

The Consummating Experience



“Well done. I am truly proud of you!” The familiar voice came from Larry’s left. He turned and saw his beloved Zeus sitting on a medium-sized boulder, catching the last rays of the afternoon sun. “It appears you have mastered the *espavo* paradox and have returned with the greatest treasure of all—nothing!”

“My God, Zeus,” Larry said, “how long have you been sitting here? What paradox?”

“Oh, long enough, I suppose. Besides, if you remember, I don’t exactly have to be here in order to be here, if you know what I mean.” Even What-What understood Zeus’s offhand reminder that he was in constant telepathic contact with his master, as were the other beings who had chosen to link consciously to their adventures in Joshua Tree.

“Time’s a-wasting, my good man, and the day is fast disappearing. Perhaps it would be wise, before taking another step on our epic journey toward liberating the inhabitants of this glorious planet, to consider a little sustenance for ourselves. Don’t know about you, buddy, but I could eat a horse—figuratively speaking, of course.”

Larry laughed, rubbing Zeus just below his hindquarter so the dog’s right leg twitched in a comic, scratching motion. The

two, walking in silence, made good time back to the car. Zeus led the way.

As Larry backed slowly out of the parking space, Zeus curled into a comfortable ball tucked into the recesses of the SUV's soft leather bucket seat. "Go back to the main road and hang a right," Zeus said. "There's someone else you need to meet before we feed our faces. We'll have to hurry or we'll miss out. We can discuss some of your endless questions en route, if you like.

"Let me see," Zeus said, quickly scanning Larry's consciousness, "what loose ends beg resolution? Ah yes, the special kiddies Kichi mentioned and the *espavo* paradox. *Espavo*, as you might remember—when you finally break free of the fog bank you're in—means 'thank you for taking your power.' This extraordinary word counsels you to treasure your power and not barter it for false security. People too readily relinquish their power to any two-bit authority figure peddling a solution to a perceived problem. Government agencies, doctrines of belief, codependent relationships, educational and financial systems, committees, bylaws, statutes, nations—almost any worldly institution you can name exists solely because people have invested it with their power, rationalizing that they're doing it for the common good.

"The collective mosaic you human types have constructed nearly always disenfranchises the individual in favor of the group's perceived needs. What is absolutely amazing is that you all buy into it. Invariably, as you have just discovered, instead of being nurtured by the whole, you are made to compete for crumbs. You live in a world of vying factions that has caused a stunning imbalance in the use of global resources. As you are fond of saying, 'The rich get richer and the poor get prison for doing exactly the same things.'

"If the poor got fair exchange for the power they hand over, they would at least have something to show for it. But the huck-

sters are too clever to give them a square deal, so instead they swap the entire island for twenty-four dollars worth of trinkets. So in exchange for their souls' birthright, humans receive the bread and circus of hope and dogma. 'We have the power; you have the Super Bowl and the promise of a better tomorrow.' What a deal!

"It is written:

Free Will, the ultimate gift of the gods, can only be exercised once it has been surrendered.

"This cosmic axiom, taken directly from the 'Must Read' section of the *Interdimensional Survival Manual*, is commonly misinterpreted by the lower-self I as, 'My will is Thy will, and Thy will be done.' No. True Free Will—free of preference, judgment, predilection, or other biases of the ego—can only be exercised in the realm of the soul. This is not the stuff practiced on the lower rungs of the ladder.

"This commentary on Free Will, the Prime Mandate of Creation, is paralleled in the *espavo* paradox, which states: 'To truly claim one's power, one must first give it away.' That, my dear friend and comrade in arms, is what the Phoenix does every time it dies, and what you did just a few moments ago when you accepted the ultimate proposition. *Espavo!*"

Zeus's head suddenly turned toward Larry. "Slow down, you'll be making a right in about a quarter of a mile. You'll see a sign pointing the way to Keys View."

It took Larry nearly fifteen minutes to negotiate the well-paved, five-mile road ending at the famous lookout point. He was so wrapped up in his conversation with Zeus that he all but forgot he was behind the wheel. Zeus had begun to explain the other "loose end," and Larry was absolutely spellbound, aston-

ished at the incredible events taking place right under his nose—and he, like almost everyone else on the planet, had never suspected a thing.

“There’s a lot of interest in a special breed of children showing up all over the planet,” Zeus was saying. “More and more kids are being born with an array of suprahuman talents, ranging from being able to restructure their DNA and cure themselves of HIV/AIDS to creating a new web of Consciousness surrounding the planet.

