

Wake up call

There are the police at my dinner table. Somehow we have a sense of relationship. It feels like a thriller. But I am not afraid. They are seeking answers, they did not come to take me. They came for help. We all know that something terrible will happen, and we need to find solutions as early as possible to save lives. In the group of police, there is a woman. She is emotionally stuck. She tells a story about an unbelievable spiritual adventure that she experienced before, under an effect of a drug. The divine was in direct touch with her. She experienced being a tunnel, between a human and the other side, and was delivered a message. She loves that experience. She talks about it with passion and deep amazement. Her eyes are glowing and wide open, her excitement makes them flashing stars. Then she gets sad, as she thinks, it will never happen again. She seems lost, and I can see that she needs some support. I know that she drinks heavily, because she cannot cope with the damages of her past. Her colleagues look down on her, but I know that she has great potential. I feel her, and I validate her pain.

The police are about to go. They are all standing at the door and waiting for this woman to join them but she stays behind. I grab the moment and talk to her. I tell her that she is great, and that she has nothing to be afraid of, and that it is all okay. I assure her that she can do it again. That this miracle is here, right now, always and forever. It is not only a memory, and that she does not need any drugs to access it. I tell her to stay sober and come back to me when she has time. She looks at me, and I see that her eyes are possessed by doubts. One detective signs; it is time to leave. I let them go.

• • •

She came back. She thought of it, and decided to give me a chance. She has a dilemma in her life. She needs to make an important decision, but she does not know what to do. She is past hope. She tried everything, and cannot think of anything else. She came to me at last, I am grateful for the opportunity that I can show her the way. I know that she is ready for the journey. I put her into a meditative state where she can receive guidance. She connects with the source. She calms down and feels a deep unconditional love. Euphoria spreads through her body. She becomes one with everything else, and realises what she needs to do. She opens her eyes. They are sparkling with joy. She cannot believe what just happened. I tell her that the ability to unite is in everyone of us. We just need to be receptive to it. She is happy. Happy, because she thought this was lost to her forever, and she had missed it ever since. She leaves my apartment with the highest gratitude. It is my pleasure.

Then I am alone. As I examine my emotions, I find blissfulness, and deep satisfaction because of the impact I made on this woman. Delight fills up all the spaces in my body. I take a walk

around in my beautiful house, and start to observe it. It is spacious and luxurious with huge windows that provide a natural shine. I can smell the wooden furniture. It all feels lively and rooted to earth. It is home.

As I walk through, I take off my clothes and embrace my body.

“To be naked, is to be oneself.”¹

I notice that my curtains are open, and I know that my neighbours can see me, but I do not let this bother me. I feel that it is my right to do anything in my own home. So I play with their imaginary gaze. I feel cheeky. I look up and recognise a conservative old man in a wheelchair and an old woman in an other room. They stare at me. Suddenly, I can see through their eyes, and I can feel their judgement of my nudity.

“To be nude, is to be seen naked by others and yet not recognised for oneself”²

I send them a smile. They feel its energy, and release all the tension and hard feelings they held because of me. We made peace.

I make my way to my bedroom, where I start up a casual conversation with the universe. We chat like friends. Nostalgically, we crack jokes, as we talk about the police woman, who I helped to reunite, and we talk about myself that I have been in her situation too. I too was lost. He kindly approves me, like a dad, as we discuss how far I have come in the journey of my consciousness. Now, I know that everything is possible, and that it all depends on the way you look at things.

I think about flying.

Right here and now. But the divine kindly reminds me, that we are in China, and there could be cameras anywhere. Great consequences could follow my action, if people see me flying around. I understand this argument, and so I go into a meditative state of consciousness instead, and experience flying in an other dimension. I look like I am sleeping from the outside, but in reality, I fly. There are no borders as I breast stroke in space. I feel fully in control over myself and also everything else. I feel content, powerful, holy and connected. I feel like I can do anything.

• • •

¹ 'Ways of Seeing', Season 1 Episode 2, BBC2, January 1972.

² 'Ways of Seeing', Season 1 Episode 2, BBC2, January 1972.

Someone is at my door. I feel his presence. First I get slightly annoyed that he disturbs my moment, but I can sense that he has a strong reason for coming. I wake, and look in the direction of my front door which I can see through, and so it reveals me who is beyond; a muscular, strong, half naked black man holds a crying, white baby boy in his hands. As I open the door, I can clearly see that his eyes are in terror. He is in shock and hysterically tries to explain what happened to him, but his words make no sense. I know that he is running away from someone, I let him in. At that moment, another man arrives at my door. He is much bigger; a 10 floors tall giant, and even more muscular. He seems surprised to see me and cries out: You were not there for me! Why were you not there for me?

I feel confused. It feels like I owe him something, that I have an obligation to fulfil, but I do not know what he means and how or when should I have been there for him. He leaves me no time to think it through. As he shouts out frighteningly: It is too late! It does not matter any more. Nothing matters any more!

He, himself looks like a crying baby to me, slightly pathetic, but dangerous. I realise the connection between the visit of the police and a visit of this entity. We wanted to avoid this. What is happening right now. But it still came. He suddenly lifts up both of his arms and a giant axe immediately flies into his fists from out of nowhere. The baby, the black man and myself simultaneously come to the same recognition: by one hit, he can send us all to death. As he recognises this too, his cruel eyes start to burn. He tastes victory.

I am terrified.

But then, I start to think. Just some minutes ago I was connected to the infinite power. I was the source myself. What has happened ever since? Nothing, it must remain the same. I've got this. As I regain my power, I watch his eyes change from certain victory to fear. As now, he too knows, that my weapon is infinite. It is coming from the sky and hits like a thunderbolt. I feel the sweet and radiant power of my victory spread through everything and leaves behind nothing, but peace. I smile as I open my eyes.