

LIBERATION

LIBERATION

BOOK ONE
OF
THE ANDRUSIAN CHRONICLES

MARIA LUCIA



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Liberation, Book One of The Andrusian Chronicles

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For
Planet Earth

Observed

I am
Living
On the edge
Of breath,
Where a
Single
Element
Of a moment
In time
Can make
The difference,
Determining
From which side
Of the veil
Life is viewed
For the
Realization
Of that which
I am.

January 22, 2004

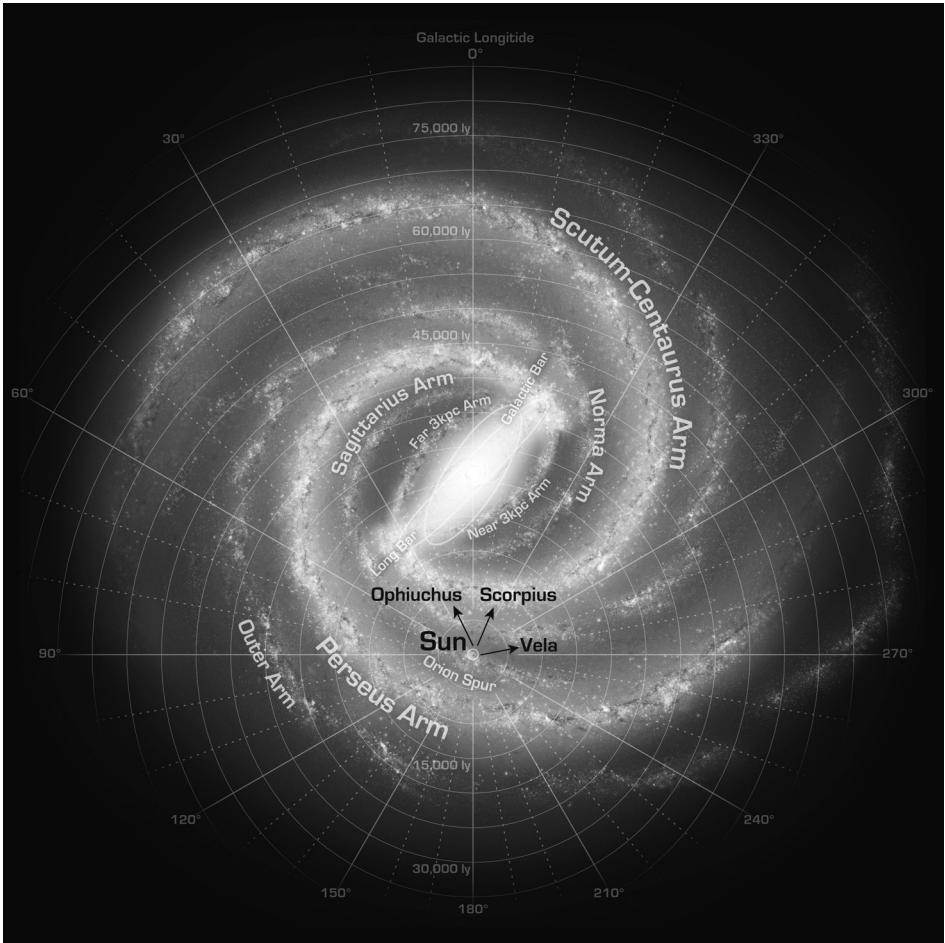
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Milky Way Galaxy, http://www.nasa.gov/mission_pages/spitzer/multimedia/20080603a.html, NASA/JPL-Caltech

Prologue

1

The Andrusians



THIS STORY LARGELY CONCERNS a group of beings called the Andrusians [Ahn droó shuns]. They come from a region of the Milky Way called Andrusia [Ahn droo' shuh], located inside an ancient constellation named Ophiuchus [O fyoo' chuhs]. My name is Amora Madre [Uh mo' uh Mäh'dráy]; I come from that sector, and I'm also the storyteller. I sense that many of you wish to know the deeper tale of my people and this sector of the galaxy. Thus I've gathered important information from our Record Keepers, recalling the way it first began.

Andrusia was born in the distant past, almost at the beginning of our galaxy's journey, about twelve billion years ago. As our records note, the ancients were here from the very first. Our bodies weren't made of matter then but consisted of a substance much lighter and brighter. We could have a form if we wished or just remain a mass of light—and we communicated through sound. We didn't eat the food we know in the world of matter but drank in spirit from what we called The

Universal Current. We were translucent, immortal, and thrilled to be involved in the birth of a galaxy. We weren't affected by such things as extreme temperatures or sudden shifts in the chemical components of the early formation of matter. To the Andrusians these lapses were all in fun, and my early ancestors spent much of their time exploring the changes and maneuvering energy with sound. Our early worlds and cities couldn't be seen by human eyes and were first built just outside the new dimension of matter being formed, the one we call the Milky Way. Andrusia was first designed from energy and my ancestors dwelled there and flourished for a long time.

To the early Andrusians love was the only code in existence. They loved to play, sing, and socialize. They lived interconnected to each other and to everything, always—through The Universal Current. The ancients were a people of extreme harmony and love. Many of them traveled in pairs. Their enjoyment came from creation and being close to one another. Many times they experienced different realities just to have fun. Sometimes they dwelled in spirit and at other times they became matter. It was done for pure pleasure and everyone grew tremendously from it as a race. It was a life full of wonder.

Andrusians didn't understand darkness or evil. It wasn't part of their laws of physics. They'd never participated in wars or suffering and had not known such things since Andrusia's origins. To the generations that grew from the early days, evil was never in their awareness. And therefore, a wonderful era began and Andrusians played in it for billions of years. It came to be known as The Age of Creation. My ancestors spent all of their time designing new ways to manifest matter. Some created worlds of great beauty and richness while others created physical shapes and social structures that worked effectively. From the designs

of our spirit galaxy, my ancestors propagated the early design of Andrusia into matter. It became the Andrusia we know today.

