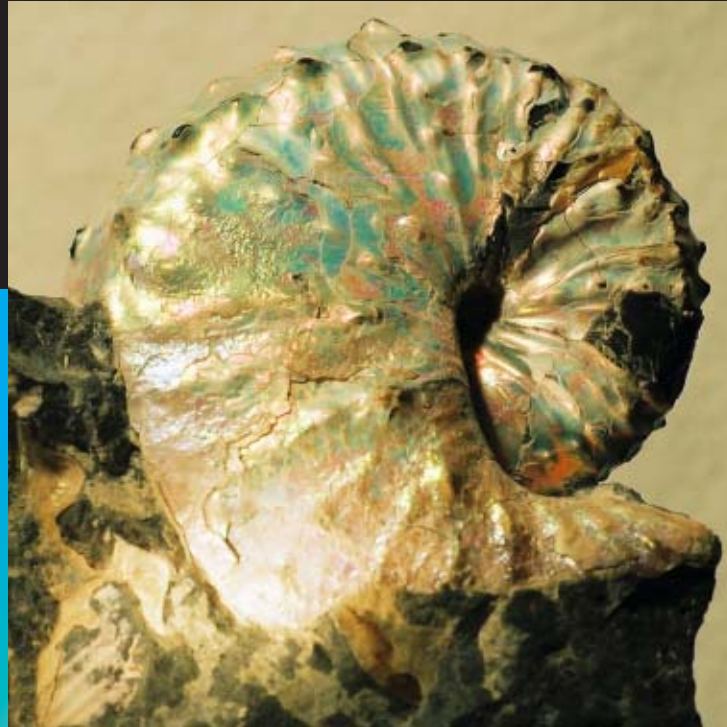


ANCIENT LANDSCAPES



DISTANT MUSIC

Recollection of a Composite Soul

Volume I: Collective Initiation

BY NANCE GENEVIEVE ERHARDT AND FRANK JACK BENNETT
WITH OBSERVATIONS BY MAIA

ANCIENT LANDSCAPES DISTANT MUSIC: Recollection of a Composite Soul
Volume I: Collective Initiation
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VOLUME I: COLLECTIVE INITIATION

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— DEDICATION —

With all of our love and gratitude we dedicate this book to the following people:

First, to Paul, Nance's husband: Your humor, tolerance, intelligence, wisdom, and unconditional love not only fostered our journey together, but, in many ways, made it possible. We will, as you requested, try to not disturb the Buddha that lies within you. However, we acknowledge that He and you are the same. We love you.

Second, to Maia, our Soul mate and fellow traveler: Your divinely guided observation of us within the swirls of Greek coffee grounds became the Sacred Act of Seeing that observed the One Path of our experience and was the energy that guided our way. May what you saw and what you heard on August 25, 2001 in Pittsburgh be what the entire world will see and hear.

Finally, to those known and unknown who reside in the empty spaces of our journey. We acknowledge your guidance, your sacrifices, and your unabiding love.



— ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS —

We could not possibly acknowledge in this book all of the numerous people who have influenced and supported our journey. They have been thanked and honored individually. However, we do wish to honor a few special people.

First and foremost, we honor our parents. Frank's father, Ron, has been supportive, loving and completely non-judgmental in regard to a journey that he did not understand fully. His unconditional love and faith has inspired Frank and fortified him in times of need. Nance wishes to honor her mother, Millie, for all her support and unconditional love, as well. Through her mother, Nance experienced the energy of the feminine in its highest expression.

Second, we wish to acknowledge all of those who found the way to our door and who entered into a sacred relationship with us. Without all of those loving Souls, our journey would have been impossible.

Third, we wish to acknowledge three authors whose books came to us in mysterious ways prior to our journey together. All three books provided, among other things, the fertile soil in which the seeds of our journey were planted. We acknowledge Gregg Braden and his book, *Awakening to Zero Point*. In addition, we acknowledge Dr. Serge Kahili King and his book, *The Urban Shaman*. Finally, we acknowledge Ted Andrews and his book, *Animal Speak*. Thank you for providing wisdom and illumination.

Finally, we wish to acknowledge all of the thousands of others who have been touched by the Divine Light and have entered anonymously into the service of Planetary Guardianship. It is your love and your choice to hold the Light individually and collectively that is the energy that guided our journey and guides the journey of us all at this most critical time in human history. We honor each of you for your deep and unabiding love and for your sacrifices.

