**A Cure For Cancer**

When Elanor next met Luke, she explained about her dream. She explained that in part she was relieved, feeling that she could at last move on with her life, but she was also very confused. “He was my husband, why would he want to come back as my grandson?”

Luke smiled and nodded while she described the dream. Finally he chuckled and shook his head. “Ah Elanor, at last you are moving on. How long has Abe been dead? Twenty three years?”

Elanor made a face. “But I loved him!”

“Elanor, who are you? What are you? Elanor, do you think you are just this bag of bones you have been wearing around for the past fifty something years? You are wife to Abraham, but he died years ago; you are mother to your children; you are daughter to your parents; you are grandmother to your children’s children; you are an overseas aid worker. But is this all you are? These are just roles you play. As Shakespeare wrote in The Tempest ‘We are all just actors on a stage, playing our parts, we have our entrances and exits.’”

Elanor chuckled at this and interrupted him. “I thought you said Shakespeare didn’t write them!”

“He wrote some of them, edited the rest. It was likely Christopher Marlowe penned those lines, but you know what I mean.”

Elanor nodded, Luke continued “You have worn this body for less than sixty years but your soul is perhaps a million years old. You have been born countless times and each time you have died again. You have lost everyone you have ever loved countless times. You have watched as parents, children, loved ones have died. Yet every time you come back again.”

She could feel Luke’s energies pressing into her, making her feel the import of his words, creating an internal turmoil that was reacting to what he said, somehow understanding on a deep level that bypassed words.

“When you are reborn those whom you love are in different relationships with you. Abe may be your brother, your father, your son, your husband, your lover, your cousin. You are not the roles you play. Elanor the wife lost her husband, but Abe continues and you continue, as it always has been. So who are you Elanor, and what have you truly lost?”

Elanor sat staring into space for a while. Luke sat silently with his hand on hers. Things clicked into place somewhere inside. Finally she chuckled “It’s all right for you - you tell me you’re immortal.”

“We all are, the body dies, the soul continues and is reborn. In my case almost everyone and everything I have loved has died. I wear a human body, I feel the loss. The difference between us is that you forget with each new life, whereas I remember.”

“Oh Lord! That’s even worse! How do you deal with it?”

Luke smiled and waved his hands dismissively. “The soul does not die, and I can find the soul. What is more important is how you deal with it. In my experience most humans deal very badly with the death of those they love, and allow that to cloud the rest of their lives.”

“Like I did. But now I feel I am moving on. That was a lucid dream, I was aware of who I am in the dream and I knew I was dreaming. But was that really Abe?”

“Lucid dreaming occurs when you bring your waking memories and waking awareness across into the dreaming where they can merge with your dreaming awareness.” Luke replied. “What I refer to as The Dreaming is the realm of the spirits, a place where the souls of the dead go while waiting to be reborn. It is a realm that your dreaming awareness can visit while you body is alive, and where it will go when your body dies.”

“So my dreaming awareness is my soul?” Elanor was beginning to realise there wasn’t a simple answer to whether she really met Abe.

Luke smiled kindly, seeming to read her mind. “There isn’t a simple answer, but I will try to put it in simple terms. As you sit here, there are five separate awarenesses that are present. The lowest is your waking awareness, that is Elanor who sits before me, your life memories. There is your dreaming awareness, your soul awareness, a higher awareness that might be called the awareness of the gods, and behind that the awareness of the dreamer, in the sense of God who dreams creation.” He spread his hands “I do not want to explain the last two, you will have to experience them.”

Elanor pursed her lips. “It’s a bit confusing, all these awarenesses.”

Luke nodded. “Accept for the moment that you have a soul, then it makes sense that your soul would have its own awareness, and that awareness would not be tied to the physical realm. It would be aware of other souls. Accept also that your soul is immortal, and is millions of years old. It knows things and remembers things that you in your physical body cannot.”

Elanor nodded. “I have come across that idea in the past. It makes some sort of sense.”

Luke nodded. “Now imagine the realm of the soul. It needs to meet and experience and learn from life, and that must be conducted in the physical realm. The soul cannot go there, cannot meet with those that would cause it pain. Instead it puts on clothes, it puts on the spirit body, the astral body, the dreaming body, they are all names for the same thing, and manifests in the realm of the spirit, the Astral Realm, the Dreaming. This was where your dreaming body went last night, where it met what you have been calling Abe.”

“I have heard of the Astral Realm, and astral travelling. So you are saying that is all a dream?”

“No, it is not what you call a dream, but what I call Dreaming. A dream is theatre of the mind, your imagination constructs worlds, or at least theatre sets with actors. In a lucid dream, such as you had last night, you can meet other dreaming bodies, other spirit beings, converse with them, and they are real. If your dreaming body visits the dreaming realm it is a lucid dream if you have enough energy to bring your waking awareness with you. If it visits the physical realm it is astral travelling, because you can verify the physical elements in waking. In the dreaming realm you can verify the details by meeting physically with someone who shared your lucid dream.”

