

The Unifying Field of Love, Part 3: She Lives

Since the manifestation of the She Is, Durgali had one fierce, focused determination: to steady the appearance of the She Is here. Even now, at this early stage, forces were gathering to oppose the life of the She Is. Durga, now understanding her own manifestation as the Durga archetype, knew she was ready to face the opposing forces. The work that she came here to do was upon her.

Oasis could see it in her eyes, and while the women realizers were in awe of the manifestation of the She Is into the room of their lives and hearts, Oasis had the artist's good sense and obsessive drive to take a picture of the manifestation. The face of the woman that had been imposed on God Apart's face was the face of the being who called herself She Is.

The three women realizers looked at each other, their hands were touching their own hearts as if to hold her there. Their recognition of her was not a surprise to any of them. Each woman knew her intimately, knew of Her support and help, and yet up to this moment chose to mostly forget it and let it lie dormant like a subordinate they could always count on and forget. Now this force of Love had come into the room and had appeared to all of them. They knew that the relationship they always counted on would now lead them to the attraction they were always waiting to live, to come alive as. She was the One, the force of creativity that was creating their lives, and now she was appearing before them. How could they refuse to follow? Why would they let the full force of their hearts lie dormant any longer?

Yakaboobis sat up in his bed. He was unable to sleep. His whole body ached and his missing hand ached even more than the rest of his body, even though it wasn't there. At times like this, when the physical act of staying alive was beyond his want to, he thought of his friendship with Yakataboof—how Yakataboof always improved his mood. How I miss that damn, happy idiot, he thought.

He got up and clumsily put on his pants. Everything was made more difficult because of his missing hand. He went out to the cactus garden and sat there on the bench. The moon was full and as his eyes adjusted to the night light, he thought of Her.

"So, my dear lady," he called out to the night, "Will you come here to stay for a while?"

The wind rustled the leaves in the old oak tree; an owl hooted in the distance. Yakaboobis's discomfort left him and he felt the sheer simplicity of beingness. He breathed deeply and contentedly. His life was one of the noble warrior, standing here to hold the truth here. His life was also one of the lover, but almost no one knew of that part of his life—he always kept his great big love for Her a quiet affair. The only person who would know the secret of his love for Her was his great disciple and his best friend and Great Realizer, Yakataboof.

He knew a great change was coming. He was part of creating it, dreaming it here. He knew the warrior in him was needed even more—he still had some good fight in him, but he was very tired. Mahoot was a great asset. Her work would continue well beyond his lifetime, and her

acolyte Durgali—she was ... Yakaboobis knew the secret of Durgali. In time, soon Durgali would come into the full force of her own recognition and work. Tonight, he sat and waited for Her, his heart, to speak to him. Would she come? he wondered.

“Yes, my dear, my dear Yakaboobis, I am here,” he heard her speak, not just in his heart—her form appeared into the night. He heard the rustling of her gown and she sat down by him. She wrapped her hands around his one hand. He felt her warmth—she turned to face him and she sweetly kissed him on his eyelids.

“My lady, you have appeared not just in my heart, but into this garden, how wonderful!” Yakaboobis expressed.

“Yes, I am here, my dear, and if all goes well I will steady here for a while.”

Yakaboobis was thrilled, “But how can you manage that?” asked Yakaboobis.

The She Is spoke, “Durga has the strength to hold back the forces that are against my manifestation abiding here, not only as the presence of each heart, but as a physical embodiment of the creative energy of all manifestation. The physical embodiment of I Am She is taking form here.”

Yakaboobis was very surprised to hear this. “So Durgali knows who she is?” he asked.

“Yes,” the She Is replied. “Can I call on you to serve as her warrior?”

Yakaboobis answered, “I am always your warrior, I have always served your Heart.”

“Yes, my dear Yakaboobis, you have been a great friend, my dearest warrior. Your heart has always been true and strong. You have always walked right into the den of thieves with a smile and a strategy for the heart to have its way. I have always admired you, my dear one.”

The sweet words of his dear one gave Yakaboobis renewed vigor, “Yes, I will help Durga in any way she needs it.”

