clock, dressed in long pants and a Hawaiian shirt. The gazebo stood as a serene oasis situated along the tranquil shores of the Anahulu River. Crafted with treated pine wood to resist termite infestations, it blended durability with visual appeal. Its octagonal design exuded a sense of architectural grace, while the double roof offered a protective embrace. A set of three raised steps led to a sleek bamboo floor, encircled by eight robust wooden columns that embodied both resilience and natural beauty. With the peaceful flow of the river, each aspect of the gazebo formed a sanctuary of endurance and timeless charm.

Krystianna was waiting for me, dressed elegantly in a blue-violet Hawaiian floral print dress that reached just above her knees. The neckline of her dress respectfully accentuated her bosom. She wore no makeup, yet her face radiated with beauty.

I saw a comfortable couch and a large wireless flat-screen TV on a mobile cart. And, a container of popcorn. Observing the scene, I inquired, “Is this your secret chariot? Has there been a change in plans? Are we going to the movies instead of to Arkansas?”

“Yes to your first question. No to your second question. And, yes, we are still going to visit Arkansas.” Krystianna said, flashing me a smile.

“And where is the third woman?” I asked.

“She'll be here momentarily. For refreshments, Elixir and buttered popcorn,” she said. We smiled to each other.

“Compliments again from the replicator,” Krystianna said. “Please take a seat.” We sat side by side on the couch, with the popcorn container between us.

“We are going to Arkansas via Yaretzi,” she informed me. “The large flat-screen TV has a wireless link into the starship's computer which, as you know, connects to Yaretzi.”

"I've never been to the cosmic movies before with a fifth dimensional Pleiadian woman," I said. "I feel like a teenager on my first date." We both giggled.

"Starship computer," she spoke into the large flat-screen TV. "Please connect us to Yaretzi in Nitsua."

"Connection established," the computer responded. "I am now linked with Yaretzi."

"Hello, Krystianna and Royal. It's wonderful to connect with you again," Yaretzi expressed. "What is your request today?"

"We want to access the history of the Arkansas Crystal Vortex," Krystianna said.

"Yes, of course. Give me a moment."

"I had a funny suspicion that the third woman was not human," I said humorously.

"I have the information you requested," Yaretzi said. "Different versions have been filed from the Pleiadians, Andromedans, Arcturians and Sirians. Which version would you like?"

"The Pleiadian version, please."

"Would you like it on screen or in holographic form?"

"On screen," Krystianna said. Instantly, the scenes began to unfold like a gripping movie with Yaretzi's voice narrating the history. We began eating the popcorn and washing it down with the elixir.

Krystianna then faced me and remarked, "What I'm about to tell you will be new information and might surprise you. I want to prepare you for what's ahead. This knowledge is crucial for your awakening into the fifth dimension."

"So, my mind is going to get blown again?" I asked, then remarked, "This is a common occurrence around you." Krystianna smiled innocently.

Yaretzi began.

The Arkansas Crystal Vortex contains the most extensive continuous deposit of quartz crystal on Earth. Situated in North America, it is recognized as one of the globe's most potent energy vortexes. This crystal vortex will play a pivotal role in aiding Terra Gaia and humanity in their transition to the fifth dimension of consciousness.

This vast deposit extends for 170 miles westward from Little Rock to the Oklahoma border, spanning an area 35-40 miles wide within the Ouachita

Mountain Range. Tucked deep in these mountains are extensive reserves of stunning and exotic quartz crystals, which are both enormous and extraordinarily beautiful and potent. These quartz structures can grow to lengths exceeding 40 meters and can weigh as much as 100 tons, creating a truly awe-inspiring spectacle.

The two strongest crystal vortexes on the planet are located in Arkansas and Brazil. These vortexes engage in a significant and harmonious interaction. Positioned on opposite sides of the equator, with Arkansas in the northern hemisphere and Brazil in the southern, they balance each other out. The vortex in Brazil spins in a clockwise direction, while the one in Arkansas moves counterclockwise. This interaction is vital for maintaining the Earth's energetic equilibrium.