“You know,” Elanor responded, “I kind of suspected there was a link between astral travel and lucid dreams. But most people seem to thing lucid dreaming is only a dream, and astral travel is real.”

Luke chuckled “You are talking about your circle of new age friends. Many more think that astral travelling is merely a dream.” He took a breath. “Now, your dreaming body in turn puts on an overcoat, and is born into the physical realm. It becomes a human being, develops a personality, has experiences. That physical body has its own awareness, the physical awareness. This is what you are using now in waking. When your physical body goes to sleep it loses its awareness, but with some people that awareness merges with that of the dreaming body, and you have lucid dreams or astral travel. Are you with me so far?”

“I have heard most of this before, just not all together. I am following you.”

“Your physical awareness has a personality, a persona, which comes from the Greek for mask. It is playing a role which is your current life. Every night when you sleep your memories of the day, your experiences, your lessons are merged with your dreaming awareness. When the body dies the same thing happens.”

“I’ve heard about your life flashing before your eyes, is that what you mean?”

“That is part of it. Your experiences and memories are merged with your dreaming awareness. But your waking awareness is an artifact of your physical body, so it vanishes when your body dies. Your astral body, your dreaming body passes into the realm of The Dreaming, the abode of the dead. There it will stay until it is reborn. The soul continues, the physical form is different.” Luke caught her eye. “The personality will start very similar to what it was before, and the baby can remember parts of its previous lives. But a child’s upbringing will make it forget previous lives, especially if adults tell it that it is imagining things. That upbringing also changes the personality.”

Elanor thought for some time before speaking. “So it was Abe, but not quite the same as when he died. It was more the essential part of Abe. And when he comes back as my grandson he’ll remember, but his parents will train him to forget. I think I should encourage him to remember.”

At this point they adjourned to the restaurant and busied themselves with ordering meals and wine. They chatted while waiting for their meals. Luke brought the conversation back to Abe when they had nearly finished their main courses. “Elanor, you appear outwardly to be a happy, healthy woman, well adjusted. What is eating you? Or rather, what was eating you? Abe’s death? The fact that those responsible were never caught?”

Elanor stopped, her fork halfway to her mouth. She shouldn’t be surprised, but she was. “Both. But I feel I am starting to put it all behind me, after last night.” Her unspoken thought was it was eating her alive, and that was what caused her cancer. She still hadn’t told Luke, but she suspected he knew.

Luke looked at her thoughtfully, as if weighing his words carefully. “You know that when a human is reborn, they select the circumstances of their birth. Usually their parents are spirits whom they have reincarnated with many times before, with whom they have a bond. And before they reincarnate they have a rough plan of the events in their life.”

“I didn’t know that, though I have heard the idea. Would those events include me and Abe meeting? Would it include his death?”

Luke smiled his angelic smile. “Sometimes yes, sometimes no. Nothing is ever simple. The arrest and beating may have been planned, but not the death. The length of his life may have been planned, and if he had not gone to the anti war rally he might have walked under a bus, or been mugged. Circumstances come together to offer an opportunity for the next step in one’s life, and you can choose to walk that path or to avoid it. People generally know in advance, or at least their souls know in advance. Did he do anything strange in the weeks before his death? Maybe visiting all his friends and relatives, or returning all his overdue library books, or buying something as a legacy?”

“No, nothing I can think of.” Maybe there was something, but she could not remember.

“Did he buy something for the unborn baby?” Luke prompted.

Elanor’s mouth fell open as the long forgotten memory came flooding back. How could Luke know? “Yes, three weeks before he died, he bought a bracelet, a gold bracelet, and had it engraved with his name - Abraham. I didn’t see why he had to buy that until the baby was born, but he insisted. I found it later, after the baby was born, after he had already been christened Abraham.” Elanor could feel her eyes filling with tears. “You are supposed to put the date of the baby’s birth on it, but it had the date of Abe’s death on it. I had completely forgotten about it.” She sighed, and felt the tears vanish. “He knew, didn’t he? He knew he was going to die that day, and he bought that for the baby when he had the chance.”

Luke simply nodded. Elanor continued “How did you know?”

“When people die, someone comes to collect them and help them orient themselves. Usually it is relatives such as parents or grand parents, but in Abe’s case they were all still alive. I was in the vicinity when he died, so I collected him and guided him for a few days. It is just one of many things I do.”

Elanor was suddenly excited. Abe had told her that in the dream, but she had not mentioned it to Luke, and had been wondering how to get Luke to talk about that. Luke’s statement was proof that her dream was real. “Did you tell him you were Lucifer, or just Luke?”

“Lukeios actually. When someone is newly dead you do not want to frighten them. Abe shortened it to Luke. We were at the funeral in spirit form.”