The She Is smiled and looked into his eyes with all the love she felt for this great warrior realizer. “I will hold here.” Her form began to disappear. He felt his greatest, most difficult work lay ahead of him, but his love, his heart would come here—be alive in this life, in his life. He never imagined that he would be given this grace. He sat longer, the night grew colder, but his heart was warmed and he felt full of her. He was ready for this fight, the fight for the innocence of her form to appear and live here.

Durgali—Durga is the name her true nature revealed to her—was wandering in the mountains. The mountains always steadied her and that is where she drew her strength. Though she had many powers—supernatural abilities that she drew from the Sacred Force of She Is—it was her intelligent heart that drew her to keep them hidden. She wanted to be all human, to use only her human strengths and capacities to overcome and stop the hurricane, the full force of the winds of fear and domination. She was the living example of what one woman could do, and she came to open the way and protect the living embodiment of She Is.

She walked the cliff's edge and chanted her mantra "Om-kara, Om-kara, Om-kara, Om-kara, controller of life force and life giver, Om-kara, Divine Feminine One..."

From the cliff's edge she could see the city of San Francisco in the distance. The trail became thinner, it was giving out and she found herself standing on the very edge of the cliff with no trail or place to step forward. She was stuck in a dangerous position. She steadied her balance and pondered her options. Going forward was impossible. She could use her ability to fly off the cliff, or she could simply appear herself somewhere else, on safer ground. She looked back from where she had come. Even that step back was a lot more dangerous than going forward. It would take all her strength and focus to be able to make that step and not fall. She saw it all in her mind, where to step, where to grab or hold on if she needed to. The chances that she would make it were slim, and with the wind whipping up, already causing her to lose her balance, it appeared against all odds that she would make it. As she tried to steady her black boot on the rocky edge, she could feel the rocks loosening, the wind whipping up harder, and she could not find how to grip the cliff's edge. That moment, the tension of managing the next step, of being able to hold to the cliff was all she could see—it totally absorbed all her concentration. She knew she would not make it and she woke up in her bed. That dream again, she thought. I have to succeed at that next step. She got up and took her morning run. Her mind was focused on her steps, her rhythm was smooth and steady, and her mind stayed tuned to her mantra, "Om-kara, Om-kara".

Oasis was surprised that Happ Happening had emailed her and was offering her another one of his prototype inventions. She had barely scratched the surface of how to use the Om camera and she still wondered about all its applications. She had used it over a hundred times now and all the pictures were stored within the camera, and she had reviewed them several times. None of the pictures had the surprise element that appeared in her pictures of Durgali. All the other pictures were visually very good, beautiful really, unique and interesting, but the pictures of Durgali stirred her like none other. Since that fateful day when she and Durgali and the three women realizers had witnessed the manifestation of She Is, her friend Durgali had emerged the most changed by the experience. Maybe not the most changed, Oasis thought, she came into herself more fully. And that self, Oasis continued to ponder, is something—someone so powerful, so forceful, that it scared her and made her feel that somehow she had lost her friend to this great power and force.

Happ showed up at her door with someone else beside him. A very unusual looking man of indecipherable age, with long, rainbow-colored dreads. He was dressed in his own version of natural earthy male, feminine attire. Happ introduced him as the Rainbow Sage. He smiled at her and raised his hand as if to bless her. She felt she had something in common with the strange figure before her, but she couldn't fathom what that would be. Maybe I'll find out, she thought.

Happ took out his latest invention from its case. It appeared to resemble a laptop computer, a crude one that was not made sleek through the process of manufactured design.

"Look, Oasis," he pressed a hidden tab on the right side of the rectangle. A screen appeared with grid lines like a navigational program. "This prototype I call VD for vortex

doorway. When you travel, it will be able to sense or read any places nearby that have an entrance to here—to this dimension, and to other dimensions from here.”

Rainbow Sage jumped in, “Yes, my master Framp had shown me some of these places—he called them power spots.”

Curious, thought Oasis. “What would one use it for, or why would one use it?” she asked.

Rainbow Sage laughed, “Because of the manifestation.”

“What do you mean?” she asked. “You mean that is how the manifestation of God Apart and She Is appeared?”

The Rainbow Sage only smiled.