Creation through sound became the Andrusians' passion and they designed foods, animals, insects, trees, flowers, and buildings. Life evolved from the worlds started by Andrusia and grew tremendously. It became a massive sector filled with celestial beauty and millions of heavenly bodies. It was led by a great and wise council from which a grand commander named J.C. Tenor emerged. Other star leaders emerged as well, much in the same way. A great one named Mawari [Muh wa' rē] appeared with a grand female Mistress of Sound known as Guardian Mother. Andrusians many times kept their names throughout their existence as a way to make clear their vibrational signatures. But Andrusians weren't limited to time realities and played in many dimensions. They never misbehaved or lied and never needed monitoring. Governments were established by the people only to keep the sector flowing smoothly and managed properly.

After The Age of Creation had run its course, the Andrusians held a great council to decide the next path for the forward movement of their race. They decided that Andrusia would expand and reach beyond its boundaries. The borders were opened by the elders and the majestic Andrusian spaceships set out into the unknown to explore new lands. They could maneuver time and space and bend the fabric of it in order to travel. They covered great distances this way and began colonizing in many new places. On one of their journeys, the early explorers reached the outer edges of the Milky Way, its outer rim. It was here that they stumbled upon a beautiful young planet called Earth. It sat in the outer reaches of the Orion Spur and had a perfect ecosystem for abundant life. It had barely passed its first stages of development

when the Andrusians first arrived and the planet was changing rapidly, preparing for its next level of existence.

The early Andrusians loved it. They enjoyed it so much that they decided to bury a Sacred Seed Capsule and return to activate it at a later and more appropriate time in the planet's natural cycle. It held the blueprints to their worlds of peace, harmony, and love captured in spirals of energy. They placed it deep inside the Earth's surface in a parallel dimension that would keep it safe until their return and secured it with an ancient Andrusian code. However, something else unknown to these early explorers grew throughout the Milky Way, something that they had never encountered. In sectors far from Andrusia in Vela [Veh' luh] and Scorpius [Skówr' pē us] three other dominant races had developed as well. Two were shadow predator races called Scorpillians [Skowr pill' ē uhns] and Draconians [Druh cō' nē uhns] that had evolved within the Dark Nebula and sector of stars around it and a third race had formed in the region of Vela. They called themselves Velarians [Veh lahr' ē uhns]. The first two races were barbaric in nature and had merged with the smaller reptilian worlds that surrounded them. The Scorpillians, the more violent of the two, had grown famous for their soulless ways, subconscious weapons, and mental torture. Many possessed supernatural abilities. The Draconians, the more physical beings, were violent in a different way. To them brute physical force was the way to conquer and they filled their worlds with physical weapons and war machines. They became an immense force to engage. The two races became empires and were soon obsessed with the desire to conquer and acquire additional worlds. During this time two powerful evil forces emerged from the Scorpillian race that began dominating the scene. They called themselves the Lords of Suffering and the Lords of

Illusion, with two well known members named Hakan [Hah' kahn] and Tadashi [Tuh dah' shē]. With their combined power, these two legions conquered everything, every place they went. They were invisible, undetectable, and could outmaneuver the best. The light of the rebel legion near Shaula was the only force in Scorpius that could control them and this region battled to push them back constantly. Scorpius bordered Ophiuchus but that sector of space was so vast that the Andrusians and Scorpillians had never met.

The third race, the Velarians, who were logic-based, had never before encountered any other race. They were grand accumulators of information, like giant computers. They were non-violent and held enormous volumes of data on their worlds and they spent all of their time collecting information. They had grown huge in numbers and sent ships to explore the far corners of the Milky Way. On their voyages, they met the Shadow Races first. Unfamiliar with the shadow existence, the Velarians were at a disadvantage. At first they were defeated, losing millions to the Scorpillian command, but as time passed they became stronger and learned to control the suffering with their minds. They deduced that if they could allow the Shadow Races to express their way in the galaxy and use Velarian logic to see it as part of the forward movement, they could co-exist. And thus, the Shadow Races merged with the Velarian worlds and time moved on.

The Andrusians, however, weren't so easily understandable for the Velarian Councils and once the two races met, immediate friction occurred. Even though they were both races of light, the Andrusian Councils, who had never known friction or a mental approach to life, became disoriented. They struggled from the onset but held on to the discovery of this new Velarian race. They met with the leaders repeatedly to try to make sense of

their ways but never agreed with any of their approaches. The Velarians, who had confronted the Scorpillian and Draconian races and knew of their colossal violence, allowed these races into the Councils of Light in order to help create an understanding of the way they worked. It gave the Scorpillians and Draconians an understanding of the way we worked as well. To the logic-based race, this made sense. They deduced that they could gather enormous amounts of information from the experience of growing through suffering. The Velarians chose to negotiate with the Shadow Races for the governing of the new colonies in the galaxy. The Lords of Suffering and the Lords of Illusion had promised them that suffering and pain were the new ways of growth. They promised a much higher expression of love as a result. But the great and ancient Andrusian leaders never agreed. They'd never known suffering and couldn't understand the reason it would be used for growth. Again, they visited the new region of discovery but the Velarians refused to accept their view. They saw the Andrusians as naïve children, vulnerable and incapable of dealing with these races.