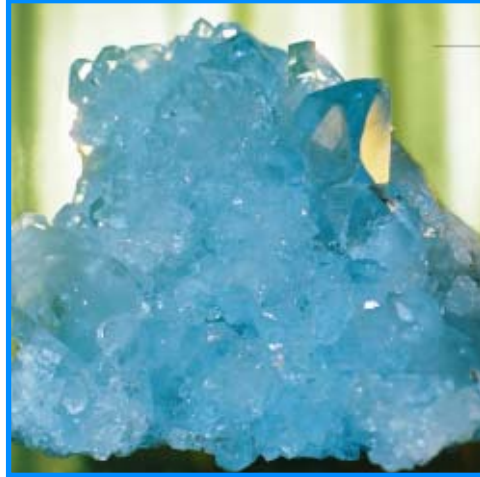


The One Possessing the Forces of Ten

“Now as time goes on the last of the priests will carry their robes, their bowls, and their tooth-sticks after the manner of the naked ascetics. They will take a bottle gourd, make of it a begging bowl, and carry it in their arms, or in their hands, or in the balance of a carrying-pole. And as time goes on a priest will say, ‘What is the good of this yellow robe?’ and cut a small piece of yellow cloth, and tie it around his neck, or his ears, or his hair, and devote himself to husbandry or trade and the like, and to taking care of wife and children. Then he will give gifts to the southern congregation. And the fruit of the gift, say I, will be myriad fold. As time goes on the priests will say, ‘What do we want with this?’ and they will throw away the piece of yellow cloth and persecute the wild animals and birds of the forest, and thus the disappearance of the symbols will have occurred.”

“Thereupon, the dispensation The Supreme Buddha being now five thousand years old, the relics will begin to fail of honor and worship, and they will go wherever they can receive honor and worship. But as time goes on they will not receive honor and worship in any place. Thus, when the dispensation has disappeared, the relics will come from every place; from the serpent world, from the world of the gods, and from the Brahma-world; and having congregated together at the throne under the Great Bo-tree, they will make an effigy of the Buddha, perform a miracle to relieve suffering resembling the Twin Miracle of Fire and Water, and will teach the Doctrine. And these will cry aloud saying, ‘Divine sirs, the seventh day from now our One Possessing the Ten Forces will pass into Nirvana.’”

— ANCIENT BUDDHIST TEXT TRANSMISSION



— INTRODUCTION —

Humankind's search for self and the meaning of life has been carried out for eons. It chronicles the collective struggle to define ourselves and to establish our place in the Cosmos. This search has not been carried out by all, but has been carried out countless times during the history of our species. It is being carried out in our time in a different and more exacting way. Something dynamic has shifted in each of us and is continuing to shift. Sometimes it is difficult. Time is speeding up. Consciousness is evolving. We all know we are on the verge of something monumental, an actual transformation from the Old Age of suffering to the New Age of Enlightenment. We all know that we are entering the Time long prophesied, the Time of the Transformation of the Human Soul. Each search from the past has been like a distant drum, echoing in our brains, waiting for the final symphony to be orchestrated. The struggle of our species to come to grips with mortality, the promise of immortality, and our relationship with a Higher Being are in the process of transformation. The Time is ripe for the true map for the culmination of the long Earth Walk of the human experience. After all, many have predicted that this is the last generation. It is and *Ancient Landscapes Distant Music* is an exacting energetic map to the place where the long struggle culminates in transformation and healing.

I know the authors of this book. I met them at a time in my life when I was on a path of destruction both physically and spiritually. In 2000, I was diagnosed with breast cancer. By April of 2002 the cancer had metastasized to my lungs, my bones, and my liver. I was hospitalized and unable to breathe on my own. I could not walk. My doctors gave me one month to live. I already held in my heart my own spiritual beliefs. I understood intellectually and even sometimes emotionally those beliefs, but I did not walk the path they had illuminated for me. The second day of my hospitalization Nance and Frank came to my hospital bed. Despite the obvious "facts" of my condition, they saw me in the place where I existed fully healed. They began to transmit the vision of my healing to every cell and atom of my body, my mind, and

my being. With purity of purpose and clarity of vision that I had never experienced with any other human being, they envisioned my healing with relentless and quiet certainty. With their help I began to walk the path where my healing existed. Nearly two years later, I am in the process of complete recovery from cancer, a miracle my doctors cannot explain. Even more important, today I no longer exist in the place where I was formally attached to suffering and loss. Today I walk a different Earth path than I walked before. Today I know with certainty that the “destined” hour of my death has been changed by the power of my Soul. Today I know with certainty that I will not die until my Work on this planet during this Time of our Times is completed. Today, I am filled with both joy and gratitude because I now walk the Transformation Path and am remembering my own mastery. I am finally walking the path illuminated for me by the Great Masters and by two ordinary human beings who represent the microcosm of the Human Soul.