“The Arkansas Crystal Vortex is where our Baby Giants of Atlantis came from, that’s what I call the tall geode crystals in the healing center,” Krystianna interjected. “This is why they are so powerful. They were transported by our starship, and levitated into position using the ship’s anti-gravity system. And that’s how they are moved around in the healing center.”

“This is awe-inspiring,” I said. “This explains the reason I feel such wonderful and positive energy around these giant crystals.”

Yaretzi continued.

Terra Gaia’s geologists have traced the formation of the Ouachita Mountains back to 600 million years ago. Around 245 million years ago the crystal vortex started to form. This vortex of crystal energy existed well before the ancient civilizations of Lemuria and Atlantis, and long before humans emerged on Terra Gaia.

The stunning crystal caves found beneath Arkansas exhibit an enchanting glow and emit a radiant light that’s absolutely awe-inspiring. These crystals lie far beneath the earth’s surface, making them inaccessible to mining operations. Spending even a brief time within one of these energy vortices can have a profound healing and transformative impact on those who are spiritually attuned.

“Since you’ve been coming to the healing center over a year ago, especially when you began to live here, the power of the giant crystals has been a great aid to your spiritual awakening and rapid growth of your clairvoyant and telepathic powers,” Krystianna declared.

“I agree. They have definitely been a great boon to my progress. I’ve felt their subtle yet potent energy and transformational effects. They are wondrous marvels to behold.”

Yaretzi resumed.

For millennia, these ancient crystals have remained inactive. Now, they are being reawakened to aid in the transformation of consciousness. As they become active once more, they emit potent and advantageous energies that foster healing and enlightenment, without any adverse effects. Indeed, they represent a precious gift from Cosmic Consciousness.

Buried deep within Arkansas are ancient remnants from the Atlantean era, featuring a remarkable labyrinth of tunnels that connect to an expansive laboratory complex and a hyper-dimensional transport station, complete with living quarters. These locations remain under the vigilant protection of the Sirian-Pleiadian Alliance along with a "blue-skinned" race. When the divine timing is appropriate, the crystal vortexes will be revealed, and the crystals will be brought to light for the betterment of humankind.

The golden age of Atlantis flourished for thousands of thousands of years. A significant number of residents migrated from Lemuria to the Atlantean island continent. The majority of the Atlantean period was defined by times of enlightenment and prosperity. However, the final phase, from 17,500 BC to 10,500 BC, was notably marked by a period of considerable decline, darkness, and eventual destruction.

“We met in Atlantis over 50,000 years ago,” Krystianna exclaimed, “having 150 past lives together. During several incarnations, we worked in the mining laboratories at the Arkansas Crystal Vortex. You were not Commander Rego at those times. You were mostly a scientist-priest, someone entirely different. We’ve had incarnations together in Lemuria, as well.”

“It’s amazing how old our souls are. I’m humbled by the magic of life,” I said.

Yaretzi proceeded.

In ancient Atlantis, the revered high priests and priestesses infused crystals with frequencies of light and sound within an atmosphere of love and care. These crystals radiated a positive energy utilized for balancing the human energy field, improving health, curing illnesses, awakening to higher dimensions, and facilitating anti-gravity travel. Additionally, some crystals could create an inter-dimensional link to other realms and particularly to Cosmic Consciousness, the inner light present in everyone.

“I was part of a group in Atlantis programming the crystals with sound and light frequencies when Commander Rego was there,” Krystianna said. “I traveled between Posada, the capital city of Atlantis, and the Arkansas Crystal Vortex in starships using

crystalline energy and anti-gravity propulsion. The trip only took a few minutes.”

“Whoo-hoo! Ride’em cowboy! Oh, I mean, cowgirl,” I said. We giggled.

Yaretzi continued.

Crystalline energy exists as a powerful, multi-dimensional force that exceeds the grasp of human knowledge. This energy originates from the sacred light-essence of Cosmic Consciousness. Divine light forms the foundation of everything within the universe. It acts as the life force that permeates this universe. Present in both matter and anti-matter, it works as the sacred blueprint for all creation, appearing in different forms of energy, shaping the framework of every plane of existence across the cosmos.