As time evolved, the tension increased and Andrusia was forced to feel pain for the first time. They encountered the Scorpillians in council in Vela. Realizing there was no stopping them, the Andrusian council tried to understand the way that learning through suffering could work. They observed the Velarians as they negotiated with the Shadow Races. Having been promised that it would deliver a greater expression of love, they agreed with what appeared to be a forward movement and the ways of Andrusia were forgotten. Everything became permissible as a way to learn. Here the Age of Creation ended as Andrusia knew it, the Age of Pain began, and the Shadow Races were accepted into the governing Councils of Light. As time passed

in the Milky Way, all ways of learning were tolerated. Planets were raped by the Shadow Races and millions of beings were murdered. Resources were stripped without regard for boundaries, energy was harvested for the development of evil, and acts were committed against the soul.

The Andrusians, horrified and totally outnumbered at the voting committees of the four races, retreated to Andrusia for awhile. Their worlds, bordering Scorpius, were completely overtaken in moments and, as I hear it from our Record Keepers, our ancestors suffered massive distress, some of them going insane. The Andrusians that interacted with matter began to lose their connection to The Universal Current with the experience of pain. They began to lose their innate joy and power of creation. Powerful Andrusian devices used for prayer and play were confiscated, giving the Shadow Races access to Sacred Space. The Record Keepers were captured and the ancient temples violated and changed. The world of records, Akashia [Uh kā' sha], was overshadowed and a duplicate planet and set of records were created by the Lords of Illusion. This confused the Andrusians, giving them false information about themselves. Emotions surfaced that had never been known. Pain invaded the Andrusians' very atoms and because some of them were able to merge with The Universal Current at a level that no one else could match, they became enslaved. The Andrusians split apart for the first time. Many of their legions fractured and were filled with confusion. Their DNA was extracted and copied in an effort to duplicate their power and abilities. The outer rim of Andrusia became a place of endless experimentation and abuse and it extended into the first dimensions around matter.

To the Andrusians, merging with the Lords of Suffering and the Lords of Illusion was completely unacceptable. Letting the

Shadow Structures into the new colonies sickened the leaders. But the race was outmaneuvered and the ways of love became a matter for dreamers, children, and uninformed beings. The Seed Capsule placed on Earth by the early Andrusians lay dormant for eons as the four dominant races expanded throughout the galaxy, bringing their ways and the Age of Pain into full bloom.

The Shadow Races reached the Orion Spur of the Milky Way and worked their way to the planet Earth. Attracted to its growing resources and beauty, they placed a force field around it, later bringing their reptiles to breed on it. They watched them grow, creating the time of the dinosaurs. The Andrusians, not knowing that the Scorpillians had made it to Earth, returned to activate their capsule after the dinosaurs had vanished. They brought their flowers, plants, and animals to Earth in an effort to bring the ways of their sector and planned to leave many Andrusians behind to develop it. But as they entered the planet to take their places, the force field broke their alignment to The Universal Current and they were left disoriented. They soon discovered that Carnivores and a brutal food chain had been introduced on Earth and witnessed these animals become dominant and the Andrusian animals become prey or infected with carnivorous DNA. The Lords and Ladies of Love watched in horror as every single creation of the Andrusian race was dominated by the Scorpillian agenda. Their plan to activate the Seed had failed.

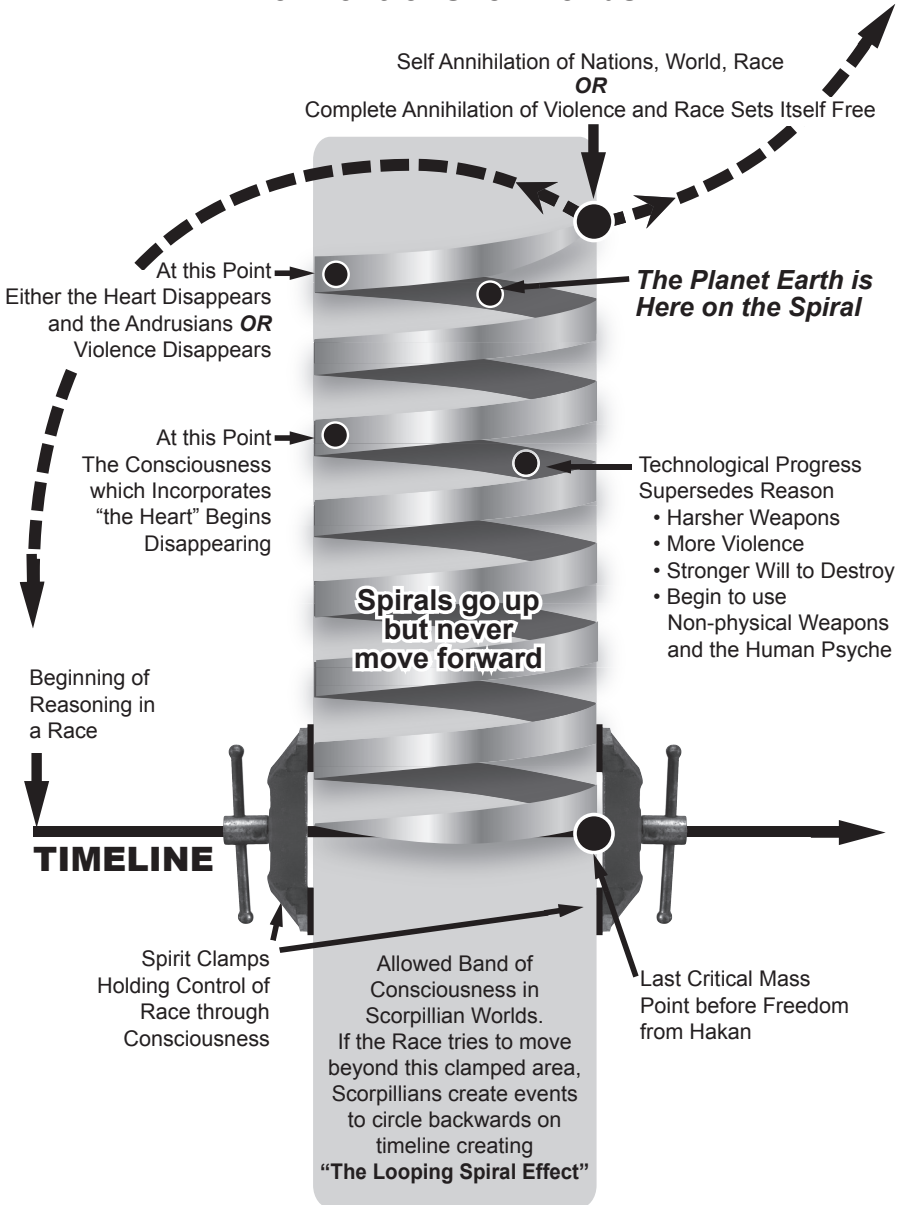
Time moved forward and the four races met again on Earth, this time in Atlantis. The four agreed to assume human form and a new attempt for forward movement began. The four initiated and implemented their ways. They birthed as many of their own into human bodies as they could and colonized Earth in this way. But as Atlantis failed, a great dark brotherhood of