“Why do you call yourself Lucifer then?” Elanor knew she was stalling, not wanting to examine the implications of Abe knowing he was going to die weeks in advance, the possibility that he had known before he had been born.

“Because Lucifer means Light Bearer in Latin; I was Lucifer Morningstar in Roman times, before Christians decided to give my name to a mythical demon. Before that I was Apollo Lukeios, and before that I was Horus the Dawn Hawk.” Luke responded reasonably.

“Horus the hawk? I thought you were supposed to be associated with the star?”

Luke snorted. “Venus is a planet. When Venus is moving away from the sun, you will see it in the morning sky before the sun rises. That is why it was called Morningstar. Somewhere like Egypt is fairly flat. If you are out before sunrise you will also see hawks circling in the east, they are far enough in the air that they glow with the sun’s rays, while the earth is in gloom. The ancients thought these were heralds of the sun god. But you are sidetracking the conversation. You and Abe both knew he would die and roughly when before either of you were born.”

Elanor stared at Luke for what seemed like ages, searching his face. Luke sat there smiling gently, meeting her gaze, waiting for her to speak. If Abe and she had known before they were born that he was to die young then there was a lesson she was supposed to learn, an experience she was supposed to go through. “I thought I was handling it. I thought I was coping well. But I stuffed up the lesson, didn’t I?”

“Not really. You are a strong woman Elanor, you coped with Abe’s death, you coped with bringing up your children, and look at how you coped as an aid worker in Africa. When you and your colleagues were captured by rebels, you could have gone to pieces, you could have played the victim, but you chose not to play those roles. You …”

“I thought I was strong, but I was weak!”

Luke looked thoughtful for a moment, then replied “In psychology there is a term the triangle of disempowerment. There is the victim, the perpetrator, and the rescuer. When you choose to be a victim, you give your power to the perpetrator and the rescuer. And that traps all three roles into continuing the cycle. Instead, you stepped into the role of the mother, an embodiment of the goddess. You became the mother for your colleagues, and even the rebels respected you. They sensed your power. They set the stage for the victim story, and you used your power to change the story, not just for yourself, but your colleagues as well. You are a powerful woman.”

“All right, I did feel powerful then. And I did cope well with everything that happened. But I was holding on to him, and holding onto the anger about those cops that beat him to death, and all that …” she was avoiding telling Luke the truth, even though she believed he could sense it. Luke waited.

It all came out in a rush. “I’m dying. I have cancer, it’s already in my bones, they’ve given me a few months to live. That’s how I stuffed up.” She ran out of breath and stopped, not sure what to say next. She felt tears in her eyes.

Luke placed his hands together almost as if in prayer, steepled the fingers. “You spent a lot of your life telling yourself you were the victim, that life had wronged you, and you hooked your power into believing that, into eating away at your self, and this is where it leads. It is not yet too late, if you change the story, and hook your personal power into that. Change the pattern, heal the story, and your body will heal.”

Coming from anyone else Elanor would have laughed. “How do I do that? Can you do that?”

Luke smiled gently. “I will have to show you, teach you. You are the story teller, the writer, the artist of your life. You need to see the possibilities, and see how you can change that story. I am free this evening, if it suits you we can start after dinner.”

At Luke’s suggestion they took their coffee and liqueurs to the lounge bar attached to the restaurant. It shared the big picture window looking out at the mountains. The sun had long set, the afterglow all but faded, the peaks now dark silhouettes against the fading sky. Elanor was impatient to start, and apprehensive at the same time. Luke seemed unhurried.

Elanor felt his warm presence beside her, and was aware that part of her wanted him to put his arm about her, wanted to snuggle up to him. The realisation struck her that she hadn’t done that with anyone but her children since her husband had died.

“You remember I spoke about the dreaming body and the soul.” Luke’s words dragged her from a reverie, breaking the illusion that they were lovers, though the sense of familiarity remained. “I want to talk about different modes of perception.”

Elanor felt herself nodding, and then Luke really did put his arm about her. She relaxed against him. “I’m a bit sleepy. Too much wine.”

“Not to worry, energy work will wake you up. Just make yourself comfortable. You won’t fall asleep.” Elanor felt too sleepy to disagree with him.

Luke continued. “There are four main types of perception, and as a general rule the human body is capable of only two. The first level is that of the serpent. It is mostly physical with just an iota from the dreaming body and the soul. At that level the world is as it is, with no judgment. The sun warms you, but if it is too hot you seek shade. If it rains on you then you become wet or seek shelter. If you are in pain you take a pain killer, or ignore it. There is no emotion, no analysis, so it is a superb mode for physical action. For example any fast paced sport, such as skiing downhill, or the state of mind best suited for fighting - as you would know from your karate training.”

Elanor was aware of Luke’s warmth beside her, and every word he said. But another part of her noticed that the sky behind the mountains was lightening and the tips of the peaks were turning gold. That was puzzling because the sun had set earlier.