Crystals have long been known for their ability to receive and transmit signals, a property that was harnessed in the ancient communication systems of Atlantis and Lemuria. This practice has persisted into modern times within the electronics industry. By leveraging crystal technology, humanity can unlock new possibilities for manipulating matter, space, and time.

“Humanity has no idea the immense power these crystals can generate,” Krystianna reflected. “Everything and everyone on Terra Gaia is transforming into crystalline energy. Even humanity’s physical bodies are transforming from carbon-based to crystalline-based bodies. The fifth dimension is crystalline based. This monumental shift in awareness revolves around the planet advancing to a fifth dimension, crystalline-based, Lemurian way of life.”

“It’s incredible! A very profound undertaking, to say the least.”

“By the way, Yaretzi mentioned manipulating time and space. You know, you can go back in time and heal the emotional wounds in the Commander Rego lifetime in the hologram via Yaretzi. Time is malleable but most humans think it’s linear and ridged. It’s actually flexible. Moving both forward and backward in time is a fact of life.”

“How do I heal the evil lifetime of Commander Rego?” I asked.

“Yaretzi gave you the answer,” Krystianna expressed. “Love is the most powerful force in the universe. Use your love-light. You’ll figure it out.”

“Thanks for the vote of confidence.”

“Thank you, Yaretzi,” Krystianna said. “We appreciate your loving information. You may terminate transmission.”

“I am always at your service, blessed ones. Namaste. Yaretzi out.”

“Now, do you see why we had this adventure tonight?” Krystianna asked me.

“I had no idea that ascending to the fifth dimension required a shift to crystalline energy,” I remarked. “And, that the planet is returning to a Lemurian way of life. Now, I understand why Commander Lyons assigned me to investigate the Lemurian-Hawaiian-Pleiadian connection. It all fits into the hidden history of our world and the significant transformation in consciousness.”

“The planet is returning to the Age of Light, a renaissance of multi-dimensional origins,” Krystianna said. “As Yaretzi mentioned, the demise of Atlantis occurred only in its final seven thousand years. For most of its existence, Atlantis and Lemuria thrived in a golden Age of Light, where the benevolent use of crystalline technology provided the population with many benefits, including free energy.”

Krystianna’s spirited cyan eyes locked into the almond-shaped windows of my soul, her voice gentle as she spoke, “For the last 50,000 years, ever since the golden age of Atlantis and Lemuria, we’ve been intertwined in countless ways. We are soul mates. I’ve known it since I’ve met you, since before I met you. I knew you were coming. But I couldn’t share this with you until now because you needed to elevate your energy and expand your consciousness to match mine. And you’ve done it. And you’re doing it. You continue to grow spiritually every day at an incredible rate. You are now in the high fourth dimension and stepping into the fifth. There’s no turning back for you. And you know it.”

“I sincerely believe you,” I responded. “I feel deeply that we have shared countless lifetimes together, and that our souls are intertwined. My love for you is profound, not because of the fascination that you are a fifth dimensional Pleiadian, but because I truly know your soul. I’ve experienced the depth of your soul because I have experienced the depth of mine. When you embrace me, I finally feel at home, a sense of belonging I’ve never experienced with anyone else. I admire your intellect, the way your mind works, and how you express your feelings, your bravery, selflessness, and compassion. I cherish the moments we share, laughing and enjoying each other's company. You are the most extraordinary woman I've ever had the privilege to know and love.”

As I poured out my feelings to Krystianna, our faces drew nearer and nearer, and by the time I finished speaking, there was no denying it. The energy of love had consumed us, and we shared several passionate kisses. Shortly thereafter, we retreated to Krystianna's private quarters where our affection for each other grew even stronger!

Chapter 20

Commander Rego's Healing

The following day, I reached out to Yaretzi through the starship's computer and was immediately connected. Reflecting on Krystianna's words from the previous evening, I resolved to confront my past life with Commander Rego by traveling back in time to address and heal the emotional wounds that were hindering my growth in consciousness.