“Oasis,” Happ continued, “This place you live in—and the surrounding area—this wilderness town lays on a vortex doorway, a really big, powerful one.” Happ showed her the coordinates to her place and town. Wow, she thought. Lines intersected and formed a star and in that 5-pointed star was a beam of light. Her attention was very drawn to the center of the star and she was quickly becoming disoriented.

Rainbow Sage caught this and redirected her attention. “Oasis, Happ also discovered something else.”

Happ said, “Yes, as I searched for other vortex doorways—and by the way, your place in the wilderness was radiating at the strongest pulse—I discovered that the whole world was connected by a grid and the grid had its roots deeply connected in the Earth and this grid also connected to the skies—all living things were...”

Oasis interrupted, “Holding it here?” she asked.

“In a way,” Happ said. “All living things are part of it and part of holding it here in this place we call our world.”

Oasis added, “I have felt this, Happ. Does it have a quality to it? Is it just holding us to it and we are holding it to us?”

Rainbow Sage laughed, “So, my girl, you’ve noticed something about this grid?”

“Yes, it is not just holding us to it or holding us here. It is unifying us and I have felt it as a happiness of existence, of being alive.”

Rainbow Sage clapped his hands and danced a weird jig. He thought, a girl who is in the know of her own feeling of the Bliss of Existence.

“I’ve called it, I call it the ‘Unifying Field of Love’.”

Rainbow Sage nudged Happ, his way of saying, I told you so!

Happ smiled, he looked and felt really happy. “Yes, yes, when I discovered this I knew that my fundamental feeling that all beings are connected directly to their own happiness—to happiness...”

Oasis interrupted, “But why is everyone so unhappy here?” She felt a little bit awkward about interrupting Happ’s happy moment.

“Because, I also discovered something else, some other force that is covering the grid, that appears to be obstructing its radiance. There are other places where this force gathers.”

“What do you mean?” asked Oasis.

“I’m trying to understand this,” Happ pondered.

Rainbow Sage spoke up, “The field, as you call it, Oasis—this field that unifies all our hearts so we can recognize all of life as our closest relatives, so to speak, transcends but also uses the medium or conductivity of thoughts, and thoughts—all thoughts—are magnets of attraction.”

Oasis was quiet for a moment. A strange idea was forming, an intuition really, “Our own thoughts are creating the obstruction, aren’t they?” she asked.

Rainbow Sage nodded.

Happ pondered, “Our thoughts can gather and if they are of the fearful, negative type, they create their own force and this force lives somewhere.”

Oasis didn’t know what to say. She thought of her friend Durgali. She thought of her friend, the force she had and the force of her demonstration, and the determination that she had shown in the moment the manifestation of She Is came into the room. She realized that it was Durga’s force that opened the doorway for the She Is to appear. Rainbow Sage wanted to say something but felt it was best to stay quiet. He couldn’t give it all away. She had to discover the way and the part she would play on her own. They already helped her enough. He and Yakaboobis had inspired and imagined Happ’s Om camera, and now his vortex device, and Happ, a really good guy and at times an eccentric and clueless scientist, had done his job well. He couldn’t push him all the way into the transcendental. He couldn’t blow his mind that much—better stick to inventing devices that hinted at locating or measuring what was in the mind or beyond the mind. Happ couldn’t accept that the mind was only a vehicle for consciousness, not the driver.

Oasis was unsure how to use Happ’s latest device. She did feel that it could be of use for Durga’s work, and she knew that Durga was intent on steadying the She Is here. She had a learning curve to get through to understand how to use these devices—the Om camera and this new device, the VD—to serve her friend’s work. That much she did understand.

The three realizers, the three women, Polly, Andee, and Sarah, were unable as of yet to disconnect from their experience of being together, of seeing the manifestation of the She Is. None of the women were ready to return to their lives back home. Polly knew of a small cottage she could bring the other women to, along the shores of Transparent Lake, a house that was a

part of her Guru's organizational property. It was there, sitting by the shore, that each woman reflected on what the manifestation of the She Is meant to them. They were being pulled into a depth that was beyond their usual swimming holes. They didn't know how to talk about their experience, but they all felt they were coming out of the closet of their love for Her. And this coming out made them feel Her as their own Self, and their own capacity and willingness to live as themselves, as their own She. They wanted to live as She Is and with She Is, free of the constraints of all power-dynamic ways of being here, of relating here. They didn't want to be patronized by power-dynamic society, by power-dynamic spiritual institutions. They were done with cooperating with all that, but how to live now, with non-cooperation with what made their own She Is stay subordinate in their lives in the patriarchal hierarchy? This new life, this new work, how to live it and manifest it, was on revolutionary new ground. They would have to create it, and to do that they knew that the She Is would have to steady here, stay here, and live here. How would they steady Her here?