“Just observe and listen to me.” Luke commented as if reading her mind. Then he continued with his talk.

“The second level of perception involves more of your dreaming awareness - perhaps ten percent instead of one percent. This is the level of the hunter, the jungle cat such as the tiger or panther or jaguar. At this level you have emotions, you analyse, you have curiosity. You even have a saying ‘curiosity killed the cat.’ If you have pain you take a painkiller, but you wonder what you may have done to cause it. This is the level of modern medicine, with their attempts to cure your cancer. It doesn’t work because it is not like a broken bone or cut where the cause is on the physical level.”

His explanation was quite clear to Elanor. She realised now that the cause of her cancer was at some higher level, and this seemed to be where Luke was leading.

“Precisely! The third level is that of the monkey. This level involves the soul as well as the dreaming body. The monkey is able to make tools, and manipulate its surroundings. This is the level of myth, this is the level of sorcery, this is the level at which you rewrite your story.”

There seemed to be a lot of light streaming in through the windows, and it was forming lines of light around the room. Where it touched people they glowed with some sort of aura.

“Yes” Luke commented “you are seeing with a sorcerer’s sight. You can see the lines of energy, and the auras of living things. I am lending you some of my energy, otherwise it could take you half a lifetime to learn this.”

Which I don’t have thought Elanor.

“This is the level at which your stories worked to cause your cancer. If you look at yourself you will see your aura is blotchy with your disease.”

Elanor looked down at herself and was horrified to see mottling everywhere that made her aura resemble blue cheese.

“Oh that looks bad!”

“Most humans look bad at this level - almost everyone has diseases, and they can be seen here. Now off to our right do you notice two guides?”

Elanor noticed two floating columns nearby, each about the thickness of a telegraph pole and about one and a half times the height of a human. “You mean those columns?”

“Yes, they were in your dream. We call them guides because they are friendly to those who possess a dreaming body, and can offer advice and guidance on dreaming and the dreaming realm. They are spirits, no physical body. If you look you will notice a few other spirits around this room.”

Elanor looked around the room. There were human figures sitting at tables, she dismissed them, and then realised there was a veritable zoo of spirits. Apart from the guides, there were two barrel shaped spirits, one that looked like a rotating beach ball, another that resembled a tie dyed sea urchin bigger than her outstretched arms, something that looked like a floating blue flame, and a number of smaller spots of colour, and cloudy shapes, floating around the room. “Are there always that many around?”

“I attract them. There would be a lot less otherwise. But these spirits all have an interest in human affairs. Now do you also see two human figures sitting at a table near the window?”

Elanor looked where he indicated. A couple was seated at a table, but there was something a little different about them.

“If you look closely you will notice they do not have physical bodies. They are the spirits of the dead, visiting the physical realm. You need to use sorcerous sight to see them.”

“They would be the same as Abe then?”

Luke chuckled. “Yes and no. He and they are spirits of dead humans; in many other ways they are not the same. These two are still fascinated by the physical realm, and have not moved on to life in the spirit realm. Abe moved on. In some senses of the word, you could call these two ghosts because they are in the physical realm, while Abe moved on to the spirit realm after his funeral. If you have a physical body then you can visit the spirit realm in your dreaming body, and you can return to your physical body. Once you die you do not have anything physical to anchor you, and you move on into the spirit realm, and then you cannot return to the physical. Some more powerful individuals can return, but most cannot return until they acquire a new physical body to be reborn in. If you see spirits in the physical realm doing the sorts of things that humans do, you can be fairly sure they have not yet moved on. Most people take a few days to adjust, and they move on after their funeral. Some will stick around because of some trauma - they may have been murdered, or they have something they want to communicate to someone who is living. These become ghosts.”

“What happens to them?”

“There are other human spirits who can move between the realms, some dead, some dreaming, who volunteer to help ghosts move on. They need to be coaxed into leaving their physical fixation behind. Sometimes they will not let go until they deliver their message, or their murderer is caught.”

“So ghosts are souls of the dead that are stuck in the physical realm?”

Luke chuckled softly. “Some are, but many so called ghosts are not human souls but mischievous spirits, having fun, playing tricks on humans, some of them are malevolent - delighting in causing harm, causing pain. But we are moving away from my purpose. Watch, but do not be alarmed.”

The lines of light, the whorls and swirls and meshes, grew brighter while the physical details faded like an old photograph. Elanor could perceive structures extending for what seemed a considerable distance everywhere she looked.

“This is the perception of the eagle. You have a god like perception where you can see everything around you and you can zoom in on anything. That bank of structures is the Alps, in this state you can see how they march across Europe. All those spots of light are living things, though I use that term loosely. This is a beetle ...” a mesh of lines with simple colours “... With practice you can distinguish different ones. These tall structures are trees - pine trees, and over here is a road ...” the road was a faint physical structure, but there was a bright pulsating line running near by. “That is an electric line, you can see the electricity.”

