Mermaid Women

By

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Preface

A writer who writes genuine mythology does so because he repeatedly encounters experiences that no previous system of interpretation can explain. This is what Homer was doing in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Homer saw that human beings are not just passive in relation to the gods. The gods and humanity interact dynamically, and the decisions of human beings are of great consequence.

And this is what Vyasa was doing when he wrote the great Hindu epic *Mahabharata*. He was saying that the gods of heaven and human beings are not separate. The gods are not necessarily encountered through rituals. Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, the lords of creation, come down to earth the way a cloud descends and rolls across the ground—the cloud’s moisture appears as fog that you exhale on a cold day. For Vyasa, the gods are inside of us and present in every choice we make.

In a similar vein, I regularly interview individuals who possess nearly superhuman powers of perception and feeling. Some can instantly unite with the soul of anyone on earth. They can be inside of others and feel what they feel as if the others’ feelings and memories are their own. This is not the result of some rigorous spiritual or magical training. These individuals are hardwired with these gifts from the moment they are born.

Though previous world teachers on occasion demonstrated these abilities, they did not do on a global level with this degree of perception and inner union. Arjuna, the disciple of Krishna; John, the disciple of Christ; and Joshua, who assumed command after Moses—they knew nothing of such abilities. Yeshe Tsogyal, the consort and disciple of Padma Sambhava, or any of Buddha’s disciples, could not do what these individuals can do. Even the great prophets of the Old Testament—Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Elijah—would have been unable to integrate
such abilities into their personalities. They would not have had the faintest idea of how to flow love of this depth through their souls.

At the same time, there is no user’s manual lying next to a crib when a child like this is born. If you think about it, if a mermaid “wants a human experience,” it would serve no purpose for her to know in advance that she is not like other human beings. Otherwise, when she has to deal with a difficult situation, it would be easy for her to think, “The choices I make do not matter. I am a mermaid. I am not a human being. I do not have to take any of this seriously.”

No, that would simply not do. It would defeat the entire purpose of incarnation, which is this: to be thrown into life and have to make the best of it using only the resources that you have on hand like anyone else. We are all dealt a set of cards when we are born. We have to work with what we have been given, for the essence of human experience is that we define who we are through our choices.

I try to account for what I am observing—to come up with an explanation. It is very clear from interviews and studying these individuals’ lives and auras that they have astonishing abilities. Consequently, I have to answer these questions: From what source do their abilities arise? Is it of nature or divine? For what purpose have they entered our world? What are we to learn from them and what is it like to be their friends?

And so I offer you these fairy tales and accounts by way of explanation. I have journeyed to the Other Side and from that place of inspiration I create a mythological landscape so as to invite and entice your imagination—walk along beside me and taste the wonder of these mysteries.
Introduction

In 1977 I initiated contact with the four mermaid queens described briefly by Franz Bardon in his book *The Practice of Magical Evocation*. I could sense their auras and to some extent exchange thoughts, feelings, and even sensory perceptions with them.

In the last few years, as I finished work on my book *Undines: Lessons from the Realm of the Water Spirits*, I noticed that the mermaid queens (also called undine queens) mentioned several times that I would meet women who have the souls of mermaids inside of them. The mermaid queens promised me this experience so that I would be able to better understand their race. For example, Istiphul said to me, “You wish to know our deepest secrets. In the near future, we will find a way to share these things with you. You will meet undines in the flesh, and then you will understand our nature.”

With this goal in mind, I posted a global casting call for models and performing artists who could present or portray how a woman might act and feel if she had a mermaid’s soul. I imagined it would take about five years to get my art project going.

What happened is that almost immediately I started meeting and getting referrals to women who were actual mermaids in women’s bodies. This set off an intense series of interviews, photo shoots, and psychic work with these various individuals.

From these experiences I wrote the essay “Traits of Mermaid Women,” included in Part II of this book. I consider these traits to be genuine anthropology. The mermaid woman is a new type of personality never before mentioned in literature, psychology, or history. This form of personality has been overlooked because these women are extremely
skilled at disguising themselves. They do this so that they can live and survive among us.

My interviews with these women are also ethnography—I record the oral tradition and personal history of the individual. In an interview, I often begin by asking, “What is your first memory?” And then I listen with great care and attention to the story of the individual’s life as it unfolds.

But there is more. I take photographs and make short videos that tell stories. It is often hard to find a model that has the capacity to express different emotions with her face and body. But you can observe that a mermaid woman has a nearly infinite variety of emotional expressions in her face and body language.

This is uncanny, but again it is very easy to miss. She blends with you in a way that makes her seem completely familiar. It is incredibly easy to take these women for granted—they connect to you without effort, which leads you to think that they are normal and ordinary.

On the other hand, that real mermaids might exist in the bodies of women is an astonishing and fascinating idea. I go to great lengths to explore the present- and past-life biographies of such women. My fairy tales give the backstories—the explanations—of how or why mermaids have entered the bodies of women.

These fairy tales I consider to be genuine mythology—the stories address the questions, Why are we here? What are our options? What is it to live life to the fullest? The stories present the spiritual landscape that show where and how the human and the mermaid realms meet.

At the same time, I would like to emphasize that the idea of mermaids dwelling among us is of absolutely no significance if we do not learn how to embody their love and empathy in ourselves. Whether you believe in them or not, the skills they possess can be taught and learned.
From the mermaid point of view, if we fail to learn these skills, the human race will soon be extinct.

On Mermaid Women

There are two kinds of mermaid women that I present in this book. The first kind is a human being. She has a human soul. But her actions and feelings are almost identical to those of an actual mermaid. Again, though she is completely human, she thinks and feels like a mermaid who has entered the body of a woman.

The second kind of mermaid woman is an actual mermaid in the body of a woman. In this book, I present both kinds—human women with mermaid auras and mermaids who are born as infants and grow up just like any other person. Both kinds discover early on that they are not like other people.

In the essays section, I describe in detail the traits of both kinds of mermaid women. These traits clearly distinguish such women from other women. For example, one woman said to me with enthusiasm, “I am a mermaid.” I pointed out that these women never hold grudges; they are never jealous or vindictive and never want to hurt someone else. Her immediate response to that was, “I am definitely not a mermaid.”

The mermaid woman is psychologically independent. She does not need a man in her life to feel satisfied, secure, or fulfilled. She already feels complete in herself and often says she is happiest when she is by herself. She enjoys relationships with men, but she does not actively seek to be with them. And when a relationship is over, she does not feel that anything has been lost. She is ready to ask, “What’s next?”

As I have mentioned, she is usually adept at disguising her own nature in order to survive in our world. She gives so much energy to others so
freely, and she is so innocent and loving, that often those who sense this about her will stalk her or try to possess and dominate her to gain permanent access to her energy. In this sense, she understands that society is a dangerous place for women.

However, the mermaid woman finds that human women are just as dangerous as the men. She has a very hard time understanding why women are jealous, mean, vindictive, petty, gossipy, greedy, and selfish. She is astonished when another woman verbally attacks her in some way.

Some mermaid women are so organized and innovative they act as if they have a master’s degree in business from Harvard University. But the truth is that a mermaid woman has no ego—she is not selfish, and she does not try to aggrandize herself. She is not insecure, and she does not fear death.

She identifies with nature to such an extent that she sees this entire world and all social roles as being insignificant. She assumes social identities and plays various roles with great skill, but she understands that as far as social activities are concerned, she is always in disguise, acting a part in this brief, transitory world that belongs to human beings. She is so detached that she even views her own body as a “shell,” like a garment she puts on in order to present herself to the world.

One of her great skills is in maximizing the feeling of being alive in the present moment. Consequently, she has a hard time embracing an ideology or abstract concept designed to offer justice in the future. She knows that her presence and the energy she possesses are a primary and fundamental power for transforming the world.

Mermaid women and human women both insist on independence—not dependence, and definitely not codependency. In contrast, mermaid women will tell you in no uncertain terms that they exist to love—it is who they are; love is their very essence; and they go on loving even
those who hurt them, those who are evil, and also the men they break up with.

A primary difference, then, between human and mermaid women is that the latter do not see or experience love as a rare commodity that an individual needs to defend or struggle to find. For her, love is everywhere in every moment. It is not created by human beings. It is already there, and all you have to do is open yourself to it to allow it to flow through you to others.

If Carl Jung or Sigmund Freud had been introduced to a mermaid woman, even these great intellects would have failed to notice anything unusual. They would have thought that she was “just another young woman who is unusually vivacious.” Something like an anthropologist is required to discern their presence and their unique qualities.

A mermaid woman may look like “a hot babe.” But if you move past societal points of view regarding young women, you can begin to observe the way she shape-shifts her expressions and even the way her body appears to change depending on the situation and whom she is with. The range of her emotional responses is eerie, uncanny, astonishing, and absolutely wonderful to experience firsthand. She can blend and match the mood and thoughts of whomever she is with so that briefly she seems like a lifelong friend—someone you have always known and who has always been a part of your life.

To put it another way, if the situation calls for it, she can appear as innocent as a child, as warm and friendly as a sister, as tender and intimate as a lover, as nurturing and protective as a mother, as deep as a wise elderly woman, and as astute as a businesswoman. She can change her face and emotional tone to match any of these roles from one moment to another. On top of this is her capacity to feel a part of nature—the mermaids have their own ways of feeling that are beyond human.
The vivaciousness of a mermaid woman is not something to take for granted. She giggles and laughs. She is playful. She is spontaneous and delights in the moment. But she has the astral body—the capacity for emotional response—of an immortal being who is joined to all the waters of the earth. She is forever young and yet timeless.

A mermaid woman’s astral body is analogous to water. It immediately flows into whatever shape the environment offers. It does so freely without attaching itself or feeling any strain or tension during the process of change. If it freezes up due to hostile circumstances, there is absolutely no difficulty when things change for her to flow again or even to appear light and carefree as mist in the air. She is completely free emotionally.

A mermaid woman’s receptivity connects directly to people and transforms them by acting as their deepest inspiration and source of conscience. Men tend to notice this before women because a male knows he is incomplete and can sense when there is an energy present that can transform him from inside. But mermaid women rarely exercise the power they have over others. They flow love; they do not on their own initiative make specific changes in other people or society.

You cannot possess a mermaid woman or bond with her. She does not bond—bonding is not an act of love because it is not flowing energy. It is an insurance policy, an act of control, or something else. It is not an expression of freedom.

This does not mean that she does not connect deeply to those she is with. With a lover, part of her is inside of the other person and is continuously flowing healing and tender love through that individual. To be around a mermaid woman is to feel and to be more alive.

Individuals can seek to embody the qualities of mermaid women since these are not ethereal but teachable skills. One of the qualities that can be learned from mermaid women is how to flow energy/love in and through anyone around oneself without seeking to bind others in return
or aggrandize oneself through the process. Mermaid women spontaneously exude this natural healing power.

In a similar way, a person can feel united to nature from within like a mermaid woman does. This connection to nature produces feelings such as serenity—a capacity to be so still within that, like a mirror, time is suspended, and you can sense the past and future.

This inner serenity has within it an intuitive capacity to sense the best in other people and what they are meant to become. It is not unusual for a mermaid woman to enable others to experience the fulfillment of their dreams. This is mermaid empathy—not just feeling what others feel but communicating to others a sense of already being healed, whole, and complete.

The mermaid’s identification with nature also produces an inner peace with the universe. One’s social identity is always a temporary and imperfect expression of the self. As one mermaid woman put it, “I feel a part of so much more than this world that we see around us.”

To perform on the highest levels of creativity an individual needs an internal support system that is completely independent of the outer world. By learning from mermaid women, we have the opportunity to develop this inner support, which is also a feeling of being joined to nature from within.

A Short Summary of the Stories

_Pastor Bob and the Mermaid_ is a brief summary of some of my own experiences with mermaids. For more on my direct contacts with mermaids, see my book, _Undines—Lessons from the Realm of the Water Spirits_.


The Knight and the Mermaid spontaneously came to me as I was writing a dialogue between a student and the hermetic master Franz Bardon. In my original story, the master waved his hand in front of the student’s face and the student experienced the vision this story describes. The master felt that some things you have to experience first hand rather than talk about.

The Mermaid Assassin was a pleasure to write. This young eighteen year old contacted me since her boyfriend knew my work and thought she was a mermaid. She told me this story and I wrote it almost verbatim as she recalled her past life in Atlantis. She is one of three women who can spontaneously relive other people’s memories so much so that it is as if she experienced those memories herself exactly as they happened.

Growing Up Mermaid is a story about Ronda. I have written about Ronda’s recall of her past life in Atlantis in my book, Undines. She told me of how she was forced against her will to acquire a human soul. This story is a brief biography of her growing up in this lifetime.

My Physical Therapist—A Mermaid Woman describes the physical therapist who worked on me for seventeen therapy sessions for my dislocated shoulder. She is a human woman with a mermaid’s aura. Like many other mermaid women, they only talk to me after I demonstrate I feel can the same watery vibration they feel inside of themselves. After they open up to me it is often the case that I am the first person they have ever spoken to about how they feel and perceive differently than other human beings.

Custodian of the Mermaid Archives is another back story and also part biography. This woman also has astonishing empathic powers beyond anything in literature other than what have been ascribed to a few world teachers who founded new religions. She has wisdom beyond the knowledge of human beings. I was also impressed one day when on
skype she demonstrated for me her ability to move small objects with her mind.

A Changeling Story I wrote as a psychic exercise. I occasionally use my psychic perception to make contact with others I have not actually met. The story pursues a theme from fairy tales and folk traditions where a human child is “exchanged” for a fairy child. The story speaks to me. I have always been very impressed that my parents treated me like I was a member of their family—especially given the interests I pursue with absolute abandon that have nothing at all to do with their religion or traditions.

The Double Changeling is the back story, the fairy tale, through which I explain what I observe in a woman’s aura. She is a professional model and emailed me from another continent in response to my global casting call. I have done a number of photo shoots with her.

She one of those for whom I act like a greeter—I try to answer her questions about being in this world among human beings and I try to see if there is any way I can be of assistance to her. As far as I can tell, she alone of humanity has managed to sojourn within the mermaid realm as one of their own and return again to human form.

The Knight, the Merman, and the Maiden is a story about the merman Ermot described briefly by Franz Bardon. This merman often inspires me to write poems. The story describes one of the ways he inspires human lovers.

A Mermaid Possession pursues a warning Franz Bardon gave one of his students. He told the student not to make a magical pack in order to marry a mermaid. This story is a study of an individual who did just that.

The Mermaid Who Was An Airplane Pilot describes my experience during a six hour flight between Los Angeles and Honolulu. The woman who sat down next to me was a commercial airplane pilot. She was also married to the pilot flying the plane we were on. Again, I was the first
person she ever spoke to about her empathic abilities. She denied having any traits of mermaid women until we were about to land in Honolulu. Then she turned to me and said that her problem with empathy was worse for her than it was for the mermaid women I had described.

*The River Mermaid* presents a story of a mermaid woman who is caught between this world and the Other Side. Mermaid women often discuss the question: How much do I act human to fit in and how much to I remain true to my own nature of just flowing, being the moment, and always loving others with my whole being. To survive among human beings means you have to act enough like them that they do not become anxious or feel threatened by behavior and abilities they do not understand. But if a mermaid woman involves herself too much in human ways, it is easy for her to lose her connection to what she is inside.

*Brief Biographical Notes* are from an interview I recently did with a woman here in Hawaii.

*The Feminine Mysteries, The Gate, and Memories of Atlantis* are mythology. They reconstruct what might have happened if those in Atlantis had tried to open the gates to the realm of mermaids. In a sense, these stories are not about the past but the future. They outline what we must accomplish if we wish to make the realm of mermaids a part of our own world.

Part I: Stories

Pastor Bob and the Mermaid
Bob has been the pastor of a Baptist church for twenty years. It is a small stone church near Wheaton, Illinois that seats no more than 150 people. Pastor Bob has a quiet charisma, and there are a few people who never miss attending church on Sunday—oh, maybe once in four or five years.

The church has a small choir, which Pastor Bob would sometimes direct when there were no funds for a choir director. But there has always been someone who volunteers to play the piano.

Pastor Bob gives his sermons with the tone of voice of a grandfather sitting around a fire in winter recalling his experiences as a railroad conductor or a Great Lake’s ship captain. Some of the events he describes have genuine drama, but mostly the story line is routine.

Pastor Bob likes to retell the stories in the Bible. He sometimes fails to remember which stories he has already told. And no one bothers to point this out to him. Sometimes the congregation themselves do not remember.

For the last five years, Pastor Bob has not had a vacation. On his salary, a vacation is not always possible.

But in 1994, the mother of Howard Davis, a member of the church board, died. Howard had put her in a good nursing home. But he rarely visited her.

It turns out that the mother left Howard six hundred thousand dollars in her will. This was a surprise because she had kept stock certificates in her bank box. Some of the certificates were worthless. The companies had gone bankrupt. But the thousand shares of Rockwell that she had bought for five thousand dollars back in the sixties had turned into gold. Over thirty years, Rockwell had had numerous stock splits and had spun off companies like Boeing Airlines.
To ease his conscience for rarely visiting her when she was alive and yet being reminded of how much he had received from her, Howard wanted to do some good things with the money. The first thing he did was to pay for his pastor’s vacation. He booked for the pastor and his wife, Judy, a cottage at Kawela Bay, the most isolated and perhaps beautiful beach on the island of Oahu in Hawaii. And this is where our story begins.

It is Saturday morning, the last day of their stay in the cottage on the bay. As he had done each morning, Pastor Bob has gotten up before dawn to walk the beach, his feet among the waves, the first purple light staining the horizon, while the birds were only just now beginning to sing their songs.

Pastor Bob sits down on the sand, five feet from where the water in dancing spray reaches out with glistening fingertips feeling every grain of sand—fingers as sensitive and quick as a concert pianist playing a great concerto, yet one never heard by human ears.

It is just then before sunlight even touches the waves that the mermaid appears. She is sitting right next to him on the sand. At first Bob sees a woman half human and half fish. He can see right through her, so naturally he thinks his imagination is a little overactive. Bob blinks, and then he sees her bending and wrapping her arms around her knees. At this point, she looks real enough for you or for me.

She has black hair and sharp, shining, blue eyes. Her skin is pale, and she is wearing a thin, caftan shawl that leaves little to the imagination.

“I should not be talking to you. You are not in the Bible, so you are either not real or else you are evil.”

The girl replies, “You do not know how to read your Bible if you cannot find me in it.”
Pastor Bob says, “Well then, tell me where—what chapter and verse?”

The girl says, “In the beginning, verses and chapters were never there. You have come from a tradition where men study and memorize the written word. But what you see in front of you is the living word.”

Pastor Bob asserts, “If it is not in the Bible, I have no need to believe.”

The mermaid counters, “It is written: ‘He showed me the river of the water of life, bright as crystal, flowing from the Throne of God and of the Lamb through the middle of the city.’

“Those words are written, and you can read them aloud and think on them. But I am this river. It flows through my soul. We have the same taste; we are the same divine grace. In me, sight and sound are alive. And like that river I exist to assist those who bring healing to the nations.

“And these words also,” the mermaid continues, “‘Out of his belly shall flow streams of living water.’ This is impossible to miss—the written word speaks of something living that shall come to be.

“In me these words are fulfilled—the essence of my being is an innocence that gives all of itself in every moment and brings new life to whatever it is near.”

The mermaid stops speaking and sits silently next to Pastor Bob. He gazes at her for almost a half hour. Thoughts, when they arise in his mind, quickly dissolve. Like the sea that lies before them, she embodies a timeless sensuality in which thoughts tend to disappear.

After the half hour, Bob turns to her and says, “How do I become what you are?”
The mermaid replies, “Gaze on the sea until the sensations and images change into feelings and the feelings change into ecstasy. In the sea, there is no time: past, present, and future combine. Take your human desires and needs and unite them to what we dream: a love that is forever one and forever free.”

It takes Pastor Bob a few months to come to terms with this experience. There are some things that defy analysis, and sometimes the best choice is simply to accept them.

But one Sunday Bob does something different in church. Previously, he has always started the sermon with a Bible verse and that leads to a story or two and then he returns to the verse and what it means for our lives.

But this time he begins in this way:

You know. Since the invention of the train, car, and airplane, we sometimes become so involved with our machines that we take nature for granted. Yet we are surrounded by the beauty of world. To the north of us are the Great lakes. Each has its own weather conditions—the winds and waves are slightly different. And if you get out on those lake waters, you notice they each have a different feeling.

An hour drive from here is Lake Michigan. An off shore wind in the morning from Milwaukee, Wisconsin forms patterns of ripples as the wind first touches down a few feet from shore. Thirty minutes later those ripples are building into waves. Gusts of wind catch the spray of the white caps hurling drops of water like lateral rain over the waves’ troughs. And even if the wind dies down later in the afternoon and the sky is calm, large swells continue rolling on.
If the next night is overcast and there is no moon, you may not be able to see, but you can hear those waves with their distinctive roar as they break on the beaches of Saugatuck, Michigan—like a woman at night when you lie close to her, you may feel you can hear her heartbeat. But with these waves the roar becomes quiet before another wave rises into a crest and then falls again breaking the silence.

I remember one night taking the ferry from Milwaukee. After the lights from the shore vanished, I felt I was on the open sea. You could not see anything if you looked out the porthole, except the play of moonlight stretching out across the water.

Lake Superior is laid out East West rather than like Lake Michigan which stretches North South. Lake Superior is completely different. The gales of November sometimes come early with hurricane West winds like the one that brought an end to the ship, Edmund Fitzgerald. A wave beginning in the Grand Marais can build for four hundred mile before it breaks on the shores by Michipicoten in Canada.

Lake Michigan is perhaps for sportsmen who fish and race sailboats. Lake Superior, on the other hand, is like a strong man who is a little too wild to become tame enough to enjoy sports or to hunt game.

As you cross east of the Mackinaw Bridge, you find Lake Huron—not as long but it is wider than Lake Michigan. As you follow down the glove of Michigan, you run into Thunder Bay. There with bleak, grey clouds on the horizon, you may experience that form of lightning called St. Elmo’s Fire. Your hair may stand up and if there is any metal nearby you may hear a buzzing as if you are near a bee hive with that its sound of zzzzzzz.

The winds of Lake Huron are more capricious and playful than those of Lake Michigan where the winds tend to blow steady.
Calm one moment, twenty minutes later you may see thunderstorms forming on the horizon. You can smell and feel the increase moisture in the air and the temperature falling from the squall at the leading edge of a line of storms.

Below Lake Huron, St. Clair River flows from Port Huron south toward Lake Erie. But first the water passes through Lake St. Clair. It is a small lake where on a good day you can see all the way across. Lake St. Clair has more sailboats and motor boats on it per square mile than any other lake in the world. Not a “great” lake, still if you live on its shore you might conclude that after a year the winds and waves of that little lake have over three hundred different moods.

Continuing down the Detroit River which lies below Lake St. Clair, you pass Grosse Ile and enter Lake Erie. A shallow lake, warmer in temperature, the waves can kick up with the wind. With the right sailboat and fair weather, you can ride the same wave from one end of Lake Erie to the other.

There was a winery among the islands of Put-in-Bay that used to have the best grape juice in the world. But it is long since gone.

To the Northeast of Lake Erie is Lake Ontario. A fourth the size of Lake Superior, it is called the “Lake of Shining Waters.” Mostly on the Eastern shores of Lake Ontario, there is turbulence in the water after the waves break due to the prevailing winds and currents. Here sediment of sand and gravel turn into sand bars forming lagoons and protected harbors.

Lake Ontario has a different feel from the other Great Lakes. It has the feeling of a small inland sea. Lake Ontario was in fact after the last ice age a bay of the Atlantic Ocean; but the land began to rise as the glaciers receded so that now it is fresh water.
I once knew the captain of a freighter that ran up and down the Great Lakes. His home was in Cleveland, but he was gone for such long periods that sometimes his wife would drive from Ohio over to Milwaukee just to spend the weekend with him during his break.

It used to be that when the freighters passed in a narrow channel they would blast their horns: one blast meant pass to your port and two blasts meant pass to your starboard. But that has all changed with GPS and computers talking to each other. The rivers and lakes are now quieter.

But you know, when I looked into the captain’s eyes, even after thirty years of running freighters up and down these lakes during day and during night, I did not see the Great Lakes looking back at me.

Instead, I saw the pilot’s house on the ship, the navigation equipment, the mess hall, the cargo bay, and the schedule he had to keep. I saw him talking to his crew and on the radio to other ships.

What am I trying to say? I do not think the captain ever stopped long enough to behold the beauty of the world that surrounds us. Sometimes all you need to do is to put your thinking off to the side and just gaze at what is in front of you if you want to taste wonder. And this is very important to know how to do because there are times when the Bible speaks of something of great wonder.

And now Bob finally returns to the actual sermon, “Our scripture reading for today: ‘He showed me the river of the water of life, bright as crystal, flowing from the Throne of God and of the Lamb through the middle of the city …”

Thereafter, members of the congregation occasionally commented on Pastor Bob’s changed demeanor: “Do you think it was that trip to Hawaii?” And the response is sometimes, “Can’t really say, but he acts
so relaxed and at peace like he is standing on a beach with the spray of waves splashing on his feet.”

The Knight and the Mermaid

The year is 1307. The Church, in great treachery and malice, seeks to destroy all of the Knights Templar throughout Europe. A few manage to escape:

The knight gazes upon his own body lying next to a small stream in a green field at the edge of a mountain cliff. He turns and looks at young woman sitting next to him.

He says to her, “I am dead and you are an angel.”

She replies, “You are not dead and I am not an angel.”

He looks about himself at the hills, the trees, the stream, the forest, the sky and clouds. He says, “Each thing here shines with its own inner light. The colors here are a thousand times brighter and clearer than they are in my world.”

“I have heard others say those same words,” she replies.

The knight: “And you, even now, your inner light flows through me even as this stream. This is a very unusual dream.”

“It is not a dream,” she says calmly.
Knight: “It is like you and the stream are the same energy, the same being. And you and I are also the same energy, the same being.

“Tell me, child of the mysteries, in what world, in what reality does beauty such as this exist? Tell me so that when I awaken in my body I may make it my life quest to find this place again, to find you again that we might be even as we are now.”

“You are a human being,” she replies. “I am from a race that by God’s grace does not require spoken words in order to express feeling, does not need medicine in order to heal, and we do not require passion or compassion in order to love.

“But you, you must speak words in order to feel. Speak aloud now what you sense this place to be. Speak, so that when you awaken you will know this is not a dream and you will remember everything you have heard and seen.”

The knight replies as he gazes into her eyes,

The stream begins
Where the clouds drift
Enfolding the hills in mist
Moisture so thick
The waters runs wild
Dancing in the rain like a child
The current, the pulse, the flow,
Here are secrets only love knows—
How to be one with another’s soul.

Knight: “Will you speak to me again? Will you come to me and guide me? Will you be to me even as you are now, part of my own being?”

She replies, “As the sky is a part of the stream, and the earth, and the valley; as the stream nurtures all things, even so I shall be a part of your soul. Forever free, in love and in beauty, as one stream our lives shall unfold.”

The Mermaid Assassin

Introduction

An aspect of the modern fairy tale is that there is nothing to believe. You get to decide for yourself how to interpret the story. I tell you straight out that only God knows for sure who is a mermaid and who is human. All I can do is present my observations and the details of my interviews.

I say the same to the women I interview. I tell them, “I have no way of understanding the abilities you possess. Nothing in world literature or religion or in the experience of any of the masters of the earth can account for the things you can do. Great Swamis may train for thirty or
forty years or divine visions may be delivered into the hands of prophets. But what you have is a gift you brought with you when you entered this world.

So I turn to mythology and I write fairy tales to account for what cannot be understood by any current system of interpretation. All the same, what I write is what I see. I see the woman in this story as having once been a mermaid. She now dwells among us in disguise.

My job is to assist mermaids and human beings to celebrate the innocence, love, and empathy these beings possess within their own realm. Telling their stories is a first step for coming to terms with the love that has been missing from the human race for ages and eons of time.

Short Autobiography

I enjoy the rhythm of the waves and the drops of spray splashing my face as the hull surges into the trough and breaks through the next wave’s crest. The ocean surrounds me. The wind gusts and shifts and I trim the sail in response. The wind and I are like two lovers who blend in harmony as we dance.

Sailing out here by myself on the ocean there are no conflicts--on the open ocean nothing changes. The days and months and decades—the ocean is always the same.

But the truth is that I do not think of my past as past. It is like I am standing still. I am not going forward. I am now. There is no “I was” or “I will be,” only “I am here now.”

And that is how I felt long ago when I fled Atlantis. My story has conflict and resolution. It has plot and movement. But for me, time, like
the ocean, does not move forward. The flow of events in the outer world does not change who I am inside.

I like to sleep by the beach to be close to water. It washes away everything bad and all tension leaves me so I feel only peace. Being under the full moon is like putting a battery charger into a wall socket--I feel recharged.

These things are not surprising. As a child, I loved the water. I would stay in the bath for six hours and sometimes more. I would sometimes fall asleep with my mouth and nose just above the surface.

On the one hand, I hate thinking about myself as being different from other people. I would like to think that at most I am maybe a strange kid. Maybe some of the things I do are a little odd. I am a bit lonely, boring, and misunderstood. I would like to think there is nothing more to it.

But on the other hand? I do not know if I am human. I do not like thinking about myself as one because the things I do seem so natural—things others cannot understand or accept. For example, why would anyone want to hurt someone else? And why do people not accept the good and the bad in their lovers? Isn’t love supposed to be without conditions? Isn’t always loving and supporting the other person a normal thing to do?

There are other things. I am not talking about the fact that I like to sit in the dark by myself and that I can see in the dark. It has more to do with my empathy.

When someone around me is experiencing an intense, heavy emotion, I spontaneously feel the other’s sadness. I will cry wearing myself out and then fall asleep. If the emotions are too strong or coming from too many people at once I may even pass out.

I laugh at myself as I say this, but I am like a reverse vampire. I do not take others’ energy to restore myself. Rather, I take their aches and pain
into myself and heal the other person in the process. I do this spontaneously. I have no control over it.

But there is more. I enter others’ memories and then I live those memories as if they are my own. I am back in time inside the other person’s body.

I call it “watching a movie” except I am like an actor on a stage playing the part of the other person. A man tells me he is depressed because his wife has left him. Instantly, I am inside his mind watching what actually happened. She says to him, “You are worthless.” I hear her words. I see her face. I feel her slap me. I recall what happened with equal or better clarity that the person’s own recollection.

Although this entering the other’s memory can take place in a moment, for me the experience can go on for hours. I cannot make it stop.

The empathy began when I was seven years old. At that time I was raised by my grandparents. My mother was rarely around. She still does not like me. Her words, “I wish you were never born. Having you has ruined my life.”

When my grandfather died, I went to the funeral and could feel what everyone around me was feeling. Because I was upset that he died, he came to me that night in a dream to calm me down. He showed me where he was. It was the prettiest place on earth—so peaceful and happy. He told me I was the most open and receptive of all the family members.

He visits me in dreams and warms me about danger and lectures me about all sorts of things. We also argue. My body is asleep but my mind is awake. When we have been arguing all night I will wake up in the morning and feel like I have not slept at all.

He tells me things such as that a certain person is going to hurt me or someone else. He even studies some of my friends to see if they have a
good heart. For me, my grandfather is far more alive now than he was when he was still living.

But I never know in advance when he is going to talk to me. He does not come when I try to contact him.

One time he told me to call 911 because my grandma, who was still alive, had just had a heart attack. I called 911 and they broke down the door to her apartment and found her lying on the floor. She had had a heart attack just as he had said.

It is not just my grandfather I talk to. I talk to other departed people also. With some the communication is mind to mind without words or thoughts. With others, I talk to them exactly the same as I talk to living people. Some seem trapped here close to our world and unable to move on. Like the ghost who is attached to the used dresser I moved into my room. The ghost looks through all of my things and comments on my clothes. He will not tell me anything about himself. Because of his annoying comments, I can no longer change clothes in that room.

I do not easily trust people because of all the bad experiences I have had with them. Men have betrayed me because they are selfish, but what they want has always been obvious. Women are another matter. They have been mean and cruel for no reason whatsoever. But I still love them and even when my friends are treacherous and betray me, I still remain friends with them.

When I meet new people I can tell the first moment I see them, at their first word, if they are dangerous. When one of my friends introduced me to another girl, I told my friend later that this woman would hurt her. I wish I had been wrong. But it turned out the other woman spread nasty rumors about my friend. My friends think I am judgmental when I warn them in this way. But I am never wrong about these things.
My Atlantean Incarnation

In my original nature, I was a mermaid who had the vibration of Angel Falls—the highest falls on earth. I was pure, flowing, life giving, healing, and renewing. I was the joy and the ecstasy of being alive—full of rainbows and sparkling light. I was trust and innocence—water falling, letting go into the embrace of air and space. And so you can imagine the disaster that awaited me when I began to associate with the human race.

During the last age of Atlantis, there was a time of peace. Atlantis was like the center of the universe—people from many different lands journeyed there. In one outlying land, there was great conflict. But the Atlanteans frowned on war. They had an air of authority and magical power that enabled them to hold in check those who wished to lead armies to victory over their foes.

Still, the human soul has beneath its surface a seething, raging hunger for power and an implacable hatred of whatever interferes with the attainment of its goals. In this one land, the science was weak and the magic was not the equal of the Atlanteans. But there were traditions many centuries old in which mages trained for a life time to master their magical arts.

There was a small city of several thousand individuals that was dedicated to spiritual pursuits. It had different societies within it. Some were run by women, but most were governed by men. It was a loose federation composed of groups with different agendas. But they worked together for common goals. It is not just technology and industry that can motivate and enrich a community. Knowledge of the spiritual worlds also has a binding and uniting influence within a society.
One day an advanced adept from this community sat by the sea. And then he saw me. It was not as if I was on the beach or even hundreds of miles away. I was on the inner planes.

Yet he saw me because when he looked at the sea he saw its life and its inner vibration. He understood that the sea itself is a magical realm with many kingdoms within it.

His eyes were opened and he became filled with a sense of beauty, love, and peace unlike anything he had ever felt before. He sat there for several hours without moving. He had no desire to do anything else than to immerse himself within these feelings and let their harmony flow through him.

But as is the nature of human beings they desire to share their experiences with another. And so he refocused his eyes so that they would perceive what he wanted—a living being who embodied these feelings of wonder and love. Put simply, he wanted a friend and a lover, a woman who had the sea alive within her.

And so his eyes fell upon me. I began to materialize in front of him on the beach. Call it a mermaid-mage encounter. This encounter is now part of the mermaid archives that record all of the experiences of all mermaids on earth.

For him my skin was like moonlight and water, the color of emeralds and the blue sky mixed together. He placed his palm upon my arm and the human part of his mind was gone. He crossed over.

How long he dwelt within my realm he could not tell, for the love placed him in a state of rapture. There is no sorrow, separation, or loss to mark the turning of the clock. But since the vibration of water was weak within his soul, he had to finally let go.
Once again he sat upon the beach though still within a state of revelry. Yet he felt what no great master should ever have to feel—he felt incomplete.