Shadow Races was born on the planet that reined until Atlantis was totally destroyed to its core.

Many trips were made to Earth by the four races after this. Some delegations visited early Africa, Egypt, and Europe. But the shadow brotherhood born in Atlantis reigned creating a dark priesthood in Egypt and bringing the great empire to its knees. They continued to advance in Europe, bringing the Lords of Illusion into the scene. One of them, Tadashi, joined a rogue group of the Illuminati and began diverting Earth's forward movement. The Lords of Suffering and Illusion dominated and forced their ways upon Earth. Instead of harmony there was violence and instead of trust, betrayal. Instead of beauty, souls became twisted and so did many bodies.

The Velarians accepted it and the Andrusians hated it, pleading with the other three races about other ways to grow, ways that didn't vex the soul and which produced a much more elevated movement forward. But, they were ignored and as time passed, Earth looped into a suffering hell like much of the Milky Way.

Scorpillian/Draconian “The Looping Spiral Effect” of Control Over Worlds



NOTE: Those who break out to lead the race further along the timeline are marked at the birthing chambers.

2

The Andrusians with the Code Names Love Mother and Silent Watcher



IN THE ANDRUSIAN WORLDS many groups excelled in numerous areas of expression. Many Andrusians became highly specialized in certain fields. From them emerged composers of music and artisans of many kinds, designers of structures, weavers of fabric, and medical healers. From the women emerged a selected group that possessed a great ability to connect to The Universal Current. Because of this they held a large spirit body and with it became specialists in assisting the creation of events. When an Andrusian wanted to create an event of great magnitude, these women were called to lend their spirits to the creation. They became known as Love Mothers. All Andrusians knew that when a Love Mother was seen in any area of creation, something wonderful was about to be birthed.

The Andrusian men also became specialized, and some of them focused on the spiritual exaltation of worlds. If an Andrusian world became stagnant in its forward movement, one of these

men would come and observe it to determine what needed to be done to move it ahead. He would then report it to the Grand Andrusian Overseers and action would be taken. It could emerge from the governing councils or from the world leaders or the people themselves. In one way or another, when one of these Andrusian males manifested on this kind of world, it was sure to move forward. They became known as Silent Watchers. When Andrusians saw a Silent Watcher with a Love Mother, something magnificent was absolutely in order for the world they visited, a grand event in time.

3

About the Animals



IT IS IMPORTANT TO NOTE that many of the species found on Earth had been contributed to the planet by the Andrusian people. Experts at designing and creating beauty, many of the Andrusians who stayed behind at the home sector of Andrusia, spent their days creating. They preferred their light bodies to the bodies of matter but contributed to the realms of matter through their creations. The animals of Andrusia were non-violent and co-existed with one another in complete harmony. There were no predators or animals of prey since their DNA did not contain such traits. They were peaceful and shared in the richness of Andrusia. In these worlds, the lion really did sleep with the lamb and the eagle with the dove.

I have been known to participate in such matters for recreation and have spent much of the time between lifetimes doing these things. Some of my favorite places to visit have been the Andrusian regions in Pegasus [Peg' uh sis] and Equuleus [Eh kwoo' lee uhs] where I have spent abundant time with the exotic equine expressions. Some have wings and others horns in the front while others have manes that reach the ground. I've brought

many beauties home from these places and find great pleasure in their presence. I've developed deep bonds with many species. The region called Lynx [links] is also a favorite of the Andrusian designers and although these regions are distant, with the traveling capabilities we'd achieved, they are but a moment away.

4

Regarding the Birthing Chambers



IN THE ANCIENT TIMES WHEN the four races discovered one another and the Age of Pain began, rules were established by the Shadow Races concerning the perimeters of expression for the Velarians and especially the Andrusians who visited what they considered their domain. They appointed themselves the rulers of such worlds. At this time, it was settled that if an Andrusian or a Velarian wished to incarnate into a world controlled by the Shadow Races, certain rules applied. Massive chambers were created to implement the system and handle the incoming traffic to these worlds, one of which was Earth. These huge birthing devices resembled toll booths. They were crowded and held many souls that wished to come to Earth. They served as a place where incoming Andrusians and Velarians could remit payment to the Draconians and Scorpillians. It was given in the form of vows, contracts, and commitments usually to diminish the full expression of their potential on Earth. Some Andrusians relinquished their full power, promising to express it only partially. Some Velarians negotiated their entry by promising access to certain knowledge and giving up their full potential on Earth. Many souls

contracted to allow endless ways of suffering into their homes, their bodies, and their lineages as payment. Compensation was given in many ways and anyone who was a member of the races of Light and was coming to Earth, had to pay. The Shadow Races were harvesters above all.