“On the surface, this seems extraordinary. In fact, it is quite ordinary—especially when you consider that every one of the tens of millions of Wanderers currently alive on this planet started out as kids themselves. Each of your fellow interdensity servers came with the same latent abilities these children display. The only difference is the quality of the Veil at the time of their arrival. When most of you entered this illusion, sometime during the past sixty years or so, the Veil of Forgetting was still operational, only just beginning to thin. So you were blocked from knowing who you really are and why you elected to incarnate here and now.

“Due to significant shifts in the energetic matrix of your planet as well as your solar system and galaxy—which we will explore in due course—the Veil’s original structure is rapidly disintegrating. Many of the babies currently being born are slipping right past the extensive filtering and distortions engineered to strip elevated beings from their source of inner knowledge.

“There are many names for these *wunderkinder*—the Indigo Children, the Crystal Children, the Children of Oz. The names are unfortunate. They reinforce the illusion’s compulsion toward separation by placing this particular group of planetary servers on a pedestal.

“I’ll give you a working knowledge of what these kids have to offer. Just don’t get caught up in the mystique. They are here now only because of the significant strides made by millions of others over the past decades, just as you are beginning to awaken now because you stand on the shoulders of those who came before.”

Larry nodded, appreciating the warning. These gifted children are merely the Roger Bannisters of the new millennium, breaking the imaginary human barrier, inviting us all to follow into uncharted territories. “What about the kids who can restructure their DNA and cure themselves of AIDS?”

“Ah,” Zeus responded, “the Children of AIDS. A remarkable bunch, really. These are entities who willingly incarnate into a body infected with HIV/AIDS. While most of these babies succumb, more and more of them are learning to alter their DNA, boosting their immune system sufficiently to eradicate all disease from their bodies.”

“How is that possible?” Larry asked.

“DNA is actually a sophisticated form of innate intelligence, a self-correcting and self-advancing piece of software written by a cosmic genius. Structurally, human DNA contains four nucleic acids, which combine in sets of three to form sixty-four codons, akin to the sixty-four hexagrams of the *I Ching*. The Veil’s programming deliberately deactivates forty-four of these codons to prevent participants in the Grand Experiment from straying too easily beyond the illusion’s walls. However, now that the Veil is rapidly dissolving, what do you suppose continues to keep the dormant codons shut down?”

Larry shrugged, silently encouraging Zeus to continue.

“Habit. People simply assume that because something could not be done yesterday, it still can’t be done today. In fact, most

humans have invested so heavily in their old beliefs that they would rather die than let go. That's why these kids are here—to demonstrate that altering the DNA programming is literally child's play.

“It's working. Scientists *are* beginning to take notice in a new way. They find it remarkable that DNA is subject to what they term spontaneous genetic mutation. To their amazement, they are forced to accept that DNA can alter itself at any time. Major mutation does *not* have to occur, as they originally believed, at conception. Can you imagine what this does to the theory of evolution?”

Larry burst out laughing, and Zeus, following Larry's train of thought, soon joined in.

“That's so funny,” Larry said. “The battle between creationists and evolutionists has been raging for years. Science and God duking it out, each claiming the moral high ground and condemning the other as a heretic, spurning either faith or truth. The new information unveiled—pun intended—by the children, changes everything.”

“And so it does,” Zeus agreed. “Given the choice between ‘a: creation’ or ‘b: evolution,’ why not choose ‘c: none, or both, of the above?’ Creation itself is divinely intelligent. Like DNA, it is an autocorrecting and autoadvancing Consciousness that directs itself. Viewed from the arena of science, this process appears to be natural selection; from the perspective of religion, it looks like the unfolding of the Mind of God.

“Since God *is* all things, each species is directed by its own innate curiosity to explore the limitless potential of its experience. Since the environment is composed of the same God Consciousness, there is constant feedback evaluating the potential and richness of any particular mutating experiment. As a result, both the environment and the species in question

mutate—just for the pure fun of it! So you see, the entire Universe is simply God expressing itself through the olio of creative, naturally selective evolution.”

“Then maybe we should call it ‘crevolution,’” Larry said.