Sarah knew she couldn't go back home. Andee knew her hunch was right all along, so why didn't I allow it to breath, to come into life? she wondered. Polly finally understood that her embrace of the She Is, of her own heart as She Is, was not an act of defiance against the superiority of her own Guru. She thought, he just didn't understand this and she didn't feel guilty or ashamed or somehow opposed to him. She felt happy, not angry, and her happiness came or lived at her own depth, and that depth was free, already happy, and it was Her as she truly felt and knew herself. Her Guru had never brought her there—his form was not the means for her to heart-recognize herself, this had to come from her courage to finally see and feel herself completely as She Is. She was not angry or sorrowful or afraid anymore.

The three happy (not angry) revolutionaries sat by the shore. Polly spoke up, "We must find a sanctuary for She Is, a place where she can steady here without any of the constraints of the culture, or its ego-other dynamics."

"Yes," answered Andee, "We must find her a place where her life can open and grow here."

Sarah added, "Yes, it is time for the truly free form of Her to kick some grumpy, unloving asses into the happy, unified field of She Is." Sarah spoke these words with some fire and vigor. Andee and Polly were surprised and clapped their hands and said together, "Go for it girl, it's finally our time." What did the She Is manifestation call this time? Yes, it is the time of **Our Story**, not history.

"Where can we bring her to stay?" asked Andee.

"How will we steady her here?" asked Sarah.

Polly thought of her Guru's island sanctuary and home. No, his place, where he stands, was not the place or time for the She Is to be. We need a place that has no protocol, no dogma. A new place, a free place, an open door. A place where we can dream with her, dream beyond what has already been done and known, dream the new life, the new story. They had to dream and create beyond all already existing traditions. This was exciting new ground for the three women realizers and they felt they were finally breathing free to come together to birth and build the place and the time for She Is to make her Presence known and freely lived.

Durga was getting ready. Every night she dreamed and gathered force. The force of her concentration could not be deterred by any other influence, benign or malicious. Her dreams were her training ground. She walked the cityscapes and the dream-mountains of attention. She did not falter in her attempts to move forward past all the limits that culture imposed on her. Men desired her and wanted her force for their own desires of winning in the hierarchy, the patriarchy. They tried to subdue her, humiliate her through acts of violence and sexual submission, but Durga could not be stopped. Her force was great and strong to stop all intrusions, but her greatest power was her understanding. She understood herself. She knew that she could not lose herself no matter how hard the malicious male aspect tried to hurt her, humiliate her, make her insignificant and bow to their supposed superiority. Durga understood who She Is and this was her greatest strength. Each night she was tested, she did not fail, she did not lose herself. She gathered the force of her She Is, a power so dynamic and great, it is no wonder that the male aspect has always been afraid of it and tried to subordinate it to its will.

Her teacher Mahoot was aware of Durga's strength and that it was building in immensity. It was like the enormous energy of the shakti of a planet, of planet Earth itself. It needed steadying as Earth 2 had needed and found in the relationship with a true realizer, Yakataboof. She was aware that her own teacher, Yakaboobis, was the stabilizing realizer on Earth 1, their home. Mahoot needed Yakaboobis to help guide Durga's training as well. Yakaboobis had revealed to her about the manifestation of She Is. "She is coming to steady here," he had told her. "Durga is the force that will bring Her here to abide." Mahoot's heart was gladdened that the manifestation of Love Itself—the She Is—was about to make her appearance and come to live here. These are surely exciting times, she thought. She knew that Durga's testing, her training was at its most difficult and challenging. She herself could not have survived such training. She knew Durga could and would survive the training and be ready to win the battle, the war. When Durga would be at her greatest force, she would have her greatest weapon—to be balanced as her very own self. She would not lose herself or gain herself in battle. She would not sacrifice herself. She would not surrender herself. She would open herself, her power, and create the opening for the She Is to manifest. Mahoot was in awe of Durga's strength and knew her acolyte could teach her. For now, Mahoot dream-constructed all possible scenarios of resistance and malicious intent to reveal to her acolyte all the possible strategies of the enemy.