As he walked back to his study, the scent of the sea was moist upon his cloak. And the sounds of waves breaking, the white spray and foam upon the sand seemed to flow around his feet in every step he took.

Once in his study he made some tea with a shot of alcohol like mead mixed in. And then he sat by the window and began to contemplate. He relived the experience on the beach and then reached a conclusion. These are his very thoughts.

This is not acceptable. Who can live like this? Having such beauty and love—it is so real I can taste and touch it. And yet at the same time it is so remote from my life that it is like being in love with a woman who lives on the other side of the world.

And then thinking of me he said to himself--she and this blessed realm are one and the same thing. They carry the same vibration. When I leave her presence, I feel only half alive.

The remedy is obvious. She should dwell in my world, here with me. I do not recall anything like this occurring before in the history of my magical order. Yet I am sure if I visualize this mermaid in the body of a woman it will come to be. A way will be found. The gate is open. No one will contest my actions. There are no rules about these things. I am free to take what I want.

You have to understand the level of concentration the mage had mastered. Whether his eyes were closed or open, he could recall nearly anything he had ever experienced—every sight, smell, taste, touch, and sound or conversation as if it were occurring again right now.
And like the Atlanteans, he was used to working with a crystal ball. As he stared at the crystal it would begin to flare and burst like a volcano erupting but not with lava but rather with dazzling light. And then he would gather that light and concentrate it into the image of whatever he wanted to accomplish. And, according to the difficulty of the desire, within an appropriate time frame the object of his desire would manifest. He did this with me—he imagined the goal as real right now—he visualized me by his side.

There months later, a woman in the community was about to die. Through the force of his magic, I was drawn to that dying woman. When the girl died, I entered her body trying to revive her. Healing is a way of manifesting love. But though her soul had decided to leave, I was able to keep the body alive. I awoke inside of this woman’s body. Shortly after, according to the mage’s visualization, I was by his side.

How did this feel to me? I am of water. My very being is to love and to flow. Enlightenment itself is in knowing how to let go. And love is being one with another without limitation or the need for definition. In love, there are no boundaries to defend.

When the mage entered my realm he was awkward and off balance like a fish out of water. He was like a sponge that wanted to absorb and take in but only a tiny amount of love could get inside of him.

It was okay when he had me materialize upon the beach. I had the sea inside of me as I sensed his world. I could see how they use chemistry, physics, and fiery will to build and to make new things. But when it came to the song of life, though the music is vast, they only knew a few notes and cords.

No wonder he felt half dead when he left my presence. The sea was not in his dreams and love was not in command of his heart.

Entering the girl was as easy as water flowing from one form into another. Yet part of being enchanted is that you do not realize it is
happening until the spell is broken. The magical concentration he was using to draw me to his side was strong enough to change my perceptions of what was occurring. I felt everything I was doing was natural and that all actions were of my own volition.

The body I entered had memories and habits imprinted upon its brain. I was free to use them the way an actor uses a script in order to perform her part in a play. I actually had no difficulty mastering human discourse.

In no time at all I was saying things like “That’s amazing,” “Could you explain that to me again?” “Why don’t I cook something to eat and I’ll call you when it is ready,” “Tell me how your work went today,” and “Here, let me place my hands on your head and take away your tension.”

Interacting with human beings is as simple as keeping my thoughts, words, and actions within the narrow and well-defined range of their brain vibrations. But in myself I remained unchanged. The sea was still within me. Nothing was different. I had merely taken this other form that required little more effort than putting on a robe.

I lived with the mage for four years. And then things changed. The land was on the verge of war. Strong factions were contending for power. I could feel the tension in the air.

Until this point in time, he had shown me to only a few of his friends. I was his secret mistress of magical bliss. Some treasures are too special to share with the world at large.

But the political conflict reached a climax. The mage was a member of a ruling council that consisted of three. The enemy leader had gone to Atlantis to seek assistance. He and others wanted to bring Atlantean education and institutions into the land so as to make it an Atlantean colony. This idea the mage could not stand.
And so it occurred to him to use my beauty to accomplish his ends. A mage can no more attack another mage than a cloud can cause damage to another cloud by hurling lighting at it. But there are other ways to destroy an enemy. In the wrong hands, love itself can be used as a tool of destruction.

It is nothing for me to get inside of another person and sense the other’s deepest needs. And then I configure my responses in such a way so as to offer complete gratification. It is not about lust. It is simply an act of sharing and caring. All mermaids are masters of the art of becoming one.

But the mage knew he could not send me as I was. I did not have a human aura. Anyone who is sensitive would immediately realize I was not a human being. And so the mage had to change my aura. He had to somehow disguise me so I appeared not just in form but also with the soul of a human being.

There are things in which some wizards are masters. He bound me to the element of earth in such a way that I could no longer see into the mermaid realm. My five senses were limited to perceiving only in the physical world.

He bound me to the element of air in such a way that my mind was clear. But I could not think any thoughts that ran counter to the mission he assigned to me.

He bound me to the element of fire in such a way that through any means at my disposal I was to destroy his enemy. It is called a Gheas. An implacable will was placed inside of me. While under his control, I now possessed a small amount of his own will and power.

He bound me to the fifth element of akasha. In this way he imbued me with a human soul. From now on I would incarnate as a human being. He did this so I could not easily defect and return to my own realm.
And as for water, my own element? He let me keep my superhuman empathy. But the awareness of love that is everywhere in every moment he took away from me. If your love is pure you are forever free regardless of your form or your destiny. In doing this, he took away my inner connection to the sea. All these things he did to fashion me into a tool, a wand of power that could now unleash to destroy his enemy.

Actually Atlantis had its own guild of assassins. Though expensive, he could have hired one of them. But why outsource the job when what you have at hand is far better than anything that guild could have created or imagined?

Some would say that converting a mermaid into an assassin is lame brained to say the least. It is like taking gold and diamonds and throwing them into quicksand or mud. But the mage was not a complete fool. He knew what he was doing. A mermaid queen in the body of a woman is the most perceptive creature in this galaxy. In an instant, she can sense and be inside of any person on this earth.

A mermaid like me, though not a queen, has the same abilities but to a lesser degree. Even before I began my journey, I could read the heart and mind of the man. In all of history, there never been any covert operatives who possessed one tenth of my capacity.

I enjoy the rhythm of the waves and the drops of spray splashing on my face as my small craft sails toward Atlantis. The ocean around me—in whatever life I exist always brings me peace. No mortal mage, however great, will ever be able to take this away from me.

The sailboat that carries me has a deck that is round and it extends over the hull. It is carved with groves that resemble a coiled serpent with the serpent’s head at the bow. But the hull itself that rides in the water is similar to the construction of a Viking ship. It is only about eight meters long. The tiny sails are shaped like an arrow head and often part of the sail reaches down to the water.
I love sailing at night. I can see in the dark on nights like this even without starlight or moonlight.

In moments like this time no longer exists. There are no conflicts and no dreams or nightmares. Though I have been enchanted, mesmerized, hypnotized, and bound to another against my will, a part of me is forever free.

In this moment, all that exists are me, the craft, the waves, the wind, the night sky, and the sea. Perhaps it is the stress I am under, but I hear the sea speak to me. She says, “Child. By divine grace, human beings are here for a little while and then they are gone. But you and I are like the wind and the waves. We will dance together like this again and again forever.”

The first thing I noticed after I docked and tied up my ship was the tiny windows and doors in the buildings. The windows were like a semicircle or a circle cut down the center horizontally so only half of the circle was there to look out of. The roofs did not seem to fit on the buildings like they were a different design. And in the corners where the building met the ceiling there were special decorations like wave patterns. I saw no pyramids. The buildings were of marble and of every other kind of stone. And there were sculptures all over.

As I walked down the street, it seemed there were people from everywhere. It was peaceful and yet I saw urban, rural, and tribal people mingling together on the same road.

But I was not sent here to linger and observe. I had one task—to find the man I was to dispatch. I could sense where he was. I moved in the right direction, found him, and began observing his behavior. He had three body guards that followed him everywhere. These men were tall, quick, and strong.

Some things a woman just knows how to do. You brush your hand through your hair or drop your chin toward your lower shoulder as you
glance with a slight smile out of the corner of your eyes. You place your weight on your left hip with the other leg bent while you rest your hand on your thigh, your head and shoulders also leaning to the left side.

Even from across the room, if you catch his eye for a moment his brain extrapolates. In a microsecond whether he is aware of it or not, his body feels that the two of you are joined, that he is inside of you. Like an addict with a drug, he wants to recapture that high.

All of this was child’s play for me. Off-the-shelf seduction technology. But add this--I place my soul inside his body at the same time and he becomes like an iron filing in the presence of a powerful magnet. He could not resist my power of attraction.

Things moved quickly. Within the hour I have him in bed. He is so turned on all his defenses are gone. He kisses me, but for him the kiss is a kiss of death. As many have done before and after me, I have placed a protective layer like wax upon my lips. And over this I have painted with a small brush a deadly poison. He literally dies in my arms. I do not need to check his heartbeat. I can sense the life depart from his body. The mission implanted in me by the mage has been accomplished.

But the method and plan of action were my own creation. No one suggested it to me. Many women I imagine instinctively know how to use poison.

I climbed down from the balcony and made my escape. But before I left that night, I climbed up on to the top of a building and spent three hours staring down at the capital city.

There were sounds in the distance of laughter and music and the cheer of both soft and loud festivals. The words came to me from someone else’s mind—“Atlantis: Fair, fair, beautiful beyond compare, Oh wondrous land were the gods still walk, their footsteps echoing through the hills.”
Can anyone who has ever been here ever forget the experience? Here is a city that is blessed by the divine world. Every good thing that can be given to humanity has been given into the hands of these people.

The fire in the streets at night that lit the city is not just fire. The fire has a secret warmth within it like the songs of hearts that overflow with joy. And there is also a touch of mermaid innocence. Many people here can go about their day without having to worry about their safety or having to think about how to preserve, defend, or extend their wealth.

I stared at the city lights basking in their glow, letting the warmth fill my soul. But my time is up. I have to flee for my life.

I am soon back at sea. I journey riding on a large ship heading for a distant island. The ship departs with the early morning high tide. I do not remember anything else about this incarnation.

In a few days I will be drafted into the army as is required of all young men and women in my nation. I will then see what new job the powers that be have assigned me to fulfill in this life time.

Growing Up Mermaid

This story is about Ronda growing up in our world. I have written about her past life in Atlantis in “A Modern Undine,” which is in my first book, *Undines: Lessons from the Realm of the Water Spirits*.

My first memory was of fairies. They were very playful, so I played together with them all the time. They would come into my room and be
in different places like on the dresser. Or they would fly around the room, and then I would leave my body and fly around with them. Numerous times I’d be on my ceiling looking down at my body on the bed, and a voice like a guide would tell me over and over, “Get back in your body right now.”

Sometimes there were just balls of light in different sizes moving around the room. There were also angels, guides, and various spirits. I saw creatures the size of my wrist that reminded me of elves. But those were very fast, and it was hard to keep them in focus. This was when I was around age two.

When I was still very little, I taught myself how to swim. I swam like a mermaid, not kicking but moving my feet as one. I would look down at my feet and feel awful. I wanted my legs to change back into mermaid form.

I spent a great deal of time trying to change back into a mermaid. And when I went to bed at night, I slept on my stomach. I would move my feet like a mermaid swimming under water. It was soothing for me. It helped me fall asleep.

Then it was not like it is now. I had seen no mermaid movies. I had not read any books about mermaids. No one had told me about them. But I had three tiny mermaid dolls. These I played with all of the time.

My stepdad had built a concrete pool since he was in the concrete business. I often spent ten hours a day in the pool. It had a high wooden fence that went around it. On weekends, I would sneak out at night and sit in the pool. Water was my friend. It was like a mother who hugged me when I entered it.

When I was seven years old, I used to get angry at my parents because I could not convince them that mermaids were real. Adults thought that fairy tales were always fiction. How do you explain the nature of reality
to people whose eyes are blind and who do not know how to communicate mind to mind?

Small wonder then that I spent hours focused on trying with all my will to become a mermaid. I would go to bed at night and try to will myself to become a mermaid. I wanted to live underwater again.

There were times when I would go to the lake and get in the water and ask the mermaids to take me back. I did not want to be a human being any more. My efforts failed.

I remember being in love with the moon. It fascinated me. I would look for it every night. Sometimes I would lie in the yard on a blanket and gaze at the moon. I wanted to be with the moon because I felt so connected. There was such intensity, like the moon was a magnet just drawing me toward it.

My bedroom was beautiful. I chose to do it all in lavender, and then I had one wall done in pastel rainbows. I remember being in a restaurant, and a lady came up to me and said, “What a beautiful aura you have.” She said I was surrounded by violet and lavender colors.

I always had an aquarium in my room. And when a fish died, I had this elaborate burial service for it. I would place one of my favorite possessions with it in the ground.

The woods in my backyard went on for many miles. My parents let me play in the part near my house, but I often wandered farther off. Sometimes my sister went with me, or neighbor friends, but usually I was alone.

I also spent a huge amount of time in the forest playing in the creeks. We did not live near an ocean, so I played in the creeks and lakes. I took hurt birds in and brought turtles home.

I remember I could even feel my vibrations rise by being surrounded by all the animals, and trees, and water. It was also in these woods that I
saw for the first time a transparent figure from the next world. The creeks would play a beautiful music. Being surrounded in the woods with the nature was my sanctuary. I also spent hours searching for rocks and stones. I would look for ones that resembled crystals.

When I was six years old, I began telling my grandparents when a storm was coming. They did not know what to make of me. This was the Bible belt. Kids were not supposed to know these things.

I went to church with my parents. Right from the beginning, I did not agree with the church. I knew God was not how they explained, and I knew that love is unconditional. The God the church spoke of was very judgmental. Life was about love for me even then.

I knew God would not have all these rules you must follow. You must do this and be this person in order to have my love and go to heaven. These church people thought of God as a person. But for me there was always swirling light, energy, and a pure, higher power. I was seven years old then.

That year I remember speaking to my real dad. He appeared near my bed. This was the first time I spoke with a deceased human being.

About the same time I found I had difficulty being in crowds of people. Everyone’s thoughts and feelings would come inside of me. It was like being bombarded with raw emotions. It was more than I could handle.

Just meeting someone new, I would get flashes of memories and feel the other’s pain and joy. Sometimes the person’s entire life would flash before my eyes like I was viewing a film right in front of me. Or I would see the important events in another person’s life along with his relationships with others and the emotional experiences that occurred.

I could sense what others were thinking. I knew I could communicate with them through thoughts. But I was amazed they did not understand
the messages I sent. They could not hear what I was saying to them in my mind.

I did not like school. It was then I began to realize how cruel humans could be. I remember in high school I would get A’s in classes like psychology but do awful in history because I am not good with time. I had a problem with dates and timelines. I lived in my imagination most of the time when I should have been studying. When I applied myself, I would get A’s, but most subjects I felt were a waste of time.

As for boyfriends, I was slow at that sort of thing. I loved boys and girls equally because I loved everyone. I did not understand why it was expected that I should love one man.

I could justify having a relationship with a man as a way to heal him and consume him with love. I knew how to become whatever he needed or desired. I was able to connect with men in ways that others could not. Then I would move on. But the men would become obsessed and try to possess me.

Society speaks of how strong men are, and maybe they are physically. But I find that men are weaker mentally. I still to this day do not understand the whole love and sex thing. For me, the two are separate. No wonder humans get so confused in relationships.

I have a mermaid around me who helps me. She is very powerful. She says I must strengthen my mermaid ties so that I can help the human race. She says part of my task is to intertwine our two worlds.

Before acquiring a human soul, I once was a close companion of a queen of undines named Isaphil. I sang at night a song uniting the light of the earth and the moon. Because of my ties to the moon and my inner serenity, I have been given the ability to see things that shall be. I see what is missing from the world and the ways that harmony can be restored.
I remember Atlantis. I used to dream about it for years. They were so much more advanced than we are now in technology and spirituality. I remember sitting at a round table with two other women. We are able to read each other’s minds, so we could communicate without using words, and we were able to blend our auras together and share energy directly.

It was during the time of Atlantis that my mermaid soul was pulled out of its realm. A great Atlantean mage lusted after my beauty. He used magic to force me to incarnate as a human being.

This action was a spiritual outrage for which the Atlanteans suffered terribly. I was a pawn in their game. They did not realize that the survival of their civilization was part of the stakes being played. Beauty can blind the mind or heal the conscience. Unlike so many noble souls who appeared in earlier ages of their world, in the end, they chose not to be healed.

I remember so many things and experiences when I was in Atlantis. These memories are so clear it is as if they happened yesterday. I was a healer. In human form, I swam beneath the sea. I flew in small airships. We used crystals in so many ways.

Mermaids look the way human beings imagine them. But they have a higher vibration. They are spirits and not solid or physical, so you could stick your hand through them. I recall that as a mermaid we always did everything in groups of three.

I have met the other two in my group of three. Like me, they have crossed over. Unlike me, they have come out of curiosity or out of love for a human being. But they are not compelled as am I to discover my purpose for being alive.

Recently, I was in the bath meditating. I spend hours every day completely submerged in the bath with only my nose and mouth above the water. I do this because that is the time when I am best able to send healing energy to others.
While in the bath, I saw a mermaid above me. She was very glittery or shiny. The experience reminded me that if we saw a ship in the old days, we knew we were not allowed to go near it. We were not supposed to be seen by the people on ships.

The next thing that happened was that I joined with two other mermaids. I left my body, and we were swimming, singing, and holding hands united in a circle at one point. I had a joyful or giddy feeling. It was like young schoolgirls at play. I could hear notes of music. For me, the sea is life and life is the sea.

When I am in water, it is as if my soul merges with the water, and I become truly one with it. Within water I feel loved unconditionally, revitalized, refreshed, renewed, happy, pure, cleansed, and euphoric.

I never lived near a large body of water until my early twenties, and that was when I began to feel really alive. It made me so happy. I feed off of the magnetism the water brings me. If I am sick or in pain, I get in the water because it comforts me. Sometimes you hear people say they are married to God. I sometimes feel I am married to the ocean.

How do I explain to people that there is another part of myself that vibrates as a mermaid? It is an energy that human beings never experience.

I can feel love with every cell of my body. People seem to have a hard time with love. It is really so much more than a thought or an emotion. They search and search for it when really it is within and around them in every moment. They need to learn to put it within every thought. Yet that would only be a beginning.

For mermaids, the oceans of the earth, the vibration within water, is itself pure love. This love encompasses the planet. It is strange beyond words that human beings with all their wise men and great teachers know nothing about this.
I speak easily with those who have died. This is perhaps because I myself am from the Other Side.

I had a friend who at age twenty-five died in a car accident. A few years later I could feel his energy around me. For two years I saw him in dreams and near my bed, or I would hear him call my name in the early morning.

One time, in no more than a few seconds, he showed me his car wreck, the hospital where he died, how his mom felt, how he felt, how his friends felt—I saw it all. I even heard the doctors talking to his mom while he was standing there watching, invisible to their eyes. He also showed me the operating room and what the doctors were saying.

There is this place I go to at night on the astral plane that is very pure and blissful and all white. We do not have any form when we are there. We are just pure energy, unlike anything in this world.

On the astral plane, the colors are sometimes a thousand times brighter, but touch, taste, and smell belong to this physical world and are not as strong. I will miss the pleasure of taste and smell when I pass over.

Other times I run into people I know on the astral plane. We turn into balls of energy and join together. The bliss is so much greater than anything I experience in this world.

Often when people die and they accept their death, they are met by a guide. The guide explains some things to them, and then they go to a holding area. It is like a beautiful park but much prettier and brighter.

It is very easy for me to visit the park. I sometimes go see people I know who are there. I have helped some get to that park. It is very similar to the physical world so that people can adjust slowly. They are not ready to become pure energy. They need to be in an astral body similar to their physical body in order to learn to perceive.
Being dead is a lot like being awake in a dream and being able to change what you see according to what you imagine. Death is different for each individual. It helps to be able to let go of this world and move on. What someone has been denied in this life, they will often imagine having when they are dead. They will play with it and experience it in every way until they get bored and are ready to move on.

For me, I am so much more awake and alive on the astral plane than in this world. People are half dead in this world; there is so much energy and light moving around them that they do not sense or feel in any way.

Other people go to sleep at night and dream. But for me, when my body falls asleep, I immediately wake up on the astral plane. It is not a lucid dream. I am in actual contact with guides and the deceased. Or when I heal, I visit living people in my astral form and hover over them as I give them energy.

When I meditate, I can turn into any form. But when I come back and start thinking, I am stuck with this human brain. I know how to get rid of the brain consciousness by just stopping my thought processes. Then it is like I am in water and nothing else exists. Ten minutes are like six months.

But when I come out of meditating, I am again stuck with human consciousness. But I am making little advances. I allow my brain to feel like it is full of water, and then there is no difference between being human and being a mermaid. My body takes on a water vibration. Then I think as both human and mermaid at the same time.

For years I never understood why TV and radio channels would flip or why electrical toys would turn off and on around me. Sometimes it is just my nervous energy as I try to go to sleep, or else something surprises me suddenly and the car goes dead. I feel at times like I am a walking electrical outlet. The sensations of electricity surge through my body.
When I have a sudden insight, I get goose bumps all over. And I feel like I am freezing cold, even when it is ninety degrees in the room.

I can point my finger at a candle flame and make it move in different directions or grow brighter or dimmer. I never knew until quite recently that other human beings could not do the same.

Almost everything I have just talked about I have never shared before with other people. At best, I have been tolerated. My sister keeps a scrapbook of my predictions about events such as earthquakes and disasters that I have accurately foretold.

I walked up to a stranger at an airport one time and gave her details about how her son died. It was as if I saw the entire series of events unfold before my eyes. I helped with the police investigation that was still ongoing.

When I heal others, I can sometimes cure terminally ill patients. Part of my problem as an empath and healer is that I briefly take on others’ symptoms. I end up in the hospital for a night with failed kidneys. But in the morning I am completely normal, and the other person is suddenly healed of her kidney disease.

If you speak to me of someone, I can probably tell you about this individual’s health; I may see other people this person knows; and if someone has recently died close to this person, I can easily speak to the departed and relay messages.

There are others like me on earth. We have entered the world to share love with the human race. For me, it has been a terrible sacrifice. For others whose connection to mankind has been sweetened with love, the transition has been gentle. They belong equally to two worlds and live in peace.
As I have said, the human race is cruel. But we are all here to learn. Unlike what happened to Atlantis, I do not believe that it is too late for humanity.

My Physical Therapist—A Mermaid Woman

I fell down a cliff. How stupid can you get? Two weeks later, after consulting with a surgeon and getting an MRI, I finally began physical therapy. In my mind, I was too banged up with other injuries to undergo surgery for my damaged, dislocated shoulder.

For the first three months I did not even notice her. I was distracted—the therapy was excruciatingly painful. The fractures were not yet mended. And it is easy to take a woman such as this one for granted.

The thing about mermaid women—that is, women with deep water in their auras—is that they are adept at disguising themselves. They learn early in life that you cannot be open with other people. You cannot be constantly giving, loving, nurturing, and healing anyone and everyone you meet.

Without being aware of what they are doing, people become obsessed or dominating around a mermaid woman. They want more and more of whatever it is that she gives. This is not something that people do consciously. They often are not even aware that they are acting out of character.
We live our lives with trade-offs. We negotiate for affection and attention. Respect is earned. And love is so rare that we do everything we can to protect what we have.

True love is one of the greatest treasures on earth—a love that cannot be bound, broken, diminished, or brought to an end; it is so alive it captures the essence of every moment while at the same time the wisdom of eternity shines from within it. In true love, there is nothing to possess, to bind, or to try to confine. In true love, the lover is within and a part of you one hundred percent of the time.

Mermaid women all have the capacity to rise to the level of true love. It is in their blood. It is a quality of their souls. And so as a mermaid woman, my physical therapist is in disguise. She is completely professional during a therapy session. She is businesslike, focused, and very demanding.

She has great recall and attention to detail. She knows very well that in regard to shoulder dislocations, you never want to depart from protocols or step-by-step treatment. You have to do the hard work if you want to get results. There are no free rides, and there are no exceptions to this rule.

And so it would be easy to think that this woman is a Virgo—she is analytical, mental, hardworking, and focused on details, and she enjoys most of all when something is done right. But this conclusion would be an absolute mistake. Her personality is completely opposite.

I began to notice my mistake very slowly. It required an effort to put it all together. It was in her intonation pattern as she spoke. There was the sound of water dripping off of leaves and falling to the ground.

It was in her touch when she was massaging my shoulder. She would ask as she stretched a muscle, “On a scale of one to ten, how painful is this?”
I would reply, “When you are touching my arm, I can feel the intensity of the sensations, but my mind no longer labels it as pain. I just let go.”

And it was in her occasional smile. When she smiled, the therapist was gone. A different person was present. It was the smile of a young woman who loves to be out of doors—canoeing between the islands, hiking in the mountains, or swimming in the surf. I was no longer in a hospital. Sunlight, moonlight, and wind were caressing my skin.

She is innocent, loves to play, is pure delight, and feels a part of nature. She searches with an endless curiosity for new experiences that allows life to express itself as an explosion of joy.

I had never met anyone before whom I could describe in this way. Then again, in my sixty-three years of life, I have met less than a dozen mermaid women. Two of them found me in response to my global casting call. I would guess that only one in four thousand is a mermaid woman.

So here is my dilemma. I feel more alive when I am in her presence. And I can tell you exactly, precisely, why this is:

With this woman, her femininity, her way of being receptive, and her way of giving energy take the electricity in my nervous system and enhance it. It is not just a matter of feeling assured and more self-confident. It feels like having the power of lighting that occurs in a storm on a dark night. It is the power to light up the darkest places within the heart. That is the way she makes me feel.

When people fall in love, they have feelings for each other. The attraction is often unique, and it acts as a force like gravity binding two people together. The other has a hold on you like you are under a spell—like a magic mirror, the woman reflects something from deep within you that, at times, is so far away you may not have even known it was part of you. She offers you something that makes you feel whole, and the relationship makes her feel complete as well.
Mermaid women are *not* like that. They do *not* love in that way. Love is neither created by the feelings two individuals have for each other, nor does it have anything to do with specific experiences that are shared in common. Love is not generated through the act of giving.

Like nature that surrounds us with its sky, stars, sun, moon, mountains, seas, rivers, forests, plateaus, and plains, love is already there. It is everywhere. You only need to open to it and allow it to flow through you.

For a mermaid woman, you cannot capture another’s attention by your charm, your beauty, your wealth, or your social status and skills. And joy is never a matter of feeling really good because everything is going right, better than expected. The feeling of joy occurs when, like an artesian well, you are a channel through which a stream flows unimpeded and without restraint.

I use the image of water because for mermaid women love is like the water that covers the earth. It has vast depth and breadth. It has been here billions of years and more—it is like the sky that contains the stars at night.

And so, as I have previously described, just being a mermaid women creates a social conflict. Offering attention, affection, acceptance, empathy, and energy to others makes some people feel so good that they immediately notice when that love is no longer flowing through them. And then they feel uptight, anxious, or confused. They want to possess or restrain the mermaid woman in some way in order to acquire a steady supply of her love. Like me, they feel more alive in such a woman’s presence.

The question is, Can I reproduce that same feeling of being alive in myself when I am not in the presence of a mermaid woman? All of these women mention that they feel connected to nature. Their connection to nature is so deep that their personalities have a nonhuman component—they are of nature beyond what human beings understand.
Can I find that their kind of connection to nature inside of myself? Can I find peace that “flows like a stream from the dawn of time to the ends of eternity”? Can I relax and feel an artesian well of joy overflowing from the depths of my soul with a curiosity for new experiences that allows life to express itself as an explosion of joy? Can I meditate and sense a sea of love surrounding me? Or, as my physical therapist also expresses, can I contain within myself the polarity of earth and sky that causes the lightning bolt to fly and that mends the broken heart?

Someone might suggest, “Well, you already know the girl. Simply make her your friend. Then these feelings, like a friend, will be there when you want them.” There is a difficulty with that suggestion. A mermaid woman may know a great many people, but becoming her friend is not so easy. On average, it takes me one to two years to gain their trust before, for example, they will even do an interview with me.

To become close to a mermaid woman, to be her friend, you have to demonstrate you can feel exactly what she feels inside. They are empaths. It is quite difficult to fool them.

And you cannot offer her something of value in exchange for her attention. If she feels you flowing through her as she can so easily flow with her love and energy through you, then and only then will she feel close to you—that you are someone who understands who she is.

To convert myself from a human being into an individual who feels joined to nature from within is a slow process. This is not the nature studied by scientists and ecologists who say things like, “We need to protect and heal the earth.” It is we who are endangered and not the earth. In the blink of her geological eyes, we are at risk of becoming a distant memory, as extinct as the dinosaurs.

If I sit still and use my clairsentient abilities, I can feel what individual mermaid women feel in whatever aspect of nature they embody. The difference is that it is not flowing through me. I have created it with my mind. And it requires effort to keep it alive. They feel love naturally; it
flows through them without effort. There is no thought, meditation, magic, ethics, theology, or metaphysics attached to it. It is already there and exists independent of the human race.

It took me five months of strenuous physical therapy to regain my range of motion in my arm. Perhaps in a few years, through deep meditation on water, I will come to embody the love my physical therapist feels.

A mermaid woman, one adept in social interaction, recently challenged my self-image. She said, “Just be yourself. Be honest, in the moment; be direct. Just share who you are.”

I replied to her, “I write poems. My poems tell me I have not yet met the person that I am.”

I am not being facetious. I am embarrassed around these women. They are more human than I am, even when some of them are actual mermaids who have only chosen to appear in the form of women. When I can love as they love, then I will have become the person I am meant to be.

Today I was discharged from my physical therapy, having completed seventeen sessions. I wrote this poem for my physical therapist as my way to say goodbye.

I was not sure if I was dead or alive
And then you were by my side
A guide to the Other Side?
“Not so,” you coached,
“No pain, no gain,
The bones will fuse
The muscles strengthen
It’s just takes time,”
And then off you went camping

You are the soft singing in the light of dawn
A lost song again found
Before sunrise
I see it in your eyes
With a voice that says,
“Life is a gift
Like the light of dawn
Forever new as a touch, a caress, a kiss”

Your innocence flows like a stream
The sounds of a waterfall in a dream
Water splashing, the ripples dancing, laughing
Rainbows playing in the rising mist
The cool, deep, refreshing depths
Such is morning as it stretches on
It is found in the silent song
You are constantly singing

And then the dazzling, brilliant sun ascends
  I see it in your eyes
  The will to make the best of life
  To make things turn out right
  You live on the edge of the moment
  Ready for any surprise

Now twilight descends
  Too soon things come to an end
  Work and play
  All accomplishments fade away
  It is a time to let go
  To feel release and also peace
  Your eyes tell me so
In every moment a new beginning unfolds

And then the dead of night
  The darkest places I already know
Where those who hunger and thirst for love
   Have lost their way
   Have lost their hope
Here too your voice speaks
I can feel your breath on my neck
   Whispering in my ear,
   “Love cannot be found
   Because it is all around
You only need to let go into the flow;
   This I always know.”

Whether the soft song of dawn
   Morning ascending
   The delight of sunlight
   The release of twilight
Or the silent, silent dead of night
Your presence will always be by my side
With the wonder of what it is to be alive.

Your innocence flows like a stream
The sounds of a waterfall in a dream
Water splashing, the ripples dancing, laughing
Rainbows playing in the rising mist
The cool, deep, refreshing depths
Such is morning as it stretches on
It is found in the silent song
You are constantly singing

Custodian of the Mermaid Archives

When I touch her aura with my hand, these words pass through my mind:

She is the sea.
She dreams of what has been and what shall be
The ocean trench, she knows those depths.
Waves that roll a thousand miles,
Look carefully, they are in her smile—
The whitecaps, the foamy crests,
The wave’s spray, the wind’s caress
Waves and depths speak with the same breath—
As the seas encircle the earth
And to life give birth
She is one with those she loves.
Yet even among mermaids she is a mystery
When she gazes upon another
She becomes the other
Every perception perceived,
Every feeling, every thought and belief,
The song that is a soul
She captures whole.

Imagine you are on a beach. It does not matter where--the Aegean Sea, the island of Crete, France, Spain, Iona in Scotland, São Paulo, the Solomon Islands, Hawaii, Japan, or China. Smell the salt in the air. Feel a gentle wind, drops of spray anointing your skin when the wave breaks, and bubbling white foam around your knees as the wave retreats.
The sea reaches out across the horizon. Relax; let go. Feel the sounding sea flow through your soul. Imagine you can see the ocean floor, the reefs, the islands, and the fish. Sense the waves, the currents, the tides, and the moon’s pull upon the earth.

Take the sensations in your five senses, the feeling of the open expanse and the sea’s depths, and allow them gently to unite into one vibration. Imagine that all the seas of the earth with their mysteries and awesome presence are like a relaxed exhalation, a soft breath, a warm touch, or the sweetness of a kiss.

Now we begin to feel the presence of this woman inside ourselves. It is accepting and satisfying, and the love has no end.

And this is where our story begins.

For the record, mermaids do not use words to communicate. Experience is transferred directly soul to soul and heart to heart. Telepathy—mind-to-mind communication—is considered an inferior way of sharing.

Memory for mermaids is also quite different. It is not an “I recall an experience in the past.” That is what we do: we use words, literature, histories, biographies, and audio and video recordings to capture and store perceptions of events that are now gone.

When we read or play these things back, there are moments when we experience vicariously another’s experience as if it is our own; or indeed we may recall briefly something that once occurred to us as if it is happening again right now. But such moments are rare.

But because of the nature of the water that encircles the earth and because water is always the same no matter the change, mermaids do not view events in terms of linear time. When mermaids experience something, it is forever alive. And so they do not recall a memory or record an event. Their method is different.
One of the mysteries of mermaids is that they possess technologies that are outside of the scope of our science. Consider. If you have known someone you loved who has died, for a mermaid that experience lives on forever. By going to a certain place and aligning herself to the vibration, a mermaid is able to recapture her own memories and also to relive what any other mermaid on earth has experienced in the history of the world.

What is it like to specialize in the ecology of reefs, where you play a part in nourishing and seeing that life flourish over a period of ten million years? What is it like to dwell in an ocean trench—to watch sulfur-based life-forms come into existence? What is it like to feel in your body a billion waves rolling to a thousand different winds?

Or what was the first experience of a mermaid encountering a human being? What is it like to love a human? What were the best and worst of mermaid-human encounters? It is all right there in the mermaid archives, wrapped in a stillness that is timeless and that will endure as long as this planet.

And so one day in this very place beneath the sea the conversation went like this—though as I have said no words were used and no thoughts communicated. To be more accurate, it was a shared vibration, soul to soul and heart to heart, between the mermaid queens and one of their assistants:

That our records might be complete regarding the deep purposes of the earth, a race will soon appear on land that shall quickly expand and encompass the earth. But far more quickly they will cease to be. And this without leaving any kind of living record of their sojourn. Their ruins as well shall decay as if they had never been.