Nance and Frank are not “healers.” Having pioneered the Human Journey to the place where the healing already exists, they transmit that energy to awaken where it exists within each and every one of us. They are not Masters. They are just ordinary human beings who are remembering their own mastery, the task and promise for all human beings during this most important time in the Evolution of the Human Soul. While they had foreknowledge of September 11, 2001 and have energetically traveled the human experience to 2013, they are not prophets. They are instead simply pioneers of the Ancient Landscape of the Human Soul existing where the prophesy of the Transformation Path already exists. This book is the chronicle of their experiences to pioneer the energetically journey we have all come to this Time to complete. Their journey takes us to the destination we all seek, the place where the healing already exists. Their journey demonstrates that the healing of the Spirit can only be done with Spirit and their journey is the energetic map of that most important process.

Up until now, the search for meaning has taken on countless faces, all of which dealt with the event metaphorically, since up until now that was the only way in which the event could be described. There are many books that chronicle the spiritual journey, predict the Second Coming, or describe the unprecedented events that have been prophesies and are unfolding. The Time has changed and metaphor is becoming reality. This is the only book of which I am aware that is the chronicle of a pure experience that is not metaphor or speculation. The authors of *Ancient Landscapes Distant Music* actually walk the Earth Path where the healing has already occurred. They have actually seen it, not just experienced it metaphorically. The Creation Path they walk is not metaphoric, but actually exists on planet Earth at this most critical time in human history. This book is the story of their experience, their transformation, and the ultimate manifestation of the Intent of the Human Soul. While the particulars of their journey pale in the reality of the journey we are all being forced to take since September 11, 2001, their journey is the exact energy that defines the journey we are all now taking. As pioneers in the Human Soul, their journey illustrates the great questions and struggles of our time. It more importantly reveals the way to the healing that we, as a species, desperately search for, need, and came to this Time to claim.

It is in the tradition of the search for meaning and the search for man’s place in the Universe that the events of this book take place. The book chronicles the journey of pure experience of two ordinary human beings who pioneer the energetic process of healing and transformation. It

is also the story of a Greek seer, Maia, who observed their journey of pure experience in the swirls of her morning coffee cup 1200 miles away. It is ultimately the story of a secret hidden in a most unlikely place, the secret that assures the transformation of our species. It is the story of the moments of life-changing experiences that touch the depth of the human psyche and are the great themes of human existence. The authors' journey echoes the cries of those on the verge of discovery of the truth about human life. This book is the microcosm of the macrocosm of the human journey in this critical time and singular moment in human history. It mirrors the great struggle that is occurring worldwide and individually. It mirrors the Planetary Process of the Evolution of Consciousness that is unfolding to completion. It is ultimately the story of the Sacred Act of Seeing. The authors' sight reveals a Creation Path of wholeness, health, and peace that is physically present in the world. Their Sacred Act of Seeing has, with others in the Human Soul, provided a choice other than the Destruction Path full of darkness, loss, conflict and suffering. Their journey reveals the Light that has become the ambassador to offer the choice of which path we choose to walk individually and as a species.