The most implemented rule was the demand that Andrusians disconnect from The Universal Current. That connection was never allowed on Earth because it threatened the Scorpillians to the degree that they became obsessed with severing it. With this connection in place, the Andrusian power would be immense, unstoppable. With it, Andrusians could change the world. It had to be controlled at all costs and disconnected, pre-birth. They demanded it. The Andrusians had no choice if they wanted to come to Earth and agreed to erase their memories with an anesthetic administered in the chambers. They promised to forget their ways but most of all the Andrusian Race agreed to relinquish their power of creating their blueprint of expression on Earth.

With these rules and toll booths in place, I entered these chambers with the rest of a strike team set for Earth. We had been assembled by our leader Mawari and J. C. Tenor our galactic commander who had determined that the current matrix of suffering set for growth in the Milky Way wasn't working, that it never had. The team gathered first in one of the Andrusian dimensional temples before birth to review the scrolls of the mission. The goal of the incoming task force was to unveil and then disassemble the Scorpillian matrix on Earth completely, and we were coming undercover. Its membership was composed of the well-known leaders Mawari and Guardian Mother. It also included Gabriel Ephraim, Roger Reddington, Casey, Nia, and me, all from Andrusia. Those of us birthing as babies—Gabriel, Roger and I—had the task of finding each other and then meeting up

with Mawari and Guardian Mother when it was time. However, the challenge was that we were going to forget everything in the birthing chambers, even the existence of the Shadow Races. We were being placed with different families throughout the planet and would have no idea where the others would be found. I remember the night before we left.

“Amora,” said a soft gentle woman’s voice. “Amora, it’s time, honey, wake up.”

I slowly opened my eyes.

“The timeline is almost here for your journey to Earth. Hurry and gather the others. Your group is next.”

I sat up on my bed. “Do I have to?” I said, feeling disoriented. I could barely make sense of what the robed figure in front of me was trying to say.

“No, honey, you never have to, but if you’re going to make your entry point, we have to get going. You know how crowded and intense it is at the birthing chambers. Where is the rest of the group?” she asked. She stood me up and pushed me towards the dressing area.

“Last I heard they were all staying at different places, but they know the timeline has positioned itself for their entry. I spoke with them about it last night,” I answered, shuffling toward the dresser.

“Amora,” she continued. “Remember that Hakan and Tadashi will know of your presence on Earth. They’ll find you. You must snap yourself out of the anesthetic as soon as possible in order to deal with them. They will be after Gabriel, too. They don’t want to lose their hold on Earth.”

I slowly managed to gather myself as I reviewed the assignment given to me for this particular entry back to Earth. No small lifetime. We were entering a crucial place on the time line

and we had several assignments to accomplish before we left. Earth was about to declare its independence from slavery and from the dark legions of pain and suffering, and it would begin with us, no accident.

I wondered how long it would take me to remember what I was supposed to do once I was in my new body. Even though I had done this a million times, I always felt apprehensive about the details of the operation. Suddenly I heard someone calling.

“Hello. Is anyone here?” called a man’s voice from the front part of the temple. “It’s me. Gabriel. Are you guys here?”

“Yeah, Gabe, come in. I’m just getting myself together,” I answered. I rushed through my things looking for my assignment scrolls. “Make yourself at home; no one’s here yet.” I went out to the entry hall and wrapped my arms around him.

“Got your assignment scrolls?”

“Yeah, where is everybody?” he asked.

“I don’t know but Guardian Mother says it’s time and she’s gone after them. Have you had time to study the scrolls? Have you got it all?”

“My dear Amora, do we ever get it all?”

“Gosh, Gabriel, I’m so nervous this time. It’s as if something big depends on it. How much have they told you?” I opened my scroll assignments and studied them one last time.

“Just the beginning stuff. They’ll transmit the rest of the mission after we’re there and safely in our assigned locations.” He plopped himself on the big sofas that surrounded the temple lobby.

“Gabe—what if I don’t find you or what if something happens to us?”

“We do it again, just like every time before. What’s bugging you so much about this one, Amora? Why are you so nervous?”

“I can’t zero in on it; it’s a feeling I have. I sense there will be complications.” That’s the way it was left. We entered the Birthing Chambers and then joined our assigned families.

It is after my birth and the passing of time that this story begins, in a place up in the great Smokey Mountains in the United States.

Chapter One

The Exit from the Mountains



IT WAS TIME TO GO, and with a great sense of urgency, I rushed to put my house on the market and communicate to my students that I was leaving. I sensed I had no time to waste and had to move to D.C. before June. The push inside me was so strong that I found myself packing frantically and accumulating boxes all over the house. What's going on? I went over an array of scenarios in my mind. Was something about to happen to me? Was the country in danger? Was I? Why do I have to move to D.C. in such a hurry? I scurried through my house, pulling stuff out of closets and drawers, dropping them into my suitcases unfolded.

I pulled my hair into a rubber band and gained my bearings, assessing which room to do next. My body ached underneath my oversized drawstring pants and top from the stress, and I massaged it in different areas between taping boxes. I wasn't thirty anymore and hadn't been for some time. I had to sit down to rest and eat in order to balance the demands of the move. I called friends and students to help almost every day. It was spring of 2001.