Though we do not see all ends, what we do see cannot be denied. The signs are perfectly clear. Without divine intervention of some
original and radical design, the self-destructive tendencies of this race will cause their demise.

Therefore, I ask of you that you become as one of them. Master of experience, Custodian of our archives, your skills are equal to this task.

Through your clairsentience and empathy, record what they experience here on earth. Let us make a living record of what it is like to be alive in their shape and form—what they felt, what motivated and inspired them, what instincts drove them. In this way, when other races appear on earth, they shall be able to come to us and find here the perfect eidetic and living experience of what it was to be a human being.

And the Custodian of the mermaid archives responded to this request, imagining it in its perfection once accomplished:

These questions shall I answer: What it feels like as a human being to awake in the morning and to go to sleep at night, to be hungry and also to taste with delight, to cry tears of joy and tears of sorrow, to be born—to take that first breath—to crawl, to walk, and with the aid of machines to fly. And without hope to lie down in the dust and die watching as the last breath goes by.

What it is like to dream, to seek and to find, to build, to invent, to scheme, to create, to ascend with honor and fame and to fall again into despair and shame.

What is the essence of a human being? What is it for them to be alive? What purposes do they fulfill and what hopes are denied? And above all else, what is love to them? Do they ever wonder to explore its depths? Do they ever once taste the love that holds this
entire planet in its embrace? What inspiration comes to them? And when things are at their worst, what decisions do they make that shapes their fate?

Accepting what was said, the undine queens suggested that the Custodian be circumspect: But this will not be easy. Human beings are hostile and in fear of water. Feeling is alien to this species. Their hearts are like deserts, wastelands, and dry and dying forests. They are half dead; a strange species alienated from life preying upon and devouring each other’s feelings and life.

You will have to go in as a master of disguise. We have chosen you for this task because—even among this race with its dark cravings—you will be able to maintain your own soul vibration of love united to the waters of the earth. At the same time you are capable of feeling all that they feel while cloaking yourself. When they look upon your form and personality you will appear familiar and understandable.

*  *  *

When I interviewed this woman, she told me of a past life when she incarnated in Atlantis:

In my first incarnation as a human being, I was a young girl in Atlantis. I served in a temple that was in the shape of a dome with an altar at the center. There were drums and dancing, and water was all around.

I did not live long. We understood that Atlantis was coming to an end, that it was the end of an age. The change was inevitable, sad, and yet we
were ready to face the future with great courage. Many of us felt detached. Though our lives were about to end, spiritually speaking, we were ready to pack up and move on.

Here is my recollection from that time:

Sitting here in the temple, the drumming is a combination of the heart beating, the surging pulse, and roar of waves breaking on a beach. I feel very content in this body. I do not feel like a human being; rather, I am the element of water in human form. I did not leave nature behind when I was born.

Still, the drumming is rhythmic and hypnotic. The vibration the priestesses create perfectly captures what they wish to express—it is an amplification of the life force and vitality in everyone who is present focused into and through a crystal ball that rests on the altar. In doing this, they create a radiant ball of energy that is bronze and golden in color. Its light fills the room. Its glow calms and renews the soul.

Yet like ball lightning, this condensed power of vitality captures everyone’s minds so there is no distraction or lack of attention. It is mesmeric and overpowering. The crystal ball, like a reservoir or battery, stores power accumulated in the past and unites it to what is being generated in the present.

The high priestess uses this combined, collective energy to heal, to command, and to transform. The purpose of this religious Order? Like all that is Atlantis at its best, they seek to combine nature and mind, science and magic, humanity and spiritual awareness—distilling each, refining, and then uniting so that the opportunities offered by the divine world fully manifest on earth.

Unfortunately, human beings often treat the elements of nature as if they are components to be manipulated in a chemical experiment in a
laboratory. With a few exceptions, they fail to sense the way uniting with nature enables an individual to feel fully alive.

On the other hand, it is perfectly clear that humans are geniuses at creating new forms of social organization to enhance the allocation of resources within their societies. Take Zania, the girl sitting next to me. We played together as children.

Once when she hurt her knee, I felt that pain within me. For a moment, we shared the same astral bodies. And being a healer, I looked at my own knee that now felt her pain, and I made that pain go away. In that moment her injury vanished.

She possessed similar abilities of healing and empathy. I could sense these within her. But in the beginning helping others was not one of her priorities. It was not that she was selfish or encumbered by her ego. Rather, she was enchanted with the glamour of social status, and beyond that with the Mystery Schools that enable you to rise and enter the upper echelons of society to be among the elite who rule Atlantis.

If we had had more years to live, this young girl I once played with would have become a woman of great power. When she pursued a purpose, she would have drawn together the conviction and energies of the inner planes and the plans and knowledge within the best minds she could find.

In Atlantis, you do not just take on a project and then acquire resources to accomplish it. In Atlantis, magic combined with willpower becomes the means for shaping the future. Atlanteans bring immense energy from the inner planes and then blend it with science to accelerate the discovery of new technologies.

And they can do this because they have produced a unique social order: they seek and screen for those with the most innate psychic abilities. These young children are then trained in problem solving, leadership, and magical concentration. The goal is to develop a few to rule Atlantis
who can see through the eyes of the divine and design for society those projects that produce the greatest benefits.

As for the young girl next to me? Her innocence and sweetness are gone. Though I can record her experiences as if they are my own, I will never experience the kind of radical soul changes she has undergone. My astral body remains the same whether I am a child or an adult. In this sense, I am like her or other human beings.

Zania’s childhood qualities of being sweet and innocent are no more. However, has become strong in the ways of the temple. She is a powerful healer. She can take a burn victim or someone with acute depression and make them well. In place of the young girl is a priestess with access to a crystal ball, a great lineage, and a well-honed spiritual will.

In this moment, as I slip my soul inside of hers, all that exists in my awareness is the temple, the ceremonial ritual vibrations, and one other thing—I sense a secret, nearly insatiable desire. This craving for something that as of yet has no definition I can find in nearly everyone who has been shaped by the magical training systems of Atlantis.

It was not there in Zania as a young girl. It is a collective, unconscious will that has come into existence because their genius at social organization has not yet evolved to where they have discovered how to attain balance. What is missing from Atlantis, from their amazing social organization and astonishing technologies?

It is not that difficult for me to see. If I gaze at Zania for a moment, I see it instantly. If Zania were to become the person she is meant to be—the one who is free and finally complete, having mastered all human needs—she would be like this: earth and sky would shine from her eyes; if she looked at a cloud, she would feel like she would want to dance as if she was the cloud swirling and whirling around and the wind was her soul within.
If she walked in a forest, the trees would share with her their dreams. The turning of the seasons, the illumination of lights, and the silent song sounding in the depths of the earth—the trees would bestow this wisdom.

And if she touched water, placing her hands beneath the surface, in that moment she would be as me and feel what I feel—she would be joined to all the seas of the earth.

There is no transmission I can give her; there is no blessing I can bestow upon her so that the woman she will one day be manifests in the here and now. She is a human being, and it is not my assignment or commission to intervene. The karma of the individual is joined to the collective experiences of the entire race. They will have to discover on their own through bitter and terrible experience that the harmony of the soul is something you should never put on hold.

How many times will future civilizations attain knowledge without wisdom or power without love? My body is content as I sit here. The sound of the drums is exquisite. The incense is bewitching, satisfying, and gratifying. It is like nothing else exists.

Yet I am also here as an observer—detached, recording as always the experiences of those I meet. Though I am in human form, I have visions of the future beyond what they can see. Yet I cannot weep.

They shall make their own fate—time after time they shall rise and then be destroyed like waves breaking on the shore. Time is a sea; and one day if they fail to find inner harmony, they shall be swept away and be no more.

Short Autobiography
What would her experiences here in our world be like as she walks among us in human form? Let me let her speak for herself.

The first thing I remember was seeing my sister born in the hospital. My mom was sitting on the left side of the room. The walls were salmon pink and there was a picture of a flower above the bed. Since I was in a hospital, I could smell the sickness in the air.

I knew that my sister was very special. I had this immediate protective instinct toward her. I could see this white light around her and my mom was glowing.

The nurses put my little sister in the incubator and my mom and I ate a banana. Then my dad went to push the incubator out of the room. But she was my sister so I pushed the incubator down the hall. I did not actually push it, but I was holding on to it walking and talking. I could sense how nervous my dad was, yet he was so gentle. I was two years old at the time.

I have tons of memories before going to school. For example, at my fourth birthday party I was spinning in circles in the kitchen. My dad was caught up in the magic of the moment.

But most of these memories I have blocked from remembering until just now. My dad and mom were in an abusive relationship. I remember being in the hallway. I thought my sister was in bed, but she came down the stairs. I was watching my mom and dad shoving and hitting each other.

I went into the center at the hallway and screamed at my parents to stop. They stopped for a moment and went back to fighting. I felt angry that they would yell at each other in front of my little sister. I could not understand why they could not just express love. I was four and she was two at the time.
I lived near a provincial park. There were a lot of mountains. I felt protected there even though I would get myself into crazy situations. I would go into the woods with my sister, but she was good at escaping from me and others.

When I was walking through the forest I used to see fairies all the time. I would catch glimpses, but I never met and talked to one. They were usually girls, blond, and had bright sparkling eyes, blue or green. They had wings that were translucent or the color of whatever they were wearing. Sometimes they were completely naked and stars trailed behind them as they moved.

I also could see gnomes even when they were hiding behind the rocks. I could never catch one. I could not communicate with them either.

But I often talked to rocks and trees. My sister would join in at times as I talked to trees. The trees always talk back when I was a kid.

Even now, if I touch a tree I can become one with it. They always whisper to me, usually through telepathy. Each tree type has a different personality. Birches are angry because we use trees for paper.

My little sister also used to see fairies. She thought she was one of them. I thought she was too.

She had a deeper connection to animals than I had. She made up her own dog language and talked to dogs with it. She loved to climb and hide out in trees.

She stayed true to herself and her intuitive knowledge. She was not willing to sacrifice the mermaid part of herself to relate to people. I stopped talking to trees until recently. I totally rejected it because I noticed others were not doing it, but I would protect her on the playground from other kids.

My escapades into nature were not always sweet and innocent. There were a lot of negative beings about as well. They found it easy to feed
off of my energy. There were these things that would come and try to cut off my ears. I often slept with my ears covered and my grandma would sit on the edge of my bed and stroke my hair.

There were also different things around me when I would sleep. They would try to use scare tactics to get me to succumb to their will. Other times I remember things trying to pull me out of my body. They attached golden fibers to me to pull on. Even around age sixteen I had to do everything I could to stay in my body.

I actually only left my body twice when I was young. It started with lucid dreaming. I remember leaving my body and looking back at my body lying on the bed. It happened again when I was seventeen. But the second time was a case of night paralysis when I kept waking up, but I could not get my body to move.

Many times when I was about to get into bed something would come up from behind and shove me. The worst time I had this bruising pattern on my back, but the bruises disappeared after an hour.

Kindergarten was my first time in a social setting with work attached to it. I could make friends with anybody including the faculty. I remember that teachers would treat me as their equal. At first they tried to talk to me as a kid, but I would talk to them as their equal and then they responded to that.

Growing up I had a natural desire to want to protect kids from being picked on. I would get angry when kids did not love. I started out with the idea that not loving was an adult thing. It never occurred to me that children did not love each other. I did not understand the reasons why others my age were doing what they were doing. It would never enter my mind to imitate them. For example, they would gossip and say nasty things about others. That made no sense to me.

My mother was very religious and overbearing. Anything out of the ordinary for her was wrong. I had no way of expressing all the things
happening to me. I would see sparks of energy coming off of people that indicated different emotions. There were streaks like lighting for anger and a dull blue color for sadness.

But if I ever talked about my experiences, for example, that I had seen an angel, my mother would throw a fit. She had the pastors come to the house and do a cleansing. Even though she was Pentecostal and spoke in tongues, she experienced acute anxiety over the idea of something spiritual actually manifesting.

My mother was not exactly positive. She would tell us how she had given up her career and her body for her kids. She would use us as leverage against my father. And she would feed off of me emotionally.

It was easy to be influenced by her negativty but I could also see through it. I felt deep down that everything negative eventually becomes positive. So I worked at it. I tried to turn her hate and anger into feeling calm and peaceful. With her, this was not easy. She never even told us when her birthday was.

My mother had me see counselors as part of the divorce process. She wanted to put my father in a bad light. I refused to talk about myself with the different therapists. But I listened. I even ended up counseling them. This was age eight to eleven.

I have this life-long problem. I exude love and affection. It is not just my body language and emotional response to others. It is not about my being open and receptive so that at a glance others know I will respond to them. When I enter a room, my aura automatically fills the room with energy so that others feel charged up by my presence. Giving is my nature. All the same, there is meant to be a balance, a giving and a receiving. Water is that way--it is always flowing. People, however, take. They rarely know how to give back.

Especially around age fifteen to seventeen, I was like a free lunch. Want to feel better, happier, and free of your worries? Just come over near me
and draw on my aura. There were individuals who were like psychic vampires and I did not know how to shield myself. Even at church, there were people who would suck the life out of me. I felt very uncomfortable around them.

A lot of these people did not do this consciously. Even in class at school the other students would draw upon my energy. I remember beings so tired. But I could recharge myself very quickly.

I have begun imagining a bubble around myself that protects me from others. Before this, though, even riding a bus, some guy high on crack and completely out of it would notice me. Some people take drugs to dull their sensitivity. This guy was an example.

The bus was full of people and he was sitting there completely wrapped up in his own world. But for him it was like there were only the two of us on the bus. In his mind, I was his next fix. I had to jump off the bus at the next stop just before the doors closed because he was already walking toward me and obviously planning to follow me. I saw him staring at me through the windows in the door as the bus drove off.

Even walking down the street there have been times when some stranger will see me and follow me home. I would lose sight of the guy but when I went into my apartment building, there he would be on the other side of the street watching. I was a magnet and these individuals were like iron filings—their attention was suddenly caught and bound to the energy field around me.

From age twelve to sixteen I was not allowed to date. My mother was very strict and kept track of where I went and when I would be back. But activities at school were okay. So I started studying drama and music.

I found it very easy to play different instruments. And drama was especially helpful. In drama, the characters’ actions are derived from roles defined by society. This was a new concept for me—that people
have to look into the mirror of others’ reactions and expectations in order to understand their own feelings.

For me, that is doing things backwards. The external world does not determine what I feel. My feelings always have greater depth and beauty than what is going on around me.

All the same, when I was thirteen I was taking some medication for my skin. It had terrible side effects. That was one of the worst years of my life. Plus I moved in with my grandma and my alcoholic grandfather.

I first started healing others when I was sixteen and in the marching band. I had one friend who injured his knee. I put my hands on it and took the pain away. I also started massaging others in a way that took away their head or muscle aches.

Though my mother gained sole custody of her children, I realized later on that my father tried to do everything he could to insure that his children were happy. But he has his limits. With my younger sister, I can talk about anything and she accepts it. With my father, I cannot talk about anything weird or psychic.

It is a shame that he is not more open. Otherwise I am sure we could have a completely telepathic connection. We take on each other’s problems. When he and I are together we have a constant exchange of energy. There is a joining of forces that is protective. But I am still his daughter, his baby basically.

Though at other times, I act as his counselor and confidant. I admire and understand him like nobody else and he does the same for me. Deep down, I think I have grown into something he has always wanted to be.

I have yet to meet someone who is like me. I have, however, met a man who is extremely empathic. It is his nature to flow love to others. His love is like an ocean. There is no end to it.
He has helped me a great deal in learning how to protect myself. He has researched Western magical traditions and has shown me some rituals that are useful for stopping unwanted influences.

But he is a man. Being in a male body, he has to carve out his own identity which he is struggling to do. I do not need to be with a person to fully experience and celebrate love. He needs to be physically with someone, not necessarily in a sexual sense, but he needs to be able to touch to solidify the connection.

If it was not so painful to watch, it would almost be humorous the way he keeps trying to love human women. These women do not have a clue as to how to love him back. They sense this ocean of love flowing through them from him, but that is not what they need. They need to feel safe, secure, grounded, and wanted. He, however, just flows love. There are no conditions on it and it is not designed to possess or to be possessed. There comes a time in his relationships when the women can no longer relate to him. They are offended that he is not dependent on them.

He is not a rock star or a celebrity. He has no fame or wealth. But it is clear he is not like other men. Every day when he works as a bouncer at a disco a woman he has never met will walk up to him out of the blue and offer to sleep with him. Like me, he exudes energy. He does not yet realize that his energy causes women to behave in ways they themselves do not understand.

Part of the problem both he and I have is that within our souls we are pure love. But being in a human body and thinking with a human brain triggers reactions that are out of sync with who we are inside. I need to continually work on myself so that I can be completely nurturing, unbiased, and able to love unconditionally to my full capacity. At my core, I already am those things, but my human form interferes with their expression.
I now heal from a distance when I have the extra energy. I can do it with anybody. I have learned to give without exhausting myself. And I can feel others’ feelings now without pouring myself into the other person.

I do not heal in order to impress anyone. In this life, I am not here to specialize in healing. I heal because it feels good to do so. In my college classes, I will heal another student about twice a week.

Recently, I had to go find my friend who cut herself by accident and take her to the hospital. She called me and was hysterical and then hung up. I had no idea where she lived.

I hopped a taxi and pointed to a spot on the map and found her building. I went in and found the right floor and apartment and there she was. I was guided by pure intuition.

I sometimes know where things are. I do not find lost things for myself. But I can find them for others.

When I do experience anger, sometimes small objects around me will begin to move. It is a subconscious thing. When I was young, one time I worked at it and found I could move objects really well. I could pass my hand over a pencil for example and get it to move back and forth. I was not aware at the time that there was anything special about doing this.

But since then it has been hit and miss. I have to work at it for an hour or two to make it happen by using my will. It takes concentration. Other than my sister who has seen me moving things, I have only told one of my friends about this.

There have been a few times when, in order to protect myself, I have knocked someone down just using my mind. It is easier to do if the other person is sensitive. I need either eye contact or a brief touch. The power comes from universal energy which I summon.
I had this friend who was constantly chain smoking. To be fair, I think he was doing it just because his friends were smoking. I argued with him a great deal about quitting, but he would not quit.

So I imagined I was inside of him and that whenever he went to reach for a cigarette he would think to himself, “I don’t want that” and then I visualized him putting the cigarette down. Two weeks later when I saw him again, he had stopped smoking. He did reach for a cigarette once but he put it down right away without my saying anything about it.

I draw life force from water. I like to be around large bodies of water but I can manage with a river. I use watery energy to heal others. If someone sends me fiery energy to heal me like when I cut my foot, I do not even feel it. Another person may point out that I am suddenly all hot and radiant with fiery energy, but I do sense it. I am more attuned to love that flows like water.

The nature of my empathy is like what I do with trees—I can be completely one with another person. This is natural for me to do. When water is poured into a glass, it perfectly fits the container and does not hold back. That is the way my feelings join with another. But for the relation to be two ways, the other person has to be able to respond with the same freedom and depth.

I have had several deep relationships but there still remain large parts of myself that are open and ready to receive that no one has as of yet been able to fill. Add to this the fact that I do not need to actually be physically with someone to feel the full power of the love connection. The other person can be anywhere on earth and it does not make a difference to me. I have not yet found a man with this capacity.

Do not get me wrong. I love sex. But for me love and sex are not bound together. Sex is a natural bodily function. Love is of the heart—it is a soul to soul connection. Love does not require physical consummation in order to be fully expressed. Love is what I am.
I recall past lives in short snippets and brief images. When they come, they are intense and I know right away whether they are true or not. I have not had any of these visions for the last four months.

In this life, I have always felt that I am about thirty five years old regardless of the age of my body, whether I am a child, a teenager, or older. I mentioned that the teachers used to treat me as an adult in kindergarten. Even though I am twenty years old now, there is one person who says that I talk like his grandmother—I bring a life time of experience to our conversation.

I feel I have always been the same person in each incarnation. I think if I went back and met myself it would be me. It is the lesson to be learned in each life that is different.

In all the past lives I recall, I never found a male who had the faintest clue as to who I was or how to love me. I just dealt with that. But times have changed. The freedom and choices we have now are very different.

If I reflect on who and what I am, I feel I can function and integrate myself into human society to an amazing degree. I can also control my body to a greater extent than other people can control their bodies. Yet my body feels like a glove I am wearing. The brain that comes with it I can enhance in certain ways. In other ways, the impulses of the nervous system and the thought processes are not always useful to me. With an effort, I can ignore them and find other ways to perceive and feel.

I am here in almost perfect disguise. My social skills are greater than what most people possess. I respond well to situations, to individuals, and groups. And I make a point of connecting to people who are my opposite—they are fiery, powerful, and driven by purpose. In this way, I find balance and I learn from our differences.

I can get inside absolutely anyone’s mind so I can relate to anyone. But that means I have to also conceal what I sense. There are things about many people that even they cannot deal with.
Someone said I am like a whirlwind of social interaction and personal engagement. That is true. But the more I focus outward on society, the more I have to sacrifice the otherworldly part of myself.

I often feel like an observer of human reality. I am in the middle of social activities, yet I am removed. There are ways in which I am human and there are ways in which I am not.

The only real reason I would ask why I am here is because that is what other people do. For me, I am content to just be here and experience as much as I can. There is so much lacking in the world at this time. It seems there is not a reason but rather a force that is present which seeks to express itself through me. This force is not external, out in the world but something inside of me.

A friend wrote this poem for me. Those who know me well say it accurately describes who I am.

I am water
I am what I was before
I have only change the outer form

I am water
I am more now than heartbeat or breath
My secret dreams, my innermost needs?
I am raging and daring and craving—
The essence of love that has no end
My secret name is desire set aflame:
   I ask you,
Where does the sun burn so bright
As when its passion unites with ice?
The haunted soul with its abandoned love
   Frozen and cold?
I go where others can not
I am the sparks that are illuminating
The darkest chambers of the heart
My songs are citrine, violet, vermilion, and lilac
By what authority do I claim what is lost?
Have you never seen me dancing naked?
   Dazzling his rays ravish me
In the curves and crests
Golden his caress finds me, binds me
   In a billion waves
His ecstasy sets me free

I am water
I am what I shall be
I am the sea

With its endless dream

Of being one and of being free
A Changeling Story

*Changeling:* a spirit such as a fairy placed inside the body of a human child at or soon after birth. The body is human, but the soul is of another race.

I once knew a Hopi Indian medicine man. I was his only student. He told me how he acquired his healing powers.

The day he was born, another child died at birth in his village. The elders who were priests performed a ritual. They encouraged the child who had died to study herbs and healing on the astral plane in order to grow wise. Decades later, after the living child had learned the basic lessons of life, the two would reunite. At that time, the departed child would become a spirit guide, assisting the living person to become a shaman.

For the Hopi Indians, this kind of magical action made perfect sense. Our world and the next are not so far apart. They interact. What would otherwise be considered a loss was made into a creative act. Both worlds are enriched.

I realized from this firsthand report that there must be a great many interactions occurring between the spiritual realms that our world knows nothing about.

In a large city in France in 1996, a baby girl is born. Out the window of the hospital nursery, in that quiet afternoon, you can see a storm camping on the horizon. Dark, with vicious lightning, the clouds appear waiting for an order before they advance.
At 4:37 PM that afternoon, approximately fifty-two minutes after the birth, the air in the nursery briefly turns cold dropping five to seven degrees in temperature.

If you were standing there and could sense these things, you would feel a sudden accumulation of energy. The air is thick with a cool, contracting, fluctuating, and pulsing magnetic field.

We normally do not notice these things, but the ground continuously has charges of energy moving through it. When the charge is strong enough, we witness lightning coming down. But the lightning is merely a small display of the forces arrayed in the earth and the clouds.

On this unusual day, the magnetic field within the ground beneath the hospital is remarkably powerful, so much so that a gate opens to the fairy realm of the mermaids. Because of this opportunity—this open door between the realms—two mermaids, invisible to all but a clairvoyant, stand over the human child. They are silvery blue, translucent in appearance. They are tall, slender women.

One undine places her hands down to touch the child, and then carefully, as if plucking the strings of a harp, she draws out its soul. As that bundle of complex soul energy leaves the body, the other mermaid lowers the soul of a mermaid child into the body in the crib. The infant’s heartbeat and breathing stop for an instant and then continue on. There is no cry, no squirming, and no complaint. The entire procedure takes place in less than a minute.

I realize some will insist that the soul does not enter an infant until at least four months after the birth. Others say that the soul, though not in the body, is nevertheless already attached—the choice as to who will incarnate has already been made. Perhaps this is why the exchange could proceed so rapidly—the soul was not so closely bound to the body that it could not be carried away to another place.
The soul of the baby girl and the mermaid who holds it vanish as they both return to the mermaid realm. There the human soul is placed in the body of a mermaid on the astral plane while the mermaid is now within the body of the infant in the crib. It is the souls, you see, that are exchanged. The infant’s body remains the same and has not been moved.

Though the exchange is now complete, one mermaid shall remain near at hand to watch over the infant for several weeks. Caution and attentive care are essential lest a flaw appear in the process. The binding of spirit to flesh and bone requires a total commitment. No hint or clue can be left behind; no one must suspect that the water spirits have intervened. To say the least, the magic used to accomplish this was intense.

The infant in the crib is now a changeling. Conditions under which such exchanges may be made vary on a case-by-case basis. In this situation, it is the unusual accumulation of magnetism in the ground that presents the opportunity that the fairies seized upon.

But why? Why would mermaids do such a thing? For mermaids, being composed solely of the water element, a better question is, Why not?

Why does water seep into the cracks of a granite cliff and split it open as it freezes, eventually bringing down a mountain? Why does water slowly wear away solid rock, digging into the schist to form a river canyon? Why does water move along unseen in underground streams? The answer is that water flows to where it wants to go. It is the way of nature.

From the point of view of human morality, taking a soul out of a human body without the purview of humanity is reprehensible. But we are not the only players on this planet. There are other races present. The earth is no one’s possession. The human body is made mostly of water, and over water the mermaids have an authority that is independent of human morality.
Contrary to the fairy tales we have been told, the realm of mermaids rarely takes an interest in humanity. And if there is an interaction such as this one, the explanation falls outside of the confines of human reason. The mermaids see our race as irrelevant to the greater purposes for which this planet exists. We are here but for a little while, and then we shall be no more. The mermaids have been here long before we came and shall remain … well, some are nearly immortal.

It is true that from time to time a mermaid will materialize on a beach or in the sea. You can touch her or communicate with her if you know telepathy. But then she vanishes away, dematerializing as if what you had seen was only a dream.

If the energy accumulation is strong enough and of the right type, the mermaid can put on flesh and blood, and a heart begins to beat. You can do the same if you have a highly skilled medium. The air in the room grows cold and a white mist of pure vitality seeps out from the body of the medium. And then a mermaid stands before you in a physical body. But then the energy is quickly used up, and she is gone.

There is little need to fear. There are only a few cases of this changeling kind happening on earth in any age. It requires a magical action for a mermaid to inhabit the body of a child. Genuine magic of this type is rare even among the mermaids.

What will the mermaid now in the body of a female child know as she grows older? Will she realize that she is from another world? The answer is that she grows up thinking that she is human like anyone else. There is no user’s manual next to the crib explaining the ways she is different.

It is even rarer for human beings to sense these things. Until recently, there have only been a few situations in the last hundred years where parents realized their child was inhabited with the soul of a mermaid. In one case, the parents viewed the exchange as an act of God, as something sacred that was not to be looked down upon.
What is our mermaid like as she grows up? She is very pure. She is innocent, tender, fragile, and gifted with the ability to feel—she responds to the impressions of her senses and to her environment with about ten times greater sensitivity than either the children or the adults around her.

A chair is not just a chair for her. Touching it, she can sense its history, the emotions of those who have sat in it, the trees from which the wood was made, and the feelings of the workmen who made it.

A face is not just a face for her. In the eyes, the hair, the lips, and the skin she sees reflected the love and the hate, the joy and the fear, that have settled there. A person’s face is a poem, a song, or a story that speaks with its own voice. The eyes, the lips, and the voice reveal things that the person would break down and cry over if he or she thought they were no longer hidden.

This girl would make a great model for some painter because of her haunting eyes, eyes like a full moon that calls you to come dance in a grove, lips like the rose light of dawn that warns sailors of storms, and her hair like the black tides of a night with no light, neither stars nor moon, where the roar of a distant surf bids you walk without thought of self, only the desire to be free of human need.

She keeps her inner feeling carefully hidden from other people. She knows that what she feels should never be shared with others, for she has learned early on that they are blind to these things—how to give all of yourself as you love, how to be unafraid, and how to explore the intricate labyrinth in a moment of time without knowing what the next moment will bring.

Her parents think that she is pretty girl, somewhat shy, who likes to play by herself. Animals fascinate her; she sits in a tree or hides in the backyard in the bushes watching the calico cat, the timid mouse, the owl waiting for a rat, and the doves bobbing and singing.
Lately, now that she is thirteen years old, she has taken up photography, using a digital Canon camera. She walks through the woods and along streams. She takes pictures of the same river at different hours of the day and at different seasons of the year. Why?

It is like the river is trying to talk to her, and she wants so much to hear and to decipher its message. She edits the pictures, turning them transparent, doing overlays, and then making them into drawings—a few lines on a white background as if she is looking for what remains when the river banks and the waves are taken away.

There are no people in her pictures, just nature scenes and abandoned barns, trees, flowers, paths in the woods, and so on. Her pictures sometimes look like paintings. Change the light, and the entire picture changes.

Her personality is detached. There is something precious about her, but what that is remains unavailable to others.

She obviously knows what is expected of her. She can say, “Thank you” and “How interesting,” or ask a meaningful question if the social interaction requires such things. She can play at school with other children. She does her homework. She learns foreign languages almost without effort. She draws. She jogs.

She is on the swimming team—swimming, in fact, is the one area in which she exerts the full force of her will. She has no desire to win. It is more like the water responds to her when she swims. Without anyone knowing why, she is made captain of the team in spite of being shy. And this choice is never questioned.

If you watch her carefully you might suspect that she is playing a part like an actress. She participates according to the social context and responds well to subtext. But she is always holding back, pulling her punches, showing only a small part.
As I have pointed out, no one has told her she is a mermaid, and she has no connection to that realm in dream or in vision.

But what about this? If you sit with her in a corner café some fine summer night, and if she totally trusts you because you listen as well as she can feel, perhaps then you might ask her straight out, “What bothers you deep down?”

In that moment, she would reply, “I do not belong here. This world is all wrong. The people are not fully alive. And I do not know why.”

There is one last thing. If you stand in front of her and feel the energy of her aura pass through you, you would see yourself out on the open sea at night before a path of moonlight reaching out to the horizon. You would feel serenity pass through you, deeper than thought or imagery, deeper than a dream, from a place beyond even dreamless sleep.

And then you would feel yourself sinking down into the ocean a thousand feet deep. You would feel that vast body of water around you and feel that it contains one quality and one feeling, namely, a sense of peace. Mermaids such as this one embody qualities that human beings cannot easily imagine or fathom.

What of the human child now in a mermaid’s body on the astral plane? What is growing up like for her?

She feels she is inside of an aquarium, except instead of fish there are mermaids swimming all around her. The mermaids come right up to her, and there is this instant connection from inside without having to speak. She feels the other’s feelings flow through her. In this way she learns to sense and perceive as a mermaid, not through speech, not through imitative behavior, but intuitively understanding what water is, what it does, and how life exists within it.

If this intuitive connection were translated into language, the words would be: “Let us spend the summer watching over the reefs of this
island, sensing each fish and its habitat, or flowing with the tides, feeling
the sun and the moonrise. Watch the tiny algae, the larger fish coming
and going, the young and the old. This is home; this is play; this is work;
doing these things—perceiving and nurturing—are what we are all
about.”

It goes on: “Next, let’s flow with the current as it takes us to the North
Pole. We’ll watch the seals and the whales and what could be more
exciting than to sense the fresh water melting, mixing with the salt
water, changing temperatures, sinking down, down into the deep,
flowing back around the circumference of the world.

“If you want, you can slide along the edge of a wave as it rolls a
thousand miles, as it breaks on a beach, moves on in a wave again and
again since there is no end; feel that subtle magnetic swirl in the curling
wave—it has its own taste, like a wine you can drink, bringing to life
new things in yourself you have never felt. Or just lie back and float on
the surface of the sea and feel starlight as its sinks into your being,
absorbed, coming to life as a song or a dream.”

It is not like there is a one-on-one mentor or parent. It is more like being
part of a community or a large, extended family. Anyone can become
your teacher or your friend. If you open your heart, you can draw near
and share in the actions of any other water spirit. There are no social
barriers here. The sea itself is your friend. Water is your breath. And
there is always present the subtle vibration of love. It is everywhere, and
it is absolutely impossible to miss.

Being a mermaid certainly beats being unemployed, being in a bad
marriage, or being a social reject. Here there are no bad marriages, no ill
will, no suffering due to poverty, unemployment, failure, poor
motivation, disgrace, or shame.

Does this human child ever think human thoughts as she sojourns among
mermaids? Words from a dictionary are not in her mind. All the same,
she is well aware that she is not as these other beings. They are innocent and pure. Their feelings are always perfectly clear.

She, however, is composed of five elements, even though her body is that of a mermaid. She senses something is missing. She can do what mermaids do. But the spontaneity and the total engagement in the moment are lacking.

Does she go on a quest to uncover the reasons for this? No. To be a mermaid is to go with the flow. Mermaid existence has its own bliss, which often will reduce the desire for a quest or dampen the need to be curious.

But if she could put into words what she senses it would go like this: “They never build anything. They do not make things. They have rank and power. This is clear. But no one is ordering anyone else to do something. There is no strife, no competition, no striving, and no struggle.

“They can learn a great deal and very quickly, but they do not test their own boundaries. They do not seek to overcome their own limitations. Yet the best is that they know how to let go: they can feel the entire sea of the earth flow through their souls in any moment. And as they do this the only things that exist are the sensations, the feelings, and the vibrations of being one with the whole.”

One day the mermaid shall return to her own realm, after the physical body she lives within dies. At that moment, she will awaken in the realm of mermaids and be greeted by her parents, those mermaids who brought her into being.

There will be a period of transition. She has inhabited a human body, thought with a brain, and spoken with human languages, and she remains in possession of human memories. All the same, perception—especially sight and sound in the realm of mermaids—is far more vivid
and real than these things are to human beings. It is natural, then, to want

to look around, see what is here, and to begin to explore.

Time is not the same, but soon enough she will appreciate that her soul

belongs in a mermaid body. And then she will feel that she has awoken

from a bad dream.

She shall ask, “Why was so much kept secret from me about the true

nature of reality?”

With this coming home, seeing it for the first time, and realizing this is

where she truly belongs, she is genuinely puzzled how she could not

have been here all along. There is a great sigh of relief like the moment

when you realize the truth—that everything you were taught to believe

has been false and that your gut feelings were right all along.