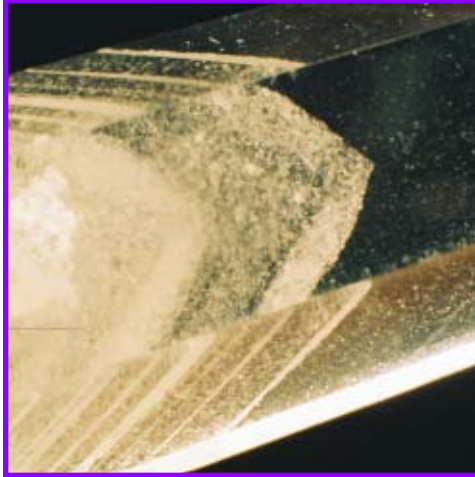
Reading this book touched me; it made me solemn and contemplative. It is a remarkable and unusual love story told with naked honesty and complete vulnerability. It is the most incredible and most inspiring book I have ever read. While all books transmit energy, *Ancient Landscapes Distant Music* transmits the energy of healing so powerfully that the choice to read this book will be for many the choice for healing. As I read the first edition of this book in 2002, I actually saw sparkles of iridescent light emanating from its pages. More importantly I felt my suffering melt away as I read of their journey. I contemplated my own journey and my own place in the Universe. As I finished this remarkable book I was glad that I am alive and I was certain that I had joined a caravan within the Human Soul that is walking on the Path of Creation rather than the Path of Destruction. In many ways reading this book becomes a religious experience. The experiences of Nance and Frank are laid out for all of us to experience as they experienced them. A new cosmos was born in them. They walk eventually on a literal physical path that demonstrates a New Physics of Light, a new way of being, and offers certainty that suffering can end and peace can be eternal. The authors of *Ancient Landscapes Distant Music* have seen the Light. They have actually seen it, not just experienced it metaphorically. This book is the chronicle of two ordinary human beings who entered an Ancient Landscape and reclaimed an essence of wholeness once presumed lost. That essence is awaiting reclamation by all of us. Through the teachings of the Great Masters, this book, and its authors I have claimed the healing. When I do die, I know it will be with a difference I have never experienced before in my long Earth Walk. I know that during this Time of our Times the reservation I made when I first came to this planet eons ago will be claimed. I will not be returning to Earth, as I have known Her. I already am walking the bridge to the New Heaven and the New Earth. When I die, my passport can be used to change my Cosmic Address finally. Until then I will keep my eyes on God, as I know Him. I will see my healing and the healing of all of human kind. I will also spend as much time with Nance and Frank as I possibly can. You see, their journey has gifted them with the memory of something about the Truth beyond death that I have yet to remember. They remember the way Home. In fact they remember that in reality they never left. I think that is quite remarkable for two ordinary human beings!

Ultimately *Ancient Landscapes Distant Music* is a book about the Time of our Times. It is a

book about Stillness and Movement. Therefore I offer a few words of advice to the reader. Nance and Frank's journey and Maia's observations are revealed in the movement of the words in this book; the illumination of their journey occurs in the empty spaces between the words. Allow the Movement and the Stillness to guide you through the pages of one of the most incredible chronicles of human experience ever written. Allow time for attuning to the healing that is transmitted within this book. Yield to the Stillness when it occurs for only from the Stillness does the Healing emerge. When the Stillness emerges, stop reading for a while and allow attunement to occur. At those times the reader may wish to go to the authors' website at **www.twinmiracle.com** and read one of the many inspiring and true stories posted there written by others who have read this book or otherwise have traveled the Transformation Path with Frank and Nance. The same website also offers Crystal Illuminations that can aid in attunement. Many readers have found that meditating on the appropriate Crystal Illumination assists in attuning to the healing being transmitted through the pages of this book.

The Time of our Times is about choice. There are only two: healing or continued attachment to suffering. If you have chosen healing or wish to choose it, I invite you to experience *Ancient Landscapes Distant Music*. I invite you to join me and countless others who have reclaimed an essence once presumed lost and who now walk the path where the healing has already occurred. That path exists and this book is an energetic map that takes the reader to the destination we all came to Earth so long ago to find once again.

DEMETRIA LEKAS (WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM J.T.)



— P R O L O G U E —

NANCE

It was dark. The pitch-black dark of the longest night of winter swallowed up the light and succeeded in reducing our perception of our surroundings. Somehow I seemed a little more aware, a little more able to see within the darkness than others. I was in the stern of a long canoe-like boat with a group of people. The dark, inky cold water stabbed at the sides of the boat like sharp knives and made a distinct cutting noise. We were prisoners of those seated in the front who were dressed in Nazi garb. I looked at my fellow prisoners. I didn't know anyone except for a priest who seemed familiar. He was dressed in a plain brown priest's robe with a hood like those worn in the Middle Ages. His eyes were vacant except for sadness. Next to me sat a curious fellow. He was tall and thin and appeared two dimensional, except for the three-dimensional baseball cap that he wore. Upon closer examination he seemed to be made of flattened "Silly Putty" upon which was embossed the inked image of a person. He reminded me of the cartoon character "Oh, no, Mr. Bill" popular at the time in the media. But he was different. He was not clownish in any way but rather serious and determined. He reminded me of someone, someone I knew but I couldn't remember who he was or how I knew him. He was slightly more fleshed out and slightly more expressive. We made eye contact and stared at one another with a knowing look. A long period of Stillness occurred. Finally he smiled at me and then said softly to everyone in the back of the boat "Hush." Everyone became instantly silent. I could only hear the sound of the knife-edged water. He took a plain-toothed saw from his pocket. It began to glow with a pure White Light, which was like a laser. He quietly and slowly sawed the boat in half with the laser beam separating us from our guards. He did this so deftly that they did not notice. We

silently floated away from the bow of the boat and our captors. As dawn approached and with it blessed Light, we reached shore. We gathered on a sandy beach. The terrain ahead was rocky and barren. The sand was hot underfoot, but the place felt like “home” and felt safe. I realized I was dressed in the same brown robe as the priest’s. We discussed our situation.