My name is Amora Madre and I am a teacher of the spiritual arts. My job includes gathering spiritual knowledge about love, self-mastery, and the world of the unseen, that is, the spirit world, intimately. Reincarnation was a fact of life. I found it easy to understand and bizarre to limit the soul to just one incarnation. To me, the soul naturally wanted to learn and would search out new discoveries eternally.

I'd created a school in the Blue Ridge Mountains with a business partner who lived next door and had carved out a life that suited my body and soul. For the first time in my life, I felt successful and happy and was really enjoying my time alone on top of a little mountain I called my home. It stayed that way for years—that is until a man named Gabriel came into my life.

Gabriel Ephraim had traveled a long way to find me. His journey in search of me had begun years before in Texas where he was working as a suit man for a high-powered firm. He was a homegrown Texan and had spent much of his adult life accumulating degrees and working his way up the corporate ladder. Gabriel loved to read and spent a great deal of his downtime attending seminars on a variety of metaphysical subjects and the paranormal. His soul was on fire then as he was expanding and exploring the deeper aspects of his life. He read everything in sight, and sometimes had five or six books by his bedside, all being read at the same time. He collected books on the universe, on the soul, on humanity, and on history. He had a stable life that worked perfectly for him until one day he decided to visit one of his teachers for a session. In the fall of 1998, he walked into her office, not realizing his life was about to change dramatically. He greeted her and then sat in his usual chair whereby she told him about a school in the Blue Ridge Mountains that he should visit. She recommended

that he attend the New Year's seminar which she sensed had something to offer him.

"He's not for me," I remember telling my students as they joked about his strong appearance the night he walked in the front door. He was impeccably dressed and stood taller than anyone else. His piercing blue eyes were accented by his short, light brown hair. He couldn't have been more than forty. He had a powerful stature and I could sense the heart wisdom he possessed. His soul seemed old and his face and demeanor revealed it. He wore a strength that came from deep within, one that was different from a display of physical muscles, and he had a deep roaring laughter that could be heard throughout the universe.

He had seen it all, and was as seasoned as a well-rehearsed musician who'd played in the symphony of global-disaster intervention many times over, in many other places. He sat right in front of me, intensely focusing as most suit types do. It startled me at first as I stumbled through the program that night. It was New Year's Eve and he had traveled all this way on intuition and trust in his teacher. Who was this man?

He, of course, couldn't tell much about me or my physical appearance. Gabriel tells me now that he'd spent much of his time that night vividly imagining what was underneath the long robes we were known to wear when we worked. Loose clothing was a must for me. In general I refrained from anything binding.

"Look, I never date anyone from my school. It's a rule I have," I told my students, hoping that they would leave me alone that night, but to no avail. Destiny had a different plan for me. He got my phone number before he left on the last day, something that I'd never done in all of my years of teaching. I gave him my *home* number right off the bat and didn't know a thing about him other than he was a homegrown suited Texan.

I decided we would be friends initially and tried to fix him up with everybody I knew but no one fit the bill for him. He explained that he wasn't interested, that he had something else in mind. I kept trying anyway, attempting to stop the inevitable. However, in a little more than two months we had developed a relationship. Within four months, he had moved to the mountains and in with me.

But I'd learned many things before this man entered my world and had begun to see and speak to many different kinds of beings in the spirit worlds. Some of my favorites inhabited the forest and were the colors of the earth and trees. They wore hats made of leaves and had pointy ears that stood higher than their faces. Some had thin arms and legs but some were short and plump and hid in the bushes and leaves. They played all around my home, taking care of the trees, animals, flowers, and the grounds, spending much of their time talking to themselves and singing funny songs.

Two very special beings stood above the rest though. They were different, more translucent and glowing than their friends. These two had been with me since birth and I knew them as Casey and Nia. They looked like kids and their job wasn't taking care of the animals and the trees or the earth. Instead they carried messages *for* them and many times helped ease their work. *They had wings.* I remembered staring at them as a child, when I first discovered the two creatures. They went up and down on their backs and I could see through them like water. They flowed like waves and sparkled in the sunlight when we were outside. I could sometimes see through Casey's and Nia's bodies too. They changed all the time and talked in really high tones to each other like dolphins, except much slower. They only used words with me. Casey had shoulder-length brown hair and Nia

had long, wavy, light brown hair that flowed down her back and wore a crown of some sort to hold it in place. She was known as a champion space traveler in her race.

“Thiiissss iiissss Tooeeebeerrrcoooooommm [Too’ ber cuhm],” Nia said, introducing me to one of the nature spirits around our childhood home, but I rarely understood what they said immediately. I constantly had to ask them to slow down, especially when they grew excited, which was almost every day about everything.

When I was little we played with the family pets and many times lay on the floor together in the den of our island home. I could hear and talk to the pets all of the time. My childhood home was located in the Caribbean with palm trees and sunshine and we spent a great deal of time on the beach. Casey, Nia, and I had few concerns.

In the mountains, however, we became even closer. They taught me to use my intuition and my feelings to see and hear spirits that were invisible to others. We saw the nature spirits make it snow one winter and then watched them bring the sleeping trees back to life in the spring. We saw these spirits making flowers and berries along with helping baby animals to be born. We saw much from my front porch that overlooked the mountain tops around us and as time went by, it became even better.

“Looooook ooovvveeeeeer theerrreeee,” Casey would sing to me. He loved the large cherry trees in front of my house. He then pointed to one of the trees and the short chunky spirits standing beside it.

“Feeeel the eeearrttthhh aanndd tthee treeesss, smeelllll theemmm, taakke theem iiiiin wwwiith yooouuur nooossee aaaaa eeeyes and loook clooseelly, caaan yooou seee Miiiki

siiittiing muunnchiing oon soommmething? Heee sees yooouu. Aaammoorraa, caan yooou see hiimmm?”