Zeus chortled. “Ever wonder what makes people take themselves so seriously?” he asked, more as a rhetorical remark than a question. “Just listen to either side of this impassioned debate and the answer becomes alarmingly clear. Nothing breeds arrogance more than ignorance! Each side gets half a point for showing us one aspect of the elephant and loses five points for dismissing all other viewpoints. Both sides have painted themselves into such a corner, they’ve left no wiggle room to reconcile these amazing children with their old beliefs. How can either of them deal with the reality that an increasing number of adults are beginning to mimic the AIDS children’s ability to resist disease? How does either religion or science explain away the hundredth monkey?”

“Perhaps the most celebrated special kid in the past forty years has been Uri Geller. He entered the illusion in 1946 with the primary purpose of piquing science’s curiosity. His ability to bend metal—even under rigorously controlled conditions—was researched intensively for years. Uri would go on national television and bend spoons in front of the cameras. Following virtually every appearance, TV stations would be flooded with phone calls from parents reporting their kids just performed the same trick with the family silverware.

“Somehow, scientists missed the point entirely. Well, they’re not missing it now. Thousands of children are being born every day with Uri’s abilities and more. It may have been easy to dam up a trickle, but this is turning into a veritable deluge. China recently admitted to having a hundred thousand of these youngsters in special schools to further develop their paranormal skills.

Do you think, for a second, that every other country isn't vitally interested in corralling these children's talents for its own special interests?

"Researchers, to their absolute astonishment, are finding that so-called normal kids can easily develop these unusual abilities when they're exposed to the new breed of children. These super-tricks include the ability to 'see' with their hands or feet while blindfolded, read the future like an open picture book, and psychically tune into a photograph and 'read' the life stories of all the people involved, including the photographer. Something is happening that cannot be named or controlled, and it's freaking out the establishment, big time.

"The sixty-four-thousand-dollar question is: What opportunity does this impressive influx of super-children offer?"

"For one thing," Larry said, "they show us that it can be done. And they certainly make us reexamine our perceived limitations. The game is suddenly much, much larger than we ever imagined it. They give us a sense that there is light at the end of this tunnel and that, if we could grasp the meaning behind the phenomena, we might be able to use it to catapult ourselves into the next paradigm."

"It's good to have you on the team, Larry. You've come a long way since Patchy first showed you the light. As you suggest, treasures lurk in the shadows of the parlor tricks they show us. As I alluded earlier, these children tend to stand out. In the past they were the collective poster kids of the 'Ritalin generation.' How else would you expect your highly structured, well-entrenched society to deal with its misfits?

"This too is beginning to change. As these children continue to incarnate by the millions, they are markedly changing the flavor of the stew. You've probably noticed a different approach to parenting starting to emerge. Somehow, these youngsters have

activated a latent knowing within their mothers and fathers, causing them to wake up to the fact that they have birthed the progenitors of the next paradigm. Many of these adults now appreciate that their gift to humanity will come through their children.

“But this is far from universally true. Most of these children have chosen to incarnate in difficult conditions of war, pestilence, and starvation. Yet even these kids have quietly trumped both their circumstances and those who would abuse their gifts. What’s little publicized is that many of these new arrivals have keen telepathic abilities secreted within their paranormal arsenal. Whatever they appear to be doing in the outward ‘normal’ world, they have created a private supraworld in which many of them have already connected.”

“Like Junie and the trees?” Larry asked.

“Exactly like Junie and the trees, and exactly like the social memory complex your Higher Self described. These children have formed a complete lattice of love around your planet as a portal into the next density. Over the next few years they will be increasing the amplitude of radiant love energy within this grid to act as a lightninglike leader stroke, inviting every single being on this planet to respond. Our job, in the little time we have left here, is to help as many as possible become aware of this opportunity and, should they ask, assist any way we can with their process of ascension.

“The outcome will be determined entirely by how people choose to perceive the messages these wonderful children bring. If they’re dazzled by the outer display of exceptional abilities and simply want to attain the same aptitudes for themselves, then they—like the scientists, who seek only to measure, dissect, and analyze—will remain stuck on the lower rungs of the egoic I. If, on the other hand, they listen with their hearts and ‘feel’ the rap-

turous music played in the cracks between the keys, they will see past the wrapping paper to the true gift inside.”

Zeus’s discourse on the super-kids and the road ended simultaneously. The two found themselves at a circular parking lot right at the edge of a steep escarpment nearly one mile above the valley floor. They had arrived at Keys View, overlooking the entire Coachella Valley—arguably one of the world’s more remarkable vistas. Larry pulled into one of the lined parking spaces and turned off the engine as he asked one last question about the children. “Do they have a particular message that lets people know why they’re here?”