And then she thinks using both human and mermaid thought, *What does

it matter? I am now free. The past is no more. This is where I belong;

being a human being was the illusion.*

Human experiences, memories, thinking, language capacity, and the

human mind still remain; they just are no longer of much use. It is like a

wedding gown you use once and then put in a closet and forget about

unless years later you take it out only to weep about what you once

dreamed.

There is one further thing to say about the mermaid side of this magical

changeling exchange. As the mermaid parents come up and greet their

returning child, they open their minds. And then in a few moments the

entire life experiences of the young mermaid pass into their own minds

and hearts.

It is a mermaid thing: you can feel what another feels. You can also, if

you are skilled, replay the entire set of memories in the other’s mind. As

I have mentioned before, mermaids keep records of all the experiences
of their entire race. When necessary, they can access wisdom far beyond what human beings can imagine.

And what of the human child after her counterpart returns to the realm of mermaids? Unlike what legends suggest, a child with a human soul does not remain in that fairy realm. She incarnates as a human being.

As she finally grows up in a human body in the way that was originally intended, she will not have any mermaid magic unless it was taught to her while she was in the other realm.

But she will have the magic of water as part of her personality. She will sense automatically from her previous experience with the mermaids that human beings are very silly in these ways—for no reason, human beings are selfish. For her, greed, jealousy, hatred, animosity, possessiveness—all these feelings are self-destructive actions like binding a ball and chain to your own leg. There is no need to be tied down to something negative when you feel free inside.

And if you could stand in front of her—this human child returned to humanity—and feel the energy of her aura pass through you, you would probably conclude that she is a person of great emotional force.

Though rare, when she is upset it is like standing on the shore and watching a hurricane move in with storm surge, rain, and violent winds. And when she is happy, chances are you would feel like you are in a sauna or mineral spring or floating in a tide pool at the beach. Her happiness flows through you, and you let go and feel release and peace. In other words, you would feel she has an emotional force unlike anyone you have ever met.

But most likely you would never notice anything unusual about her at all, other than that she is unusually vivacious. Though a human being, she learns quickly to conceal who she really is. Human beings cannot comprehend mermaid empathy. Few people would are comfortable being around someone who can instantly feel what others feel inside.
Epilogue

Is there more to be said? Some ethical question to be clarified?

It is said that young children, age eleven or so, are still unable to understand both sides of a question. They think that either something is right or it is wrong, it is black or it is white—complexity escapes them. The idea of having to act with ambiguity, to make choices without full knowledge of consequences—children cannot live with that kind of stress. And so they decide on a simple answer and attach themselves to it in order to feel calm.

Almost all theologians in Western civilization have been like this. And so they have failed to seek out new answers or to explore unknown horizons.

But if you insist and press me on the question of how a changeling can come into being, I will say this: The message from the divine world to humanity is, *Either explore the realms of bliss and make them part of yourself, or cease to exist.*

The Double Changeling

*The mermaid queens consider her to be a sister. In another lifetime long ago, the girl had been a human being. She gained permission to enter the realm of mermaids and to become one of them, with all privileges and gifts extended.*
And she has returned after a thousand years as a mermaid to incarnate again as a human being. And so I will now tell you of a woman I know who became a mermaid and then returned to walk again among mankind.

Her name was Suramyn. She lived in Atlantis in a time when that land had attained a high level of civilization. She was a beautiful woman, friendly, outgoing, and caring. She had something that is of value in any age of the world—her life was satisfying and fulfilling.

If Suramyn had a flaw or a disturbing quality, it was this: she had a profound sense of curiosity. It was not an obsession. It was never a distraction. She just had a habit of observing unusual things that other people did not see.

And then she took time to follow up. She tried to discover a reason to explain something that was out of place or that was not in accord with conventional modes of understanding.

At the time in which she lived, there were genuine neighborhoods. You could walk down the street and see familiar faces. It was not at all odd to strike up a conversation with a stranger and go on talking for hours. It was possible to meet someone by chance and make a lifelong friend. It was a time and a place where it felt good to be alive. The city was in harmony with nature, with the earth and the sky.

One day Suramyn met a young couple, Jaidin and Jaham, and their five-year-old child. The child loved to play in the water for many hours each day. Suramyn told the parents a number of stories about similar children.

Jaham was an initiate of the mysteries. Though Suramyn was not undergoing any formal magical training, she was highly intuitive. Jaham did not mind answering her questions or speaking at length about his training. He sensed something different about her. She had the light in
her eyes and the vibration in her aura of a person whom you can trust without reservation.

In fact, all four of them formed an instant rapport. If you walked by and notice how relaxed and comfortable they were, you might think that they were family. This small group radiated a feeling of peace.

All the same, in spite of the instant rapport, the trust, and the sharing, Suramyn’s nerves were on high alert. Suramyn knew from some mysterious depth of wisdom within herself that this woman she was speaking with, Jaidin, a woman so casual and content, was not a human being.

Though this was Suramyn’s conclusion, she also accepted the woman. There was no sense of foreboding or of something being amiss. Suramyn had already come to the realization that life has many things within it that defy explanation. Yet Suramyn was also patient. She would wait for the right time and find the right way to talk to Jaidin about the unique qualities the woman possessed.

Suramyn also saw something she had never seen before in any relationship between a man and a woman. The two were connected to each other from within, as if vitality was continuously flowing between them.

Lovers can become entwined and codependent and need each other to an extreme degree. But this was different. A spark is fired within the heart, causing the heart to beat. Blood circulates into the lungs and through the rest of the body. There is vitality present for actions or for simply maintaining the body’s health and physical functions.

But these two shared some sort of psychic mechanism or magical connection. The vitality in one was free to flow through and join with the vitality in the other. This is not typical of normal human beings, no matter how much they may depend upon each other emotionally.
What Suramyn could perceive but what she did not have the words to describe is that this was a case of a mermaid who has taken possession of a woman’s body. One day a girl who was anemic and had pneumonia died of respiratory failure. But within a minute or two after the heart stopped, it began to beat again.

The girl recovered quickly. The fever, the infection, and the respiratory problems were gone. Soon she was up, acting normal, and spending time with her parents. But within a month she walked out the front door and never returned home.

Jaham had called Jaidin to revive and enter the body of a dying woman at the moment of death. By occupying the woman’s body, Jaidin was then able to become Jaham’s lover. The two were now magically bound together. She required his love in order to remain in a woman’s body. And his soul was so blended with hers that if they ended their relationship, the suddenly loss of soul energy would have been so great that he would have died from the shock. The matrix joining his astral and physical body was integrated into the connection of her body and soul as well.

Jaham had met her in this way. He was very gifted in magic and had the makings of a true adept. However, he was a shy and quiet kind of guy.

As a member of an elite magical order, he was permitted to study in an arcane library. There he came across an obscure magical text quite by accident. He opened the book at random. There on a page were sigils drawn by pen in blue and silver ink. When he gazed upon one sigil, the magical lines and circles came to life. Like a picture in a comic book or a scene in a movie, a bright light of turquoise fire blazed up from out of the lines five inches into the air.

Then the mermaid whose sigil it was appeared in front of him. Understand that he had not done anything. He had spoken no word of power. He had waved no wand. There had been no meditation,
contemplation, or trancelike concentration. This all happened of its own accord.

Arcane libraries such as this one are quiet and formal. Those who enter possess rigorous mental discipline. On this particular day, no one else was on the same floor. He and the mermaid were left to themselves.

She shimmered, her blue-green, silver, and violet colors pulsing in the air. And then the transition was complete. She fully materialized from out of the air right there before him.

I have been in what was at the time perhaps the largest occult library in the world. It is attached to the Theosophical Society grounds in Wheaton, Illinois. A young Wiccan took me there and showed me around.

I was fascinated by the Tibetan and Hindu yoga texts that could not be easily found anywhere else. I doubt very much that a mermaid would ever appear in that place. At tea time the library is abandoned. If I were there, they would tell me, “Watch over things until we return.”

The theosophists I met there were very nice people. They were gentle and had good intentions. For genuine magic, however, you would have to look elsewhere.

Atlantis was a different time and a different civilization. If you practiced magic back then, you probably knew a few individuals who spoke with spirits a few times each month. Something of the others’ capacity and possibility would rub off on you.

Spirits sense moments and opportunities when the barriers separating the physical and spiritual worlds begin to dissolve. It is in the air. The distance between our world and the next is not so far.

What was it like for a magician to have a mermaid appear out of thin air? Sometimes an individual will work for decades on a project and finally discover what he is looking for. In this case, the man faced the
epiphany, the conclusion and resolution of all his questions, without having to spend decades of searching.

Deep inside of him, Jaham felt that underlying the elements of nature was a profound love. He just never knew how to get in touch with it. And now standing in front of him was a spirit of nature whose entire being exists to celebrate love.

Sometimes powerful emotions occur just by meeting the right person. There is a flow of energy outside of the conscious mind. Let us not forget that reality has the ability to set before us a journey toward a destination that exists beyond imagination.

What was it like for the mermaid to appear in our world in the presence of a young mage? She extended her awareness right through his body. She could feel his feelings. She sensed his heartbeat, the pulsing of blood, and the muscle tension. She sensed his mind and his emotions. She entered dreams he had as a child.

Beneath the outer events of his life, she felt the inner flow like a stream on its way to the sea. She heard the questions he formed in his mind and also the questions he had yet to ask about the major choices he had made in life.

She felt very safe and very comfortable in his presence. This is in part because he was a good man. And this was also because her specialty was the art of transformation. She saw that she could assist him with the life transitions that lay before him. And finally, she thought, here, with this man, the love can flow very deep.

The moment she appeared to him, his magical concentration went into high gear. He stopped thinking. His mind was empty like a mirror.

And as a mirror is unafraid of the image that appears within it, he opened himself to perceive what was in front of him. He found himself surrounded by the sea—the sky, the winds, the waves, and the depths.
But this was not a set of sensory perceptions. He felt their energy flowing through him.

The wind was relaxing, and he sensed the air within water and the way fish were breathing. He felt the sensations of the waves and the whitecaps as they were rolling. They seemed like children playing, shouting with glee and dancing to some silent melody.

And at the core of his being, speaking with his own heart and voice, these words appeared through telepathy:

> Come home. You need no pardon or quest before you take your rest. Love is a way of being. On this path you will be forever free.

And then she vanished. Jaham was left alone in a library. It was quiet as before. There were no side effects—no scent left in the air, no shimmering of faint images in the shadows. But the phrase “initiate of the mysteries” entered his mind, and he thought that now he understood it for the first time.

He stood up. He looked around. He sensed that the memory of what had just happened was already fading. The sights, sounds, routines, and behaviors of daily life were reasserting themselves. The light of day and the vibration of the city outside demanded that he forget and return to the world he shared with other human beings.

But this he would not do. He carefully copied the sigil. He rolled the paper up and put it in his vest pocket near his heart. He returned the book to the drawer. And then he went home and took a nap. Though elated, he was exhausted.
There is a festival at night two weeks after Suramyn first met Jaidin. The two sit next to a lake. The celebration is on the other side. They sip a fermented tea. They splash their feet in the water. They laugh as they tell each other stories about the ways of men.

Then Suramyn says casually, “Tell me about what it is like where you come from.”

Jaidin replies, “Why do ask me this?”

Suramyn answers, “Because whenever I am near you I sense there is a sea of love that encircles this planet. It is like a song. It fills my ears with wonder and beauty. Do not hold back. I wish only to make this song part of myself.”

Jaidin sits staring into Suramyn’s eyes.

Suramyn goes on, “You are more feminine than any woman I have ever met. Yet there is nothing vulnerable about you.”

The two sit quietly. What is passing between them now is beyond the commerce of language. Some ancient skill is being activated within Suramyn. Some latent and hidden ability rises up from unknown depths within her soul.

Jaham had sensed it. He saw that Suramyn had a quality of character that was beyond the knowledge of magic. He let it go because he too knows that there are some things in life that you can only witness and not comprehend. They are beyond understanding.

There is a backstory to these events. Suramyn herself does not recall it. But I will share her story with you. In a former lifetime, Suramyn had asked for a gift to help her understand the divine. In response to her
request, she was given the ability to get inside of anything or any spirit—to sense it from within.

On a level deeper than telepathy, she could sense the inner essence, the magical name, or the inspiration and motivation that defined the nature of any creature or being. This gift was on par with the gift given by God to Solomon. Solomon was granted wisdom beyond the knowledge of mankind. To a similar extent, this woman’s gift allowed her, when she fully concentrated, to penetrate the mysteries of time and to see the unfolding purposes of the divine.

Unlike Solomon, she was not a king and judge of a nation. She built no temple to God. She founded no religion. She had no scribes or disciples recording her words and actions. She kept her gift to herself. And yet, through all her many incarnations, the divine turns to her again and again to fulfill its purposes. After all, she knows how to listen; she recognizes the voice of the divine when it speaks.

Jaidin and Suramyn sit silently for ten minutes. Suramyn gives herself completely to the energy of Jaidin’s aura as it flows through her. And as mermaids are capable of doing easily, Jaidin just lets go so that she no longer senses herself at all. Though her lungs continue to breathe and the heartbeat maintains its rhythm, she is no longer confined to a woman’s body. She has returned to the realm of mermaids. Her consciousness joins with the sea that encircles the earth.

Then Jaidin speaks telepathically to Suramyn, “You are like a sister.” But on another level Jaidin notes beyond thought or mental vibration, “She is like one of us. There is barely a trace to be found that signifies a difference.”

Jaidin speaks aloud, “You ask me about my race. Take my hand.”

As Suramyn takes Jaidin’s hand, Suramyn is transported into the realm of mermaids and among mermaids whom Jaidin knows well. Some are
singing. Others are in meditation or trance. And others go about doing things that mermaids do.

What do mermaids do? Consider water where there is a flow of energy, temperature shifting, ice melting or freezing, currents and tides moving, waves breaking, whitecaps forming, fish flourishing, reefs growing. In any of these situations mermaids are free to take an interest, to observe, to learn, or to become involved by enhancing the process.

Speaking telepathically, Jaidin asks Suramyn, “What do you see?”

After a few moments, Suramyn responds, “My body is not right for this world. I do not have the right senses to perceive.”

Jaidin calls another mermaid over. This other mermaid approaches, and Jaidin says to her, “She wishes to feel the love we feel.”

And then immediately the other mermaid and Suramyn join as one within the mermaid’s body. And this second mermaid sees as well that Suramyn is no longer a human being but one of their own kind and of their own heart. Suramyn tastes this expanse of love and realizes it is not something she can easily leave behind.

A short time later Suramyn and Jaidin return to their physical bodies. Jaidin says to Suramyn, “Go swim in a lake. Spend time in the sea. Float in a pool. When you are ready, simply concentrate, and you may join with this mermaid or another for as long as you want. You may do this, but remember not to remain so long that your body suffers damage from the journey.”

Suramyn spent time in water every week and sometimes for hours every day. She also spent a similar amount of time in the realm of mermaids. She did so until that realm became part of her life, as real as human life. She entered the bodies of many different mermaids until she found the mermaid queens themselves and entered them as well to experience and to taste their wonder and their innermost being.
Some women I have met have a similar ability. They can simply blend their souls with another person’s so the two share the same feelings and perceptions. Call it transference of consciousness, mental or astral projection; call it mermaid empathy; call it the study of omnipresence; call it love; call it what life is ultimately all about: becoming one.

Suramyn had two other close female friends. Both of them notice how Suramyn was changing as the years went by. There was a great power that surrounded Suramyn. It was hard to define. It was like sitting next to the sea with a great storm bearing down on the shore.

But the storm was silent and invisible. There were no splashing waves crashing down or winds blowing through your hair. All the same, the power was there—a force of water thick in the air though there was obviously no change in humidity.

One of the friends warned Suramyn, saying, “Don’t get carried away with whatever you are doing.”

The other friend’s response was different. She felt that whatever Suramyn was doing was very deep. Her attitude was, “It is beyond me.”

Over the years, Suramyn continued to explore the mermaid realm. She made contacts. The undine queens were aware of her presence. For example, Suramyn joined a number of times with the mermaid queen named Isaphil.

As a general rule, those with magical training would never do such a thing. They are cautious when it comes to spirits. They worry about things like maintaining their individual “magical authority.” They may talk about the importance of love, but you would be hard-pressed in any century to find one magician who favors love over will.

And so mages keep a distance. They stand in “magic circles” and evoke spirits into mirrors or triangles drawn on the floor. They love duality—“It is a matter of keeping the spirit there and myself here so there is a
separation that is not violated.” In this way, things remain formal and clear.

Such is the nature of magic when it is defined and pursued by men. They forget their own training—the mind is a mirror, and as a mirror it is unafraid of what appears within it. If your mind is indeed clear, then there is no separation between you and what is perceived. If you concentrate so that there is no ego in your consciousness, then you and the spirit that appears are already one.

Suramyn had no need of academic or theoretical training to pave the way for her to make spiritual connections. Her knowledge was of the heart. And this was true of her connection to Isaphil.

As with Suramyn’s interaction with Jaidin, when Suramyn was in front of Isaphil, she felt the mermaid queen’s aura flowing through her. In this case, the magnetic field of the mermaid was extremely pure and refined. Looking at this mermaid is like looking at the light of the moon manifesting in the form of a woman.

Being in the presence of the mermaid queen and blending your energy with hers is like entering a state of stillness. The universe is free to be reflected through you—its movements, its seasons, rhythms, and ages, its changes, and visions of what shall come to be.

The mermaid queen was impressed that a mortal could share her heart. As one who carries a great mystery within her soul, the queen sensed that one day her burden would be lifted. The love and stillness in which she exists would be passed on to a race capable of embodying the wonder that this planet was created to share.

What kind of conversation does a mortal such as Suramyn have with the mermaid queen Isaphil? Putting it into words, Suramyn says, “I see what you see and I feel what you feel—in you, the earth and the moon are one. I stand as you, free of time; I see the ages unfold.”
“Time is a sea. And for those who perceive its depths, they see where every need will be met and every dream fulfilled. Like a navigator who plots a ship’s course, the heart charts with purity and love a course to its home port.”

In this way, by joining with their auras, Suramyn came to know things no other human being has ever learned about the mermaid queens. And so one day Suramyn spoke to a mermaid queen, saying, “I belong here with you and not with the human race”:

She addressed the mermaid queens

With words never before heard

Is not my love of water the same as yours?

The lakes, the rivers, the streams, the seas—

One taste, one embrace?

Is not my love everywhere in every moment

Your own reflection, your own perfection?

Do I not know how to let go and flow?

There is no past or future

No wisdom or destiny

The sea shall encompass each with ecstasy.
Others had tried before. But no mortal had every joined with the race of mermaids. Too much of the human remained alive to make the transition. They were unable to become one with water.

Magic will only take you so far. You can acquire a temporary visa or a travel permit. You can enter in disguise as an illegal alien and try to blend in.

Even great words of power that create the essence of the mermaid vibration can only carry so much water. The spells wear out. The soul finds itself in over its head. And then the person washes up on the shore so to speak, cast out, because to fit in here you have to find pure love in your heart.

What followed has only happened perhaps once or twice in the history of the human race on this planet. The mermaid queens met in a council to discuss this thing—Suramyn’s request.

There were arguments pro and con. The issues had to be carefully weighed.

Against her: She is a human being. She can visit, but she cannot stay. She thinks she knows what she wants, but she does not. She will not fit in. She cannot share our dreams.

A greater objection was this: the divine sets the boundaries separating the different evolutions. The human race has a destiny quite different from our own. Allowing her to remain here would create an imbalance. There would be unforeseen consequences—the fates and destinies of the two realms would be joined.

For her: She can change her aura so there is only a faint trace of yellow brown light down the back—if it was not for that she would be one of us without anything left to distinguish a difference.

Other mermaids already respect her as a mermaid of high rank. She loves with our love, and though her dreams may never be fully our own,
it is not for us to forbid entrance to one who has already crossed over so fully.

It came down to this: it is not our decision. She is guided by an inner vision and is under the protection of the divine. She may remain until she is called away:

Council is taken, all problems debated,

A decision rendered:

If you will step aside from mankind

All privileges and gifts of the mermaids

Shall be granted

For as long as you wish to remain

Until that day the divine

Sets before you another way

As Suramyn grew older and was in her forties, she could have risen to a position of power and honor. Her very presence was charismatic. People she met felt a satisfaction just from being around her. But she chose not to play a dynamic role in society.

More and more she focused on another realm, though you have to understand the bottom line. Fairy itself was not her fascination. She was seeking to embody within herself the mystery of love. And if her path led her to cross over the boundaries that protect and limit mankind, then she was willing to leave mankind behind. Sometimes the divine
authorizes a quest on the basis of what is sought. The goal that lies in front of the individual overrules all objections.

It was not until she died that she crossed over to the Other Side. While still alive, she lived as a human being. But when death came, her soul made the transition. Her intentions and the welcome of another realm were sufficient to determine her destination.

She remained as a mermaid in the sea for a thousand years. She swam and played in a group of three. I described one of the two other mermaids in her group in “A Modern Undine” in my first book, Undines: Lessons from the Realm of the Water Spirits. The third mermaid I describe in the story, “Caelius Aurelius Luscus and the Mermaid,” in my book on the four elemental beings. I have been very fortunate, to say the least, to meet all three in person.

What is it like to spend a thousand years as a mermaid of high rank in the sea? You have your identity, your curiosity, and you make decisions every single day, but there really is no you: there is just this boundless embrace of unending love that surrounds you.

Beyond the knowledge of mankind, at the core of one’s being and many levels deeper than what the conscious mind of a person can conceive, she felt a completion—a love that only the divine could ever imagine, define, or call into being.

A mermaid who knew her at that time described her this way—she was funky. She fit in fine. No one ever objected. But she was always curious, willing to try new things that mermaids would most likely never imagine or dream.

Whereas a mermaid would take something for granted, like a reef, and blend with its energy or enhance it so it flourished, Suramyn was thinking options. Why is no reef surrounding that atoll? Why can a reef not thrive deeper beneath the water? How do reefs in others seas flourish as compared to these?
The feminine is different from the masculine. Men go off by themselves. They chart their own courses. They set their own goals. They do what they must do because that is what it is like to be a man. They separate and then they come back. They reunite when the time is right.

Women are like a circle that expands and contracts. They maintain close contact. They flow in and through each other, preferring to stay together.

If one should separate and go off by herself, the separation remains external. She is still joined to the others from within. The self does not need to separate to the same extent in order to shape and give definition to one’s identity.

In a way this is the difference between fire and water. The man needs to test his boundaries to find his strength and claim his power. He must go on a quest to define and refine who he is.

By contrast, the very nature of a woman’s body contains the mystery of being one with another. Sharing feelings and experiences with others is a celebration of the mystery within. Mermaids may join in a group of three because in this way love flows more freely.

At the same time, each member of this group had her own unique interests. One was like Isaphil. She sang of serenity and the moon and earth joining the inner and outer worlds in peace and harmony.

The other preferred to explore the ocean depths, the ocean trench, and the mountain ranges and valleys of the ocean floor.

Suramyn learned from both. She could capture the beauty of the world, reflecting and holding its images in the stillness of her heart.

And she could also focus her being on the power of water—how it turns solid as ice, melts, evaporates, returns as rain, and yet remains itself even in the depths with a mile of water pressing down upon it. She was aware that water has the power of solid rock and can also pick up
boulders and hurl them about. That kind of power was becoming part of her.

One day, as the mermaid queens had foreseen, Suramyn received the call. The sea became silent. The songs of whales a thousand miles away, the splashing waves, the moaning deep, the sounds of fish nibbling a reef, even the electrical pulse in the presence of a shark—in her ears, everything was turned off.

And in the silence she heard these words spoken clearly even though no one else on earth could have heard:

Return Oh human child
From the sacred and the wild
From the sea so filled with beauty
It is time
To walk again among mankind

Who spoke those words? And for what purpose was she called?

Murjel is one of the twelve highest spirits who exist within the sphere of Jupiter. She presides over the astrological sign of Cancer. Her specialty is water and all manner of fluids and every form of magnetism.

The planet earth has water on its surface in liquid form. But other planets have seas of liquids, even if these are of other chemicals such as methane. Murjel is aware of fluids everywhere they flow. Even the sun has great flowing masses and powerful magnetic fields.
Murjel is an example of a spirit whose heart can embrace the diversity of an entire solar system. Amid all the complexity of a star with planets and moons, an asteroid belt, and an Oort cloud farther out, she can sense the entire system as one encompassing vibration.

As a great spirit with immense vision, she takes an interest in a specific planet when a civilization is undergoing a major transition. In such a case, she is free to intervene at her own discretion. She offers a path of love, illuminates it, and assists those who travel upon it to attain completion.

Murjel spoke to Suramyn, “You are needed elsewhere. I would not call unless the same love that created the realm in which you exist did not set before you another task. I promise you this: the sea of love that you taste today will in no way be less but soon enough far greater and more wondrous.”

Suramyn could not refuse the voice of the divine that holds in its grasp the fate of mankind and the entire planet in all its spiritual domains and separate evolutions.

Suramyn felt the sea slowly drain away. And not long afterward she awoke as a human child. She still felt the sea of love inside of her.

But on the outside she was surrounded by the desolation that is an advanced human civilization. It is a place where there is little or no sharing heart to heart, in which human beings have not learned how to become one with each other in any moment, in which feelings are secondary to other commitments, and in which love is rationed and treated as a possession.

She was borne into Atlantis in a later age. There were three women present who assisted with the birth. Everything went well. She took her first breath. And shortly later they heard her make a sad, plaintive cry. Two of those women went home that night and cried themselves to sleep. They did not know why.
She grew up to be a beautiful, loving woman. She knew key players in Atlantis. Yet she was ignored in that time just as she is ignored and unappreciated now. Men love her physical beauty. But they do not perceive the soul inside.

Human beings are obsessed with knowledge, technology, and power. Even those who knew better failed to offer her love or honor. Their hearts were elsewhere.

Imagine if Murjel herself could have appeared to one of the leaders of that world in a dream and say, “I have sent this woman to teach you about love before it is too late and you destroy yourselves.”

The response would have been, “I just do not understand. Nothing in me responds to what you are revealing.”

Darkness was then beginning to fall over the civilization of Atlantis. Though more advanced than we are in technology and science—not to mention magic—powerful factions were forming that would tear that society apart. When given too much leisure, individuals can be brilliant, creative, adventurous, and playful too. And yet their hearts can become jaded. If a people lose their sense of wonder and an appreciation of beauty and love, they can still do amazing things. But the glory they seek is short-lived, and they may come to a sudden end.

Still, from the point of view of Murjel and other higher spirits who preside over entire evolutions, Suramyn was not just a gift to Atlantis. She would be offered again to another civilization as it too ignores the warning signs of its own destruction.

Yet those with sufficient clairvoyant vision see that one day she shall be received by a race that is ordained to replace mankind, a race more suited to living in harmony with the beauty that is this planet. All the same, the opportunity is offered by the divine in case there be a few who change their minds. A few hundred would be enough to create a new
destiny for humanity. With a genuine response, the world as we know it can become a different place:

The tale is told
How fairies from the Other Side
A child exchange, a trade is made
But I speak with ease
Of greater mysteries than these:

She addressed the mermaid queens
With words never before heard
Is not my love of water the same as yours?
The lakes, the rivers, the streams, the seas—
One taste, one embrace?
Is not my love everywhere in every moment
Your own reflection, your own perfection?
Do I not know how to let go and flow?
There is no past or future
No wisdom or destiny
The sea shall encompass each with ecstasy.
Council is taken, all problems debated,
    A decision rendered:
If you will step aside from mankind
All privileges and gifts of the mermaids
    Shall be granted
For as long as you wish to remain
    Until that day the divine
Sets before you another way

And so for a thousand years
In a group of three she does play
Among the waves, as pure delight,
    A song unlike any other
The sea does sing and dream at night

But now she returns
The divine intervenes
For what purpose am I called?
    My peace disturbed?
What service am I to render to mankind
That the realms of bliss I must leave behind?

Return Oh human child
From the sacred and the wild
From the sea so filled with beauty
It is time
To walk again among mankind

Think not that humans
Are selfish and greedy
Vulnerable and needy
Blind to the beauty that shines
In the sky, the earth, the trees, the seas,
Imagine what they shall be
If freed of all need
If they were but to taste the love you feel
They would be healed

As once before you did implore
Another realm to open its door
Persuade mankind with your receptive grace
Every moment boundless love does embrace

Return Oh human child
From the sacred and the wild
From the sea so filled with beauty
It is time
Walk again among mankind
For what purpose do you ask?
Fulfill this task:
Set them free.

The Knight, the Merman, and the Maiden

Mermen are brothers to mermaids. They are the male version. Ermot is one such merman. His area of interest is rivers and streams. And he also likes to inspire human women in regard to love. Though he has been mentioned only once before in literature, he and I at times work
together. Whenever I am near a stream, I often will write a poem that he has inspired.

For Ermot, a stream is a living being. For him, a stream is like a woman. Both are able to let go, to flow, to feel love in their souls, and to dream others’ dreams.

If you ever want to perceive, feel, and think like Ermot, simply pick a stream. Then walk down it from beginning to end. Memorize every way in which that stream flows, the way it turns, splashes, dances in rapids, dreams in pools, and laughs in a waterfall. Do this, and you begin to possess the wisdom Ermot holds. But a knight who once rode in our history did not know these things.

Riding a mighty warhorse, he returns from foreign lands. As he crosses a stream, he is weary and worn, his heart damaged and torn. High ideals to which he is sworn—all the light and justice with which they did shine—that time of dreams when men dreamed such things—that age has drawn to a close.

The knight hears the horse’s hooves splashing in the water. The merman hears with the ears of the water and foresees the future. The knight, having lost his own dreams, has just entered the dream of a being from a land so far away it is not portrayed in any of mankind’s mythologies.

In this moment, the merman plays with the fate of the knight to see if a trade might be made, an exchange so that the inevitable is less hostile. After all, love is a matter of the heart. And love, like water, need only let go and respond to the moment to find peace and release.

The path to the left that the knight plans to take leads to a home that is cold and empty. There the years and decades will fade away. A life will lose its light. Night shall fall with the knight sitting alone by the fireplace or gazing at the forest from the window during twilight wondering what was the meaning of it all.
But in this moment the horse stops where the road forks. The knight does not realize his hands have pulled back on the reins. “To the left is where I should go. But the other road draws me like a silence yearning for song or a fairy tale that wants to be told. My castle waits. My lands require their lord. I have duties. I have a place in society I must take.”

Without a thought crossing his mind, the reins pull to the right. The horse turns. A day passes and a night.

Another fork in the road. “I know the way to a great city lies to the right,” the knight says to himself. “To the left there are valleys and dark forests, places that are not well marked.”

Like a strong undertow, like a ship that rises up to ride down the face of a wave, like praying all night in a church until the first rays of dawn make the candles’ flames obsolete, the way to the left calls out—like someone you meet, the feeling so casual and complete, you know you have just made a new lifelong friend.

The knight speaks aloud, “I have been to the city. I am well known in that place. There is honor and respect and brothers in arms who will welcome me into their homes. Why then should I choose to wander alone?”

His hands on the reins decide for him. The horse turns to the left, and the knight follows another lonely road.

Two days later, the knight enters a tavern. The master of the house brings him mead, hot soup, and coarse bread. And then the master’s daughter comes out. She touches the knight’s left shoulder from behind him and asks, “Is there anything else you require?”

Invisible to mortal eyes, Ermot sits at a table in the corner. He watches the dream unfold. He watches as the knight turns and looks into the girl’s eyes. In that moment, ten thousand years of water splashing and dancing in streams all over England and all the feelings that lovers’
hearts may dream—these feelings flow from one through the other like water being poured into water.

A year later, the merman again sits unseen in the corner of a great hall in the knight’s castle at a wedding festival. Early the next morning, just before dawn, the knight rises from the marriage bed and sits by the window watching the indigo light of night fade as rays of rose and pink begin to play upon the horizon.

And then the knight recites this poem for the girl from the tavern whom he has just married. These are the same words the merman heard when the knight’s horse first entered the stream, words from a dream in the mind of a being from a land so far away they as yet have no place among the stories of humanity—words that have now become reality—

On this night
The howling in the trees is gone
The wind sings a sweet song
The volcano’s devouring flames
Becomes tame
On this night
Because you are in my arms

On this night
The most bitter tears
The lost soul
The love that has grown cold
All terror and fear
Are images in a mirror
At dawn they are gone
Because I hold you in my arms

On this night
Decades thrown away
Dreams that would not stay
Hopes I could not defend
The broken heart that would not mend
But on this night
Love has found me again
She is my friend
Because you hold me in your arms

A Mermaid Possession
Fairy tales sometimes mention that a mermaid can take possession of a woman’s body in order to marry a man. I have mentioned this in some of my other stories. Here is a brief case study of what took place in Germany in the 1930s.

According to tradition, a mermaid can enter the body of a woman at the moment of her death and revive the body, restoring its life. The mermaid then has the departed woman’s memories and may pretend to be the woman who died. But soon after entering the woman’s body, the mermaid usually goes in search of the man who called her.

A master of hermetic magic warned one of his students not to seek a mermaid as a companion, but the student ignored his advice. This student who sought a mermaid as a lover was very skilled in manipulating elemental energies. This was part of his magical training. He did not, however, understand the spiritual significance of water. He could open with ease the gates to the mermaid realm, but he understood little of the ways mermaids feel and perceive.

Although knowledgeable of magic, he had few social skills and some psychological problems. As a result, he felt acutely isolated and empty inside.

It was, therefore, much easier for him to find a girlfriend who was a mermaid rather than a real woman. He found a mermaid that was both available and comfortable with him. In normal courting, men may make efforts to win a woman’s affection. As a magician, he focused an entire cycle of courting and romance into one magical command: he asked the mermaid to find and enter a suitable body in his area.

This mermaid had a great capacity for bonding. She could easily make a man feel like she was inside of him and part of him. To be near her was to feel an inner connection.

This mermaid’s emotional life was embodied in the image of the open sea with strong winds during a dark night and huge waves and spray.
She was wild, free, an elemental being attuned to water in its primordial power. He found her refreshing, invigorating, and reviving.

This is what happened. An otherwise healthy young woman choked to death one night in his city. The mermaid immediately noticed this and entered the woman’s body. The mermaid then revived the body, restarting the heartbeat and breathing.

Since the man and mermaid were in telepathic contact, he was aware that the mermaid had entered his world. At that moment, he felt that his life was about to change profoundly. Telepathically, he asked her to meet him in front of a nearby cathedral.

Dating is a risky business. But in this case, he already knew the mermaid—they had already connected soul to soul. Nonetheless, meeting the mermaid in physical form for the first time was like meeting a woman who had just stepped out of a gate from heaven.

He got everything he wanted or could imagine in a partner and lover. The downside was that he lost interest in just about everything else in his life. His job was OK. But he lacked ambition. And he never got around to developing any social skills worth mentioning. Being married to a mermaid does not mean you are going to make an effort to improve your personality.

They had two children. The children never suspected that their mother was a mermaid. She loved and nurtured them, far more than most women. But as is possible with mermaids, bonding and love do not preclude detachment. For a mermaid, love is not so rare that one must stake a claim or define its direction in order to preserve it.