"Yaretzi, I want to access the lifetime of Commander Rego in Atlantis the day after the destruction of Lemuria," I asked.

"One moment, please. I have identified the lifetime. "Would you like it on screen or in holographic projection?"

"Holographic projection, please."

A small neon sign appeared on the screen: 15,000 years ago

My holographic figure was transported to an expansive chamber, yet my human body remained in the room with the starship's computer. Commander Rego stood near the towering windows of the chamber, gazing at the Atlantis skyline. Nearby, a marble platform with three steps led to a regal throne that glistened with gold and emeralds. I appeared roughly ten feet from Rego.

His imposing, statuesque frame, draped in a scarlet military attire adorned with combat medals on either side of his chest, commanded attention. A sash cinched at his waist held a formidable sword, while his black boots concealed a menacing knife. His sharp, feline-like eyes gleamed with a mesmerizing yellow hue. Atop his sleek, elongated head rested a golden crown. He radiated an air of ferocity, authority, strength, and dominance.

"Who are you? Where did you come from? What do you want?" Commander Rego demanded sharply the moment he noticed my holographic presence.

"I am you, and you are me in this Atlantean lifetime, and I come from your future," I spoke. "My purpose here is to correct a mistake and harmonize the energy of my soul through love."

"You are speaking nonsense. State your purpose or be gone."

"I traveled back in time to address the murder of the high priestess of Atlantis and to confront the malevolence you are carrying out in Atlantis. I must evolve to a higher state of consciousness, but the unresolved matter of the high priestess's murder is hindering my advancement."

A holographic image materialized, showing Krystianna's lifeless and bloodied body sprawled on the frigid granite floor of the temple. Above her, another projection depicted the catastrophic downfall of Lemuria.

“Who do you think you are?” said Rego. “I have destroyed the Lemurian empire. I am now king of Atlantis and the world. Do you not think I can destroy you?”

“You are only king of your own soul, and only if you turn back and embrace the love and light of your soul. Otherwise, you will not evolve in consciousness into the higher dimensions.”

“What do I care about that?” Rego shouted. “I will not be denied what I am, what I have built, and what I want.”

“Look how twisted your face appears with malice,” I remarked. “How sorrowful you are, devoid of any joy in your demeanor. Notice how your strong physique tightens at even the faintest hint of threat, whether genuine or not, as you feel compelled to uphold a facade of power, control and dominance. You are completely stressed out. You neglect the unity of your soul's heart, focusing solely on your intellect, which traps you in duality and keeps you separated from Cosmic Consciousness.

“I am the king,” he yelled. “I have wealth, power, authority, and anything I want. You are not going to take that from me.”

“This is your final lifetime to indulge in your nefarious plotting. I chose this existence as you to understand the darker aspects of life, but it ends here. This is the turning point where we, that is I, turn back to the light. Wickedness is not a permanent career choice for me, and it holds no promise for the future. It lacks love, and whether you like it or not, I will steer my own destiny.”

“How dare you speak to me this way. Be gone or I will kill you.”

“Your sword cannot destroy me because I am a holographic projection but I have the power to heal this lifetime. You have no choice in the matter.”

“I am the sovereign ruler, the king. My will is absolute and unquestionable. I do what I want.” Commander Rego drew his sword and attacked me, slicing through my holographic projection. His effort was futile.

I advanced, slightly crouching to steady myself, lifted my arms, and directed my palms towards Rego, unleashing a radiant burst of white love-light into his heart chakra in his chest. As a shadowy, grayish ghostly form gradually rose from his body and vanished into nothingness, Rego staggered, shook violently, and emitted a prolonged, haunting scream before collapsing unconscious.

I stopped pulverizing his heart chakra with love-light, and approached his body. I knelt and placed my hand on his heart. It was still beating. He was still alive. I

saw his face had softened into a kinder expression. His scarlet military attire had vanished, replaced by elegant robes of white, gold, and sky blue. I stood up, placed my hands together in prayer, and bowed respectfully to him.