Someone said that a disaster was coming. The “Silly Putty Man” tried to calm everyone. He appeared more life-like and more real. He put his hands on the ground and I saw Light coming from his hands. He then, like an Indian Scout, placed his ear to the ground. He said that no one was coming. He felt no tremor of an impending earthquake, no disaster. He felt only the pulse of the Earth. Some were calmed by his words but others persisted to discuss events of apocalyptic proportion. The crowd began to talk about some kind of Light that was coming. Most thought it was the Light of a nuclear explosion. Others had different ideas of doom and destruction. The “Silly Putty Man” quieted everyone and said that a Light was coming. The priest agreed. The only way to be saved he said was to look at it. He spoke with a quiet authority. It was salvation not doom, he said. There was a heated debate among those who had gathered. Everyone was trying to decide what to do when the Light came. Turn away, hide, or face it as the “Silly Putty Man” had counseled. It suddenly became palpably Still. No sound, no discussion, hardly even the whisper of a breath being taken filled the eternal Stillness, which actually lasted but for a moment. Within the quiet and Still energy that pervaded everyone and everywhere, each person who had gathered made a choice.

The Stillness broke with a sudden and wondrous sound, far away and coming closer. We all knew it heralded the Light. The priest turned first to face the horizon. The “Silly Putty Man” took my hand and we turned as well. A few others did, too. But I noticed that many hid among the rocks and shielded their faces. Among them was my good friend, Cookie. I looked as a bright, illuminating, and transforming Light filled the sky. It glowed white hot and then red and then violet. As I looked everything froze for a moment, another moment of eternal Stillness. The rocks, the Earth, the people seemed like glass. For a split second I saw two glowing suns in the sky. I gazed directly at them until there was just one pulsating orb. As we were pulled into its glorious Light everything changed polarity. The world appeared like the negative of a photograph for a few moments. And then everything switched again. We were on the beach and color was back in the world, more vivid than it had been before. Everything was iridescent. I felt a tremendous sense of peace. The world seemed somehow to be more luminous and different in ways I could not describe. I noticed that some obvious things had changed. Those who had hidden from the Light, including Cookie, had disappeared. I thought they had vaporized. The “Silly Putty Man” had taken on three-dimensional form. He was still tall and thin, but fleshed out and completely real. He wore blue jeans and a blue and white striped shirt that matched his baseball cap. I was not attentive to his looks, his face. I was only aware of how he felt and how he acted. This stranger had the resonance of a Warrior, the manner of a shaman. He periodically placed his palms on the Earth and felt the pulse of Her heartbeat. At one point he felt the pulse quicken. We all felt the ground slightly shake. The Spiritual Warrior smiled at me and put his ear to the ground.

He said he could hear the sound of horses approaching. The priest was certain it was a dark force coming to recapture us. The stranger thought it was just horses. There was disagreement and some panic. The priest said we had to flee, but we had no horses. The Spiritual Warrior smiled and picked up a stick and said that if we needed horses we could have them. He smiled at me and placed one hand on my heart and the other on the surface of the ground. I felt a powerful connection with him and with the Earth. Suddenly all the twigs became horses. Everyone laughed with glee and began to mount the powerful and swift steeds. The Warrior of the Spirit and I rode together on one horse. We galloped over the rocky iridescent terrain until we came to a spiraling tunnel of crystal blue light. We all entered the tunnel. Attached to the spinning sides were luscious fruits that gleamed like precious gems of ruby, amethyst, and emerald. The fruits glistened in the light of the swirling tunnel and cast alternating lights of different colors. We were happy to have the ripe fruit that would sustain us in our journey. We moved toward a very bright Light at the end of the spiral, its focal point. We reached that Light and stepped into an open space. A small hill or mound, which was dominated by a magnificent and beautiful tree, framed the horizon. We were in a place very much like the Earth but new and fresh. The air smelled of flowers. The grass was green and lush. The sky was azure blue. The sun's light was clear and warm. I looked at all who gathered there. Most had gathered in pairs. I recognized some including my friend, Maia, and we smiled at one another. Some who had gathered were beings from other places but obviously happy to be with us in this New Earth. Despite our differences we all felt unified and at peace.