Consequently, she was not ambitious for her children. She never discussed their goals in life. That was outside of her experience.
What of the man? He had been told that under a mermaid’s influence he could lose his opportunity to pursue a spiritual path. Was the master’s warning not strong enough?

When he held the mermaid in his arms at night, he felt the wild waves of the open ocean crashing down and rolling around and through him. Consequently, he was content. He had no need to take a vacation, to hike in the mountains, or to hunt for sport or entertainment. Unlike all other men in his society, when he was with his wife he was already out in nature and united to its beauty from within.

In our world, happiness is so rare, its sources so hidden, that when it appears, you cherish it and do whatever you can to preserve it. Well-trained magicians often seek to fulfill noble missions. But love contains many mysteries that magicians have yet to imagine.

The Mermaid Who Was an Airplane Pilot—Or, Writing the Modern Fairy Tale

Boarding the plane, I find my seat, stow my carry-on in the overhead bin, and sit down. It is a six-hour flight. Placing a newspaper in the seat pocket in front of her, a woman sits down next to me. She is tall, at least six feet, and slender. She looks friendly but immediately opens and starts reading a thick, ring-bound manual of some kind.

She has that look of someone who is doing mental calculations as she reads each line. Yet her body shows no strain or tension even as she focuses with single-minded concentration. At the same time, there is a
light, uplifting quality about her like that of a four-year-old playing on a swing. Perhaps, I speculate, she grew up outside the United State; maybe in Switzerland beside a lake where she spent summers sailing and hiking with friends in the mountains.

One minute later, she turns to me and asks, “Is that your water bottle?” referring to a small, unopened bottle of water on the armrest between our seats.

“No,” I reply, “help yourself.” She nods in appreciation before opening it and taking a drink.

She then takes the newspaper, the Wall Street Journal, out of the seat pocket in front of her and says, “Would you like something to read?”

Ah, I think, she is generous and thoughtful.

I reply, “No, I have my own copy in my carry-on.”

“Do you do investing?” I ask after a moment. I like to share my investing experience. Of twenty different investing strategies I pursued over three years, they all failed since the stock market did things it never did before in its history. I discovered a new strategy as a result, but so far no one has shown any interest in a strategy based purely on volatility.

Replying to my question about investing, she answers, “No. I picked up the habit of reading the Journal from my grandfather. He used to read it every day. The reporting seems fair and balanced. But this copy came with my hotel room.” She then turns back to her manual.

She reads the Wall Street Journal for general news. I cannot wrap my mind around that concept—information on business, yes. News? No. But her body language is clear—her attention is engaged elsewhere.

I am a spiritual anthropologist. I study people, their auras, and their life stories, and I seek to grasp anything they have experienced that is unusual or unique. And sometimes the people who sit next to me on
planes are very unusual. So I take the liberty of sensing this woman’s aura. I do this by concentrating on my right hand, which precisely replicates her energy field. Her energy is strong, firm, intense, highly integrated, and very stable. This is an individual who obviously is living a productive and successful life.

Then I focus on her “inner aura,” that is, the more hidden side of her that supports her outer life. This energy, by contrast, relates more to water and to feeling. But it is carefully controlled as if it is being held in reserve. It is also magnetic, which indicates a high level of self-motivation—that the individual is not dependent on the external world for emotional support or self-validation. But again, it is hesitant and restrained. It does not make its presence known.

Okay, here is a woman who may have strong water within herself in a way that does not show up in her outer life and personality. But it is there.

I pursue this further by asking my psychic intuition, “What is the water in her, or her special gift in life?” The cabin of the airplane vanishes along with the chair and even my own body. I am confronted with the open ocean. The energy is a vast watery expanse, and I am there out on the ocean far from any continental mass.

This vibration is typical of what I call hard-core mermaid women. They do not just feel sparkling and pure like a mountain pool, peaceful and serene like a great river, or inviting and relaxing like a small ocean bay. They have that vastness and depth of the seas of the earth in their auras.

The plane has finished taxiing down the runway, and we are in the process of taking off.

I catch the woman’s eyes and say, “You have a lot of water in your aura. You must have no sense of time?”
I ask that question because it is typical of hard-core mermaid women—they almost always say something to the effect that time is not real. She replies, “Actually, I am very impatient.” She turns back to her manual.

This is called cognitive dissonance—I am confronted with facts that contradict my basic assumptions. I tell myself, “This is great—a new type of mermaid woman.” I want her story.

The immediate problem, however, is that it usually takes me one to two years to get an interview with these women. Once they trust me, they will tell me anything about themselves. But it takes time and patience. I do not have time. At best, I may be able to ask her about one question per hour on this six-hour flight. Push too hard, and I risk appearing invasive and rude. And I hate being rude, even in the pursuit of a noble purpose.

Settling back into my chair, I close my eyes and go into a meditative state. I shift part of my consciousness directly inside of her. This is not an effort. I can do this quicker than a businessman can turn a page in the *Wall Street Journal*. For myself, I have had many experiences that lead me to suspect that individual identity, personal boundaries, and the autonomy of the ego are either illusions or arbitrary social conventions.

And as a spiritual anthropologist, this entire planet and everyone on it are part of my research. I know a mermaid woman who has been placed in a human body just to observe and record human experience. The mermaids are concerned that we will not be here much longer; and we have nothing in our civilization even remotely close to their ability to capture and communicate the essence of life experience. In telepathy and clairsentience there are no boundaries to perception.

As I enter her aura, once again I feel and see myself out on the open ocean. But now a woman comes walking on the water toward me. She stops about ten feet away and just looks at me.
This is different. Usually mermaids extend their auras through you when you are near them. They flow energy in and through anything around them. Like water, it is their nature to give and to receive, to exchange energy freely. For mermaids, joining souls is the best and most appropriate form of social greeting.

But the woman in my vision does not do this. As she looks at me, there is a silent question in her eyes—“Why are you here?” But it is not, “Why are you bothering me?” or “Why are you inside of me?” It is not, “What do you want?” or “What is your purpose?”

The “Why are you here?” is the curiosity of nature itself. She is surprised to encounter a human in her realm. And so naturally she is asking what energy within or underlying nature I embody.

When interacting with a real mermaid, you have to approach her through the language she speaks: feelings, pure sensuality, love, oneness, and flowing energy. Again, to meet another in the mermaid realm is to be a part of each other without barriers or boundaries.

By asking, “Why are you here?” she is actually asking, “Why are you not already a part of me and everything that I am? What constrains you to hold you back from becoming one?” These are good questions.

Mermaid women are naturally empathic. It is spontaneous and without effort. I have to concentrate to attain their level of sensitivity. I have to think, reflect, meditate, and contemplate. I can get a mermaid woman to sense that I feel what she feels. But to arrive at that place I have to search for words and images that resonate with pure feeling; otherwise my experience quickly fades and is forgotten by my conscious mind.

So here I am. In my mind, I have identified a hard-core mermaid woman sitting next to me. Yet she has done nothing to indicate who she really is. I have observed nothing concrete or tangible in her behavior, and she has said nothing to remotely suggest that she is other than as she appears—a woman traveling between cities instead of what I perceive—
a female spirit who possesses a duel passport granting her entrance to both human and magical realms. And I am also surprised that she does not sense that I am reading her aura.

If I had done this same transference of consciousness inside of my Tai Chi Chuan master during class, he would walk across a room full of students, come up to me, and correct my form. If I do it with a Zen master while we meditate in a group, he will turn to me after the meditation is over and say with a slight hint of compulsion, “We should give a seminar together.” But these are human beings. They possess nothing in comparison to the empathic powers of mermaids.

What is going on with this woman? What kind of mermaid woman is this? What is her connection to the realm of mermaids? Is she aware that she is different from other human beings?

Exploring further, I first focus on her akashic body. Everyone is aware of having a physical body with its vitality and health. We all are aware of the astral body with its ability to feel alive and engage others and life in a way that brings happiness and satisfaction: the astral is not just the perception of a sunrise; it is also the feeling of newness and wonder that the birth of light conveys. And we are all aware of having a mental body through which we think, reflect, plan, and make decisions.

The akashic or spiritual body is more elusive. It is the source of conscience and the inner voice. It is our source of intuition into the deeper purposes of life—why we are here, what lessons we are to learn, what tasks we are meant to fulfill.

The akashic body is like a supervisor; it grants an overview, the big picture, and a sense of urgency about doing whatever we are supposed to be doing in life. The energy of the akashic body is detached and yet engaged. In effect, it says, “You have been granted a certain amount of time; discover something worthwhile and valuable that transforms you, others, and the world around you.” Hot, cold, light, or heavy in sensation, it always has that voice of consultation about it.
The girl next to me has no akashic body. There is nothing there—no color, no image, no sensation, no vibration. Nothing. This woman sitting next to me on the plane does not have a human soul. She is an actual mermaid—the real thing—inside of a woman’s body.

Now do not take this the wrong way. There is no certification process or manual from the American Psychiatric Association that I can turn to in order to confirm my conclusion. I am writing fairy tales. God alone knows who has what kind of soul. But that limitation does not prevent me from doing research.

And I am an artist. If I say she is a mermaid, I have to build my case. I have to write an interesting story that tells how she came to be in a woman’s body. And the story must be entertaining if it is going to capture anyone’s attention.

The story should suggest in a subtle way that the author knows more than he is sharing. This is because I write the story from both sides—from the perspective of human beings and from the perspective of mermaids. In other words, if you read the story carefully, the story opens a gate: you might sense that you are looking beyond the human and directly into the realm of mermaids.

When I say this woman does not have a human soul, I am not saying she cannot learn new things. Mermaids are more human than we are in the area of love and feeling. They learn new things easily because they have no ego to interfere with the learning process. There is no self-doubt or worry, and conflicts and contradictions do not bother them.

I review the list of mermaid women traits that I have made. If I can get a woman to admit she has just two of the twelve or so traits, she most likely embodies most of them. This has been my experience so far. I was hoping it would be that easy. But not this time.

I turn to my imagination as I glance into her past. I ask myself, Where and how did she make the transition from mermaid to woman?
And this moment is where the ethnography, interview questions, and spiritual anthropology leave off and the fairy tale begins:

I see a mermaid sitting on a rock in the sea off of a small coastal town. It is night, and it has been raining steadily for two weeks. The town and people are drenched in water. The air is full of fog; the clouds have come down and now drift over the ground.

For the mermaid, it feels like the town is part of the ocean. Water is in the ocean, and water is here on the land. The waves breaking on the shore are no longer a firm boundary.

Stop. I come out of my meditative trance. The flight attendants are offering refreshments. We put our trays down. I take orange juice. The girl asks for another bottle of water. I am ready with my next question for her. I try to be casual and natural even though I have not laid a foundation for my question.

“You grew up next to the water?” I ask.

“No,” she replies in a matter-of-fact voice, “I grew up on a farm in Oklahoma.”

I reassess my vision of a mermaid next to a town on the ocean. “Perhaps,” I tell myself, “I am seeing the time when she originally made the transition from mermaid to woman during another lifetime.” Viewing it in that context, I can still use my vision. But now I have to account for what happened in a different lifetime and why she has continued to incarnate as a woman.

We are done with our peanuts and drinks. I am feeling lucky. I sneak in another question: “You spent a lot of time in water as a child?” This is
another trait of mermaid women—they spend huge amounts of time in water as children.

She replies, “How did you know? My mother ran us through all sorts of sports when we were little. Swimming was one of them.”

Now I am having difficulties. How can she have so much water in her aura and not have been self-motivated to seek out and be in water as a child? There are a few exceptions I have run into. A human woman may have an internal conflict with the water in her aura. The water gives unusual sensitivity and empathy. The woman may decide she does not want to be psychic.

In such a case, the woman represses or simply ignores that side of her self. She may not even like being in water. For her, deep feelings may be like a darkness that she does not want to enter.

Another hour passes. She has gotten up and gone to the bathroom twice. I am starting to get desperate. I return to my vision of her mermaid-human origins—the town by the ocean.

I see and feel what the mermaid in my vision perceives from her perspective—ocean waves surging about my waist, the rock on which I sit, the dark, cloudy sky, and the rain-soaked town.

With, in, and through her, I extend my mermaid awareness onto the land. The animals appear to me first. A very wet dog, birds snuggled among the tree limbs, mice in the ground, a house cat, and horses in a stable.

The dog winds his way on a familiar path. He would like a bone to chew on. The cat, indoors, is content as always to watch and wait for food, play, or hunt. All the same, in the back of her mind, the cat remains attentive to the rain outside. Being indolent or idle
does not imply she assumes the world will return to normal. She reclines both relaxed and vigilant.

The crow on the tree limb—he also waits for the rain to abate. Occasionally he forages out for food as he thinks in his own way, “Something to eat—if nothing else a berry will do.”

And the grove of trees and the forest beyond—different from seaweed and coral. Trees are sentient in their own right. They just do not express themselves in such overt ways as animals. So much life is hidden within them, so much wisdom, patience, and so many songs that remain unsung.

And the human beings. A man with a dark raincoat and waterproof hat walking down the main street. Occasionally grasping and rubbing his upper arms to stay warm, the vibration in the mind is of a man who likes neither rain nor night. The world for him is cold, not just in temperature but also in his soul.

It is not that his caregivers were bound by greed; rather, they had to struggle to meet their basic human needs. They lived their lives in a cage whose bars were made from what they lacked and what they could never have. Because they could never satisfy or change their desires, their creativity became the art of waiting, delaying, and denying what was hidden in their core.

And there is a woman. She is cooking. She is wrapped about in the light of a kerosene lamp. There is the smell of carrots, onions, and beef broth. There is the sound of the soup boiling and an ache in the middle of her back. Her teeth are bad and also her digestive tract. But the light spills out through the windows and traces faint shadows while the wet tree bark glistens slightly in shades of yellow and brown.

There is a preacher in the church who meditates. His mind has grown complex because of the people whose lives he guides. He
reads from the Bible. He pauses. Then his mind stops thoughts as if he has stepped into an empty room without light where he listens until the darkness itself shines with its own inner light. Gaining for himself a sense of being guided, he lays out his sermon like a chef in a restaurant planning appetizer, main course, and dessert.

The food for the soul must be neither too rich nor too dull but nurturing and balanced. The goal for the preacher is to leave an aftertaste as his congregation departs. And he knows in the end the sermon must be reduced to one simple thought—in this case, sweet has no meaning without bitter, and joy would be without taste if there were no sorrow to establish its cost.

And up toward the hill behind the town in a large house is a woman attended by two midwives. She is about to give birth to a girl. And touching this small gathering with her mind, the mermaid makes that shift in which she travels through time. She feels not just the labor but also the fetus in its struggle to be born. Held tight, and yet, with the contractions, it faces the inevitability of change.

The mermaid lets go of her oneness with the ocean. She becomes that first breath that has not yet happened—light, smell, sound, taste, and touch—being born in another world in another form.

This is not at all like entering the awareness of a squid, a jellyfish, a shark, a whale, a dolphin, or an eel. They all exist within the sea. In them, nature unfolds in its own way.

But to be a human baby—to truly make your way, you must create. And if the mermaid were to express in words her reaction, it would go like this: “For humans, life is cloaked in loneliness and pain. The isolation at times defines and shapes their being. But not for me. I am of the sea. Going deep inside to my core is love; going out into the world there is also love, because this entire planet exists to celebrate love.
“Human beings are not yet aware of this. Perhaps, like a man trying to swim across the sea, they would drown in the ecstasy if they tasted the love I taste in every moment. “But that matters not. The child’s first breath—hidden within it, disguised in darkness, suffering, loss, pain, and separation, is a great wonder waiting to take birth.”

And here is one of the differences between mermaids and us. The mermaid does not need a reason or a purpose to commit or to act with courage and daring. She is like water that flows without having to reflect, yet every molecule and vibration is in the present moment responsive, alive, ready to give and to receive.

She makes the leap. She leaves behind her mermaid form—eyes still closed, she takes that first breath and rejoices from the depth of her mermaid soul, a soul now hidden within and yet expressed outward in the form of the child.

* * *

The woman has returned from the restroom. As she sits down, I turn to her and ask, “What are you reading?”

She replies, “I am a pilot. I am studying for my next pilot’s exam. I fly for the military and a different airline.”

I ask, “Are you qualified on this plane?”

She answers, “Not this one. But others close in size. My husband is piloting this flight. Whenever one of us is free, the other rides along so we have more time together.”
I am stunned, but I quick-draw and fire off a question while I still have her attention: “You must be good at sensing the weather.”

Her terse reply: “Radar helps.”

“One last question,” I say to her. “Did you meet your husband in flight school?” I know that mermaids can join with a man so deeply that they can acquire the other’s abilities. Maybe that is what happened. She met a pilot and absorbed the vibration of his mind and his aptitude toward flying.

She replies, “No, a mutual friend introduced us. We were both already pilots.” And then she is gone, as if I am not here and she and that training manual are the only things that exist in her awareness.

A mermaid who pilots commercial airlines—the idea is mind-boggling. It does not fit any preconceptions I have of mermaids. Lying back in the reclined seat, I go again into deep meditation and search in the darkness for a ray of light. I am looking for a way to salvage my fairy tale and make sense of a mermaid who flies planes:

The child grows up in the small town by the sea. With an emotional flexibility similar to the adaptability of a cuttlefish that changes its appearance to blend with its environment, the mermaid woman quickly learns to act like human beings. Her particular talent is in so aligning herself with the soul vibration of those around her that, indeed, if a family trait is being impatient, then she also feels and acts that way.

If they are hardworking and severe in outlook, so is she. If her friends are competitive and demanding as she grows up, she learns not just to mimic them but also to outdo them in coming out the winner when being a winner is what is needed.
But if you watch carefully, you will notice that unlike human beings, she is never mean or selfish. And she is never lonely or sad. Still, at times it is hard to tell if she is acting. It is like she is engaged in a game of poker and is simply playing her best hand.

What is the right question that captures the essence of this mermaid’s life in the form of a woman? Whatever the question, the answer is that she blends in, goes with the flow, and adapts. But beneath these things she observes and waits, because for her something is about to happen. After all, other than expressing love, for a mermaid the essence of life is wonder.

In that first lifetime as a mermaid woman, she meets a man who understands her powers of empathy and the depth of her feeling. And this is truly an amazing thing, for as all mermaid women know or else quickly learn, when it comes to love, men are nearly incapable of understanding anything.

How did they meet? And the first moment? The first eye contact?

He is from a neighboring town. And they meet twice, first at a wedding and the second time at a funeral.

But there is something here I do not understand. He senses her before she senses him. And he is no merman. Though not indifferent to others’ needs, love and kindness are not at the top of his priorities. He is industrious, hardworking, and, at times, inventive. But when it comes to the mermaid woman, he never loses his focus.

For him, it is like this. He senses that she is so malleable and receptive that she can fit inside of him. It is conceivable that you can get a human woman to align herself with your heart and soul, like two individuals dancing together, listening to the same music and experiencing the same rapture.
But the souls of women are not fluid like water. They do not extend outward like a stream of energy that can flow in and through another. The mermaid woman can do precisely that. He knows this the first moment he glances back in the church and looks into her eyes. He feels he is no longer in a church made of stone and wood but in a grove of trees at night with the moon shining above.

When the people are filing out of the church, he finds her and introduces himself. He squeezes her hand. And in that moment she knows she has found her man.

And so lifetime after lifetime, these two incarnate and find each other so they can be together again.

It is a nice story. It is certainly romantic. But what am I missing?

* * *

The flight is well into its descent. I sense the nose of the plane dropping slightly in relation to the earth’s surface. I am now desperate. I need some sort of confirmation that she is a mermaid. I cannot create a story and hang it on nothing. My fairy tales involve real people who embody wonder, power, and mystery mixed together.

I pull out all the stops. I focus on the mermaid queen Istiphul in my mind. And I say to her, “I could use a little help here.” After all, that fact that I am seated next to this mysterious woman was part of the Other Side’s design. I was supposed to meet her. And so I ask Istiphul, “What is the purpose behind this encounter?”
How can I ask an undine queen about purpose when mermaids do not need purposes in order to act and to plan? Actually, Istiphul is a grand master of identifying the deepest desires in your heart and then presenting you with a totally captivating vision that feels one hundred percent real—a vision of what you are meant to become.

The plane is approaching the field. The girl turns to me and says without any prompting on my part, “You mentioned you sensed a lot of water in my aura. My whole life and even until just recently I have had the worst problem with empathy. Sometimes when I am in a group of friends, I feel I am in a dream. I feel so much a part of the other people I am with that it is like I am inside of them—like, if I were to wake up from the dream, I could easily be one of them instead of me.”

I review for her how the mermaid women all at some point as they grow up learn to limit their empathy in order to survive in this world. She does not agree with me. She says, “It is not that easy.”

And then it comes to me. I see it in part because of another mermaid woman who has been following my train of thought through her powers of telepathy. She points out that there is a beam or bar of red energy extending out from the woman’s abdomen to the pilot, her husband, who is flying the plane. The two have a powerful internal bond that he has created that draws them together lifetime after lifetime.

I study his aura briefly. He possesses a laser-like concentration that was hardwired into his soul from birth. He too is not a human being, but what I call a Perseian. He is a member of an advanced race of souls that are here at the invitation of the earth. They have been asked to replace Homo sapiens should we become extinct.

For that race, it is not unusual to bond with another so that the two souls are joined together from within. It is an act of power that
is natural for them because it is part of their immense capacity to adapt and to change.

Think of it like this. Men spend an enormous amount of time trying to attain balance. It takes an effort to relax, to unwind, and to feel happy. They need entertainment, coddling, support, self-validation, repose, satisfaction, someone to talk to, and an intimate connection to distract them from their acute isolation.

But a Perseian brings a different ability to a relationship. One woman put it like this: “My husband and I share the same soul.” In this case, the Perseian feels the woman’s presence, life force, and soul energy inside of his own body. He is that connected to her. Human beings have not yet learned how to do this.

The result is that this frees up a Perseian male so that he no longer has any personal needs. He has internalized his opposite, the female, by making her part of himself. There is a lineage such as that of Swami Rama who transmits from master to disciple the experience of internalizing the feminine within oneself. This establishes the feeling of being united to a woman from within.

But the Perseian’s internal bond is with an actual woman. He thus gains life force and soul energy far more easily. The Swami, however, can compete with the Perseian by practicing a lifetime of strenuous yoga. But the internal bond with an actual woman offers far more experience with feeling and intuitive insight than any yogi typical gains. To put it simply, the Perseian’s internal bond with a woman gives him five times more energy than that of a human being.

But mermaid souls are different. They freely flow love into anyone and everyone around them according to each individual’s capacity to give and to receive. They do not “bond” with another. It is never appropriate for a mermaid to have a man imprint his
desire upon her so that her entire life, at least in terms of love, revolves around him.

My answer to why this woman is sitting next to me? The mermaid queens themselves put this woman next to me here on the plane knowing that I would sense that her soul was of water. And in writing my modern fairy tale I would arrive at the place where I realize I was being asked to intervene—to either mediate or arbitrate a resolution to a conflict that arises out of the interaction of these two nonhuman races.

This is not so odd. A woman on the board of a conflict resolution institute once said of me that I am the best mediator she ever met.

*   *   *

The plane has landed and is approaching the gate. I tell the girl that I will have another book out in a year and in it there will be a story about her and her husband. She asks me the name of my book that was just published. I tell her and say that if she emails me, I’ll send her a copy.

I have done similar things with other mermaid women. I wrote an essay on the social conflicts between mermaid women and the men they love. One such woman had her boyfriend read the essay. He already knew she could do things with energy and that she loves in ways he had never seen before. But he had always been uncomfortable with the fact that she could let go of him in any moment and not feel loss. The essay helped him understand the woman he was with.

Perhaps if the mermaid pilot and her husband read this story, they might be more accepting of each other’s differences. She can unite with him by flowing her love in and through him. But in her very essence she is also united to the sea. He has taken that away from her. For the undine
queens, beauty is something to respect and to love. But you never want to bind it to the will of another. Beauty, like the sea, is always wild and free.

The vibration of water on this planet possesses wonder, beauty, and love to such an extent that only in the far future will a race appear that fully aligns itself with the deeper purposes of the earth. The undine queens know this. The human race and the next race, the Perseians, as of yet do not.

My fairy tale is now complete. To summarize, in another lifetime a mermaid enters a newborn child. She grows up and meets a man. Their love is such that they find each other lifetime after lifetime in order to be together again.

But she only exhibits one mermaid trait—powerful empathy—that indicates she is something other than a normal human being. But this is next to impossible. A real mermaid in a woman’s body always embodies the traits of mermaid women, except in one circumstance—where a magician has taken possession of the mermaid and changes her soul vibration through the force of his magical will.

The situation with this mermaid pilot is similar even though it does not involve a human mage. The reason her other mermaid qualities are hidden is that she is under the spell of a man who has the soul of an advanced race.

But now the mermaid queens have asked me to intervene. They would like a mutually satisfying resolution to the conflict.

I know how to proceed. I shall indicate to her how to reunite her soul to the sea to reestablish her natural state of being. Then she shall again be free to love in accordance with her true nature, without being bound and caught in her lover’s gravity well of will.
When she took that first breath as a human being long ago, she opened herself to taste the wonder that was there to discover; but it was not her intent to surrender and be consumed by the needs of another.

A human woman in a similar situation would, after a long period of time, eventually get angry and then burn so hot she would break the bond with the Perseian. Romance is nice, but independence is essential for loving another. All human women eventually learn this.

Love can take you in different directions. It can keep you focused on this world. It energizes you to overcome life’s limitations. It inspires you with daring so that you make the most of the opportunities that come your way.

But for those who are from the Other Side, this world is always less real than the astral plane from where they come. And so love, real love, is sometimes knowing how and when to let go. There is a time to realize that this world is only a small part of what you feel inside.

As for the Perseian, he will come to understand that to touch life with tenderness requires greater skill than is present in the power he now commands. And if it should be that he needs a referral to a member of his own race, I know a few women who will do, who can match his will every step of the way with equal skill.

The River Mermaid

Nations are outlined on maps by natural barriers like mountains, rivers, and seas. History also plays a role in designating national boundaries:
battles lost and won; there are negotiations--territory bought and sold--
and marriages that establish which flag that flies over a piece of land.

By necessity, there are also boundaries that guard our souls. Certain
feelings are off limits because they are too foreign. Not just strangers
who we could turn into a friend. They are alien to our personalities and
the opposite of what we are.

Certain sensory experiences are also off limits. In their dreams,
Catholics do not change from human form into a crow or a deer. They
do not move through the woods at night in state of exaltation free of
fear.

The homeless person or the prisoner can easily enough dream at night
of owning a mansion in Grosse Pointe or a beach house in Malibu. In his
imagination, he can sit on the sundeck with his friends and enjoy the
peace and ambience of the sunset. But the god and goddess of the sea
such as Neptune or those of sunrise or the night sky will never appear.
Some things are beyond normal reach. You have to be on a spiritual
journey or magical quest if you are ever going to meet archetypes that
flow that deep.

The wiccans and druids do not dream at night of a formless god or of
rising to the point where they shine with his light; nor do they wrestle
with him to obtain a blessing that shapes the destiny of many nations. It
just never happens. We cling to what is familiar. Too much ambiguity
produces anxiety.

Our dreams move within familiar landscapes. Whether we awake from
nightmares, night terrors, or wistful bliss, our dreams are our own. They
support us.

We may want what we have been denied. And so a dream can
compensate. It can remind us of what might have been, of what it is like
to be fully loved, or bring back the love that once was.
Dreams may speak with the voice of our instincts. Hungry, prowling desires lurk in the darkness at the edge of our consciousness.

Dreams can also speak with the voice of conscience. Things we may consciously deny the dream declares we still feel inside—guilt, remorse, sorrow, and loss. Occasionally, the dream speaks plainly—happiness is right here inside you if only you would let your conscience guide you.

Dreams may overextend their welcome. The mind wakes up, but the body is still asleep. You feel paralyzed, not fully in one world or the other. The brain may panic and imagine all sorts of monsters and horrors moving about. But there are no monsters or traps—only our imagination grasping desperately for an image to explain the fear that accompanies feeling helpless.

Even more fascinating is false awakening. This occurs when you are dreaming and in the dream you imagine you have just woken up. You get out of bed. You do things as if you are fully awake, but usually something is not quite right—you switch on the light, but nothing happens or you turn the door knob, but the door will not open. And then you are back in bed dreaming again that you have just woken up.

In the false awakening, there may be an ominous or strange feeling present. There is a sense of the uncanny, experience lit with a strange light, and feelings that are uncomfortable or suspicious as if something is not right.

This feeling of things being "off" or "not right" can be generalized. If someone feels strong ties to fairy or the astral plane, the Other Side, to the Sidhe, or the Next World, then the “false awakening” does not go away—our entire world feels like a “bad dream” because inside there is a feeling of belonging somewhere else.

Fairy tales invade some people’s lives. All manner of creatures appear to them. Some of these beings are from the realms of fairy—the Sidhe,
the sylphs, gnomes, salamanders, undines/mermaids, and there are hordes of other creatures. Some are just ghosts of the departed.

Some of these creatures have survival instincts and seem to exist for no other reason than to feed on the life force of any human they can contact. And there are the demons--both of low and high rank like Mephistopheles who was assigned the task of negotiating a contract with Faust.

There are good reasons for why we should shove these encounters with the realms of fairy out of our minds. They may be too enchanting, too beautiful, or too scary for the rational mind to make sense of the encounter. When we wake up in the morning, it is best to get on with our day free of distraction. To leave part of your soul--your feelings and aspirations--on the Other Side is to invite the destruction of your personality. No one wants to be swept away by some emotional riptide that takes us out to sea where we have nothing solid to hold on to.

And then too there are extreme scenarios that, if true, would be too much to abide. Might there not be a few born in human form whose souls are from the Other Side? As I have mentioned, there is no User’s Manual lying next to the crib that clarifies everything when your dream kingdom is different from other human beings.

Comments from her Biography

I do not have mirrors in my room

For others a mirror reflects light and form--

You can see your face, your hair,

Your smile, your tears
But for me a mirror
Is a portal between the worlds--
Spirits step out of my mirror
And walk about my room
Moving objects here and there
It is not that they wish me harm
My well-being is not their concern
What kind of home
Leaves it to the child
To deal with these things
On her own?
I tell you
This world is not right
Others see rainbow colors
I see a little grey
But mostly black and white
Though at night
Creatures come to drain my life
It is during day desolation plays
Without use of magic mirror
When she was young, she ran away from home many times to escape the spiritual beings that walked about the house during the night.

How do you retrieve the soul of a mermaid who has strayed and lost her way as she journeys between the worlds? What ancient word of power must I speak that creates a path so enticing, so full of delight that she can slip free of her human identity and exclaim--"I knew it all along that this entire human enterprise is a ship upon the sea without home port. In this moment love is what I am—it flows through me without end."

As I write, my room spontaneously fills with watery blue green energy. Waves of water flow around me. Yet this water is not just a flowing, undulating sensation. It has feeling and life. Its touch is affection, acceptance, and love.

There are times in life when a dream, as thick as a cloud, comes down to the ground and surrounds you. Others may not see or sense it. But for
You it is more than a day dream. More than being awake inside of a dream.

It is the telltale sign of two separate realms coming together, overlapping, and uniting. These realms are then like two lovers whose two lives flow into each other and join as one. For mermaids, the life within one is sensed and felt as the same life within the other. We are all immersed in one sea of love. Mermaids have great difficulty in imagining any other kind of reality.

But what happens when a mermaid enters a human body? It is easy to stray when they walk in human form among humanity, for the rules governing love in our world are not the same that operate in theirs.

Since her soul is from the Other Side, she sees spirits with great ease beyond what is familiar to human beings. These spirits are not those that associate with mermaids. These beings embody the id of the collective unconscious, the dark and blind side of human craving and obsession.

But when she tries to talk to human beings about her experiences, no one understands. People can offer no advice. And if she were to persist in seeking answers, others consider her crazy.

But other parts of her life are familiar to us. These are the typical experiences of a young woman growing up. There is the normal level of failure and success; there is the loneliness and friendship, rebellion and learning to fit in.

When I look at this woman, my surroundings change. I see the mermaid inside of her. And then immediately I find myself sitting in a small pool beneath a waterfall with the Colorado River a few hundred yards away. She is in front of me within the falling drops. The water is cool. The sound of water splashing and the spray on my face blend. The drops dripping down my skin is a language of its own through which she speaks to me:
The present moment is your home.
The water is pure and clear.
Everything you hold dear is here.
The water flows.
Your blood flows.
The cloud, the river, the sea
The earth and the sky
Are your home.
To feel what I feel is to be free.

Then the image shifts:

We are sitting in the Colorado River where the water flow is calm. It is dawn. The current wraps around our bodies, eddying, curling, swirling.

I look into her eyes and feel the flow of the entire river--its waves and shores, its rapids and the pace that moves fast and slow.

Her eyes never lose their tenderness, their innocence, their purity, or their newness even as a million years pass by in her mind, two million, there million, four million years are here and gone.

Gazing into her eyes, I am hypnotized, mesmerized, for I have become like her--beyond the confines of time.
She is the mist
A soft, wet caress
On my chest her fingers drift
I am her song
The world is gone
Her breath, her lips
All that exist.

I ask, Tell me about yourself?
She replies:

I am still in the mountain pool
My waters are soothing, serene, and cool
I am turbulent,
A rapids, a waterfall, a flash flood
Crashing and smashing against canyon walls

At times I lie down and sleep
This life is one of my dreams—
My incarnation as a human being
Yet I remain part of nature
Pure and innocent
Should I fulfill some purpose like other human beings?
Does the wind have places where it must be
Or the sea have plans for tomorrow’s activities?
The river and I share the same soul
Feel what I feel—
In this moment
Millions of years of water

Splashing, laughing, singing, and dancing
Vermillion, citrine, and violet
These buttes and cliffs
Are sculptured by my fingertips
Inch by inch
Geological art
The work of my heart
Receptive, yielding
Yet bold and daring

Tell me more of your journey in becoming a human being. She replies,

I love: Human beings negotiate for affection
I dream: They make and shape things
I flow: They use thoughts to think
I know: They analyze and hypothesize
I am: They act to further their beliefs

For millions of years I flow
Without thoughts, decisions,
Negotiations, or beliefs
I am complete
Human beings strive to create a fate
If I touch my dreams
Then with them I am unable to speak
If I speak to them
I take away their pain
Which is too much for me
Unlike them,
I cannot be mean or feel hate
Yet that is what they share with me

In the end
The sea will find me
Then again I shall be free
And then the mermaid says to me:

You are not as other human beings
You see and greet us
When we walk among you
You find and celebrate us
You are mermaids’ bard
With your art
You open gates
Between separate worlds
Use your voice
To reveal
That love is what I am
Regardless of the realm
In which I dwell

Brief Biographical Notes
Susan

At age three she says she levitated at night when she slept. When she woke in the morning, she would float down to the mattress. Her five year old sister did not like this. The sister said to her, “You shouldn’t do that.”

Her aunt once slept in the same room with her, but refused to ever sleep with her in the same room again. The parents didn’t notice. At age five, she stopped levitating because she went to school and finally got it—you really aren’t supposed to do those kinds of things.