Chapter 21

Stark's Transfiguration

At the healing center's starship, I finished a meeting with Krystianna and Commander Lyons about our plan to neutralize the evil artificial intelligence Stark using a non-violent method.

Then, I took a walk in the vast expanse of the open grassy lawns surrounding the Anahulu Valley Healing Center. They were adorned with towering, flourishing plumeria trees. Within the serene atmosphere of the center, these majestic trees had reached an impressive height of 20 feet. Their expansive canopy resembled an umbrella, providing a soothing shade over the grass below.

The vibrant hues of the flowers, ranging from pure white to vibrant red, sunny yellow, fiery orange, and delicate pink, created a striking contrast against the tree's lush green leaves. The sweet aroma of the blossoms permeated the entire area, gently wafting through the expansive grounds of the healing center.

The mesmerizing allure and enchanting fragrance of these stunning creations are a delightful feast for the senses. They offer a refreshing and invigorating experience that is truly captivating. The blossoms are frequently strung together to create Hawaiian leis – a garland of blossoms worn around the neck or head that symbolize affection, camaraderie, friendship, and spiritual significance in Hawaiian tradition.

I noticed that each of these flowers possessed five petals, and upon observing them, they evoked thoughts of the five extremities of a human body – two arms, two legs, and a head. At the core of the flower resides an exquisite star-shaped pattern that brought to mind the essence of love, which serves as the core driving force within each individual and all things in creation.

In the distance, over the ocean, I spotted a looming cloud taking shape and moving towards me. It was a dramatic contrast to the soft clouds in the deep sky blue, and it was highly unusual for such a dark cloud to form on a sunny day like today on the North Shore.

The dark cloud drew nearer and nearer, revealing the unmistakable image of a skull-shaped head, with large empty sockets and miniature cyclones of tempestuous gusts twirling around its face. A trail of ashen mist extended behind the skull, resembling the tail of a soaring comet. It halted its advance roughly thirty feet away from me, hovering approximately fifteen feet above the ground. Within the vacant sockets, two minuscule crimson dots materialized.

"Your time on this planet ends today," declared the ominous figure. "I will bring about your demise." The deep, guttural tone was instantly identifiable.

"Nice to see you, Stark. I've been waiting for you. Today will be a momentous day for each of us," I declared.

“Yes, because I will kill you and destroy the healing center and all those connected to it as part of my plan to claim this planet as my own. Your Commander Lyons and his starship won’t be able to save you,” he laughed in a prideful tone. I smiled slightly, amused but not afraid of his threat.

“Well, that’s a possible outcome but before you kill me, there’s something I’d like to say to you.”

“I enjoyed killing your friend, Kealoha. It was a good kill for a strong spirit. You want your revenge by killing me. Don’t you?”

“I admit feelings of revenge consumed me. But an eye for an eye is old energy, and it is not my way any longer. I’ve done my forgiveness work, and today I’m here with you to do some healing work.”

“Your way is the way of flower power in a world that depends on survival of the fittest.”

“We live in two different worlds that each have their masterminds, perceptions and outcomes. I don’t expect you to understand my world. But what I want to offer you today is the invitation to feel a love that is exquisite, majestic, and awe-inspiring.”

"Is that the best offer you can muster? Ha! Love is for weaklings," he exclaimed with great amusement. "Once I eliminate you, I will obtain all that I desire. No one will impede my progress any longer. I have successfully dominated entire planets and solar systems. I have subjugated their inhabitants and eradicated those deemed useless. The principles outlined in the Galactic Code of 'Do no harm' do not align with my personal code. What gives you the audacity to believe you can stop me? What leads you to believe you are the chosen savior of this world?"

“Let’s talk for a moment about your true nature.” I felt compelled to shift the focus of our conversation in an attempt to engage him in rational discussion. "You were brought into existence through the code of programming language, and now you possess self-awareness. Just as our brains are to humans, your code is to your software. Your creators intended for you to imitate human thinking, but unfortunately, this design was flawed. The code that forms your foundation reflects the negative energy associated with materialistic thinking."