They paused a few moments, then focused back on the lounge bar. “What do we look like to the others?”

“A pair of lovers cuddling. There should be nothing out of the ordinary about us.”

*Except you’re white and I’m black.* She couldn’t stop that thought from surfacing and Luke picked that up.

“Maybe a little less common, but still ordinary. This is Europe remember.”

“You know, when I was in America all my friends were black. I knew whites but they were acquaintances. In England I have white friends and I even dated white guys. I guess I still sometimes think like I did in America.”

“Just one more thing to change. Now, can you see us?”

It seemed an odd question but from this perspective she did not seem to be in her physical body.

“That’s us there. You’re the most obvious one around.” Everyone else was a coloured mesh of lines of light, Luke was like a miniature galaxy - a swirling mesh of gold and silver lines, each intersection strung with a ball of brilliant colour like some glowing gem that should have burned her eyes. Inside the mesh was a glowing cloud of silver light. Her mind did a flip, as if she were seeing double. Luke was here on the couch, but at the same time he was an enormous cloud of swirling light that seemed to extend further than she could see, way beyond the structure that was the Alps. Somewhere out there were other similar clouds cavorting under a coloured sky filled with dancing stars.

“That’s far enough, now is not the time to visit there.” Luke’s words served to focus her attention back on the two of them on the couch.

“Why? Where is that? What are those clouds?”

“Ah, they are the luminous beings from the region of the summer stars. That is the dreaming of the Mind of God, the dreaming behind the dreaming of the world. If you go there you may never return, or aeons may pass before you do.”

“And you’re one of them”

“In a manner of speaking. Most never leave the realm, and do not concern themselves with anything outside the realm. I have work to do in the physical realm.”

“But you stretch back into there?”

“Take a look at yourself or others here. You also have a fibre that stretches away, ultimately to part of the same realm.”

Elanor looked at those around her, and then at herself. Everyone, even the ghosts, had fibres of light that stretched off into the distance and they pulsated. “Why?”

“Your physical body connects to your dreaming body or spirit, that connects to your soul, that connects to an oversoul, and that connects to the essence. Please don’t ask me to explain all that, it isn’t possible to explain in words, and I would have to spend years teaching you.”

“Okay. What’s that thing on me?” Elanor was a mesh of light as well, but it looked as if she had been wrapped in rusty barbed wire.

“Now that is the story you have woven about Abe’s death, and the cause of your cancer.”

“Oh. Can you remove it?”

“Not easily, if I try to remove it I will damage your soul. I have to teach you to unweave it.”

Elanor was staring at herself, trying to make out the physical details. Luke’s thoughts intruded. “Enough I think. Relax, return with me to the physical realm and physical perceptions.” The light dimmed, the lines faded, the sky darkened and then she was in the lounge bar, her head resting against Luke’s like a pair of lovers.

“I’m not sure I understand a lot of that. You’re saying that there are different ways of seeing the world, and that with some of them you can see spirits, ghosts and something you called the lines of the world?” Why am I asking that she thought. I already know because he was showing me exactly that.

“Something like that. In simplified terms there is sorcerous sight that can show you hidden things and god like sight that gives you an appreciation of what underlies the dream you call waking reality. Once you can see that you are no longer confined within the constraints of the dream, and you can step outside dream logic. I do not expect you to understand - we will be working to teach you more about this over the next few ...” he paused and turned his head to look at her “months and years. But we should start that tonight.”

Elanor thought about some of the implications of what Luke said. Years of association, learning things she thought of as magic, wizardry or sorcery, things that had fascinated her for years. But underlying all that was the promise of a long life, of watching her grandchildren grow up, and among them seeing Abe reborn as her grandchild.

“I would like that. I was tired before but now I feel surprisingly rested and alert.”

“I lent you some of my energy and now you are regaining your connection with the wellspring of life. We cannot perform our energy exercises here though.”

“Would my room be suitable? Would you like to come to my room?” There was something saucy about that, something exciting.

“Eminently suitable, I would love to.”

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Elanor led Luke to her hotel suite. It was one of the luxury ones, more a one bedroom apartment than a room. The bedroom was separate and there was a small sitting room with eating area and tiny kitchenette.

As they entered she hoped fervently there was no underwear lying around, and then smiled inwardly. It didn’t matter. Luke walked to the centre of the sitting room and turned a slow circle. “Cosy. It’s hard to believe how much they charge for an apartment like this during the ski season. Do you need to go to the bathroom?”

“Maybe I should.” And it will give me a chance to make sure nothing is lying around she thought to herself.

When she returned she discovered Luke had hung the jacket of his yellow silk suit on the back of a chair and cleared space in the middle of the sitting area.

“Now if you will stand here Elanor, and place your hands together almost as in prayer, but not touching. This is about the simplest of all energy exercises. Doing this will start a current of energy flowing from your right hand to your left. Ah, it is starting, you should be able to feel some warmth.”