Typical of some other mermaid women, adults treated her as an adult when she was a child. And she feels that emotionally she is the same person now that she was when she was a child.

Like many mermaids she was often outside of her body looking down at herself floating in the air or on the ceiling at night when she was asleep. Unlike another mermaid woman, no one yelled at her, “Get back in your body.”

Unlike many mermaid women, she actually had caring parents and a decent childhood situation. But she remembers being in the womb and that her mother was conflicted about having a second child because of what it was doing to her figure.

Typical of mermaid women, as a child she spent lots of time in the water. She lived next to the water growing up. Now, she feels that being next to the ocean is a necessity. Swimming in the ocean every day is a need like eating. She has lots of energy and can go for days without sleeping without feelings stressed. She says she draws energy from the sea.

She is aware of what each of her friends is feeling wherever they are. Giving is the most natural of things to her. Like some other mermaid women, she does not understand being mean or hurtful to others. She has never felt mean in her life.

Acquiring personal boundaries has been quite difficult for her. It has been a life long struggle in this life and in past lives to realize she has to
take care of herself, to not become exhausted in giving to others. In other words, she has learned that at times you have to actually distance yourself from other people.

All the same, people like to be near her. People drop by the place she works just to be there. Some people like to live near her and help out without any identifiable reason for doing so other than feeling good about being around her.

She has met many men and had a number of relationships in which the men were involved with magic and had unusually strong will power. These men were not always abusive but almost always they could not get enough of her.

Unlike almost all mermaid women, she believes it is possible to find a human male who actually can do a decent job of returning the love she gives to him.

She does not recall any dreams but has many flashes of past lives. She knows when she has been in a location before in a past life and what the circumstances were at that time. Her recall extends back into Atlantis and Lemuria.

Does she think of herself as a mermaid? Mermaid women usually do not care to think of what they are. Ideas that define the self are not important to them.

Her experience with love is not an idea, a morality, a concept, a theory, or anything to do with anything outside of this present moment. Love is a direct perceptual experience for her, that is, she can perceive it with her senses. It is not “I love you.” It is “love is flowing in this moment between us.” That is what love is--an actual, observable exchange of energy.

She has never met any female like herself. And she cannot understand why women do not enjoy giving of themselves in each and every moment of time.

She thinks the human race will survive but not in the form it is currently in.
Monica Orosco

Monica Orosco was born and raised in the foggy, misty Sunset District of San Francisco, a place graced with weather very reminiscent of Ireland, which happens to be a land very dear to her heart. It’s no doubt she has spent soul time in Ireland both at land and sea. It is quite impossible for her to live far from the Ocean’s edge a place where all of this lassie’s inspiration and spirit comes alive.

Monica spends her time working on spiritual writing and fashioning ocean themed jewelry which sparkles with hues of blue, green, red, orange, pink and aqua. In this life she has recently met others from the Enchanted Realms and hopes to unite these elemental souls together for support here on Earth. Monica shares a love for all things Fairy, Mer, and enchantingly magical while incorporating these loves into every aspect of her life. It is her hope Enchanted beings become welcomed into the minds of all as the loving, healing, “real” beings they are, instead of simply understood as make believe. As the saying of old: “When history becomes legend and legend becomes myth.” she believes we must awaken and refresh our souls with the magic, beliefs and arts of the deep past.

The Mer in me it’s easy to see

    Long, golden tresses

    a heart set free in the Sea.

    Enamored with shells, hues of aqua and Sea spells

    I long for a land I hope has not been lost in the Sea,

    a realm where dimly lit palaces

    twinkle in the fathoms below,
where all things Mer are safe and secure
and Merfolk dwell alive and well,
an Oceanic Heaven where the
Majestic MerKing and MerQueen
shed their Love and Grace
upon the Magical Oceans
of the deep unseen.

(poem by Monica Orosco)

Kris

Put simply, there was a man was curious if the sea had consciousness--if it could take on a woman’s form so you could love and marry her.

And the mermaid was curious if a member of the human race could feel a love that is everywhere and holds everyone in its embrace--

I thought it was the ringing of the sea
But it was a mermaid singing to me
She came to me in my dreams
And asks,
Can a human being
Hear the songs the sea sings?
Can you feel what I feel?
Wonder, beauty, and love
Are the only things that are real?

Her touch
Is like a trace of rain
As soft as lips
A gentle, flowing mist
The thin spray of waves
Caressing you face
Bubbly white foam
Reaching for your feet to embrace

She replies,
In my dreams
The sea and sky are one
And the moon holds in her hands
A love that heals and nurtures everyone
It is my nature--
I can never stop giving of myself
But when I meet human beings
They desire to hurt me or possess me
Is it so beyond the knowledge of your race
That you cannot imagine love
That is both free and filled with divine grace?

The man replies,
What do you see
When you look into my eyes?

She says,
Unlike all other men on earth
I see the blue green sea
Looking back at me.
But you lack the knowledge and the means
To manifest your dreams
But in another life time
We shall again meet
And then you shall both love
And marry the sea
Though it is my nature to be free
I cannot bond with anyone
For each moment is in itself complete
Yet this promise I shall keep.

Isio

She emailed me: I've read from your website a number of times in the last two years. I have debated contacting you for a while, but I want to know the truth.
Actually I stumbled upon your website by accident. Since I was a child I have struggled with the feeling, no the "knowing" that I was someone else. Of course I am me, but that I was someone else that I didn't quite remember. Those in the world of my dreams all knew who I was and accorded me great courtesy, but it was like when I wake up I'm stuck “here,” living this life.
I realized from a young age that most people were not like me. I learned quite early to keep my mouth shut. Most people didn't see things, or know things the way I did. Most people don't dream the way I do, or love the way I love. And somehow, I started to search for answers as to who I really was. I got no answers.
I think inside, I've always known, but it just seemed... preposterous to
admit it out loud. So I keep a low profile and watch, and learn. There must be a reason why I'm here.

Sometimes I feel so "uncentered", like my soul is restless because it has to confront its truths. I feel like I'm here in this body but a part of me is alive somewhere in another realm. I have seen her when I sleep. I know that she is me, but she isn't the me that's here and now. And the strangest thing is that I feel like I am an extension of "her", and not that "she" is an extension of me, like I am "part" of her.

It was one of those times that my soul was raging to be heard that I typed in "human-mermaids" on google and I got your website. Needless to say, that gave me a measure of peace. For the first time I read someone describe my life accurately. My experiences, my challenges with the men I've loved and who have loved me, and my aptitude for detachment that baffles even me. It was a joy. And then I read of other people who had had experiences like mine:

I do not soak myself in bath-tubs but I love long showers--its ridiculous. I stay so long my fingers get wrinkly and my skin that grayish pallor. I do not go to the ocean every other day, but I cannot live where there is no water. Just knowing that it is nearby gives me a sense of calm and that I am in a safe place. (Just the thought of living in an arid land sends me into a state of throat-constricting panic--and no, a pool won’t cut it.) And then I have to go "visit" this place. Just immerse myself in its presence- the air, the soft breeze, the sounds, the sight of light glimmering on that surface of water.

I do not like dirty water. I don't like sand on my feet. I love playing in water, but I never go in too deep because I know it is such a big beautiful thing and I'm so small in comparison that it could easily sweep me away. Don't get me wrong, I'm not afraid of dying, but life is so beautiful and sacred, I owe it to my Creator to fully experience it, good and bad.

And so, I guess I'm telling you this because I'm curious as to who I really am. I'd like to know from an unbiased party who has the gift of "sight" and "knowing" of a mermaid/ mermaid type woman if I really am what my soul is telling me. Plus, I have a lot of experiences and I’d
be happy to share these with love with other young women like me who have struggled to accept the truths about themselves.

Can you help me find out who I am?

I told her I would meditate on the answer. This is her story of when she first began to incarnate in female form among human beings.

The dream of the sea,
Like all lovers,
Is to love
And to be loved in return.

There is a man on a raft who has survived a ship wreck. He is unconscious as he lies on his back. She comes to him, her arms resting on the wood where he lies, and she gazes upon him. She cups her hands, and I suppose as some mermaids know how to do, she somehow collects water free of salt and sprinkles it on his lips. 

He survives. But occasionally in his dreams she comes to him. He dreams he is again on the raft. But he is not ship wrecked. He feels at peace floating on the sea. The sky is clear and calm. There is a moon rise. And then a woman appears to him holding his head on her lap.

Or in another dream he floats on his back on the open ocean. But the water is not just water. The water is love in physical form and it surrounds and supports him.

But though she appears in his dreams, she sees that the sea is not within him. Without her presence, the sea does not embrace him.

He marries and has a daughter. But unlike most young women, the girl as she grows up loves to be by the sea. If she could, she would be there by its side every night. She is also very good at sailing as well as understanding and predicting the weather.

And even before she is twelve year old, she demonstrates a most unusual ability. Where the family lives, storms on occasion drive ships into the coast where they crash on the rocks. Three times she has gone out at night when everyone else was asleep. At dawn she comes back having rescued a sailor who would have otherwise drown.
One of these men is a ship’s captain. A few years later this captain marries her. She leaves the island where she is born to be with him. Her father sees her every few years when the captain’s ship sails on a Northern route.
But though both her father and the captain spend years living with her, the sea never enters their dreams without her presence to guide them. They do not perceive or conceive of the gift that has been given to them.

The dream of the sea,
Like all lovers,
Is to love
And to be loved in return.

The girl’s response to this story:

Wow, this is fascinating! I am pleased, though I already knew. I don't know of any other person who dreams of the ocean as much as I do.

Almost every night, I am swimming in the ocean sometimes with a flock of others, or just from here to there as a common form of transportation.

From a young age I despised my toes. I don't know why it bothered me so much, and in all honesty I thought they were ugly. I still do. All I could see were their knobby joints and many times I tried unsuccessfully to "straighten them out" by pulling them with my fingers.

I've always been different. I can be all over the place bubbly vivacious, but I've always been a little detached from everyone around me. A few months after I was born my mother told me how whenever they laid me down on the floor, I'd roll on my back and carry my feet up so they wouldn't touch the floor. They all thought it was cute, and I had a secret smile when she told me.

How was I different from other kids? For one, there are the dreams and visions. I can physically "feel" other people's emotions, stress and
insomnia. It is like they're giving off an intense energy that I can almost
taste. Sometimes it feels like my chest can’t contain my heart. When I
love someone I feel their pain. You can be on another continent--time
and space do not matter. Sometimes if something excites them, I feel it
too. I also know what people feel about me just by walking past them. It
is refreshing to know that "nothing" is really hidden under the sun.

One of my first memories was of a dream I had where I was swimming
across the ocean, and then I suddenly realized that I was human now--I
needed oxygen to breathe and that in real life I hadn't learnt how to swim
the way people do; and I had a brief worry if my strength and body
would sustain me. Well, I shouldn't have worried, I swam just fine. I
was very young at the time. I doubt I was even seven.

About me. I have many names. I have a personal phrase that best
describes who I am: “I flow here, I flow there, I have no roots,
yet I own every space.” That phrase just set itself in my heart and I uttered those
words out loud one day when I was meditating about my true self.

I love nature and animals, and I love the arts. As a child I had friends,
but you need to understand, the language of the spirit world is not made
up of words. It is so different from how we communicate that when I try
to explain what exactly it is like, all I can liken it to is a sensation of
something "orange yet fluid" floating around one's ears. It is like an
insult to try to express it in words.

I'd see things before they happen. Once I had a clear vision of my friend
who was being abused and how her boyfriend ended up murdering her.
She had never spoken to me about this boy before, and I just called her
and told her everything I knew--his name, what he looked like, how long
they'd been dating, the issues they were having, their last fight and what
would happen if she continued to date him. She was flabbergasted.
Everything I'd told her was correct and the guy was indeed a bully.

To be so empathic can be quite exhausting. I find that it helps to create
a mental filter that filters all the "noise and chaos" of everyone's
emotions lest the darkness within them overwhelms me and takes all my
energy or worse changes me into something that is impure and without a
center of peace. I need my core to be still, balanced, and unshaken. Perhaps this is the well my detachment draws its strength from.

I have had a number of stalkers. Strangers walk pass me on the street, turn around and start following me home, asking for an audience. The greatest problems I've had with men are

1. They want to possess me.
2. They love me yet want to hurt me to see if I'm real.

I do not understand this logic, especially the latter. Humans always pray, beg and cry to God to give them something good, something true, and a love that is real. Yet, when they get it, they deliberately destroy it to see if it is truly real. They punish you because you love them and because they don't believe that they deserve something so good. Their response to me is that I am too good to be true.

It is funny, yet sad. I love, I hurt, I heal and then I love again. Love loves me, and I love it right back. I cannot stop loving.
The Feminine Mysteries

A Villa on the Outskirts of the City, 14,000 BC

“Kamual,” says the man sitting at the desk by the window as he lifts his eyes with a quiet stare.

“Nariora,” Kamual replies, entering and closing the door behind him.

“How may I please the Council?” Nariora asks, standing up.

“Sit down. No formalities. My visit today is a friendly gesture.”

Kamual sits in a chair next to the window looking out on the capital of Atlantis. An occasional gust rattles the window. He reflects, “Today the sky is clear. Clouds or sun—neither seems to affect the winds.”

“Weather has been bad,” echoes Nariora.

Kamual goes on, “Yes, another month of fifty-mile-an-hour winds. It does keep rioters off the streets. If it goes on like this, we’ll have to start growing food underground.”

The two men gaze for a few moments into each other’s eyes. Kamual is in his eighties, though he looks as if he is forty-five. His eyes memorize everything he sees—a loose thread on your sleeve, the way a small muscle tightens on the lower left side of your chin as you think, or the slight changes in the dilation of your eyes—and he senses other features
such as small shifts in your breathing patterns or the intonation as you speak now compared to when you spoke to him five years ago.

“You want to know about … ?” asks Nariora.

“Your interest in women,” Kamual replies, appearing uninterested, as if chairing a tedious committee meeting going into overtime.

“My discretion is impeccable. The Council knows this. What I do is solely a private and personal pursuit,” Nariora says, trying to conceal his surprise.

“The same could have been said about Tagora—he was discreet and absolutely reliable. And after thirty years we are still rebuilding the part of the city destroyed by his experiments that combined lasers, sound waves, and crystal balls.”

“Yes, some areas of science are best left unexplored,” Nariora concedes.

Nariora proceeds cautiously. When necessary, Kamual can produce in his own brain the brain waves of another person. This allows Kamual to think the exact thoughts and mimic the precise words of another person even without having any experience with the person. Kamual, like all High Priests of Atlantis, has unique magical gifts at his disposal.

“Let me see if I have it right,” Kamual replies as he clasps his hands together and places them under his chin. “You have a gift. You can produce in one person another person’s vibrations—the way they think, feel, and even to some extent replicate the other’s memories.

“I do this with my mind. But you do it with the astral body as well.

“So you take a receptive woman. And then you teach her to embody within herself the aura of an undine queen.”

Kamual pauses, watching Nariora’s face to confirm that every detail is accurate.
Kamual goes on, “So that is your experiment—you want to see if this can be done; I am curious myself. I would like to see if it can be done. Hell, the entire High Council would like to see if it can be done.

“Is this not slightly worse than destroying part of a city? This is like rewriting DNA. You are opening the gate to the Next World. Would it not be nice if you—”

“If I first sought the approval of the High Council?”

“Exactly.”

“I am not opening a gate. What I do only involves two or three women. There is no invasion of our world. It is just that they are—”

Kamual interrupts, “They are what? More feminine than our women? More loving? And in terms of love, no doubt, you have concluded they are more human than we are.

“You may not realize this, but I have heard it all before. We have this debate in fact in the High Council every few years. There is always some scientist dabbling in magic who wishes to reveal to mankind some new technology that unites the inner and outer worlds—psychotronics, mind over matter, enhanced telepathy, genetic modifications, fusion of personalities—there is no end to it.

“We earnestly and patiently hear him out. We consider the pros and cons. We debate risks and benefits, values and unforeseen side effects. We affirm our desire to seize new opportunities that the divine sets before us. And then we turn him down. Do you to know why we turn them all down?”

“Why?”

“This is why: people do not know it, but our civilization is always on the brink of destruction. No society can hold within its hands the powers over nature we command without a profound respect for human
limitations. Given the risks we have taken for the sake of knowledge, it is amazing that we still exist.”

Gesturing toward the window, Kamual continues, “We could change these winds—make them go away, postpone the onset of an ice age for a thousand years. We have debated it. But that would be placing our wisdom up against the wisdom of a biosphere that has existed for billions of years.

“We think the earth knows better than we do about when to alter its climate. There will be no discussion of your undine women in the council. Your experiments end now.

“If you want to do something worthwhile, help us upgrade the Fire Crystals. We will need more energy to cope with the weather.”

Nariora responds as if calling check on his opponent’s king in a game of chess, “But there is an issue here the High Council must be made aware of.”

“Go ahead. Illuminate me.”

“It is in regard to the magical equilibrium,” Nariora explains.

“Yes, we all have this training.”

Nariora continues, “My research with the undine queens indicates that our species is weak in its understanding of water as compared to earth, air, and fire.”

Kamual leans forward to stretch his back. “You know, some would say you have fallen under the sway of these undine queens.”

“I’ll be brief,” Nariora says. “You know about elemental imbalances. What happens if someone is strong in will, intellect, and consciousness but weak in love?”
Kamual presses his lips together in a pout: “This is a beginner’s question.” He goes on, “If the element of water is weak in an individual’s astral body, the individual will inevitably desire to manipulate other people. He will know others only by observing their actions. Without access to empathy, he will be unable to feel an inner connection.

“He will take excessive risks, ignoring threats to his safety because there is no contentment, no inner peace, and no desire for harmony. Lacking the ability to dare—to dream or imagine himself as a new creation—he will never transform. What have I left out?”

“In a worst case,” Nariora offers, “he increasingly takes risks that threaten his own survival. His obsessions stop his conscience from sending him warnings.”

Kamual replies, “Every neophyte knows this. As much as I love the study of wisdom, what is your point?”

“The undine queens consider that humanity is totally out of touch with their realm,” Nariora explains. “Because of this elemental imbalance, they tell me, our destruction is inevitable—another race has already been designated to replace us, one more suited to live in harmony with the elements of nature on this planet.”

Stifling a yawn, Kamual says, “Sorry, I didn’t get any sleep last night. The Guard was on alert, and there have been some strange incidents that it is best not to mention lest the public catch the rumor and panic.”

Standing up, Kamual says, “Elason is outside the door waiting. I know you like her. In all honesty, I brought her along to soothe any frayed nerves. Matters of this import must always be fully acknowledged for their complexity and their passion. I’ll take my leave.”

Going to the door, Kamual softly says, “Elason, go on in now, please.”

Elason smiles at him and waits until he is gone.
Nariora walks to her, taking her hands in his, and remarks, “Another High Council member in one day. I am honored.”

They sit. Lowing her head slightly as she gazes into Nariora’s eyes and speaking almost in a whisper, Elason begins, “You must understand. These are difficult times. If things were more peaceful, you could just go out in the country somewhere and do whatever you wish to do with the fairies—the sylphs, gnomes, salamanders, undines—no one really cares about such things. What people do not see does not worry them when it comes to the Blessed realms.

“But the Council has been on alert. We have all been searching others’ minds for threats and plots. Obviously, I am not the only who is aware of your work.

Nariora replies, “And my work falls under threats and plots?”

“Actually,” Elason counters, “the light I sense around you is terribly refreshing. I don’t think men can comprehend it.

“But you are here to ensure that the Council’s edict is followed?” Nariora asks perplexed.

Elason rises half an inch as she straightens her back and lifts her chin, “Just answer one question. Is what I sense true: that women under the influence of the undine queens retain their youth, growing more beautiful as they grow older?”

Nariora pauses a moment to reflect. “That is one effect. It is in the aura. As a woman’s natural magnetism grows stronger, her beauty is amplified and her health remarkable increased.”

Elason lowers her voice as she goes on, “Then I have a second question. Can a woman master this magnetism of the undine queens and at the same time conceal this power from others?”

“Such as other Council members?” Nariora asks.
Elason nods.

“Yes, stay completely focus on the physical details in your environment, and you appear solid like the earth element. Or concentrate on ideas, and it is your intellect that others’ notice.”

Nariora explains. “Magnetism is like weather—if there are no clouds in the sky, the magnetism is still in the ground. You just don’t get the sky lighting up with lightning so no one senses its presence.”

Elason says, “Then this is what I want from you. Stop your experiments for a year, maybe two. Then begin again but only with women who are initiates of the Mysteries.”

Nariora responds with a look of shock.

Raising her hand, Elason continues, “I know of such women who possess the receptivity you require and who can be trusted. The men on the Council do not know of our mysteries. You can pull this off. I am sure that Kamual failed to ask you the right questions.”

Nariora asks with a questioning look, “And that would be?”

Elason replies, “Are there now undines in the form of women in Atlantis?”

“There are two.”

“And you know them and they trust you?”

“Yes.”

“Then in a year,” Elason says, “we will apprentice women to these undines. If our women live with these undine women and learn from them … How many years will it take?”

Nariora thinks for a moment. “If I teach your initiates my methods, they will embody an undine’s aura in three to five years.”
Elason states firmly, “I want this done. I’ll tell the Council I am keeping a close eye on you. Blend in. Upgrade the Fire Crystals. Participate in state projects. No one will worry about you. It was an accident that Kamual noticed your activities. Can I trust you on this?”

“I will follow your lead in every way,” Nariora promises.

“One last thing,” Elason says. “Can you tell me briefly about the undine queens?”

Nariora replies, “I have spoken with eight. They each embody different qualities of the magnetic fluid. One is a master of love beyond human experience. Another embodies an inner peace with the universe. A third is the healing power in nature.

A fourth is joyful celebration. The fifth is aware of the entire magnetic field of the earth. The sixth has the prophetic gift of seeing the past, present, and future, though they all have that gift to some extent. The seventh awakens your own and others’ memories as if you are experiencing them for the first time. And the eighth is a master, not of the ecstasy of love, but of the tenderness and affection that bond partners for a lifetime and more.”

Elason says, “I wish to meet and speak with the mistress of love. What is her name? Can it be spoken aloud?”

Nariora replies, “Istiphul.” As the name is spoken, the room briefly grows cold as if snow has begun to fall through the air or as if there were frost on the windows and icicles on the walls.

With a penetrating stare, Elason says, “If it is not too much to ask, will you arrange for the queen and me to spend some time together?”

“To whatever extent you desire. She will answer all your questions.”

After a pause, Nariora asks, “How will it work?”
“This Order you and I shall create?”

“Yes.”

Elason explains, “It shall be passed down in secret from mother to daughter or, if need be, from grandmother to granddaughter. I think three pairs of mothers and daughters should suffice. We shall have a spiritual archive, but it will be hidden from the world; the only access will be through telepathy, just as is done with your undine queens.”

“And then?” Nariora asks.

“When the world is more receptive to the Feminine Mysteries, any woman who desires shall be able to find us by searching her heart. We will visit her in her dreams or arrange meetings on the astral plane according to her needs.”

Before she departs, Elason gives Nariora a hug, squeezing the air out of his lungs, and then releases him with a kiss on his cheek.

Three Thousand Years Later in the Great Library

The Great Library is underground. Each floor archives the knowledge of several thousand years of Atlantean history. There are five official floors. The first two are open to the public. The other three require permission to enter. Only a few library personnel may access them.

Each level also has restricted areas. There are secret archives whose existence is known to only to certain linages of masters. And behind walls and secret doors, there are sealed archives lost and forgotten.

Sa, one of two female members of the High Council, sits in a lounge reading on the third level. Looking at her face is like watching the sun
rise, its rays filtering into a grove while the full moon sinks beneath the opposite horizon. Her beauty is dazzling and yet also soft and inviting; it surges in strength while in the same moment it is yielding—she could easily be the most beautiful woman in Atlantis if she did not go out of her way to disguise her physical and personal charms.

Sa senses Radea entering the room. Though the floors and wood-paneled walls are spotless, even marble decays, its dust in the air after six thousand years.

In spite of this distraction, Sa catches Radea’s scent when he is thirty feet away—it reminds her of a moist field of wheat two weeks after harvest, with dirt, puddles, and organic matter composting. And it is the scent of a wolverine marking his territory; even the nostrils of a bear would flair with a warning of danger.

Even demons honor this man. He has a gift of power. Somewhat jaded, at times boyish, he possesses a straightforward honesty that even his enemies appreciate.

Sa knows otherwise. Radea’s father was executed as a political pawn after the brief theft of the Mentarch, the most sacred artifact in Atlantis. The father covered for his son’s involvement.

With that death, Radea assumed the hereditary title as Curator of the Great Library. He also became the second in command of the Dark Order, a magical society that from its beginning has been forbidden.

Radea sits down next to Sa.

Radea speaks with the voice of an old friend who always secretly wished to be her lover—tender yet holding back, “It is said that these halls are haunted by lost souls. But today, with you having been here, any ghost that enters this place will find its way home. How may I assist you?”

“You have closed your mind to the dreams I send. I worry about you,” Sa says.
Radea replies with his boyish smile, “No need to worry. I am fine. I have never been stronger or clearer in my purposes.”

A thought flashes through Radea’s mind—looking into Sa’s eyes is like gazing at a magic mirror. You never know what thing from the near, far past, or distant future will gaze back at you.

Sa smiles as she catches the thought.

Radea says, “I would be a fool if I did not ask—what is it that you people do in this secret Order of yours? We have no records, no trace, no evidence, no investigations—am I the only one in all of Atlantis who knows of your Order’s existence?”

She holds his gaze silently.

Radea goes on, “I mean, look, your involvement in my life is no accident.”

Sa makes a face as if to remind him that women have their own ways and necessary secrets.

Radea continues, “It is not as if I can’t figure it out for myself. I know enough about secret Orders. There is nothing I cannot imagine.”

Sa says, “Go ahead. Give it your best shot.”

Radea responds, “The first time I met you, you were literally wearing wings, virtually nude … You saved my life, and then you put me through hell, well, it was a horrific experience with mobs of women chasing me on the Day of Rituals.

“And the words you said the next time we met: ‘I can give you whatever you ask as long as you open your heart to my light.’”

Sa says, “And how does that add up?”
“You combine love and lust,” Radea replies. “You push trust to its limits. And you have some secret knowledge or a gift the human race does not yet possess? You take the molten hot cauldron of desire in men, and you drop into it a piece of the Philosopher’s stone wrapped in wax, and the molten lead turns into gold.

“You take not the seed of the man’s body but the vision or dream within his heart, and you cloak it with your beauty until it is reborn as spirit.

“Am I missing anything?”

“You have not addressed why we do this,” Sa says.

Radea replies with confidence, “I think we share in common the same desire: to transform the world. You are doing it from the side of love. I am doing it from the side of power.”

Sa responds, “And so the question becomes, Is power the servant of love, or must love submit to power to fulfill its purposes? That is how you see it, isn’t it?”

Radea replies, “Very perceptive. I wish that love were the underlying purpose of life. I really do.

“He’ad’ra and I have the same problem: at the core of my being is an emptiness that nothing can penetrate. Until love invades that desolation, I am stuck with the pursuit of power.

“Would you like to invade my desolation? I am available anytime. Maybe tonight?”

Sa ignores his rudeness. “The difference between you and He’ad’ra is that he has a sense of wonder. He is in awe of the beauty of the universe. He is willing to become nothing to reflect that beauty inside of him.

“But you are clingy. No wonder, no awe. For you, beauty is best when it is possessed. You are like a star when it has burned up its light of
inspiration so all that is left is for it to implode upon itself. Your purposes are the purposes of destruction.

“He’ad’ra has gone through the darkness inside of him. For all your freedom from fear, you are still terrified to pass through the part of yourself that is unknown and uncharted.”

“Tell me,” Radea asks, “what is hidden in the darkness?”

“My love,” Sa says simply.

Radea responds, “I am the heir to twenty thousand years of secret research into the Mysteries. Sweet child of the Pleiades, I believe you.

“Find me again in another lifetime when I am more receptive to beauty and love and I have not been dealt cards that place the dark fate of Atlantis in my hands.”

The Gate

In the first age of Atlantis, a poet named Vilius sits in deep meditation surveying a spiritual crossroads. He looks inward at the realm of undines. This realm of divine sensuality is as real to him as are his own heartbeat and breath.

And he looks outward at the civilization of Atlantis. Strong and vibrant men with dynamic wills and brilliant minds are already laying the foundation for a great civilization.

Yet he sees what is missing from their wisdom. They will rise to great heights, but it will be pride and not love that walks by their side.
And then he thinks, Who am I to tell them that they are wrong? That the paths they follow carry a hidden fate that they shall discover too late? We all learn from experience. What I see and feel will make no difference.

Amid struggle and need, strife and greed, hunger and desire never satisfied, we rise. The human soul is a fire of passions, instinctual desires, and also ideals—these three burn through every obstacle and barrier that limits us. We would not feel alive if it were not for the danger that walks before us. Harmony and peace have never been our strengths.

Then, turning to gaze inward at the realm of undines, Vilius thinks: But here within this magical realm I am free of human need. Love is not enchantment, obsession, or illusion. There is no betrayal or failure within it.

I have learned that my soul is a reflection of the sea. I feel the waters of the earth flowing through me. The undines that dwell here exist within and for love.

Surely the love I share with these beings shall only be known on earth in some far future when another race replaces us. Mankind does not share these dreams. These visions in which nature, human, and divine entwine—what master in what religion that human beings invent could possibly imagine this wonder?

The undine queen Isaphil teases me. Creature of beauty, she says,

*Love is the highest magic on earth. If you cannot share it with another, then this wisdom is lost.*
She throws down the gauntlet, challenging me to play her game. She says to me,

The essence of my being is found in a heart that dares and a heart that dreams—find another with whom you can share my love—a woman through whom the bliss that I am can be expressed.

Do this, and I will enter the world in human form. I will dwell among you and teach the mysteries for which this planet has been created: a oneness with the universe.

In your world, love is always at risk of being set adrift as the forces of life place increasing demands upon it. But in my realm love is never lost.

Understand who I am, the depths that are within me. There is no greater peace on the inner planes of this planet than that which exists within me. There is no destiny that shall appear on earth that I do not already see. There are no dreams that men shall dream that are not already within my dreams.

Beyond all fear, love holds the universe in its heart. All journeys in the outer world shall come to naught unless the unknown lands of the heart are first sought. When you touch me, when I caress your skin, it is the mysteries of the heart that you feel within.

I will introduce you to a woman, to Liriell. She is receptive, responsive, and like a sister to me. With the two of you together, I will draw near to her and anoint her with my beauty. Then I shall shine through her eyes and speak with her voice.

I am not a fanciful vision without impact or result. Flesh and blood, the union of body and heart, are part of my art. Accept my commission, and I promise you she will arise, surprise you, and meet you as an equal.
I reply, “If two who share this love walk down the streets of Atlantis, will anyone notice? Will someone come up to us and say, ‘Your love is not of this world. From whence does it come?’”

Isaphil laughs playfully and says,

I have already told you that happiness is inevitable. Whether it is a year, ten thousand, or a hundred thousand years, the gate to my realm shall be opened. The time can be now.

Flow as water flows. Feel as a lake feels the starlight sinking into its depths. Dream as the sea dreams of bringing forth and sustaining life. Imagine love that is free, clear, and beyond need.

When I hold your hand, the light of the moon fills your soul. Take this gift, the touch of skin upon skin with the sea ringing within and moonlight singing, and offer it to the world.

And so the tale is told of how in the early days of Atlantis undines in human form walked upon the streets. And in their eyes, smiles, and faces the light of the Blessed Realm shone.

What part this story of Vilius and Liriell played in inspiring the civilization of Atlantis to unite magic and science was well known for thousands of years. The songs and poetry these two lovers sang to each other remained until the end, when that great civilization sank beneath the sea.

Here is one of their poems:
I want to feel your will inside me
I want your desire to arouse me
I want to burn with your yearning
Until nothing is left
But the scent of your love
Carried by the winds of my heart.

Memories of Atlantis

“Just relax,” Devitras says to Erana as he holds her hands in his. “Breathe slow and deep. Focus your attention at the perineum about a quarter inch in between your genitals and your anus.”

Curious but also slightly distracted, Sura watches the two sitting in front of her. Sura has difficulties with this approach to body work. Nightmares, night terrors, and moaning in her sleep--they increase whenever she meditates.

Devitras instructs Erana, “Your first chakra is exactly as described in the text books. It is like a serpent coiled and ready to ascend. With your breath, bring vitality into this sleeping serpent. This is all familiar to you.

“Now take a moment and sense the energy in this part of your body. The first chakra connects you to the earth, the mountains, the trees. Feel you are the earth and that the earth is here inside of you.”

A few moments later, Devitras says, “Excellent. Now guide the serpent to enter the lower tip of your spine and ascend to this point just at the top of your buttocks. This is the second chakra.”
Erana is active in many sports and outdoor activities. Focusing on her body is effortless. The primal energy hidden in the body responds quickly and easily to her mind.

Devitras goes on, “This is where you get your sense of being high all of the time. Bliss overflows through your body, continuously triggered by your location, the people you are with, and even eating. “You can just close your eyes at times and feel the world disappears, isn’t that right Erana?”

“Yes, almost in any moment I can relax and my body fills with pleasure or bliss,” she responds.

At that moment, Devitras’ palm touches the top of Erana’s buttocks. The touch of her skin jolts his mind. Her sensuality is both mesmeric and wild. Then he places his other hand on her belly.

“Ah,” he says to Erana. “You like men but you feel no need to bond with them. In fact, you are not planning on having any children are you?”

“No,” Erana replies. “I like working with energy too much. With a man, I can watch his aura change from a shrunken dry raisin green to a bright orange after we have sex. But if I do not keep supplying him affection, the bright orange aura begins to shrivel up again. I do not like it that men do not take care of themselves without a woman there to fill in for what is missing in their lives.”

“Still,” Devitras goes on, “It is incredible that you are not pregnant given your physical attraction. You are the most fertile woman I have ever met.”

Erana responds, “I can feel what your hand is feeling as you touch me. You are not like other men. You are not trying to take or to possess. But I know what you mean. If I dance in a room I can make everyone in the room high--what I feel gets inside of them and they feel wild and free like me.”

Devitras takes a moment to concentrate on his own spine and second chakra. He senses as with Erana a combination of male and female energies. The masculine is the power to couple and to join. The feminine gives all of itself in pure sensual receptivity. The bliss and happiness the second chakra exudes comes from joining these opposites.
It appears to Devitras that Erana is approaching a goddess level of bliss. He thinks to himself, I will bring her into the Mysteries School in a few years.

“Okay then. Focus now on this point.” Devitras again touches Erana’s spine this time slightly above the navel on her back.

Devitras goes on, “Very nice. This is why you may not find men so appealing. You have already internalized in yourself male energy. You are more in change and in control than most of the men you meet.”

Erana says, “Yes, men tend to reply on me to solve their problems. I get them to do what they need to do when they lack the will to do it themselves.”