The priest exclaimed, "This is the New Jerusalem!"

The stranger smiled and said, "I hope we have some carpenters here who do not have messianic complexes. We still have a lot of work to do."

We all laughed. We were joyful to be in this fresh New World of peace and harmony. The Spiritual Warrior took my hand, and for a moment in eternity I experienced the most supreme happiness I had ever felt. The magnificent tree on the mound began to glow. I thought for some reason it was the Tree of Life. As the Stranger and I walked toward it, I knew it represented our final destination.

I had this dream in the early morning of January 1, 1982. I had been alone for most of that New Year's Eve. I had returned home early from a party at the Jain Meditation Center in Pittsburgh. The party had done little to cheer me. As I drove up in front of my century old Victorian House, it loomed over me. It had been my first home. The only home I really ever had. Just six months before, my second husband and I had bought it. Now he was gone. Another divorce, another disappointment. I felt momentarily overwhelmed by the house. Such a big house! How could I ever pay for it myself? Take care of it myself? But I knew I would. I knew even then that the house I had been guided to buy was an important part of my own destiny path. I took a deep breath as I walked up the steps to the front porch. Chimes jingled in the wind. I didn't know how I would maintain the house by myself, but I would. Somehow I knew I would find the courage and the way to overcome the obstacles. I didn't know at the time that I would take in boarders and take on a second job as a teacher, and a third job as a visualization

therapist for cancer patients to remain there. Any obstacle eventually became a stepping-stone to the future. But I didn't know that then. On that New Year's Eve I felt sad and overwhelmed.

As I entered the door, Percy, my ever-faithful Maine coon cat, greeted me. He and I hailed in the New Year together. The phone rang. It was a friend with whom I hadn't spoken since 1979. I was surprised to hear from him. He had been a part of a small group of people who had been the focus of my life from 1975 to 1979.

His voice was tired and drawn. He said, "Just called to wish you a Happy New Year. What's new?"

I told him of the impending divorce. He was not surprised. His voice changed and revealed the resonant music I remembered in it. He was compassionate, caring. We had little else to say to one another.

I could hear the unspoken question: "You haven't found what you searched for since you left. What was it all about? Will we ever know?"

I hung up the phone and cried. I had not contacted him or any of the others from that small group in three years. I had been one of a group of five people seeking spiritual truths. Together we had contacted Spiritual Guides through automatic writing. Together we had explored past lives, the nature of the Soul, and debated the apocalyptic future those Guides had predicted. Eventually I felt dissatisfied and uneasy. While much of what the Guides said seemed prophetic, much of it seemed ego-based and silly. For example they repeatedly said that the Anti-Christ's name was Alexis or Alex and that his dark presence would be felt in Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania near the turn of the century. I didn't believe in an Anti-Christ, let alone one named "Alex." I felt I was on the wrong path and with the wrong group of people for me. In 1978 both the Guides and the famous psychic, Dennis Cooper, revealed to me that my own Spiritual Path would not manifest until I was fifty. I felt even more disheartened. Some unfathomable ache in my heart and a mysterious haunting on the edge of my memory made it impossible for me to be with my spiritual partners any longer. I saw a different future than the one of which the Guides spoke. I saw a future that was one of transformation, not one of doom and destruction. Somehow I knew I would find my way to that future and I hoped with every fiber of my being that my search would not take me twenty years. My friend's call reminded me of the Guides who were loving and, despite their dire vision of the future, hopeful. On the eve of 1982 I realized once again that the journey and those Spiritual Guides were intertwined. It always was and I thought it always would be. The relentless beckoning of the spiritual journey had never left me, never would. I wanted to call my old friend back. But I had nothing to offer. Nothing! I believed in the extraordinary experiences that had touched our lives. I felt a connection that would not let go even though distance and choices separated us. I knew he felt it, too. All of us did. I drank a small glass of wine and toasted to his happiness and to the happiness of my other old friends. I felt his presence just for a moment and then I saw a brilliant flash of White Light. And then another.

"The Guides," I declared acknowledging their presence. I smiled and said to the lights that continued to burst forth, "Yes, and to your happiness as well."