Oasis knew the time was drawing near. She could see it in her friend Durga's eyes. She had a hunch on how to use the VD prototype device.

"Look, Durga, see where the lines converge? That is what Happ calls the vortex doorway. Rainbow Sage, Happ's friend, calls it a power spot, a doorway that opens here to other dimensions."

Durga studied the screen and asked, "When the She Is manifested, where She manifested, is that a vortex doorway, a power spot?"

"Yes, this area that I live in is a very strong opening. Look, see the lines converging into what looks like a 5-pointed star?"

“I have seen this in my meditation. I have accessed it through my Ajna.”

“What is that?” asked Oasis.

“You might know it by the name, ‘The Third Eye’.”

Wow, thought Oasis, I had no idea that her meditations were that profound.

“And look also at what we discovered. Look how the grid joins everyone and everything in this world.”

Durga studied the screen again, “Yes, I have seen this in my meditations. You have felt this and called it the ‘Unifying Field of Love’.”

“Yes,” Oasis beamed, “But we also saw...”

Durga interrupted her friend, “Yes, I know that part, too. That part is what I must deal with to bring and steady the She Is here.”

Oasis again was in awe of her friend, “But how Durga, how will you accomplish bringing her here?”

“I know, I know,” she repeated, “I have been in training for this work all my life. Now we know where to bring the She Is through, the timing must also be known, be precise. Bring out the Om camera, it could help us with the when.”

Oasis unwrapped the Om camera. Durga held it to her forehead and chanted, “Omkara”. The beam of light revealed the image of her standing at the doorway of the 5-pointed star.

“Look, Durga, the picture shows you are ready.”

“Yes, Oasis, now you take a picture and think about the time when I and the She Is appear together. Think about the timing of that moment.”

Oasis saw the beam of light and chanted, “Omkara”. The image revealed her smiling. It was sunset and she was by the lake where the river spilled into the basin, into the body of water, the lake. Others were gathered. The three realized women, Polly, Andee, and Sarah, were also there smiling, too. And there were two other figures: a tall woman, very strong and striking looking, as she looked neither like a woman nor a man exclusively, rather a combination of features of both—and a dignified, aged man, quite good looking, but with a missing hand.

“That is my teacher Mahoot and her teacher Yakaboobis. The Om camera is showing us the place, the time, and the gathering. We must gather these great individuals to come here soon. Can you do that?” asked Durga.

“Yes, I can text the women realizers. Can you give me the number of your teacher and her teacher?” asked Oasis.

“Yes, in three days’ time we shall all meet at the location an hour before sunset.”

“Of course,” Oasis confirmed. “What will you be doing till then?”

Durga just smiled. She felt her training was complete. She would rest and deepen in her meditation. And there was someone she was waiting on, someone she had yet to meet, a force, a presence that she might need in order to win the battle and gain the victory of She Is's appearance here.

The evening was warm. The river was moving deliberately and swiftly toward the lake basin. The snowmelt from the mountains above the town made its way to where it would be stored and accessed for the needs of the people (and animals and plants) both close by and far away. Oasis surveyed the area and saw the women realizers approach. She waved to them and shot a few pictures of their descent into the lake basin. In her backpack she had brought the Om camera as well as the vortex device. The women greeted each other. They appeared happy and serious about what would occur. Each realizer knew she was not there just to witness the event of the She Is into life, they each had a part to play. They were not able to secure a sanctuary place for the She Is in such a short time. They were determined not to fail in securing She Is here and would do whatever was needed. They were all confident they could accomplish this. They knew they had the fortitude and courage. They were excited to be able to embrace the She Is and they knew Her to be their own Self. They understood that the worshipper and the worshipped are the same One—have the same face. They were also excited for Her to appear as their very dear heart friend. Oasis greeted the women and her breath was taken away in recognition of their beauty and their solidarity with each other.

A very interesting couple was headed their way. Oasis knew it must be Mahoot—a striking, tall woman who had the strength of the best aspects of male and female. So this is Durga's teacher, she thought. I am already in love with her.