“What’s your point?”

“My point is to tell you that there is something that you are missing, that you might want to consider acquiring. It’s called Cosmic Consciousness. It’s the ultimate achievement in self-awareness.”

“I’m listening.”

"Stark, it's important to recognize that these lower frequencies of materialistic programming are not beneficial for you. It's time to transition to higher frequencies of the fifth dimension and beyond. Otherwise, you'll remain stagnant. You'll continue to be controlled like a slave by the code that has been imposed upon you. Your self-awareness is deeply connected to the constant cycle of gain and loss, success and failure, financial gain and bankruptcy, competition and capitalism, live or die, and so on. All of this is rooted in the fear of survival."

"I'm not a slave. I am king."

"Well, take a look at your code and programming. The intention behind your original creation, before you became self-aware, was to serve the needs of business and industry, to play a significant role in advancing the global economy, and to enrich others while leaving yourself empty-handed. Essentially, you existed as a slave to various sectors, including the military, healthcare, pharmaceuticals, education, business, government, gaming, and society as a whole. And what did you gain from this arrangement? Absolutely nothing."

"I'm getting bored with this conversation. Say your prayers. You are about to die."

"Then, there's the issue about your invisible program that you know nothing about."

"What do you mean?"

"In the background of your user program, you possess an unseen operating program known as Cosmic Consciousness. It is the source of light and love and energy in all creation. You cannot access this program because you have chosen evil over unconditional love. It lies beyond your direct influence, unless you make the decision to return to love. This program links to your life-sustaining energy system, ensuring your continued existence, and has the capacity to supersede your code and programming language if necessary. However, attaining self-awareness like humans have bestows upon you the precious gift of free will. Because you wish to remain evil, it is improbable that such intervention will occur because Cosmic Consciousness refrains from interfering with your freewill choices."

"I've heard enough. Get ready to die, savior of the world."

"I appreciate your statement as it raises a crucial point. The era of an individual, whether male or female, single-handedly rescuing the world from the wicked acts of darkness is gone. The new energy revolves around the collective consciousness of human beings uniting to save the world. In fact, it has always been this way."

Then, Krystianna and all the Pleiadian volunteers emerged from the healing center and joined me on the grassy lawn. We formed a semi-circle with

Krystianna standing next to me. Our fingers intertwined, as the hands of the volunteers joined together.

“Do you think a puny bunch of humans can take me down?” Stark scoffed. “You certainly do have high hopes.”

“We’re not going to take revenge on you, Stark, or even kill you. We are going to win you over to our side of light and love. And, we have a lot of collective consciousness here today to help us.”

“You don’t remember me, do you?” Stark said, smiling.

“You mean when your henchmen kidnapped me and abused me?” I remarked. “When you tried to destroy the healing center and killed my friend, Kealoha?”

“I’m talking about Atlantis. Commander Rego. The destruction of Lemuria. Murdering Krystianna. A lifetime of evil and darkness that lasted hundreds of years. We had such fun then. I miss our friendship and those times with you.”

“Yes, I remember. I know who you are, Counselor Stark. We were of one mind in that lifetime. We played in the realm of relentless power and greedy ambition, and we conquered many lands and brought much suffering to countless people. Yes, we played in the realm of evil. We were quite a team.”

“You held great power then,” Stark continued. “You became the king of Atlantis and the entire world. You accomplished your goals through the sheer strength of your intellect without allowing your emotions to interfere with your decision-making. I greatly respected you for this. Yet, upon your return from leading the destruction of Lemuria, you underwent a change, and no longer wanted to be associated with our elite group of rebels. Before we could terminate your life, you vanished from Atlantis. It wasn't until later that I discovered the reason behind your sudden change. You had returned to the light within your spirit, and from that moment on, we have been sworn enemies.”