I went to bed just before midnight. It was my first night in my new waterbed. Jessie was unsure of his footing and let me know his displeasure. I loved it. I settled into the heated, encased liquid and closed my eyes. I heard the noises of bells, firecrackers, and a few gunshots

at midnight. People were in the street singing. Percy cuddled close to me. He purred in my ear. After much thought, I relented. For the first time in three years I asked the Guides for guidance. I decided that since I had relented, I would not waste the opportunity. I asked the Universe and the Guides to present me with a dream of the exacting map of my spiritual journey toward transformation for this lifetime. I wanted to know the exact markers of that journey up to the Millennium and beyond. I also asked for guidance to successfully complete that journey. I fell asleep asking for a prophetic dream or prediction. It was delivered. The dream I thought was highly symbolic, but I knew, nonetheless, that it was the map for which I had asked. Nothing in my experience or in my own imagination could have prepared me at the time to even comprehend that in so many ways the “New Jerusalem Dream” was not symbolic, but exacting and literal. I had asked and I had received. I wouldn’t realize the exacting significance of the dream for over twenty years.

Over the years I thought often of that dream. I contemplated its images in my meditations and the dream fleshed out with more detail to guide me. For many years after that dream I walked between two worlds. In one I was a therapist and the director of an innovative treatment program for teenagers who were drug addicted and/or suffered from mental illnesses. I actually pioneered that program in 1982, my 33rd year, and spent the next fourteen years devoted to my clients and to the program’s success. I married again in 1987 to a man of integrity, self-confidence, good humor, wisdom and unconditional love. My life in the mundane world was busy, and I was content and fulfilled. My husband’s devout atheism did not prevent him from supporting and nurturing me in the spiritual journey that increasingly became the focus of my life. Unlike the mates of my various spiritual partners and my own previous romantic partners, Paul was not jealous in any way of the various spiritual partners with whom I shared that part of my life. In fact, Paul’s atheism and scientific approach to life in an odd and comforting way supported my walk in the other world, the one of the Spirit. The current of spiritual energy and its relentless call intensified for me in late 1987 as well. During that year I meditated alone on the days in August of the Cosmic Convergence. Something occurred during those meditations and by 1988 I was again focused on a Spiritual Path. In 1991 after the conclusion of the Gulf War, my current spiritual partner convinced me to consult the Guides once more through automatic writing. After so many years I doubted success, but they responded immediately. The writing was different in both context and form. Announcing themselves as Planetary Guardians, they spoke of the recent Gulf War and said that it had occurred prematurely. They predicted that the seeds of the Destruction Path had been planted in that war and would mature shortly after the turn of the century. They spoke of time speeding up and of dramatic changes, of a Transformation Path, and of a Spiritual Master who would join me in my journey. They called this Master Soul, “The Third,” and heralded his arrival. I insisted on a “reality test” for the Planetary Guardians. I asked simply for them to predict something that would occur before the end of the year that could not be changed. Without hesitation they proclaimed that the Soviet Union would not exist. They refused to elaborate on the daring and unlikely prediction. At the end of the year, the Soviet Union ceased to exist and I went back and contemplated the other information from that singular automatic writing with Planetary Guardians. I dismissed the predictions of disaster and I allowed myself to have hope for the other wonderful predictions. I once again opened myself to their guidance and to their love.

Beginning in 1992 I dreamed often of the Guardians, who appeared in my dreams as Beings of Light who illuminated my path. Occasionally I had precognitive and lucid dreams that symbolically revealed the same dark and menacing future of which the Guides of the 70's had spoken. My Guardian dreams and my precognitive dreams were in stark contrast to one another. They revealed two futures, vastly different from one another. During this same time period, with the help of a dear friend, I tried to unravel the nature and purpose of the extraterrestrial experiences I had had all of my life. Beginning in 1995, dreams of Transmissions of Light, of which I had dreamed occasionally all of my life, intensified. The Light Transmissions took the forms of swirling geometric shapes that somehow mysteriously communicated information. Through these Transmissions of Light, I learned about shifts in consciousness, lowering EM fields, polar shifts, Cycles of Light, multi-dimensional realities, Light Densities, and a Transformation Path that the Guardians called "The Creation Path." I dutifully recorded the complex information in my journals realizing that full understanding would not come to me until I began to experience the process the information described. From the Geometric Light Transmissions, I learned more about "The Third," as well. Together we would forge a spiritual partnership that would resonate with love and the earnest desire to see a future that was transforming rather than destructive. The play of colors, which vacillated between awareness in the Light and periods of equal Darkness, would not plague us as it had others and myself in the journey of the spirit that had been my life experience. I had discovered much about some of the things the 1982 dream symbolically revealed, but much was yet to be experienced and remained still elusive in meaning. The energies of Destruction, Stillness, and Creation that formed the matrix of the dream occupied my thoughts and meditations throughout the early nineties.