“And you do it in a very feminine way. Your fiery energy in this third chakra is inviting and soothing while still in control. Take a moment to play with that. Let your fiery energy flow outward and fill this entire room. Go ahead.”

Erana concentrates feeling the sensation of hot fire flow out of her solar plexus and saturate the room. The heat is not physical, but it is strong enough that a sensitive person might notice it.

Devitras says, “This is different from the dancing of your second chakra where you get everyone high. This is the energy of a leader who others are willing to follow no matter what. Always be ready to use this when you need it. Not many have this kind of power.”

“Now then,” touching her spine at the level of her heart, “focus here. You have a strong sense of a spiritual community in which everyone is uplifted. But remember, each chakra is itself a different application of the intense, solid connection to the earth in the first chakra.

“Go down again briefly and immerse your awareness at the point where we began. Feel that solid, dense, heavy, reptilian, uncoiling power. Now keep that power and bring it into your heart chakra.

“There. You feel that?”

Erana says as if speaking from a distance, “Yes.”

Devitras say, “This is also the second chakra--that inner coupling of male and female bliss. Except now you exude it and create it among many people.”
“It is not you dancing and using your pure sensuality to create bliss in others. This saturates every cell in others’ bodies with joy. You are uniting their minds, souls, and bodies with a higher state of love.”

“I think I see the difference,” says Erana.

“Let’s work on it,” says Devitras. “Go back to the man who is like the shriveled raisin when he is not getting enough affection from you. See him when he has an orange aura.

“Now take it further. Visualize him in the future free of all his conflicts and ego attachments. What is he like then? Go into the future and tell me what you see.”

Erana says, “He can love woman deeply, but he is not attached to them. His art is successful because he feels what he is after rather than having to use his mind to contemplate it. And he is a better judge of people. He does not associate with low life’s just because he feels lonely and constantly needs company.”

Devitras asks rhetorically, “Feel the difference? The second chakra is always on the verge of planting a physical or emotional seed in others. Its tools are gratification and pleasure. The heart chakra plants a seed of spirit in everyone it meets. Its tool is insight into what others are, have been, and are capable of becoming. If you love well with the heart you do not actually need to be with someone to feel completely a part of them. The joining is directly soul to soul--it is an inner union of opposites and you can share it with anyone.”

Erana nods again as if she is responding to him from some far distant land. Sura continues watching. She notices how Erana’s face seems to shine with a different light or takes on a slightly different look with each chakra they move to.

“And this point now,” Devitras says as he touches the center of Erana’s neck vertebrae. “This is why you like to talk so much.”

“Is that it?” asks Erana.

“You have strong connections to others and since you emit so much energy with your throat you end up connecting to them through words. If you let your mind be more empty, you will connect much more deeply with far fewer words.

“I hear a gong. Do you practice meditating with a gong?”
“Yes,” says Erana.

Devitras goes on, “The effectiveness of a gong is in part the way its sound arises from silence and then takes the listener’s mind back into the silence as its sound fades.

“Try this. Imagine your mind is open and clear like the night sky. Occasionally shooting stars flair and the stars and moon are always there. Become the night sky’s emptiness. There, you have it. Now, the thoughts of anyone you know can enter you. And others you have not yet met can appear in your life more easily when you leave an open space to receive their energy.”

“Now bring the energy up through your brain behind your third eye. Is this how it usually feels for you?”

“Yes,” replies Erana.

“You have all sorts of dreams and visions when your meditation touches this chakra. Again, become empty so that the only thing in your consciousness is what you are focusing on. Take Sura here. Focus on her and tell me what you see.”

Erana says, “She has a bluish aura and at the edge there are little ripples like waves and the waves turn into the sea.”

Devitras says, “She looks sensitive, caring, and sweet.”

To Sura, “You do not mind us talking about you in the third person, do you?”

“No, do your thing,” replies Sura.

“But she is not just a young, sweet girl, is she?” asks Devitras.

“No she is not. There is more to her,” Erana responds.

“Become that sea that you see in her aura. Nothing else in your awareness. Just the sea and feel that you are this sea,” Devitras explains.

Erana says, “I feel waves rising and breaking one at a time on a beach. I feel thousands of waves on the open ocean with their white caps driven by the wind. I feel the ocean trenches dark and silent and all manner of fish swimming there. I am vast like the sea itself.”

Devitras: “Now ask yourself, What is beneath these sensations of the sea? What underlies them? What is the energy source from which they arise or that embodies their essence?”

Erana asks, “You want a feeling instead of a set of sensations?”
“Yes,” replies Devitras.
   Erana goes on, “It is an ecstasy—a feeling that we are all one and that one energy field is within all of us and it sustains us, making us alive. It offers us every dream and vision that fulfills our being.”
   At this moment, Devitras slips his awareness inside of Erana’s body. He sees and feels what she sees and feels.
   Sura calmly looks back at the two of them looking at her. She feels nothing unusual. But they are taking much longer with this meditation and do not seem to be ready to stop anytime soon.
   Erana feels exhilarated.
   Devitras, however, keeps going back and forth in his awareness from the sensations of the sea—the waves, the depths, the fish—and the feeling of oneness in which we all exist and that encompasses the entire planet.
   Devitras understand why Sura does not sense the watery depths within herself. With nearly everyone he meets, Devitras can sense hidden talents within individuals waiting to awake in their consciousness under the right conditions.
   What is odd to Devitras is that he has never before encountered this feeling of love, ecstasy, and oneness. It is so obvious sitting here with the girl and attuning to her aura. But no one seems to have ever discussed or described it before.
   A friend referred Erana to Devitras. Her current teachers did not understand how she could learn so much so fast.
   What Erana does not know is that Devitras is a member of the secret High Council that rules Atlantis. He holds his position based on merit. He can not only sense what anyone in Atlantis is thinking or feeling. He can also predict how they will think, feel, or act under different circumstances. This skill makes him invaluable when it comes to resolving political and social conflicts.
   Devitras uses his psychic powers now. He scans individuals who have great magical power. He looks to see if anyone knows about this field of love that is everywhere and in all things.
   The head of the High Council is a man named Matee who can see that everything that exists is pure energy—he sees light with different oscillations and vibrations expressing itself in various forms including
mineral, plant, human, and spirit. But Matee has no awareness of a field of love that sustains all of life and that is an essential aspect of the planet. Sensing energy has its advantages, but awareness of energy is not awareness of love.

There is Sholtani, the most empathic of the High Council and the head of the healers at the Temple of Beauty. For Sholtani, health is harmony like a well written piece of music with cords and tones dancing in and through each other. But Sholtani’s focus is on organic and physical life forms. He researches how to regenerate and to restore, how to strengthen and to purify. He does not look beyond the individual in front of him.

There is the wizard Kalack who studies in his high tower far to the north on the high plains. There he gazes at stars and contemplates the future and the fulfillment of all dreams. Kalack is also a master of evocation. Surely, he would know of beings whose essence is love and who embody the energies underlying nature.

Devitras slips inside of Kalack’s mind as quietly as a thief who stands in moonlight blending shadow and light so as not to be seen. But there is a problem.

Kalack is aware of the realm of elemental beings that are water spirits. He knows that if he wished in an instant he could be among them and study them and make them his friends. He could learn all there is to learn about them. But Kalack does not wish to pursue this. The idea of doing so has never entered his dreams.

Devitras places a question into Kalack’s own mind so that Kalack thinks he is posing the question to himself, Why have I never studied the realm of water spirits?

His response:

That is obvious. I have no trouble with sylphs. In a pinch I can cause a storm to abate or a hurricane to go North instead of West. Persuading them to change the weather is as simple as making a pot of tea when you know the right words to speak. Sylphs are most friendly when your mind can encircle theirs in countless ways.

And as for gnomes, they consider me one of their own. I can change my aura into a stone, a piece of quartz, or a rock a billion years old.
Gnomes are like lifelong friends—the instant we meet they know I am one of them.

And salamanders have always been willing to share their innermost secrets with me. There is never a contest of wills even though the will to power is what they consider themselves to embody. I love fire. Fire loves me. Salamanders think of me as holding their wisdom keys.

But this other realm of water? Humm. It is as obvious as day and night, as sun, moon, and starlight. You do not touch that realm for more than a moment without losing the definition of what it is to be a human being. They have no egos there you see. To love as they love is to be free of human need.

If I were to become like them, I would cease to be me. You cannot have it both ways. If you are a race that has its feet on dry ground, that breathes the air, and that eats food, then you have to make things, plan for the future, think and experiment; and you have to acquire the knowledge that fortifies your will and power.

We are a race destined to ascend and to attain absolute freedom. The path is set before us. Those who are noble and of high ideals shall lead the way. We shall have many setbacks and fall again and again from grace. But in the end, we shall succeed. Failure is not an option. If we fail, we shall be forgotten.

The problem with love is that it erases all the thoughts that I have just spoken as it speaks of another destiny—to become as the water spirits we would have to know others as well as we know ourselves.

I am not saying that this cannot be done. I am not saying that it is a bad idea. I am just saying that I personally do not feel comfortable placing this option on the table to discuss openly.

Laughing to himself, he goes on.

I mean, who would want others to know everything there is to know about yourself? I know of no one. If you are going to attain one hundred per cent intimacy with every living being, well, I just don’t think so. Some realms such as this one are best left for another age of the world to explore when human beings will be ready to embrace beauty, every wonder, and to live in ecstasy in every moment.
But not right now, thank you. Now then, what was I last doing before this odd thought entered my mind?

And so Devitras got his answer to his question -- why has no one every explored this state of love and ecstasy that embraces the planet? The human race is not ready.

But Devitras thinks, I shall get to know this young girl better who sits in front of me with a look of perplexity. Maybe something in a past life will explain where she acquired her affinity for the sea. What act of daring did she once perform that enabled her to enter a realm otherwise off limits or forbidden to humanity?

“What do you see about me?” asks Sura.

Devitras replies, “You have a lot of water in your aura. It gives you the capacity for great empathy. But developing this may be a problem. Strong empaths feel too much. They walk into a room and feel what everyone is feeling.

“If they enter a crowd they may be overwhelmed because they are bombarded with all the emotions of the people without being able to sort through them one by one. And when you feel what others feel it is easy to mistake others feelings as your own.

“You will want to proceed very carefully with any training that increases your energy because it will waken this latent ability.”

“Are we going on to the crown chakra? Asks Erana.

“Yes, of course. We have come this far. Concentrate here,” Devitras says touching the top of her head.

“It feels very open and vast but I am also feeling like I am floating.” says Erana.

“You are not as familiar with this part of your body as much as with the others. Remember the coupling of the male-female opposites in the second chakra creating one energy system?”

“Yes,” says Erana.

“For you, the crown chakra is similar. Visualize a very strong and wise man in front of you and also a very loving and wise woman in front of you.”

“Okay,” says Erana.
“Now, imagine each is turning into a ball of energy without any form or body present.”

“I can do that,” says Erana.

“Now bring these two balls of energy together so they form one ball of energy combining both as one.”

“Okay, I have it,” says Erana.

“Finally, imagine a new form appearing that is an androgynous person who combines both male and female at the same time.”

“That is someone very wise and immortal, completely benevolent, kind of like an angel,” says Erana.

“Yes. This is your crown chakra at this time. You are meant to have great power on the etheric and physical planes. Both men and women will be equally attracted to you. And you shall energize everyone you meet even more than you are doing now. You are the perfect life coach--you are simultaneously soft and gentle and forceful and commanding.”

“And this is the crown chakra?” asks Erana.

“For you it is. For others it is more like becoming a nothingness that contains all things within itself.”

Give me a moment. Devitras enters his own crown chakra and feels time and space dissolve. There is no consciousness of self, ego, or identity. Past and future are not separate from the present moment and the present moment has no definition. Devitras feels a part of and joined to everything and yet no specific thing reflects who he is.

And from this state he contemplates again Sura’s vibration of water that encompasses the planet. He sees in another age of the world that men and women will know the water spirits as much as he now knows and feels a part of Erana whose chakras he has just explored. But for some strange reason, the people of Atlantis lack curiosity about these things.

Yet Devitras is not just seeing the future. He is also present in the future. And he asks one of the women there, What have we done wrong?

And the woman replies, To do what we do you must love with all of your heart. Then no limitations placed upon you. The gate to the realm of water spirits is open before you.
The young woman who is with you has crossed over to the Other Side and returned. She is a messenger to your civilization offering you a new beginning.

Here in your crown chakra you know that the words I speak are true. It is in your heart that you must also respond. Open your heart. You possess the ability to become one with anything. Use your gifts to change the world.

And this Devitras intended to do. But political intrigue and a series of unfortunate events in Atlantis distracted Devitras from following up on his investigation into Sura’s nature. And this was a great mistake. In learning from her, he might have re-examined the destiny the Atlanteans were pursuing, and then created another path.

But this he and others like him did not do. Instead, water itself became the fate of Atlantis which subsequently sank beneath the waves.
Part II

Essays
On Mermen

In his book *The Practice of Magical Evocation*, Franz Bardon introduces four of the most powerful mermaid queens and mermen on earth. He spends two to three paragraphs describing each one. I wrote at length about the four mermaid queens in my book *Undines: Lessons from the Realm of the Water Spirits*.

Questions also arise about the nature of mermen—the male counterpart to mermaids. In this brief essay I will expand on Bardon’s descriptions of four mermen. And I will introduce a merman who has incarnated and who I have interviewed on several occasions.

Aposto

Aposto, according to Bardon, rules over all brooks and rivers large and small. He can find treasures in water and also knows the magic of the water element. He offers his subordinate spirits to help in protecting people while swimming or during other water activities.

Regarding Aposto’s aura, this merman’s energy is very enchanting. On tuning into him, I immediately sense streams and riverbeds and what is within them. And he is aware of the flow of water. Touching his aura immediately places my awareness out in nature among streams and rivers.

The water imagery that arises from contact with Aposto is very animated and powerful. Again, mermaids and mermen perceive water differently than human beings do.
Sit next to a mermaid or merman on a rock in the middle of a stream with your legs beneath the flowing water. You and the merman can perceive the same physical sensations of water flowing and bubbling, the sounds and the sights of waves and splashing water.

But the merman senses the water as if he is in it and a part of it. He is aware of the currents beneath the surface, the water pressure, and the way water moves in the sand or ground beneath the stream. And he is aware of the entire stream from its source to where it finally ends. And yet there is more.

For mermen and mermaids, within the physical substance of water are etheric and astral energies. In other words, for a merman, water is itself life force and vitality. By extending his aura through the stream, the stream sustains his life the way food and air nourish and sustain a human being.

The merman also perceives water as pure feeling. It is imbued with soul and the capacity to give, to receive, and to enhance feelings and sensations of being alive. As I sit here meditating with Aposto within a stream of water, I notice that for him the water is thrilling, daring, courageous, passionate, and full of dreams.

The stream exists to give and to nourish life and to renew and purify the soul. The stream, for Aposto, is to the surface of the earth what an artery is within the human body. To sit next to Aposto and feel the energy in water is to effortlessly enter a deep trance, and in this trance one senses that water is a path of spirit that leads to the perfection of love.

Ermot
I described Ermot in my first book on undines. I have also written a story about Ermot in this book, “The Knight, The Merman, and the Maiden.”

Bardon says that Ermot is similar to Aposto. Ermot is especially good at teaching the magic of water element and at making what is called magic volts. He likes to inspire human beings to love each other by help of the water element. He is especially influential with women. He can, for example, use a magnetic volt or ball of condensed energy to unfold a real story—his magical influence changing peoples’ lives in ways that would otherwise not occur.

Ermot and I have a creative relationship. When I am near a stream, he often inspires me to write a poem fashioned from what he dreams and perceives.

Amasol

Bardon says that Amasol is able to cause and to calm storms at sea. He also is skilled in working with the magnetic properties of water from both a magical and kabbalistic point of view.

Amasol’s aura has an expansive awareness that extends through the sea and sky. He has great psychic perception into the way storms at sea are shaped by the polar electromagnetic energies at play.

If for some reason you wanted to capture complete in your awareness a raging thunderstorm at sea, with all its wild winds, lightning, and huge waves, then Amasol is your merman. His consciousness can do that—the entire storm he understands; it is like a force he can control with his mind.
The process by which he can generate or calm a storm is derived from his ability to extend his aura out into nature and through the clouds and the sea. The magnetism in the earth and sky is part of his awareness so that by changing what he senses, he changes the weather.

It is somewhat difficult to find a psychological application of Amasol’s powers. He has direct power over nature. But from a magical point of view, if you wish to increase your ability to work with the magical aspects of magnetism and electricity, Amasol is a really great merman to meditate with.

As an imaginary exercise, you can try placing the palm of one of your hands over the other. Imagine that the hand on top is the sky and clouds of a thunderstorm; the hand beneath is the ocean with its water and its waves.

As you imagine both the storm and the ocean embodied in your hands, you may begin to sense the charging and discharging of electricity and magnetism in nature. Add in some imagery of lightning passing between the clouds and the sea represented by your two hands, and you may feel some sharp and intense sensations on your skin.

Ardiphne

Bardon says that Ardiphne can cause changes in the world by force of the water element. Since for mermen and mermaids water in one location is tied to water everywhere else through subtle vibrations, you can use this linkage for magical purposes.

A simple illustration of the application of Ardiphne’s skills is to place your hands in a bowl of water. Imagine you can sense the magnetism in the water. Feel this magnetism connecting you to the magnetism of water within nature. By changing the vibration in the water around your
hands and placing in that vibration your intention, that energy then influences anything else on earth you wish to work with through the magnetic properties of water.

In the process, the tension, thought process, unease, and frustrations of modern life suddenly vanish. You are joined to serenity, peace, and contentment at levels of intensity that are beyond what is commonly experienced in human society.

From this perspective, it is possible to move beyond psychology. The energies of nature can be present in your awareness as they are present in the awareness of mermen. This allows you to feel with greater power than human being are usually capable of feeling.

The Incarnation of a Merman

With 7 billion people on earth, there are some unusual things. Among these, a few mermaids and mermen have incarnated in the bodies of human beings under a variety of different conditions. It is not so much a matter of answering the question, Why they are here? It is more like, Why not?

Water goes where it wants to go; it just flows. Love too expresses itself in ways that are often unnoticed and unseen. Love can operate outside of conventional understanding or the categories men dream up when they write their philosophies and theologies.

He works two jobs. He is not famous or wealthy. He is not a celebrity or a rock star. And he is careful about whom he loves, for he loves deeply. But in one of his jobs where he is out in the open, a different woman walks up to him each day and offers to sleep with him.
The mermaid women have the opposite problem—men stalk them. Men sense that these women naturally, effortlessly, and spontaneously exude energy; it is an energy that heals and that makes you feel really good when you are near them. Mermaid women know how to blend with you and match your energy to such an extent that you feel you have just met yourself in another form. When you are with one of them, you feel joined to nature from inside yourself.

The mermen have a similar effect on women—it is like standing on a beach in front of the sea. But the sea is not water but love. A woman may feel that she would like to enter that ocean and be carried away by a love that has no end or limitations. But imagine the problems. These are human women. Nothing in society has prepared them for the love within nature.

The mermaid queens are magnetic love in its primordial, archetypal, and cosmic aspects. They are the sea itself expressed in feminine form and consciousness. By contrast, the four mermen described above specialize in some aspect of water in nature. They focus on the movement of water as liquid and as energy.

In a similar way, in his natural state, this now incarnated merman focuses on the movement of water as it overflows in nature, anywhere where water rises up or wells up—the tides, rivers overflowing their banks, tsunamis, storm surges, flash floods, and the backflow when a six-foot wave of water pushes back from the ocean and rides up the Amazon River.

Again, as an example, if you touched his aura when he is a merman on the inner planes, these images might flash through your mind—an undersea avalanche and water rushing in and then out as concentric circles of tsunamis spreading outward. What is dangerous in nature to human beings is balance and harmony for water.

In his human form, his aura has the same vibration. He can see other people and talk to them and interact with them in a social context. But he
is also seeing as a merman; he senses water as energy flowing everywhere around him.

Being in a human body for him is like a human being wearing scuba gear or swimming under the ocean. You are in a different environment and have to act more slowly as you adapt to your surroundings.

His body is like a diving suit he has put on. But it does not change who he is, and he does not identify with the body as being real or shaping his identity. He is not a human being. He has his original merman soul inside of him.

In nature, water flows and fills a void. For him, our world is like a void. There is an empty space here, and water is free to flow into it and try to fill it. He is an aspect of that pressure in water as he enters our world to create balance and harmony.

This is his first incarnation. Previously in human experience individuals were closely bound to their group and to their cultural, religious, ethnic, or racial identities. But in the last part of the twentieth century, the isolation of individuals has created a psychological and psychic situation in which human souls have become “dry.” They lack bonds with others and with a community, so the emotional life is often harsh and barren like a dry wasteland.

The result is that the barriers naturally separating the realm of mermen and humanity have been growing weaker. This is something he is uniquely able to sense. So it was natural for him to appear in our world by assuming a human form when he incarnated.

In his youth, he was a total introvert. Then one day he met a woman who was all fire. They spent three days together. She transmitted her feminine fiery energy to him. He required outside assistance in order to comprehend what is so obvious to human men—to get anywhere in life you have to act with confidence and take charge of your resources, seize
opportunities, and fully engage others, persuading them of your value to their lives.

The girl gave him a cigarette lighter. He says if he merely holds that lighter in his hand, he feels directly connected to her as if they are still living together.

His aura is a flood of love like the sea overflowing both as a water sensation and as a feeling of love. His inner aura has the resilient and supportive aspect of water—it is like air in a tire; it can sustain great pressure so that water in an ocean trench is still water even though it is under immense pressure. Water can change to ice and act like a solid and hold up a glacier or ice sheet.

In other words, if you push against water, it pushes back. You may notice that a small streambed in a valley has huge boulders lying in it. During a flash flood the water picks up boulders and throws them around as if they are sticks.

Psychologically this means he is sensitive to other people, but like some mermaid women he could probably knock someone down with a simple flick of his wrist if he wanted to do that.

There are reasons why he has problems with human women. Sometimes a man is at first attracted to a woman of great beauty, but later on he comes to fear her. This is because he realizes that if he remains with her, this beauty will change him in ways he cannot comprehend.

In a similar way, a woman who is attracted to this merman at first is willing to let go and feel his love flow through her soul. The love reaches down to the nerve endings, into the inner brain, and every cell in her body begins to glow.

But here is the rub. You have to be free of ego to endure love of this intensity. The first thing she may notice, then, is that there is no bonding going on. This love is not romance with its celebration of special
moments shared together that allow you to say to the other, “You are mine.”

No. In this sea, there are no lines or ropes that tie you to a dock. There are no islands where you can put your feet on solid ground. You can lie on your back and float in water on a calm day. But being with him, a woman is adrift on a timeless sea where the only operating principle is that love flows and overflows.

Here the self is one with a sea and also one with whomever it loves. He is a merman. What do you expect? He has the soul of an immortal being united to the sea. His very essence is to be one with all things and to be free.

And so the second thing a human woman may experience being in a relationship with him is that she has a panic attack—she feels she is drowning. It is a sensation of constriction or contractions in her lungs and her chest.

At this point, there is no psychological feeling attached to it. She might ask herself, What is underneath this sensation or behind it? Her answer would be that there is no “me.” There is nothing to hold on to. And, in spite of feeling surrounding by love, she also feels that “this is sooo not right.”

Human women, being composed of five and not just one element, are not the sea. A better image might be that they are like a tree next to a stream. The merman is the stream. For him, love just flows. There are no restrictions placed on it. It is everywhere. Its very nature is to adapt to any circumstance with infinite creativity and to endlessly exchange energy. That is what love does.

But following our analogy of a tree, a human woman would like to be able to put her roots down into the ground; to reach up with her leaves and drink from the sun; to produce fruit after her fashion and kind; and to know that she is not just a tree but part of a forest.
The wind in her leaves is also freedom. The sunlight is ecstasy. But she does not need to move about, to radically adapt, or to constantly flow into another form to celebrate light and love. Love for her is registered in the tree rings that mark how she has grown as the years unfold.

A merman can sense and be the liquid water flowing through a tree. He can be one with her. And so, and this is the crux of issue, he wonders why she cannot reciprocate his love by being with him, inside of him, and one with him. To put it simply and most concisely, he would ask her, Why can you not be one with me even as I am one with everyone?

As every mermaid woman comes to discover about human men, they have not a clue as to how to reciprocate the empathy a mermaid naturally extends. So too a merman’s dilemma—he is here to share love with mankind as it exists in nature and in the world divine. But time after time the human woman responds with this anxiety attack and with her own question to him—Why can you not just give me the love I need rather than trying to anoint me with the love that is the sea?

This story goes on. Impossible as it may sound, the merman one day met a woman who was like him—not a human being but a mermaid embodied in a woman. But the telling of that story will have to wait until I have both of them together on videotape.
Traits of Mermaid Women

Nature—they feel united to nature at the core of their being.

Time—time is not real for them.

Psychic Empathy—they literally feel what others feel.

  Emotional Independence and Detachment—though empathic, they are also detached. They have no need to bond with others.

Relationships—they realize that men cannot love as they love.

  Innocence (and Being Uninhibited)—their innocence and uninhibited sensuality are beyond human understanding.

  On Human Beings—they see human beings as not being fully alive.

Secretive—they are adept at concealing who they are from others.

Death—they see death as a transition by which they go home.

Traits Unique to Hard-Core Mermaid Women

  Sense and Heal from a Distance—they can instantly connect to anyone on earth they think about.
**Relation to Water**—they are bonded to water.

**Water Energy and Healing**—they use water energy to heal.

**Contact with the Astral Plane**—fairies, the dead, and out-of-body experiences.

**Other Psychic Abilities**—telekinesis, mesmerism, and clairvoyance.

**Senses**—they have a profound appreciation for taste and smell.

**Introduction**

There are a few women who were once mermaids in other lifetimes. They have since acquired a human soul under various circumstances and now incarnate as human beings.

There are also instances of a mermaid entering a human child at birth. Though in human form, she still embodies her mermaid soul. Unlike a human being, her soul does change in any significant way. In effect, even as a child she has the same astral body she has as an adult.

There are also women who have no connections to the realm of mermaids. But they have the auras of mermaids. They reflect in themselves some aspect of water in nature—a waterfall, some quality of the sea, a lake, a stream, an arctic bay, and so on. The element of water as found in nature is the dominant quality in this individual’s aura.

Women who were once mermaids and women with strong water in their auras tend to share certain traits in common. These traits or qualities may vary in strength and intensity. An individual woman may not have all of them, but usually she will have enough of these traits to distinguish her from other women.
A mermaid woman’s astral body, then, is analogous to water in nature. She knows how to let go. She feels pure. She has a primordial innocence. She freely gives of herself. She feels that life involves a continual exchange of energy with others. And her connection to water produces highly developed feelings of peace, happiness, contentment, vivaciousness, empathy, and the desire to heal and benefit others.

This is not an idea or mental perspective. She actually perceives love as an energy that continuously flow between her and others. Being in the moment and exchanging energy with others is the essence of being alive.

There are of course women who have psychic contact with the realm of mermaids—they see them, talk to them, and feel them. But these women do not identify with water and so do not embody water’s distinguishing qualities.

Traits of Mermaid Women

Nature

Mermaid women feel they are a part of nature. They have a nonhuman identity. Some aspect of nature is alive within them, and that is their sense of inner self.

Among other things, this allows them to accept the world as it is. Some perceive the world as being richly satisfying and fulfilling. And yet this evaluation is not based on the extent to which their personal needs are being satisfied.

They are not greedy. They are not driven to possess whatever they can in order to ensure their own security. They intuitively experience
themselves as already part of the richness of life. They experience the abundant energies of life flowing directly through their own bodies.

As children they may give away anything valuable they have to others. They have a hard time understanding ownership. In other words, in their view, having a valuable object does not make them more valuable.

One woman said, “I have always known I am part of nature. It goes deeper than a vague feeling. It is embedded in my very core. I assumed as a child that everyone shared my view.

“However, around the age of eight I realized for people around me that it did not work like that. They used nature for their own ends, or they tried to escape from it or destroy it. This was an unconscious action for them, part of their everyday routine.”

And for another woman, “I have a different connection to water than what I have with people. It is as if I can merge my soul with water, and it is then I truly become one. Within water I feel loved unconditionally, revitalized, refreshed, renewed, happy, pure, cleansed, and euphoric. All these words do not fully describe the feelings that water brings.”

As mentioned in the introduction, even if one of history’s greatest psychologists had met a mermaid woman, they would not have noticed anything extraordinary. They would have missed seeing who she was because a mermaid woman blends so easily with the state of mind and feelings of whomever she is with.

But if they had observed her more carefully under a variety of circumstances and had known what to look for, they would have sensed something eerie and impossible to account for. She seems familiar and almost childlike. But unlike other human women, the depth of her emotional life is outside of time. It is sustained by her connection to nature.

This enables her to respond in almost infinite ways to different situations and people whom she encounters. This is something observable—her
range of emotional expressions. But again, you have to look very carefully to observe her capacity to adapt and form a unique response to each situation she enters.

She is not a human woman. She is a woman with the astral body of immortal being who is joined to all the waters of the earth.

Time

For many mermaid women, “Time in the outer world is not real.” “There is no past, present, or future.” Linear time does not exist.

The present does not proceed from the past and move into the future. Rather, the past, present, and future are simultaneously together—they form one integrated whole.

One woman said, “Schedules do not matter. They are just something I know I have to do with my conscious mind. But I can be in my sense of timelessness and still do the things that I have to do. Though I plan and schedule, I remain in a timeless space.”

And, “By flowing in each moment, time becomes timeless.”

And also, “I was just thinking today how I can tap into a memory, and it is as intense and powerful as the moment it happened. The same energy is there. Time and space do not exist within my mind.”

Another woman: “I am playing a part as a human being. Obviously, to act human is to do what they do, which is having goals and striving to attain them. But I do not like being asked, ‘What are your plans?’ I simply try new things to see if they feel right and are comfortable.”

And another woman: “I try to act human. But I have no purposes or goals. I just go with the flow.”
Mermaid women feel the same inside of themselves their entire lives regardless of how old they are: “When I was four I did not feel any different than I do now. You could put me into that little four-year-old body, and it is still me. And I know that I will feel the same when I am older.”

Another woman: “Thank you for putting this into words for me—I’ve been struggling to explain that one to myself and others for a long time! Especially the part of not feeling any different now from when I was a child.”

And another: “I am the same person now that I was as a child. Events in the outer world do not change who I am.”

Often these women mention that grown-ups started talking to them as if they were adults even when they were only five or six years old. One woman said that her teachers wanted to treat her as a child, but they caught on that she could think and feel as they do. At the same time, as adults they still continue to feel youthful and playful like children.

If you identify with flowing water that you sense is inside of yourself, then you understand intuitively that water is always the same. The form it is in changes, but its essential qualities remain unchanged—the receptivity, the feeling alive by being in the flow, the ability to respond in the present moment, and also a vast depth with its power to receive, store, and release energy.

On the open ocean, the water barely changes over millions of years. There is a timeless quality to mermaid women. You can be talking to a twenty-year old and feel she has the wisdom of a grandmother. Or you can be talking to a woman in her sixties and you feel you are four years old again playing with a friend in the backyard.

To put it simply, a mermaid woman may well understand how to schedule appointments and meet deadlines. But she also feels that linear time is not real. What is real is the feeling of timelessness—that she is
joined to nature from within in a way that schedules, calendars, and events of time cannot measure or define.

Psychic Empathy

Most people have a sense of what other people are feeling from observing body language, tone of voice, facial expressions, and so forth. Empathy may develop further by feeling sympathy for another person—you imagine what another is going through and what that would be like if it happened to you.

Mermaid women have an additional dimension to their empathy. Like mermaids, they extend their auras through other people. This allows them to sense the other person’s feelings as if those feelings are occurring within their own bodies. This is also for some of them the basis for a direct heart-to-heart and soul-to-soul connection with anyone else on earth.

In this case, there is no imagination or sympathy involved. It is direct sensory perception. They are literally feeling what others are feeling.

They can also join their own astral body with another person’s astral body so the two become one energy system. This enables a mermaid woman to transfer the other person’s pain or physical ailments from that individual’s body into her own. She can then quickly dissolve this negative energy.

Some of their comments:

“I can walk into a room and tell what everyone is feeling inside.”

“I would meet someone in a store I had met once before, and I would pick up what was going on inside that person, like he was upset.”
“I can walk up to a stranger and feel what the other person is feeling every time, good, bad, ugly feelings, it doesn’t matter.”

“An example of my empathy is when my daughter gets her feelings hurt at school over something most adults would think is silly. I can zoom to when a similar experience happened to me as a child and relate on that level. At the same time my empathy skills feel her pain as if I am living in that very moment that she experienced. Another example is when I talk to a man who has come back from Iraq. Even before he mentions his pain, I start to see his thoughts and memories of being in Iraq. It is as if I was there myself.”

“It is hard to explain in words because I am used to just sensing the vibrations and emotions in other people. There are no words or thoughts involved. Human beings are strange because they do so much with words and lose so much feeling as a result.”

“I can find common ground with anyone and give love to them. I feel an instinctive ‘need’ to encourage and nurture people I meet … I have a lot of empathy (formerly to a fault, but I am guarding myself a little more now so as not to be taken advantage of).”

“I can feel others’ pain. By flowing my energy through someone, I can calm that person down. It is like taking them off to the side and giving them a breather. This kind of direct connection can help when words do not.”

“When I meet people, I will see flashes of their lives and feel their pain and joy.”

“If I let my guard down, in an instant I can be inside of someone else and feel their pain.”

“I read a friend’s letter to her boyfriend that she had written nine years before. Not only did I feel what she thought and how she felt when she wrote the letter, but I also felt how the man felt whom the letter was
written to. She was breaking up with him. I could feel his pain! I even got sick to my stomach because of the mental/physical anguish this man went through. It was if we had become one.”

For mermaid women, psychic empathy is a natural way to interact with others. They feel what others feel and desire to care for them as if the others’ emotional experiences are their own. Again, this is what mermaids do in their own realm. When two mermaids approach, their auras blend so that everything one feels, the other feels. This includes past memories as well.

And on a deeper level of mythology, the race of mermaids watches over an actual location that contains the entire history of all mermaid experiences on earth. A mermaid can go to this place and meditate in order to be healed or to receive wisdom from others’ experiences. In terms of a technology for recording life experience, the mermaids are far more advanced than we are.

Psychic empathy is, then, a healing and healthy mode of interaction for mermaids because for them the ocean itself is an embodiment of love. Flowing energy through another is just sharing the love that is already there.

For human beings, such an approach is dangerous. Exposing oneself to others’ negativity and desires would be a quick way to destroy one’s own motivation and identity. It would be easy to feel violated and used. Being excessively needy and greedy, human beings almost always take more than they give. The idea of taking more than one gives is nearly impossible for a mermaid to understand.