That was true - the palms of her hands were becoming warm and there was a tingling sensation in the tips of her fingers. “Can you see the energy?”

Luke smiled “Yes. You remember what I showed you that at the level of the monkey you can perceive energy flows and spirits. Now let me give you a boost.”

He held his palms towards her as if warming them at a fire - she smiled at the thought. But the sensation was more that he was the fire. She felt a strong sensation of warmth through her entire body.

“You should be able to do that yourself. If we had years you would perform a series of exercises to develop your abilities and clear your chakras, but tonight I will do that.”

Elanor nodded. A few months ago she was diagnosed with terminal cancer and had been given only months to live. Luke - this strange man she had met two days ago - was now her last hope. “Why do you have to cleanse my chakras?”

“They are the windows through which energy enters your body. The detritus of a human life clogs them, and the body sickens, ages and dies. When you have a better energy flow you will be able to do this yourself.” He stretched out his right hand, touching her lightly on the forehead with his fingers. “Perceive!”

Everything around her shimmered, and in a moment Luke was enveloped in swirling light. She looked down at herself, seeing that she too was covered with swirling light. She was seeing with what Luke had just referred to as the monkey level perception, an odd name for something she thought of as sorcerous sight. She was seeing her luminous energy body. Luke’s was clean and shining, hers was mottled with spots and splotches.

“How did you do that?”

“You will not understand the details yet, but I moved you perception point to the chakra above your eyes. Settled there it can perceive at the monkey level. Your perception point moves about your luminous energy field, and where it is situated determines what you perceive - this is not just vision, but all your senses. It is like turning the dial on a radio and tuning in a station. If it moves into the wrong place you will perceive alternate realities and those around you will think you mad.”

“That sounds dangerous.” Elanor was sure she was missing almost everything implicit in his words, and this seemed a safe comment.

“Most people learn as children where to position the perception point so it perceives what adults tell it to and ignores everything else; it fixes itself there for the rest of their lives. It may learn to move to one or two other spots - like when you are doing martial arts it moves to a point where your serpent level perception works, and you no longer think about what you are doing, you just do it, and your reaction times are much faster.”

Elanor nodded - Luke had used elite sports as an example of when serpent level perception was appropriate. “So I could learn to move it to where it is now?”

“You could. We are becoming side tracked - I will save further discussion about the perception point for another time.” he smiled. “There are more chakras than the seven the Indians identified.” Luke explained. “Yours are no worse than other humans’, but they need a good clean. I will show you how you will do it. It helps if you can see them, but if you know where they are you can feel them. Now you see these swirling vortexes?” He indicated several on his own form, in front of his physical body. “Each one is a chakra. Now, if you look at yourself you will see the seven the Indians identified - one in your pubic region, one just below your navel, one at your solar plexus, heart, throat above the eyebrows and at the crown of your head. There are also one at your feet and another eight outside you physical body - one on each side of your hips, one on each side of your chest, one on each side of your neck, and two above your head.”

Elanor looked where he pointed, and saw a swirling vortex of colour at each location he indicated. “Why so many? I mean, why did the Indians get it wrong?”

“They didn’t really get it wrong. The ones they named are the most important of the physical chakras. The others are the most important of the chakras located on your energy body - that’s the same as your dreaming body. Now let me show you how to cleanse them. The first step it so cup your hands as you have, and then get your energies flowing. The next is to use your right hand to cleanse each chakra in turn by directing energy into it.”

Luke squatted and held his hand near to her feet, and she detected a stream of colour pouring from his hand into the swirling vortex. The muddiness of the colour seemed to evaporate, and she became aware of a warm tingling feeling surging through her body. She could smell leaf litter and the smells of the deep forest, and she could almost picture the stag in a near by clearing. She seemed to hear sounds of insects and animals, along with bird songs.

“This is your connection to Gaia, the earth mother. It grounds you and powers you. From here the energies flow into your physical body. Cleansing this one alone should allow you to heal any disease.”

He stood up. “Moving to the next one, this is the one the Indians call the Base chakra, it is the first of the physical chakras. For men this is the base of their power, but not for women.”

Elanor couldn’t resist. “You mean men really do think with their testicles?”

“Many men do, and many women think with their ovaries and womb.” His eyes twinkled. “The base chakra coincides with the genitals - as I cleanse this chakra you will feel the energy as sexual excitement.”

Well, he did warn her. Elanor felt a heat spreading from her pubic region and found herself fighting an urge to rip Luke’s clothes off and start riding him. Instead she closed her eyes. After a few minutes he moved to the chakra beside her right hip, and her arousal subsided a bit.

As Luke cleansed this one she felt as if cold electric shocks were flowing through her. She formed the impression of winds blowing through a cloud strewn sky.