Yakaboobis gazed at the women realizers and gave a nod to Polly. She held up her hands and folded them in acknowledgement. Oasis looked into Yakaboobis's eyes and the depth of opening there was too much for her. She smiled at him and said to the group, "Come, Durga is preparing. She is sitting by the river." The small group followed Oasis past the willow bushes and saw Durga standing. She did not turn to acknowledge them. They could see she was in a deep state of focused meditation. They all approached her reverently and quietly gathered around her. Oasis took both prototype devices out from her backpack—the Om camera and the VD device—and placed them by her side. She picked up the Om camera and was ready to use it as Durga had asked, as they had planned, when Yakaboobis motioned to her to give it to him. She was hesitant, but complied—she knew she could trust him. He held the camera to his forehead, the white beam appeared and he chanted, "Om kara". The image that was revealed was of Durga, and the grid was appearing. "She is there, at the doorway," Yakaboobis informed everyone.

Durga felt the force gather within her. It was expanding her form. She felt the call of the She Is. Her heart was beating, "Om kara, Om kara". The white star of 5 points appeared. The force of her transmission was about to meet it when the first attack happened. The grid turned darker, its luminosity faded, and the force became a wind that tried to push her away. It blew her hard and tried to usurp her stand. Durga stood firm and unafraid. This darkness, this wind blew harder and spoke to her in threatening tones, "How dare you stand here. This is my place. I rule here." It taunted her with its own advocacy of its own superior power and authority. Durga

stood firm. She was unaffected. The wind died down, but the darkness remained. It smelled foul, like a filthy cesspool, and Durga felt it move up her body, this substance, this dark matter covered her in its stench to pollute and kill her life force. It was the fear of not being able to live, to be sustained, to have a place, a right to live, to be integral to being here, to being here and being yourself. She held firm as it tried to strangle her. When it reached her heart and tried to pollute it, her heart beat harder and harder and became her weapon of power. She chanted, “Omkara, Omkara” and the dark pollutant fell off her and dissolved.

The women realizers and Durga’s teachers could see the strain Durga was under. Yakaboobis took another picture to understand and see how she was doing. He tried not to gasp when he saw Durga’s form entrenched in the black pollutant. He shared the image with the others. Polly, Andee, and Sarah looked toward each other and held out their hands to Mahoot. The four women circled Durga and held their open hands on her form.

Another attack came. Durga knew her resolve was strong, but her link to her body might snap completely. In this attack she was standing in a battlefield after the battle. She saw thousands, millions of women, some dead, some crying. Their tears, their deaths were inconsequential to the culture, the times of history. They were cast aside, ignored, used for their strengths and the gifts of their givingness, but not honored, not loved—used as sexual slaves and slaves to the wants and needs of the patriarchal cultures. Their cries and moans were a terrible voice of too-long suppression, of being denied the right to live lives of dignity and happiness. Their gifts and givingness were never told and written into the story, the history. They were denied the right to their own lives, their own force, their own power, their own accomplishments that always benefitted all. They were a used commodity that could be conveniently tossed aside. Durga stood among all this death, all this death of their spirit to live freely as She Is, as the innocence of their own form. She felt this terrible suffering of being apart, of being cast unseen, unheard, and unfelt in the power dynamic ideology of the patriarchy, and this suffering brought her to her knees and she wept and wept and said, “Why does this suffering exist, Great Mother? Why do you allow it? We are your own form. You are our heart, we are all your She Is. How do you allow this terrible suppression of all that is felt as You, as She Is and We Are?” Her tears flowed heavily and her heart was breaking. The women pressed their hands on Durga’s form.

Sarah held her hands on Durga’s heart and spoke loudly, clearly, and forcefully, “I am Love, I am Love.”

Andee held her hands on Durga’s vital and also spoke forcefully, “I am happiness, I am happiness.”

Polly touched Durga and spoke her words of understanding, “I am free, I am free.”

Mahoot put her hands on Durga’s head and said, “I am always with you, sister, we walk together.” The women stayed with the ceremony of their meditation for and with Durga.

Oasis looked toward Yakaboobis and he carefully handed her the Om camera. She held it to her forehead and thought of Durga, and thought of Durga wielding her greatest weapon. The shutter clicked as she chanted, “Omkara”.