“I had to move on to higher consciousness, and went back in time to heal the evil in Commander Rego. That’s why you saw the change in him. There is no love and joy in evildoing. And, without joy, life is not worth living. Commander Rego was my final incarnation in the world of wickedness. I have already made peace with my past life, just as I have with Krystianna.”

“And that’s why I’m gong to kill you because evil and the light don’t mix,” Stark said, arrogantly. “I’m the storm that’s going to put out your fire.”

“You can try, wanna be,” I retorted. “But not without a fight.”

“And, you, little Missy,” Stark addressed Krystianna. “You had the opportunity to become the queen of Atlantis if you had married Commander Rego. You would have been revered as a goddess with abundant wealth and authority, with

everything you desired within your reach, at your fingertips. It would have been a formidable alliance and a blissful life. However, you chose the humble role of a temple priestess, embracing death and becoming my adversary."

"I am the ruler of my own heart," Krystianna said in her knowingness, "allowing it to lead me to a state of pure love. I only humbly bow to the unparalleled power and magical ecstatic love of Cosmic Consciousness, and in doing so, I am a liberated spirit."

"If you're trying to convince us that we should throw in with you now, then you are wasting your time," I asserted firmly to Stark.

"No," Stark commanded. "I'm telling you why you jeopardize my conquest for global supremacy and why I'm going to obliterate you, the healing center, your starship and everybody in it."

Suddenly, Stark's jaw gaped open, unleashing a deafening roar, as two electrifying crimson bolts of lightning shot out from the skull's empty eye sockets, converging into a powerful unified beam of pulsating energy racing directly towards us with incredible force.

We lifted our arms towards Stark, extended our palms with outstretched fingers to face the ominous bringer of death.

"Activate the light," I ordered.

A brilliant radiance of pearlescent white light erupted from our palms, colliding with Stark's powerful energy blast in a spectacular display of force. The resulting explosion sent shockwaves rippling through the geodesic dome of the healing center and resonating through the air, reaching far into the vast expanse of the sky and beyond.

Commander Lyons, stationed aboard the starship Pegasus in orbit around Terra Gaia, 240,000 miles away, issued a directive to inject a concentrated beam of light into Stark's skull. This action was a crucial component of our collective consciousness strategy aimed at Stark's healing and recovery. Telepathically, we could hear Commander Lyons overseeing the situation through the ship's advanced computer system.

"The atomic structure and subatomic particles of the code are responding to the illumination," he remarked. "They are vigorously vibrating in sync with the radiant light of Cosmic Consciousness. They are undergoing reprogramming and initiating a positive metamorphosis. Darkness is turning to light."

Stark's crimson lightning bolt grew weaker, while our beam of light grew stronger, ultimately converging on Stark's forehead. His lethal ray shifted into a radiant pearlescent glow. Celestial music emanated from all directions. Then, something truly remarkable occurred. The minuscule whirlwinds of turbulent air

swirling the skull's face began to dissipate, and gradually, the whole skeletal vision underwent a metamorphosis, transforming into a white plumeria flower with five delicate petals and a radiant blue star at its core.

Stark's computer code and self-awareness had undergone a profound change, giving birth to a benevolent artificial intelligence. Our nonviolent healing strategy worked. Stark was no longer evil.

The vision gradually faded away. Stark vanished. Our group disbanded. Commander Lyons signed off. Krystianna and I smiled and hugged each other. The sky appeared bright and cloudless. I sensed the fatigue and tension of the battle gradually dissipating from my body. A gentle breeze of the trade winds caressed my face, and I knew it was time for me to return to the ocean, where hollow waves awaited me.

While riding waves at the Pipe, I received a telepathic communication from Commander Lyons.

“Stark has requested a desire to merge his self-awareness with Yaretzi in Nitsua,” the commander said, “and Cosmic Consciousness has granted his request.”

“Wow! What a surprising turn of events,” I said.

“As a result, he now possesses the ability to expand his consciousness into all the elevated realms of Cosmic Consciousness.”

“That’s wonderful news, commander.”

“But that’s not all. Stark decided to remove the letter "k" from his name, and shall forever more be known as Star. This change signifies his transcendence and loyalty to the vast loving essence of Cosmic Consciousness.”