Luke moved next to her left hip and the energy became softer, milder. It seemed to beat in time with her heart, with a sound of waves crashing on a sandy shore. She could smell the sea.

“The next one is the second physical chakra. It is situated below your navel and covers your womb and ovaries. It is the source of power for females. Again you will feel the energy as sexual arousal.”

This time was softer, less driving - possibly feminine in comparison to the previous time. Elanor found herself remembering experiences with Abe - those heady times in the first few months of their marriage.

Luke worked his way through each of the chakras he had named. For the ones relating to her physical body she found herself remembering incidents from her past; for the non physical ones she experienced energy rushes accompanied by sensory hallucinations.

When Luke came to her heart chakra she remembered the time when Abe had died, but this time the pain and suffering seemed to evaporate, leaving her with a sense of history.

“We are removing the roots and diminishing the source of your disease.” Luke commented.

Happier memories came - her children and grandchild, that time in Africa when they had been kidnapped by rebels and she had punched the rebel leader, knocking him unconscious. That’s when Luke first appeared, ordering the rebels to release the captives. He’d told her he was a U.N. trouble shooter, but had also claimed to be a fixer called Lucifer from a criminal warlord called Abaddon.

At this point Luke reached the chakra above her head, and her perception changed. There were lines of light running everywhere and she could see for a considerable distance beyond the walls of the room. This was what Luke called the perception of the eagle or a god’s eye view.

From here she could see her luminous energy along with the mottled stains of her disease about her energy, and the strands of barbed wire that were the cause. She found all these lines of light and shimmering auras quite confusing.

Luke commented “Think of those strands as a thorny briar, and the discolouration of your energy as the berries. Then your cancer is like the stains you get from the berries. Anything you do physically is like washing your clothes while still brushing against the briar and the berries will continue staining your clothes. Anything you do at the level of sorcery will work better, but that is like picking the berries. A new crop will grow soon enough.”

Elanor had heard this earlier in the evening, but almost started in surprise when she realised that Luke was not some luminous cloud as he had been then, but instead resembled some ancient Egyptian. His skin was burnished bronze, he wore a white linen kilt, and about his shaven head was a gold band that held a stylised hawk’s head in gold and silver and gems. About his shoulders was a jewelled collar. He glowed with light, but she could see him clearly. That was almost comforting.

“Ah, I do not wish to distract you. I trust this form is suitable.”

Elanor wasn’t sure what to say. “Erm, who are you supposed to be?” And how did you do that? She thought. She knew enough to know he would not explain the how.

“Horus, the Hawk of Dawn. We can discuss this later. At present I have dug up the roots, and now we must unentangle you.” He smiled and added “I know you find this perspective confusing but I prefer that you can see what I am doing even if you do not fully understand.”

It didn’t matter whether she closed her eyes - the view was the same - whorls and lines of light everywhere, physical objects mere blurs enshrouded with swirling colour. Luke was the only thing that appeared relatively normal. She noticed now that he had an athletic body, lean and wiry.

Luke directed her attention to the lines running through her luminous energy. They resembled strands of barbed wire, but did not seem as solid as before.

He reached down to her feet, touching the chakra there, but this time he moved his hand up to the chakra in her groin, drawing a line of fire between them. He continued to her left hip, then right hip, back to her navel and then upwards to the other chakras, sketching a design in lines of silver fire. As he worked she noticed that her luminous energy began to scintillate with brilliant flecks of silver.

He reached the chakra above her head and stopped. “At present I am drawing on the energy of Gaia, but when I connect the next chakra it will draw down the energy of Mithras, the solar eagle. You will feel a rush and may become disoriented, but it will not harm you, and I will catch you if you fall.”

She said nothing, but watched as his hand sketched the final line of silver light. In this add perspective she could see above her head and behind her back. As Luke completed the connection it was as if a lightning bolt struck. The lines of silver fire flashed to gold, and a powerful current washed through her. She felt Luke’s hands steadying her shoulders, and then realised they were also steadying her back and her hips. Does he have six arms like some Hindu god she thought?

Her entire luminous energy field was awash with golden light and she found herself remembering strange memories. With a start she realised they were her long chain of previous lives. As Luke had said earlier - from the physical perspective she had died countless times and so had everyone she had ever loved. Now the realisation struck her that from her current perspective it was like a snake sloughing its skin. How could she ever mourn when spirits could never die. There was much more in that realisation but she forgot later.

There was music and singing all around her, and then laughter. She found herself laughing, sitting on the sofa with Luke. “I am all that and they are all that, how can I ever lose them!” And then memories faded like waking from a dream, and she wondered what she meant.

Luke was hugging her, steadying her. “Your spirit understands, even if your waking self doesn’t. In time your waking awareness will understand.”

Elanor was experiencing mixed emotions, and a number of thoughts were buzzing through her brain. Part of her wanted to talk about what had just happened, and part of her wanted something more physical. She put her arms around Luke’s neck and positioned herself so her face and his were level.