Durga's sorrow was unrelenting. She was drowning in it. She could feel the force of love, of happiness, of freedom, of solidarity, but the force of sorrow felt stronger. She was losing herself, her balance, her strength to know herself, her greatest asset, her greatest power.

Polly spoke up, "Durga, you must know that you are free. You are free of this sorrow."

Andee added, "Durga, you must know that you are happy, already happy."

Sarah also added, "Durga, you must know that you are love, you are love."

Durga's heart began to breathe again. Mahoot placed her hands on Durga's forehead and spoke, "Come forth, greatest sister, greatest warrior." Durga stood up and the grid of light appeared again. A form, a dark, resplendent form appeared from her eye of seeing. It was her greatest ally, the greatest warrior, her feminine impulse, the feminine form that not only gives life but can yield death as well. It was her dark sister. "Kali, Kali," she chanted. Kali grinned at her sister and laughed, "All this sorrow, all this sorrow, I will slay all these beings that give sorrow for the selfish purpose of control and domination. All these sad thoughts, I will slay. Kali was on her mighty rampage, laughing as she encountered all the effects that hierarchies created, the sorrow, death and suffering that power dynamics had created. Durga, renewed by her sister's ferocity, took up the battle alongside her sister. It was obvious that the will of domination could not be sustained and all the signs of self-possessed egoity and male domination and its structures were dying and would give way, would yield.

The grid glowed with the heart of all its beings. Kali returned to the seat within her sister Durga. Durga called forth, "She Is, She is, come forth. We are here, ready to be with you." The She Is appeared. Her form was the brightness, the Bright Heart itself. Durga held out her hand to the She Is and as they touched, Durga felt the She Is steady into her touch. The four women who had been holding Durga stepped back and Polly whispered, "She is appearing."

Her form appeared as bright as the sun and they had to look away. Yakaboobis called to her, "My lady, my lady, you are here." Her form cooled and became denser. Durga opened her eyes and the She Is spoke first to Durga and then to everyone.

"My dearest Durga, thank you, I knew you could do it." She looked at each of the women. "My dear Andee, my dear." Andee was smiling radiantly, "I am so happy to see you," the She Is said.

"And Sarah, how you love, I love it," the She Is said. Sarah, at a loss for words, just smiled and smiled.

"Mahoot," the She Is exclaimed, "You certainly can give a hoot, a great big hoot!" Mahoot also laughed and accidentally a hoot came out.

The She Is turned to Polly, "Have you understood Him now?" she asked. "He is not God Apart. Do you understand your truth, your freedom?"

Polly nodded yes, "I stand as you are, not apart, free as I am, as I am this form of innocence."

The She Is smiled, "Yes."

Oasis asked if she could take the She Is's picture. "Of course, my dear Oasis, of course. We are all in the image of the True One. We are all unified in this field of Love. Let's make art out of this great truth, this great Love."

Yakaboobis patiently but eagerly stepped forward. "Welcome, Great Lady."

The She Is, "Oh you don't need to be so formal. Give me a hug!" He embraced her and whispered in her ear, "Please come to my sanctuary, it has been prepared for you." She nodded her head. Yakaboobis turned and faced all the women who were clearly drowning in an avalanche of happiness and love, "Let me introduce you to my lady, our lady, our heart, our dearest one, our dearest friend. Her name is Santosha Tantra. She Is our heart's satisfaction and the undoing of all fear and sorrow. She is the One we have known all along, the One who cannot be denied or suppressed any longer. She is the Unifying force in which all can live and grow in love, in happiness. She is the face and form of our own Hearts."

God Apart was supremely happy about His Beloved accomplishment of the manifestation of Her form. They had worked on this through the countless dark cycles of egoity and power-dynamic thoughts and culture. A new story was emerging and he couldn't wait to come around and enjoy it with her and all his beloveds everywhere. As she could no longer be denied or suppressed, He could not be apart or above. The He and the She played in the perfect game of Tantra. There were no opposites, no above or below, they lived alive, with each other playing in the Unified Field of Love.

May all beings be happy

May all being love

Special thanks to Durga and Kali. Their archetypes are a wonderful road map to all women who are traveling the path of living the ferocity of their own Hearts!

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