From a mermaid point of view, human beings have a misconception about the importance of ego and identity. People feel separate and isolated. It takes effort to establish social contacts. In actuality, the planet earth is surrounded and encompassed by a magnetic field with the quality that a mermaid might describe as “a love that is everywhere in every moment.”
Emotional Independence and Detachment

In spite of their profound empathy and capacity to join with others from within, mermaid women feel detached from other people no matter how strong the relationship or how involved they are with others. They feel they are observing life from a distance. At the same time, they do not feel alienation or isolation. They are content and enjoy being independent.

For them, other people do not have the same life-giving vitality and feelings of well-being that they sense inside of themselves. Consequently, bonding in normal human terms of relying upon, needing, or depending on another is not of major significance to them.

For example, “I actually feel happiest when I am by myself. I feel guilty when I have a boyfriend, like if I go and have fun or if I feel happy without him.”

And also, “For me, it is about learning. You can love everybody, but that does not mean you have to be attached to them. The learning begins and ends. It is not part of this form but of the soul and the spirit.

“I try to live halfway in this world that I am describing now and halfway in the world that exists around us that I have to function in for my business. So I have aches from that, because I am torn.

“So I am trying to find that balance. I sometimes tell people, I am a mermaid having a human experience.”

And, “My son leaves in about eight days to go back to Europe. I love him and am very loving and nurturing to my children, but I do not feel the sadness others think or want me to feel because he is leaving. It is as if I do not have feelings on it either way. I am sure if people knew how I feel, they would think me bad.”
“I feel like I am a visitor here. I enjoy the experiences, but I am looking forward to going home.”

Again, “No matter how hard I try, I just cannot seem to connect with many people on a deep level. I feel deeply grateful for the love and attention I have received from others; I know its genuine coming from those people, but its not fulfilling. I don’t rely on others for my happiness or fulfillment.”

“Because I can understand how people feel, I can understand how they are going to react. People don’t even realize when they have blinders on and when their judgment is clouded by their unresolved emotional issues. Being detached, I see the big picture. This allows me to take them in a certain direction without them realizing I am doing so. I use my ability to make the best of the situation and get a harmonious outcome. If I have a problem with my feelings, I work on them at a later time. I understand how others might use this ability in a selfish way, but I would never do that.”

“I still get confused as to why humans become so attached to one another. They attach to other humans as if the human is a physical object.”

One said, “I really don’t get angry. It is such a useless emotion, really! Why be mad at someone? Because they are not perfect? How silly!”

“My boyfriend will say he had a bad day. If I had the same kind of day, I would not label it in that way. For me, it is just another day.”

From my perspective, historical fairy tales about mermaids are mostly disinformation. The writers are making up stories and inventing mermaid personalities based on their own experience with women. And so almost nothing they write is insightful or informative.

But they do have one thing right about the sea people. If a Selkie (half woman and half seal) is tricked into marrying a man, she will be his
wife, love him, and love the children that they produce. But even so, if she is ever given an opportunity to return to her own form in the sea, she will leave in that very moment.

She is able to do this because for her, love is not possessive. It is not furthered by controlling someone else’s life. And she never forgets, no matter how socially adept she may become in interacting with human beings, that she has a nonhuman identity.

I asked one woman if she would give up her human form and become a mermaid again if she had a choice, even if it meant leaving her husband and children behind. Her reply was that she would return to being a mermaid in that very moment.

Most mermaid women are comfortable being here in human bodies. But some feel they have been brought here against their wills. In general, mermaid women do not get sad, feel sorrow, or experience loss; or if they do, the experience is not prolonged.

Relationships

Romantic love involves bonding with one other person. For a mermaid, love is not possessive in this way. Love is a property of water. The ecstasy and bliss that water contains are not derived from a connection to one person. Love is in the rivers, the lakes, and the seas. This love encompasses the planet.

Love, then, is independent of relationships. Mermaids do not have an ego the way we do. Bonding in normal human terms is not of major significance to them. Consequently, they do not comprehend the idea of romantic attachment. They are definitely not codependent.
For example, “I enjoy relationships, but I have never felt fulfilled by anyone. Yet when I am with another, part of me flows through my lover even when the relationship is over. The love is an unending stream.”

“I know that men will always dissatisfy me, but I will always love.”

“It is not that I do not love him; but he knows I am capable in a moment of moving on. He likes to hold on to things. I don’t like to hold on to anything. I respect him and love him and like having a relationship, but I don’t need it. If I am not in a relationship, I do not go searching for someone. Men just come to me. There have been times when I feel guilty—like I am wasting his time because I am not attached to him the way he needs me to be.”

“When someone says, ‘I never felt fully alive until I met you,’ that is very romantic; it is lovely, but I am pitying that person because that poor person [holding her chest] cannot find those things within himself. I mean, it is out there in the beauty of life; I like the idea of finding the right person, but I think you should find happiness within yourself rather than living it through someone else.”

“I have to be honest. I have never felt complete with another human being here on earth.”

For mermaid women, all men are inevitably unsatisfying. The men seem incapable of sensing the depth of life that is within the mermaid woman. And men are incapable of returning the same kind and degree of affection and empathy. In spite of this imbalance, mermaid women continue to be giving with whomever they are with.

“Men do not have the same depth that we carry. This was in Harry Potter. Hermione said to Ron, ‘You’ve got the emotional range of a teaspoon.’ That is how I see men. I am not saying that men do not have a sensitive side to them. They do. But in relating to the depth of a woman’s feeling, I don’t know if they can really relate. I haven’t seen that.”
Some mermaid women have difficulty in their relationships to men because a boyfriend will discover that the mermaid woman is in no way dependent on him. So he thinks to himself, “How can there be a relationship if she does not need me? There is no bonding going on.”

One mermaid woman suggested that in this situation a woman should simply celebrate whatever the men do give, no matter how small it is. She went on, “We never need men. Having the relationship is really nice. But the need part is insignificant.”

I said to one mermaid woman, “You have felt really connected with men. So when it suddenly ends, there is a feeling of loss. But it is temporary?” She replied, “It is kind of like, ‘Oh, what is next?’ because I look at it like a progression in my learning. What ends in one relationship goes on in a new way in another.”

And, “You know, I can connect with people but I do not really bond. I connect with them to serve a purpose, and after the purpose is served I am gone.”

“My purpose for them is almost experimental—I am teaching men love and empathy. It is much harder than I thought it would be.”

In addition, mermaid women have the ability to continuously flow energy and love through others regardless of whether they are far or near. Water in nature is like that. It remains healthy because it is constantly in motion, flowing, giving and receiving endlessly.

I asked one mermaid woman about how she is constantly flowing energy through her boyfriend and whether he senses this. She said she has always done this with all her boyfriends in the past. Her current boyfriend is aware of how she flows her energy through him, and he really likes that she does this.

Innocence (and Being Uninhibited)
The uninhibited sensuality and innocence of mermaid women are almost beyond human understanding. They are one hundred percent in the moment aware of the possibilities of exchanging energy with others—they give all of themselves without holding back. And they never lose this form of innocence.

They are not operating from a position of ego. They are feeling another person’s body as if it is their own body and the other person’s feelings as if these are their own feelings. They are not using human empathy. They are using mermaid empathy, which is literally inside of you and sensing you from within. There is no “I” present, only the feeling of being a part of each other and connected.

As they grow up, however, they learn that human beings do not reciprocate these feelings of connection. All the same, this is their natural way of interacting, and this primal capacity never leaves them. It is the freedom they possess in regard to sexuality, sensuality, and love that is beyond human comprehension.

For example, “I don’t understand why people can’t feel pure love.”

“No matter how much other people hurt me, I give love back. Love is my religion. Love in every moment.”

“I am not attached to things; only love. Love is life; life is love; love is everywhere.”

“I never understood why people did not love on the level I did. It was very confusing growing up even as a young adult. Something that came so natural to me seemed to be difficult for others. I never understood why love always had a cost or repercussions. For me, I love with my entire being. I don’t understand why humans must try or work at loving each other. You love someone for the good, the bad, and the ugly; and if you can’t forgive, then you really don’t know how to love at all.”
“Humans have strange connections and obsessions with other humans and materialistic items. These things have always been hard for me to understand as well. I was giving away jackets, toys, and all kinds of things even as a child.”

“When I was young I used to get confused because no one knew how to think in an unselfish way. I couldn’t understand why people were selfish. Even now, I see it, but I still do not understand it.”

“I have a hard time with the whole concept of morals and society’s rules and norms. I mean love is who I am and what I follow. For example I do not on purpose hurt others. I don’t get the Ten Commandments that some follow. Rules, laws, what is right and wrong in society’s eyes—all of these things I have a difficult time understanding. I feel if only they knew how to really love, they would not need all this because with love comes compassion, empathy, forgiveness.”

“I used to wonder about the whole conscience thing. I mean, I am not sure I have that within me. I don’t seem to understand shame or guilt the way humans do. Shame can be so restricting, and I don’t like that.”

“Speaking of sexually uninhibited, that is how I have always been. I don’t understand or feel the emotion ‘shame’ that so many others speak of. I don’t understand the guilt and shame that go with sex. I am a very free, loving, and a wild spirit when it comes to sex.”

“I am perfectly capable of being a hundred percent uninhibited with sex. The emotions are off; I am detached. I can have sex with someone without feeling any attachment; I can be attracted, but it doesn’t go beyond that. I would never use the word ‘special’ to describe having sex with my lover, even though it is special in the social sense of not having it with anyone else.”

“I like to experiment. I realize how humans work—that there are a lot of emotions and feelings involved. So it is important to not ignore those.
Yet I want to be uninhibited because otherwise sex is just expressing your ego.”

“I still to this day do not understand the whole love and sex thing. For me, the two are separate. No wonder humans get so confused in relationships.”

“I love sex. But for me love and sex are not bound together. Sex is a natural bodily function. Love is of the heart—it is a soul-to-soul connection. Love does not require physical consummation in order to be fully expressed. Love is what I am.”

“Bathing suits are the bane of my existence … and nudity and sexuality are big factors in my life.”

“I don’t like bathing suits. I never wear one when I am cleansing myself, immersing myself in the water.”

For a mermaid woman, if what you are doing makes you feel alive, then it is right. If what you are doing makes you feel weak, then it is wrong. This principle defines the sacred. In practice, however, it is not necessarily any easier for them to find which way to flow. Life is as complex for a mermaid woman as it is for anyone else. But they can tell from their feelings if something is right or not, and they usually sense before those around them when it is time to move on.

On Human Beings

“Human beings are savages.”
“The men need to be coddled; the women are mean, vindictive, and jealous. The men are like children, and the women are selfish. I wish women would wake up and find their own personal power and realize they don’t need to be mean. And men are always striving because they need to prove themselves.”

“I think women are very powerful, and they often use their power for evil. I trust myself and know that I don’t try to hurt others or gossip, but I don’t trust women to do the same. Even so, women are drawn to me and respect me.”

“Human women often are revengeful, angry, and want to hurt others. It is so sad that someone goes out of her way to make others feel bad; she must be so unhappy.”

“I do not do selfishness. And I do not understand why women who are hurt by someone would want to hurt the other person in return. The idea of being revengeful, vindictive, hateful, or negative is beyond my comprehension.”

“When someone does something malicious, I can’t relate to that; I never feel like that, even when I am dealing with someone who is really cruel. I only want to do what needs to be done; I don’t want to hurt someone who is trying to hurt me.”

“It is amazing how all this earthly/physical energy/stimuli gets in the way or distracts them. They are not a very advanced race. Humans are very animalistic with many negative emotions.”

“Sometimes I don’t even think of myself as human.”

“I was thinking about how as a child and all through my life, one of the hardest things for me to accept was how humans could be so cold-hearted and selfish, and they only loved you when you were what they wanted at that moment or doing what they wanted. They seemed to hold grudges and not forgive easily. It is as if they really don’t understand
love at all! One moment they love someone, and then the next they don’t.

“How do you just stop loving someone? I just never understood that. I understand how relationships don’t work out, but for me, even for the ones that have not worked out, I still love all these humans unconditionally.”

And, “Why do people want to waste energy on hate and negativity. I find it frustrating!”

“I was just sitting here thinking of how humans go around almost as zombies when it comes to emotions and love. I can feel love all around me and in every bone of my body, but they seem to have such a hard time with the emotion they call love—when really it is so much more than a thought or an emotion. And they search and search for it when really it is with and around them in every moment they experience. They just need to put it within every thought. I do love humans as I love all beings, but they tend to be so overdramatic! Yet I understand. Even my human tendencies can get the best of me at times.”

“I don’t want to say people are half dead. They just don’t recognize their aliveness, the gift of life that they have now. The opportunities around us are limitless; we can be what we want to be, enjoy experiences in life.”

“There is so much life and vitality, creative and artistic life to be lived. But in others there is something missing as if they do not feel supported from within—they go on ticking life away not even knowing how much is missing … Not even knowing that they weren’t fulfilled.”

“Human beings lack in passion, feeling, love, empathy—all of it! I know I must make the best of this world I live in, and I do want to help. I love to feel alive and use all my senses. It is as if humans just go through the motions of life without really being able to love unconditionally and empathize.”
Secretive

Other than a few exceptions, it usually takes me between six months to two years to get a mermaid woman to tell me about herself. And then I am usually the only one she has ever shared her experiences with.

They tend to be very secretive or shy about talking to others about what they sense and feel. Their acute receptivity makes them different, and it makes them vulnerable. How do you explain to other people what is so utterly natural and right—being able to feel others’ emotions and sense their energy?

They learn early on how to disguise themselves so they appear to be like other human beings.

“Interacting with others is a learning process. It is why we are here. All the same, I find it extremely difficult to be fully understood by others.”

“I am quite secretive, but that is mostly because I realize others won’t understand.”

“All my life, people say I am mysterious. But I am not holding anything back. I just walk in this quiet knowing.”

“We are evasive and illusive. We do not need to broadcast where we are at, what we are thinking, and what we are feeling.”

“So I am secretive; I don’t mean to be, and I think it is funny that others think I am. If I am asked a question, I will answer the question. I have nothing to hide from anybody. But I am not going to waste my time trying to explain the depth of me that nobody will understand.”
“I do not tell others much unless they are ready for the information. Many people would just think me crazy if I told them the things I know and remember.”

“There is real energy I naturally exude. But even as a child or teenager I have had others who very quickly became attached to me if I let them. So I have learned how to block that kind of attention. Blocking is about being open or closed. Giving another energy is like leaning toward that person, but blocking is like leaving a distance between us. So I have had to learn how not to give others my energy.”

Mermaid women have often experienced being stalked. A complete stranger, for example, may follow a mermaid woman when she gets off of a bus.

There are also people who know how to drain the energy from mermaid women. These individuals may unconsciously act as emotional vampires, trying to take the energy the mermaid women seem to be willing to give in excess. There are in fact a few human beings or other types of people who have the willpower to both sense and take possession of mermaid women.

For such individuals, bonding with a mermaid woman is like being united to nature from within yourself. And so there is more than sufficient reason for mermaid women to become masters of disguise.

Consequently, from an early age, they learn to “block” others from sensing their energy; they hide themselves. They are like professional actors when it comes to assuming a role different from what they really are.

I asked one mermaid woman, “On behalf of my readers, and putting aside everything that I have said to you, can you tell me who or what you really are?”
The mermaid woman replied, “I use this body to experience things. My body is like a glove. It is something I put on and wear. It does not change who I am. Though I have entered a human body many times, I remain unchanged. I only grow in experience.

“I have disguised myself this time around. I can integrate myself into human society to an amazing degree, but I am not all that human. I even sacrifice or limit my connection to my otherworldly self in order to be more socially effective. Yet I am here as an observer of human reality. This is what I am.”

Death

Mermaid women talk as if the astral plane—the next world—is more real than this world. And since some of the mermaid women can so easily see and speak with departed spirits, the boundary separating the living and dead seems of little or no significance. Some mermaid women speak to dead people in the same way they speak to people who are alive:

“I do not fear death; I am happy to be here and to learn, but I am also excited about moving on.”

“Death is not important to me. It is not that I do not value life. I try to be the best person I can. There is so much more I am a part of than this world that we see. Actually, for me boredom is death.”

“I don’t believe in death. I remember many lifetimes.”

“I don’t believe in death. It is just leaving the body and I am moving on.”
“Death is not to be feared or even of major importance. It is merely a transition.”

“I have been thinking that there is this whole world I can sense but not see. It is frustrating that no one else feels it or acknowledges that it is there. It is so real that I am unafraid of going there. I do not fully understand it, but I feel that it will make complete sense when I get there.”

“I am trying to make my husband understand some things. He is upset about a friend who will die soon of cancer. And he just does not understand that when he dies he will then actually be more alive than ever.”

“I was thinking today about funerals. You know in my entire life I have only been to one. I think they are so silly, and why do people mourn when they should be celebrating the new journey the departed are taking?”

“I never understood the attachment humans have with their bodies. I sense the soul that has left the body. I try to encourage them and help them in adapting to their new situation.”

Traits Unique to Hard-Core Mermaid Women

Introduction

To review, there are human women with mermaid auras, that is, they have a lot of water in their auras. This watery energy reflects some aspect of water in nature—a waterfall, a mountain pool, a lake, a stream on land or underground, a river, an ocean bay, or an arctic bay.
These women feel, think, perceive, and act the same way as real mermaids who are inside of human bodies. Though these women are human, they identify themselves with water in nature, so they act and talk exactly like the mermaids. Yet they have no ties to the realm of mermaids.

A mermaid in a woman’s body usually has some broader connection to nature. For example, her aura embodies the vibration of an entire ocean. These mermaid women, however, are from the Other Side. They are immortal beings occupying a woman’s body. Consequently, they possess additional traits that the human mermaid woman usually does not have.

For example, they are hardwired from birth with certain abilities. They can instantly connect to anyone on earth with their psychic perception. They usually have telekinetic abilities in some form or possess mesmeric abilities to influence others. Since they are from the Other Side, it is easy for them to perceive and interact with spirits from the astral plane such as fairies. And though both kinds, the human and the hard-core mermaid women, talk as if the astral world is more “real” than this world, the hard-core mermaid woman often talks directly to spirits almost on a daily basis.

Sense and Heal from a Distance

A human mermaid woman can flow her aura through someone she is near to or cares about. A hard-core mermaid woman can do this with anyone anywhere on earth. The other person does not have to be physically present for her to flow her energy through the other.

The hard-core mermaid woman, then, is able to sense and heal others from a distance. Since distance is not a problem for her, she will often
send healing energy to others on a daily basis. For her, this basic form of energy sharing is part of being alive.

“You share energy with others at a distance too?”

Sure.

“Relatives?”

Anybody. And sometimes I will doubt myself and call to check, and it turns out the person I was concerned about was in a hospital. So I was right.

It depends on my mood and level of consciousness. But I can just look across the street and I will think, “Ah, that person needs energy,” and I will send it, and it ends up as a color. Or it will be like, “Oh, happiness to you,” and, zap, I give energy away to anybody.

“So if we put you in the ER at a hospital.”

Oh, I would zap everybody. And they would each get different colors of energy from me.

Relation to Water

As children, hard-core mermaid women may spend many hours a day in water (sometime ten hours or more)—either in a bathtub, swimming pool, lake, or other body.

As adults, they prefer to be around large bodies of water. Some of them practice magic or send healing energy while they are in the bathtub:

“For me, being in water feels better than being anywhere else.”
“I taught myself to do the mermaid way of swimming when I was a child, and I still swim like that.”

“When I was a kid, I had to be in water. But now it is always around me. As a kid, there were times when I needed to get away from my family, out of society, and being in the water was the only peaceful place.

“When I would get upset about something and couldn’t get near the ocean, I would fill up the tub and get in and just float around until I was all wrinkled.”

“I mentioned having to get into the water five or six times a day to keep my self feeling okay. I only feel comfortable when I am in water. I can only do energy work on others when I am fully immersed in water.”

“As a teenager, I would sneak out and swim in the pool in the backyard every night.”

“I went to the ocean today. No human words could describe the experience.”

“I need to be near water. I don’t need to get into it, just be near it. I don’t think a stream or river would quite do it for me. Because it is not deep enough. It doesn’t have the depth that my spirit needs to have. I draw energy from the water. I think I would start to feel like I was drinking too much coffee if I lived near only a stream or a river.”

“When I meditate, I can become anything. But when I come back and start thinking, I am stuck with this human brain. I know how to get rid of the brain consciousness by just stopping my thought processes. Then it is like I am in water and nothing else exists. Ten minutes are like six months. But when I come out of meditating, I am stuck again with human consciousness. But I am making little advances. I allow my brain to feel like it is full of water, and then there is no difference between being human and being a mermaid. My body takes on a water vibration.”
“I just remembered, my grandma said when I was young I would not get out of the water. The family used to joke about it. I had a pool most of my life and would spend weekends when not in school in the pool for at least ten hours a day.”

A man shared with me, “Our child adores water. From the time she was born she has begged to take baths and showers and would stay in for hours upon hours if we would let her. I think she probably just has an affinity for water, but it would be odd if she were a child of the water spirits.”

I wrote back, “I consulted with another hard-core mermaid woman. Her advice is to let your daughter spend as much time in water as she wants to. The thing you can do for her is to make sure she has other happy and healthy children to be around and to learn from since at that age she is very impressionable.”

“I have always felt certain things were lacking from my life. I never lived near water until my early twenties, and this is when I began to feel really alive. I was so happy; I felt alive! And then I moved back to the Midwest and lost that feeling until I returned to Hawaii. I can only get that feeling if I get in a pool or bath. I feed off the magnetism that the water brings me. It is as if the universe or life can be seen in the reflection of the water. The water enhances all my senses. If I am sick or in pain I get in the water as it is what comforts me. Sometimes you hear people say they are married to god. I sometimes feel I am married to the ocean!”

“Water energizes/revitalizes me! After I immerse myself in a bathtub or pool, I feel most alive, energized. The water recharges me! The sea/water is life and life is the water/sea. Water is the essence of life!”

“When I was a kid, whenever I got into the sea, I always thought that she was hugging me like my mom.”
Water Energy and Healing

“For the last year, whenever I feel stressed or unhappy, I always close my eyes and imagine that water goes through my brain and my arms and cleanses every single pain in me. This gets rid of any feeling of stress or unhappiness I have.”

“The energy I was sending was green like seawater. It poured into the other’s body, swirling around. Then the energy began to spin in the opposite direction, taking on different geometrical shapes. Then it changed directions again.”

“I use an energy to heal that is like vapor, like when you stand in the rain and it is not quite raining—a light drizzle. It is soothing, and that is what I want to receive—gentle, tender energy flowing. So that is what I give. The vapor is in the waves, and the waves create this energy that I send.”

“The ocean is always around me. I can hear the ocean right now. This depends on my mood. Sometimes I hear rolling waves coming in, and other times the water sounds like a stream with water bubbling. Like right now? There is a calm even flow, no wind, no current, a kind of ebb and flow.”

“When I tap into the memories and thoughts of others, I feel their pain or happiness. I then send a healing love or energy to them. I also help them to see that there is light at the end of the tunnel. It all depends on what the person needs. I help turn their negative experiences into learning experiences, which then helps the individuals feel in turn that they can help others.”

Mermaid women are often involved in healing or health professions. They feel a compulsion to heal and to nurture the people around them so
that others feel happy, content, satisfied, and gratified. Sometimes they are told they are the most loving person the other person has ever met.

You may notice that a mermaid woman’s family or close friends are charged up with energy. The mermaid woman can easily transfer life force and vitality between herself and others. Since she loves to give, she sometimes may give too much of her own energy to others and fails to remember that human beings are in the habit of taking more than they give back.

Contact with the Astral Plane

“When I am on the astral plane, I feel so much more alive in every way. We are so dragged down by gravity and negativity here. We have less energy.”

“When you hug someone on the astral plane, we combine our energy together; it is better than sex—sometimes I’ll turn myself into a ball of energy and fly around and combine into one ball of energy with someone else.”

“I am of course living in the astral world when I go to bed. It is very intense! I do not even know right now which is more real to me—the physical world or the astral world. In many ways I would say the astral reality. I feel much more alive on the astral level.”

“Astral is more real than this world. It is a different reality. Astral colors are amplified. Green is the most brilliant. You could take everything that is beautiful here and magnify it by a thousand times. But eating an orange there is not as real as here. Taste and smell are more real in this world. But colors are far more beautiful and intense.”
“As a child I used to be in my room on the ceiling looking down at my body. I remember being told it was time to get back in my body. I seriously remember always being out of my body. This is one of my first memories.”

“When I was young, I saw fairies and flew with them. The sad thing is that I am so busy these days I do not focus on the fairies that are around me, so I do not see them as often as I used to. I keep getting messages that I should pay attention because they have things to say to me. Whether they are fairies or guardian angels, I do not know. I just know that they are there.”

“I would say the fairies remind me of an elf the size of my hand. But I did not see them for long since they are very fast or hard to focus on.”

“We cannot be so connected to nature and not see spirits.”

“As a child I remember seeing fairies. I also saw balls of lights in different sizes that fly as well as angels and spirit guides.”

“My first memory was of the fairies that I would play with as a child. I miss them.”

“When I was a child, the fairies would just fly around and come in my room and be in different places on the dresser or fly around and I would leave my human form and fly around with them.”

“The realm of mermaids is beautiful, magical, and there is so much love. It is beyond euphoric. And there it is so much easier to help others since we work in unity. There is happiness and comfort and no conflict.”

“I can sense others like myself, mermaids inside of women’s bodies. She is telling me I can have everything she has. It makes me want to cry, and I can feel her warmth and happiness.”

“As a child, I saw fairies and gnomes, and trees spoke to me. They still do.”
“Sometimes someone who has passed on can give me the experience that they went through. This can occur in seconds or minutes. For example, I touched the helmet of a man who had been to Iraq, and all of a sudden I was in Iraq in my head, seeing a tank overturned in water. I felt crushed, and I could not breathe. I see the men who died, and they show me things like their baby being born and that they wore funny hats. I was able to relay a message to the man who tried to save them but failed and was subsequently not able to deal with it.”

“I had a friend who at age twenty-five died in a car accident. A few years later I could feel his energy around me. For two years I saw him in dreams and near my bed, or I would hear him call my name in the early morning. One time, in no more than a few seconds, he showed me his car wreck, the hospital where he died, how his mom felt, how he felt, how his friends felt—I saw it all. I even heard the doctors talking to his mom while he was standing there watching, invisible to their eyes. He showed me the operating room and what the doctors were saying.”

“We do not die. We just use these bodies as vessels for our human experience.”

Other Psychic Abilities

“I am practicing telepathy and clairvoyance. And I have been working on telekinesis lately, rolling objects around.”

“I can heal others and sometimes save people who are terminally ill. I see the future and events involving many earthquakes and fires. I can tell when women are pregnant and tell them the birth date and sex of the child to be born.”

“I find myself able to mesmerize, charm, and heal humans. Using my love, I like to make them feel good.”
“With my six-year-old daughter, we can guess correctly nine out of ten times the color the other is visualizing.”

“When I am caught off guard and surprised, my energy surges, and I crash computers and other electrical devices.”

“I had a dream one night I was at the subway that got bombed. I woke up and remember hearing an explosion and saying ‘bomb’ and then went back to sleep. But the next day I saw it on the news and realized the same time I woke up was the exact same time it happened in Europe.”

“As I was sleeping I must have left my body because I witnessed a head-on collision of a bus and car. A couple children were taken to the hospital. I do not remember too much about it, but when I woke up the accident was all over my news.”

“I was helping with a murder case. I could see the entire thing and how it happened.”

“With card games, I can see the cards the other person is holding by looking through the other’s eyes.”

“When I was a child, we went camping, and others used to use flashlights, but I did not use one. I could see fine.

“And when we walked on the rocks on the Big Island at night I used to walk barefoot, and it is lava rock there. And we would camp by the shore on rocky lava rocks by the sea. And I was the only one who would go with my father. He would wear sandals and I would go on the rock in bare feet in the dark and I would find my way. And sometimes I could not see, but I could tell when it was safe to take a step even when I could not see.”

“I can slow time down by accelerating the speed of my reactions. I do not know how I do this. But if for example my niece is falling down and I cannot get to her, I will speed up my reactions so I am there in time to catch her. I do the same thing to avoid accidents when I am driving.”
Senses

Hard-core mermaid women often have a heightened appreciation for the senses of taste, smell, and touch. Some of them who are active on the astral plane realize that taste and smell in our world are very special sensations that are in no way as strong on the inner planes. Consequently, you may notice that these individuals have an unusual interest in exploring new tastes and smells.

One woman I did a photo shoot with who was new to Hawaii was constantly getting me to stop at roadside food stands to try every fruit she had never seen before.

Another woman: “I am very adventurous with my food and pay special attention to the smell of everything. If I do not like how something or someone smells, then I do not like it or them—period. This does not mean I do not feel love for that person. It just means I would rather not be around them. I take extra care of how I smell, and I explore every new kind of taste sensation I can.”

“I like the sensation of touch here and tastes that are here in this world as compared to the astral plane.”

Summary: How To Tell When You Are With A Mermaid Woman

She is like the snow at the North Pole—it can lie still for ten million years and still remember the tropical forest that was once there—she is water: that nubile fertility of pure receptivity never disappears.
It is in the way she receives your energy. There is no riptide pulling you to where you do not want to go; there is no undertow pulling you down so you have to struggle to keep your footing on solid ground; there is no tsunami pushing you back with that choppy tumbling of emotional jealousy or angry demanding. She has no ego and no fear; the desire to take from you never appears. It is impossible for her to feel neglected—she has no human needs; she already feels complete.

When with her you feel like you are the sun and she is ice. She willingly melts in the presence of your energy because that is the nature of her beauty. She gives freely without attachment to form or identity.

You feel like you are the sun and she is the sea—without difficulty, she absorbs your heat (your desires, everything you can imagine or dream). The warmth she radiates at night, her very being testifies to your presence in her life.

But put simply, when you are with her, you feel like she is a stream and that you are gravity—every single movement she makes is shaped by your presence. Do not take my word on this. Observe a stream. Memorize its sound, touch, scent, taste, and the way it feels as it flows around your body. And then look at her face as you speak: there is not a trace of distraction.

She may look, talk, and act human, but I will tell you this: once you discover that this way of being exists, when you experience it again it is impossible to miss.

In summary, her face has that grace, a gift to us like the North Atlantic Current. There is the silent peace of the ocean trench; the warm sensuality of a wave breaking on a tropical beach; and the pristine purity of an iceberg breaking free from a glacial plain at the edge of the Arctic Sea. You may not be able to see or feel these things, but you may notice that in her presence you feel twice as alive than you do otherwise.
Afterword

I often mention that the Ghost of Christmas Future in Charles Dickens’s *A Christmas Carol* is a mermaid in disguise. The ghost does what mermaids do—the ghost takes Scrooge into the future and shows him the probable outcome that results from the choices he makes in the present. Sensing the future and what leads to fulfillment is part of mermaid empathy. Such empathy is a dynamic, supremely powerful, and essential tool for those who seek to change the world.

With this empathy, there is no one in opposition to you. You are quite capable of joining directly soul to soul with anyone else on earth. You can sense what is inside of them, what motivates them, and what they are thinking, feeling, and planning.

At its best, empathy is conscience watching over the entire planet. It exists to prevent the evildoer from harming others. It is useful for establishing justice on earth. It is so free of ego, so free of any cause that furthers the agenda of specific social groups that it operates in a divine capacity.

Mermaid women have no temple or religion. They do not teach doctrines. The way to learn from them, which is the only way to really relate to them, is to feel what they feel. If they are here for a reason, it is to assist mankind in surviving so we do not give into our self-destructive tendencies.

The power of the feminine, unlike everything that is masculine, is in feeling a direct soul-to-soul and heart-to-heart connection to others. Only in the feminine are opposites joined. Men almost never experience this and know nothing about it.
Only in the feminine does the love flow so deep that it can accept others for all that they are and simultaneously heal and renew them from within. It can do this because “it dreams others’ dreams,” which is what love itself does in all its many natural, human, and divine aspects.

Such love is an alien concept in our society. To be perfectly clear, such love and empathy are the absolute opposite of everything our civilization strives to attain.

Still, mermaid women represent one aspect of the female psyche in its perfection. Writers such as Joseph Campbell assert the masculine concept of the “hero’s journey” that forms the basis of all world mythologies and religions. In direct contrast to this is the point of view of the mermaid realm: there is only one story being told on this planet—the power of love to transform the world and the consequences of failure.

The bottom line is that the human conscience is defective. The element of water that represents love and feeling is profoundly weak in comparison to other aspects of human nature.

My mother watched the Wright Brothers practice with their primitive flying machines. We now have a space probe that has left the solar system, and we have mechanical laboratories roaming around on the surfaces of other worlds. We have created antimatter in our laboratories, and we casually rewrite DNA. My mother, who is still alive at age ninety-six, has witnessed technology transforming our world in astonishing ways since that time of Kitty Hawk.

But if the internal imbalance in human nature continues in combination with our increasing technology, our self-destructive tendencies will take control. Among these is the willingness to take increasing risks to further one’s own agendas and projects without consideration of the effects and consequences these ambitious goals have on other people. In this case, the evolution of the masculine and the feminine in society and
the dialogue between the genders will no longer take place. Our species will be extinct.

But the planet earth will not fail. If necessary, after having spent a billion years nurturing life, it will find another race, one more worthy, that is willing to align itself with and embody the deep purposes this planet has been created to fulfill. The mermaids live and walk among us. Let us learn from them so that our lives flow with their depth of love.
William Mistele graduated from Wheaton College in Wheaton, Illinois, with a bachelor’s degree in philosophy and a minor in economics. At that time, he began studying esoteric, oral traditions. In genuine mythology, individuals come into contact with the creative powers of the human spirit. Words and language possess a symbolic and imaginative quality that is magical. To understand an idea is to experience it from within. This involves a lifelong, transforming journey—if you change the self, you change the world.

As part of his field research, he lived in a Tibetan Buddhist monastery in Berkeley, California. He next studied Hopi Indian culture and language at the University of Arizona, where he received a master’s degree in linguistics. At that time he became the only accepted student of a Hopi Indian shaman.

While living in Tucson, Arizona, he began studying the Western hermetic traditions and the nature religions of Wicca and Druidry. He worked with a number of extremely gifted psychics and parapsychologists whose primary focus was on experimentation and research. He also practiced evocation with a Sufi master.

He moved to Hawaii in 1982. There he studied with the relocated abbot of a Taoist monastery that existed for over two thousand years in China, with a Vietnamese Zen master, and with one of the foremost Tai Chi Chuan masters of China.

Since 1975, he has been a steadfast student of the system of initiation taught by the Czech magician Franz Bardon, who died in the fifties. This system has provided the methods for contacting nature spirits and
interacting with them in a personal and original manner. Bardon’s mission was to offer a system of self-initiation that maximizes the spiritual powers and creativity of the individual.

The author calls himself a spiritual anthropologist. Expanding on Bardon’s purposes, he has sought to integrate into his practice the wisdom of all traditions. To this end, he has created a new genre of modern fairy tales. These stories are not about belief or faith but direct experience. They open gates to other realms where we discover the keys to what is missing from life.

Send comments to williammistle@yahoo.com. For projects, photography, videos, archives, and additional essays related to mermaids, see williammistle.com/videopoems.html