“Yessss, Casey, I can see him,” I answered. I always wondered how many more were around me that I couldn’t see and I noticed Miki [Mih’ kē] was always eating.

“Oookkaaay theenn, clooose yooouur eeyees aannd feeeel loovvve iin yooourr heeaaart liike yooou loovve eeveryy-boodyy aannd eeverything,” Casey continued pushing me.

“Nooww oopeen theem. Caan yooou see thee aangels oov-verr yooour hoooussse? Fiirsstt yooou haave too *feeeel* them. Caan yooou see them?”

“Ahhh, sort of,” I answered, afraid of hurting his feelings. But I couldn’t see a thing.

“Tryy aagain, nooww hoold oon too thee loovve aannd loook wiiith yooour eeyees cloosed. Looook wiiith yooour feeeeliings aannd yooour heeaarrtt.”

“Look with my eyes closed?” I said. I truly believed Casey was crazy on those days and wondered if I wasn’t crazy myself. I thanked God constantly for keeping me away from my neighbors so they couldn’t see or hear me. But then it happened. An image formed and I actually saw it with my feelings.

“WOW!” I exclaimed. “They’re so beautiful and big.” They soared into the sky over my house and my eyes always watered when I saw them. Casey’s too. Eventually I began to see and feel a lot with him. It was like learning to turn the dial on a radio to a different frequency with every turn. I had to *feel* a certain way to see the different ones.

My home was one big world for us, filled with all kinds of beings that no one could see and filled with adventures that normal people didn’t experience. I noticed that I was becoming much sweeter and softer like them and I liked it very much.

Nia loved turtles and a great many of them lived around the house. “SSSSStttooopp tthhheeee cccaaaaarr!” she’d scream if one was crossing the road. It would scare me to death.

“Ssttttopppp! Hhhhheeee wwlllll ggeeett hiiitt,” she persisted.

We picked up *all* of them when we traveled and developed, well, a resort around my house. She and I watched baby animals, raccoons, foxes, and one day we saw an entire herd of wild turkeys from my front door. We saw more on those seven acres in those seven years than many people did in a lifetime, and we loved every minute of it. However, something always seemed to puzzle me when things went quiet. I had grown up with Casey and Nia, but they still looked the same. We had never talked about it, though.

Spiritual masters visited me too. Casey and Nia always went quiet when they showed up. They flowed through my house in their long robes, delivering information. They were beautiful and shimmered like the sun. The same ones returned repeatedly and taught me about spiritual enlightenment and the human soul. On occasion I could hear and see regular ghosts, some of them famous ones that still inhabited the Earth.

“Piiictuure aaa buuubble aarround yoouu,” Casey repeated over and over, teaching me the difference between the pleasant spirits and the disagreeable ones.

“Doonn’tt lleett tthhheeee bbbaaaddd ooonneess iinn... tteeell tthheemm tttoo llleaavvee yyoouurr hhoouusee.”

“A bubble? A bubble of what?” I asked.

“Ooofff liiightt,” he answered, helping me visualize it in my heart.

I noticed, however, that a bubble didn’t work every time and they sometimes wouldn’t leave me alone just because I told them to leave. Getting to know the invisible world was expansive for

me and I found that seeing all these different kinds of spirits was no different than getting to know many different kinds of people worldwide. I had fun with it all and experienced visions and intuitions in my work regularly.

As the years progressed, however, something powerful and different began tugging at my heart. It was as if someone or something was calling me. “Get the map of the nation out and put it on the floor,” I told my students out of the blue one day in the middle of a school session. “Now form a circle around it and let’s help the nation. Let’s get a flag for the school, too,” I remember putting it right behind me as I taught. I didn’t know where this patriotic self was coming from.

The push for the nation’s well-being and the feeling that I had a date with it for some reason began growing inside me and became strong and passionate. It continued for years. Then suddenly—moving from the area became a reality.

Now our moving out of the house by June had become a real factor in my everyday routine. Gabriel had gone ahead to secure a job and I’d made several trips to see him in hopes of our finding our next home together. The sense of urgency became unbearable in both of us and we felt stressed and out of time. Then out of the blue one day a spirit master calling herself Guardian Mother began visiting us. She was all over me and had become persistent about the relocation. She showed up everywhere I went.

“You must find a house quickly,” she insisted. It seemed that I was taking much too long finding the right one.

“I’ll help you,” she pressed. She continued to push me intensely after every trip, until one day she found the home for us and made sure we moved into it by the 29th of June.

After many goodbye dinners with my bewildered and disoriented students and friends, I finished pulling the pieces together

for the move. I secured the new place, rented the trucks and helpers that were going with me, and left the old house on the market. But as the departure day got closer, I noticed a change in my students. It was developing into something more than regular sadness over my departure. It was as if they began not being able to *hear* what I was telling them anymore, as if something were jamming our communication and standing between us, some sort of energy. I explained to them that everything would remain the same and that I would return and continue to teach, but it didn't help. They didn't understand and they couldn't hear me. They didn't want me to go. The house and land didn't want me to go. The wild animals that I'd grown to love didn't want me to go. I'd spent years in this one spot and had loved it. I had grown so fond of it that I had painted it and the cottage next door a soft rose, my favorite color.

As I drove off that summer day down the long gravel driveway and away from my comfortable life, I felt a profound pounding in my heart. It was so strong that I felt the tip of my ears burning. I felt sad leaving my familiar surroundings. Faces peered out at me from behind the trees and from under the bushes. Animals stepped out from their dens and their homes. I listened to the crunching of the gravel as my car slowly drove over it and prayed that someone special would be brought to this place.