“Until recently, no,” Zeus responded. “They simply appeared as isolated anomalies, freaks of nature. As they grew in number, each sent out energetic dendrites to the others, gradually fashioning a psychic, neurological mesh that over the years has sheathed the entire planet. Now that this network is complete, the children are beginning to speak. Their message is as open and innocent as they are: ‘Come join us. We are waiting for you.’ When asked how, they advise us to return to our own childhood, when we created any playtime reality we chose simply by imagining it. They ask us to conduct our lives as if we were already conduits anchoring the transforming light of unconditional love on Earth.”

“Is it as easy as they make it out to be?” Larry asked.

“Yes,” Zeus replied. “Once you ‘get it’ and make the shift, it happens in an instant. However, as you can appreciate, getting it is not an intellectual process. The soil must be prepared and the plant tended before there is a harvest. The kids are doing their job; now we have to do ours.”

“Come on. I want you to meet someone, and we don’t have much time. Grab the flashlight from the glove compartment,”

said Zeus, mysterious as ever. The two got out of the car, and Larry started toward the concrete path leading up to the famed Keys View lookout. “No, no, no,” said Zeus. “We walk the path less traveled. Follow me, for I have a dream and I shall lead you to the promised land.”

With that, Zeus walked off in the opposite direction, picking his way along a steep switchback trail winding its way some four hundred feet up to Inspiration Peak. Larry followed as best he could, torn between his desire to keep pace with his little dog and his need to pause occasionally to allow his pulse to stop imitating a demented woodpecker.

This time, the destination was more than reward for the pain of the journey, proving, to Larry’s amusement, that even the inviolate admonishments of his beloved dog have exceptions. The panorama from this elevated promontory dwarfed the earlier view. Standing on the rocky outcrop at the summit, Larry towered over the man-made tourists’ viewing area on the other side of the parking lot. From where he stood, he felt he could see the entire Universe. Directly before him loomed the majestic presence of Mount San Jacinto, jutting more than two miles straight up from the desert floor. Looking down, he could see the sprawl of the city strip weaving through the entire Coachella Valley, from Palm Springs to Thermal and Mecca. To the right he could see the grayish pall of early evening smog congregating at the crest of Banning Pass, somehow knowing it was not permitted to move any further east. In the opposite direction stretched the entire Salton Sea, a forty-by-fifteen-mile papaya-shaped inland lake formed in the early 1900s when poorly made irrigation dams gave way, allowing the Colorado River to flood local communities and farms for over a year. The surface of this accidental body of water lies some 228 feet below sea level, its

bottom just a few feet higher than the lowest spot in Death Valley.

The last of the sun was just disappearing behind San Jacinto when Zeus disrupted the sanctity of Larry's reverie. "Ah, we're in time. Now you too will know how this place—a highly charged vortex of energy—earned its name. You are about to meet a supreme master. No one who partakes of the experience about to be presented to you ever emerges unchanged."

Zeus's words both perplexed and excited Larry. Despite the many cars in the parking lot, the two had the entire mountain-top to themselves, save for the occasional Joshua tree, yucca, or cactus dotting the stark landscape. It seemed the show had just begun; Larry's attention was riveted on the most impressive light display he had ever seen.

Blues gave way to every imaginable shade of purple, mauve, and lilac. Flickers of red and orange flames flared through vast portions of the sky, while brilliant strokes of yellows and gold marked the movement of angels swooping through the heavens. Larry screamed decibels of joy. It was a kaleidoscopic masterpiece choreographed to perfection, one luxurious swirl after another freshly flowing out of and redefining its predecessor. He was bearing witness to the Cosmic Dance of the Seven Veils in which the heavens reveal the secrets of the steps of enlightenment to the ancient Merkabah mystics. He was being bewitched by the irresistible charms of Salome, seduced by the tantalizing allure of Mohini, enchanted by the devastating beauty of Pandora.

Words, thoughts, concepts deserted him completely. He was helplessly, hopelessly, ecstatically in love. Every part of him eagerly surrendered, begging to be taken, consumed, totally devoured by the experience. On that September evening, on a lone mountaintop at the southern edge of the Mojave Desert, in the presence of his beloved dog, Larry died.