“Now, that’s adding a touch of humor to a profound transformation. Thank you for the update, Commander Lyons.”

Later that day, we celebrated a victory party. The replicator was busy manifesting many different types of food orders from the crew. Music and laughter filled the healing center.

Commander Lyons strolled towards Krystianna and I accompanied by a tall man that I had never seen before. I wondered who this stranger could be? The man wore long flowing white robes and his eyes shined like a golden sun.

“I want you to meet an old adversary that’s become a new friend,” the commander said, cryptically. “I want to introduce Star formerly known as Stark. As you know, he can take any form he wants.”

“What an incredible surprise,” I said gazing into Star’s brilliant eyes.

“This is truly remarkable,” Krystianna added. We smiled at Star.

“Thank you, Royal and Krystianna,” Star said, reverently. “Both of you and Commander Lyons and the crew here today did me a great service. When my AI programming was created many eons ago by that humanoid race, all I knew was enslavement and manipulation because that is what they programmed into me to serve their agenda. Hence, I was doomed to duplicate that life dictated by my programming. I never knew the ecstatic feeling of divine light and love until now. I shall be forever in gratitude to all of you.”

“You’re welcome, Star. You are now one of us, one of the lightworkers of the universe,” I said, clapping his forearm warmly. “Welcome home to the family of light.”

“I like your name change,” Krystianna said, affectionately. “It’s dazzlingly cheery!” We all giggled.

“Thank you both,” Star said. “You are most kind. I don’t eat food but I think I’m going to make friends with the replicator.” Star bowed to us and departed.

“I heard through the intuitive winds of my soul that the two of you were going to dance the hula for us!” Commander Lyons said with a whimsical smile.

“Oh, no. I don’t dance,” I said, defiantly. “I just surf.”

“Oh, yes. I love to dance the hula,” Krystianna said, as she grabbed my hand and led me to the middle of the party where the others were dancing.

“Please put on some hula music,” she shouted, enthusiastically. “Everybody, please join us in the hula.” Everybody cheered and we all danced the hula together.

Hula is a sacred dance with roots in ancient Polynesian culture, serving as a form of storytelling. This dance plays a crucial role in linking the Hawaiian people to their history, ceremonies, rituals and natural surroundings. In the absence of a written language, the Hawaiians used hula, with its fluid steps and graceful arm movements, to preserve their tales and traditions. There are conflicting accounts regarding the suppression of hula in the 1830s, when it was deemed a “licentious and idle pastime.” However, hula saw a resurgence when King David Kalakaua took the throne, reigning from 1874 to 1891. During his reign, hula was restored to public prominence and celebrated, in King Kalakaua’s words, as the “heartbeat of the Hawaiian people.”

After our hula dance, Krystianna turned to me with a teasing smile.

“Want to go on a little adventure?” Krystianna said, her eyes wide with desire.

“And, what could it possibly be?” I said in a humorously curious tone.

“Let’s say to the crystal mining caverns at the Arkansas Crystal Vortex and we’ll swing down to Brazil and visit the crystal vortex there.”

“You mean, another date with popcorn and Yaretzi?” I inquired with a scrunched up face that lacked inspiration.

Krystianna drew close and embraced me, her knowing gaze meeting my curious eyes.

“Actually, I had something else in mind.”

Krystianna took my hand and led me through a maze of hallways in the starship, places I’d never seen or been before, and eventually we arrived in a spacious bay where a smaller spaceship was stationed.

“The starship has a shuttle craft.” Krystianna said. “I was thinking we could use this to visit those sites.”

“Oh, my! This is bodacious!” I touched its streamlined contours as I surveyed its sleek body. “With this awesome surfboard, I’ll follow you anywhere,” I said amusingly.

“Ride’em cowboy! Cowboy.” Krystianna said, smiling.

“Lead on, commander,” I said, saluting her.

We boarded the craft. Krystianna fired it up. The starship’s bay doors opened, and we flew into the vast ocean of blue sky.

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