I plowed through my emotions, wiping the tears from my eyes, and suddenly felt the urgency of my departure. I turned back one last time, freezing the scene in my soul, and drove forward, completely unaware that three evil spirits, Hakan, Tadashi and Latraya [Lah trây' uh], were setting events into motion to destroy my school. They were extremely angry and I had no clue.

What was happening to my life? I looked in my rearview mirror at the caravan of trucks and cars behind me and gripped the steering wheel tighter. I reflected on how fast all of this

had happened. I had known Gabriel a little more than a year and somehow in that short amount of time my life had totally changed. What was once a steady, happy groove was now an ocean of emotions filled with swells that were rising every hour. Good grief, I was moving to D.C. with this man! How did that happen?

I scanned my packed car and my cats in the back seat and drove onward. I wondered if the arrival plans would go as scheduled. We finally hit the outer edges of the capital and I began merging into Beltway traffic. It was bumper to bumper. I clutched my cell phone as if it were a lifeline and listened carefully as Gabriel led the way.

“Turn at the next exit. Can you see it? Look to your right,” he said patiently. But sometimes four and sometimes five lanes of traffic were flying by me and I was so nervous, I couldn’t see anything but a blur of cars going by. I held on and prayed that my car would make the turn.

“Are you there?” I asked. “Are you guys behind me?” I was sweating like an unrefrigerated melon. I looked in my mirror to see if the woman bringing Dorian, my greyhound, was still driving behind me.

“I’m right behind you. Can you see me in the rearview mirror?” she responded. She was just as nervous as I was.

“Where’s the moving truck? I can’t see the truck?” I said. I was panicked and as we made the turn Gabriel suddenly interrupted.

“I’ll bring the truck in, Amora, just keep going.”

Having come from eighteen years in the mountains, I immediately felt that I’d made a horrible mistake. The drive into the city had been like a frenzy of vehicles and highways passing by me at the speed of light. Everyone was moving faster than me.

As the summer passed, however, I found myself enjoying my new life. I bought a key chain right away with the White House on it and loaded it with the essentials. I wanted to hold it close to me as much as possible although I didn't know the reason. It was a miracle that Gabriel and I had met, let alone pulled up roots from our previous lives and relocated. He had other choices he could have made and I had a life that worked for me. Something intentional and powerful was bringing us to D.C. Neither one of us missed that point.

Soon it was autumn and time to return to the mountains to teach. My plan was to continue the schedule we had followed by flying in for each term and doing conference calls in between for group work. Gabriel said it was done all of the time in corporate environments and it felt very workable to me. No big deal, I was just a plane ride away. But something had been brewing in the mountains I'd left behind, something that I was unaware of. As I prepared to return for the fall term, I began receiving messages filled with anger and rejection from some of my former students, something out of character for them. Then right before I left D.C., I received a call that the board wanted to *meet with me*. Something was wrong, I could feel it.

As the time grew closer for my return trip, I felt a horrible energy in the pit of my stomach and asked Gabriel if he'd come with me. He agreed. When I arrived, everything had changed and I mean everything. People I'd known and loved for more than ten years had turned away from me, and my business partner was leading the charge. It was bizarre. The story going around was that I'd changed and had abandoned them, that something had gone wrong with me. I felt none of those emotions and had no plans of turning away from anyone.

“The board needs to meet with you. We have a matter to discuss,” I remember the voice on the phone telling me.

I climbed in my car and drove to the office that day I first returned. I tried to put the pieces together in my mind along the way but none of it made sense. When I arrived, I saw no smiles. Every board member was present except my business partner and one other board member from Miami. They sat stoically around the conference table at the school’s office. It felt awful in the room, as if I were being judged by an inquisition-like panel that had decided the truth before I arrived. These were my friends I was seeing, students I had taught for eight and ten years, ones I had handpicked as board members. My heart was pounding with discomfort.

“We feel that you need to take a break,” they announced. “We believe your business partner can manage the teaching and we can run the whole operation with this board.”

My heart and body shook with a pain, one I hadn’t felt in lifetimes. I looked at my closest friend sitting in front of me.

“You know you’ve wanted a break,” she said, holding her stance with her husband, the chairman. A break from teaching would have been great if the feeling of treachery hadn’t been thick in the air.

“Why?” I asked in pain and confusion. “Why can’t I just travel and teach that way?” I asked with tears in my eyes. I couldn’t believe I had to answer to them since I was one of the founders of the school.

How had they succeeded in assuming this illusion of power in just the two months that I’d been gone? I was in shock and disbelief. I could feel my business partner behind the scenes. It was obvious. But something else besides her power was penetrating the group. It was assaulting our ability to see clearly and to reason properly with each other and it was still assaulting us at

the meeting. Their faces held stern looks as if they knew something I didn't. "We feel that this is the best road," they continued.

Tears rolled down my cheeks and the feeling that something sinister was occurring was as thick as molasses. I continued to teach that term, asking the board please not to be present for obvious reasons but events had taken place that stopped me at every point. I was definitely the enemy.

I asked myself a million questions on the plane ride home. How did I become their nemesis in just two months, and why? But I didn't understand it and it hurt me worse than anything else had in my life. I was stunned and reviewed all of the events for years afterward.

Not until some of the students called later did I discover that my business partner and the board had stood up in front of the entire school that term and spoke openly about the situation, another bizarre move and highly uncharacteristic of them. A month after that incident, I received a phone call from a board member who confessed of a secret meeting that had occurred behind my back before my arrival.

The school as I knew it fractured into pieces and spun us all out into our lives hurting, confused, and wondering what had just happened. Hakan and Tadashi had succeeded, although I didn't know it at the time. Their anger was uncontrollable and they had used supernatural weapons to undo the group. They wanted to hurt me for moving to the capital—and—they—did.