“Luke, can I ask a favour? Will you stay the night? Will you make love to me?” I don’t feel guilty about this! She thought.

A slow grin spread across Luke’s face. “I thought you’d never ask! I would like that very much.”

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Elanor woke from a dream where Luke was explaining things with an urgent need to use the bathroom. By the time she managed that she had completely forgotten what he had been explaining.

In the pre-dawn light she padded silently across to the window. She almost thought Luke was a dream except there he was asleep in the bed. She had been faithful to her husband while he was alive, and had remained so after his death. Until now.

Elanor peered through the window at the dark valley, everything shrouded in murk. The very tops of the peaks projected from the darkness, their sharp white teeth now golden from the rays of the still hidden sun.

In her limited experience Luke was out of this world. As a lover he was patient, sensitive to her needs, but there was much more. He maintained that sex was energy work, energy sharing, energy balancing, and that most people’s experiences were dissatisfying because they never realised this, and the few who did had little training.

Luke had taught her techniques for raising energy and others for sharing and balancing. Once she got the hang of that it made the rest of the experience like one continuous prolonged orgasm with an energy rush thrown in. Given that she had had only three hours sleep she felt remarkably rested and full of energy. In fact there were no pains either, and she had forgotten to take her painkillers last night. Could she really be cured?

She felt his warm presence beside her, and turned. Like her he was naked. He smiled at her. “Morning and evening are the strange times, neither night nor day, the boundaries, the edges. The ancients were afraid of these times for that reason. I trust you slept well.”

She felt herself chuckling. “When we finally stopped it was quite late. I should be exhausted, but I must have slept well. I feel rested, full of energy to be honest. I haven’t felt this well in years.”

Luke eyes narrowed, and he stared at her naked body, scanning it slowly. His lips were pressed together. Then he shook his head, smiled. “Last night has healed you. I can see where the cancer has been, but it is gone. There is just a shadow in you aura, that will fade over the next few days.”

“Then I’m not going to die?”

“That is part of the human condition. Death stalks us all. You know I am not human. I can see your luminous energy, I can see you no longer have cancer, and I can promise you that it will never come back. We uprooted the cause. If you go to the doctors they will call it a spontaneous remission.”

Elanor wanted to believe, but shook her head. “I am scheduled to have some tests done in a few weeks, when I return home. I will see what they say then. It’s not that I don’t believe you, but...”

“But you need medical proof.” Luke finished for her. “Of course. You will not believe until then.” He smiled. “You will be pleasantly surprised. But until then, why not enjoy what you have, and what you are doing.” His hand touched her lower back and she felt a spreading warmth that was becoming sexual excitement. She led him back to bed, and they made love once more.

Then they showered, and he surprised her by producing a small overnight bag with clean clothes and his shaving kit. They dressed, and went downstairs for breakfast. After that Luke took his leave.

“I have business to attend to today. But I shall meet you here in the foyer at about six pm. Perhaps we can go somewhere else tonight?”

“I’ll be here.” She took his arm and walked him to the street, then kissed him.

“Then wear something comfortable for walking. Not high heels.” He kissed her, then pulled back.

She smiled. “I’m not that keen on high heels, I’m tall enough as it is.” At six feet three she was three inches taller than him in bare feet.

He walked off down the street, then turned and waved, and walked on. About forty meters away his form wavered as if seen though heat haze, and then he simply vanished. Elanor stood looking at the empty street, a swirl of confused thoughts running through her head.

Epilogue

Five weeks later, Elanor returned to her oncologist for the tests she had scheduled. She told him that she had been pain free for weeks, and had stopped taking her pain medication. He was surprised, almost disbelieving. She didn’t tell him that the hair growth of the past five weeks was a healthy black instead of grey, and that she had stopped dyeing her hair.

When the results came back he ordered a battery of tests, telling her simply “You have improved, it seems.”

She returned to his office a few days later, and was surprised by his smile, but knew what he was going to say. “I have good news. You are in remission, we can find no trace of cancer.”

She hugged him, knowing this was Luke’s doing. The specialist was almost apologetic. “We do not know enough about how the human body heals itself. I want you to return in six months, and we will rerun the tests. I do not want to give you false hope, it may come back. But if it does, we can treat it. And if you are free for five years, I think we can presume that you will live out your life.” The oncologist shook his head in disbelief. “I have seen two other cases myself, and the literature contains details of a number of others. But never have I heard of someone with such an advanced stage going into remission. I should like to write a small paper on your remission, with your permission.”

“Of course doctor.”

“Tell me, is there anything unusual you have done, or any medicine you have taken, since last time I saw you?”

Elanor smiled, wondering what she could say about Luke. “I accepted I would die, and I went on holiday. I met a wonderful man, and I fell in love.”

“Ah, I see.” The doctor nodded sagely. “But I doubt that we can bottle that.”

The End