On January 7, 1996 my walk between the worlds of the mundane and of the spirit became more polarized and more dramatic. On that night I entered a lucid dream and began a Vision Quest. In the dream I entered a vortex of light that took me to a Garden. Each night for an entire year during lucid dreaming I entered that same Garden that was much like the Earth, but not the Earth. It was there that I first encountered the energies of enlightenment from both the Earth and the Spirit that continue to guide me. It was there that I was introduced to seven lessons that the experience in the Garden enabled me to Master. It was there that I found a world of peace. Conversely and almost immediately in early 1996 the world of the Mass Consciousness shadowed for me and continued to do so all during that powerful year of awakening. As the year progressed I knew that I had to leave the profession that I loved to devote myself solely to the Spiritual Path that was being defined in my life through the Vision Quest experience. Despite that knowledge, I continued to try to walk between the worlds until a more suitable time arrived for me to retire from my job. On December 22, 1996, the Vision Quest experience ended. I was left with a shadowed world that darkened my waking hours and a blessed Stillness full of spiritual potential in my sleep and in my meditations. On December 26 I became ill and fainted. A sudden onset of severe hypertension became the dark night of the body for me. The decision I was unable to make was made for me. By the end of 1996 I could no longer work. Medications did little to ease the life threatening illness that had suddenly and unexpectedly changed my life. The mundane world had shadowed, but in my heart and in the Stillness I held the memory of a bright Light and a transformation that was present in the

Garden of the Vision Quest. While I was physically ill, I had never been more spiritually focused and clear. I sometimes even thought that my hypertension was the physical symptom of these two dynamic forces—a shadowed and dark world and a healing and a transforming Light that I felt was approaching. I spent a great deal of my time in 1997 in meditation and quiet contemplation. The illness had at least gifted me with the opportunity to do what I loved most.

During my illness I contemplated again my 1982 dream. I knew it was a map of the territory that I had traveled and was traveling again. I thought it symbolically contained the signposts that clearly marked the course of my journey. I knew that the Vision Quest and its landscape were also a part of the same map. Both the dream and the Vision Quest had emerged from a deep and hidden part of memory to guide me. What was my particular experience of the Darkness symbolically represented in my “New Jerusalem Dream”? Were the Nazi soldiers dark parts of myself that still held me captive? Or did they represent a more global force that the early Guides predicted would begin to hold the world captive, in conflict, and in suffering shortly after the New Millennium. Was the liberating Spiritual Warrior another unknown part of myself or was he a person, as I suspected? In the Stillness I felt the approach of that Spiritual Warrior and the dawning of a new and wonderful Light. Would the “Silly Putty Man” who became a Spiritual Master and Warrior, no matter who or what he was, arrive in time to guide me safely to shore where my illness no longer disabled me, to the Light that was my salvation, and to the vortex that was a bridge from this world to another? I still did not understand the meaning of the symbols in that dream, but I did understand this without a doubt. I was almost fifty and the time of my awakening predicted by Guides, Guardians, and psychics had arrived. I knew a Transforming Light was approaching. I could not comprehend what it would be or how it would manifest. I knew that my illness and the dark obstacles that loomed in my life were, as obstacles always are, but stepping-stones that would lead me to that Light. I knew that when the moment came for it to fill the sky, I would be ready and that I would have the Spiritual Warrior by my side. We would be in the right place to make the choice we came into this lifetime to make. I believed that is the very reason we all were here now. To make a choice. At that moment—this time—we would choose to turn and face the Light that would illuminate the path to the Rainbow Bridge. We would choose to cross that bridge and leave behind a world that resonated with darkness and separation and step into a landscape that is the New Earth, transformed and healed, resonating with Light and unity. We would make those choices. No matter what they were.

By May 12, 1997 the reality shared by the Mass Consciousness had shadowed and that world for me was very dark. A mysterious illness that defied conventional treatment had immobilized me and, in the ways of the mundane world, held me captive. On that day, as in the days and months before it, I remained in Stillness. Waiting. On that unremarkable day an unexpected request and my equally unexpected choice to honor it resulted in a momentary movement out of the Stillness. On that day the energy of Creation began to subtly flow from the Stillness. On that day the focus of my life slowly began to change. The resulting slow shift ultimately changed me forever and also changed the world in which I existed.