

The Unifying Field of Love, Part 2: The Heart of Recognition

Oasis downloaded her images into a file she simply called, “God Apart”. This made her laugh to herself and wonder, what is his real name anyways? she excitedly opened the first image in Photoshop. It was God Apart sitting on the boulder by the river. She studied his grin, that silly, satisfied grin, she thought. She enlarged the photo so her big printer could print the largest size possible. Five minutes later the big Canon printer cut and shot out a 24 by 32 inch picture. She laid it on the floor of her studio to study it. She was happy with the lighting, the resolution, the clarity was good. She was smiling and laughing to herself—she was just so happy looking at God Apart’s face. She had noticed that since she had met God Apart and was part of his grand adventure (of which she understood nothing) her heart was present and enjoying the life that was being lived as her. How did I get to be so lucky? she wondered. After that initial printing, she downloaded all the pictures of her time with God Apart and MyArth (his angel). She studied the pictures of MyArth extending her wings—her favorite picture of MyArth was of the angel struggling under her grandma-like-form disguise. It was obvious that she was very uncomfortable in that disguise yet her love and care for God Apart was front and center. Her attention for God Apart was full of her love for him. Oasis thought, how could anyone not love him? He is so dam attractive.

It took her a few days to prepare all the pictures she had taken of her adventure with God Apart and MyArth. When she got to the last of the series, the shots she took at Waking Woman Mountain, she studied the pictures of what she describes as “the meeting”. Three women had gathered around God Apart in an embrace—they all seemed to know him, to recognize him as someone who meant much to their heart. There was an Indian woman in her fifties. She had arrived in the woods with an older woman, an American, and another woman had arrived shortly after that. She was dressed in attire that suggested she lived a spiritual lifestyle, like a modern-day nun or sage. This meeting of God Apart in this ancient forest, Oasis felt that this was the work that God Apart was causing to happen. Who are these women? she wondered. She had wished she had listened closely to the introductions but she was busy with finding the best place to stand in relationship to the natural lighting that was presenting itself so she could take a good picture. When she opened the file on the last few pictures of the meeting, there was one picture where all the women were in sight—their faces were all shining, all beholding God Apart—each face registered a delight, a fulfillment that they had longed for, for a long time. She enlarged that photo and studied it awhile. God’s work is mysterious, she thought. What was this meeting about? The last picture, the 79th picture, was also of the women looking at God Apart. She enlarged the area around their faces—she wanted to study them to see if their faces were known to her. Have I ever seen or heard of these women before? Who are they? she wondered. She did not recognize them. She was very apt at remembering faces. When she enlarged God Apart’s face to see how to create better resolution on his features, she noticed something odd. It wasn’t so much that the clarity on his face wasn’t so good because of the limitations of the lighting of the forest. There seemed to be another image over his face. She enlarged his face even more and she studied the image. Yes, she thought, there seems to be—is it a reflection of one of the women’s faces? she wondered. She blew it up even more and brightened the face with the brightness/contrast tool. Hmm, she sighed. There is another face, the face of a woman on God Apart’s face. She studied the enlarged printed photo of the three women. No, it’s not one of their faces. It was not the angel MyArth’s face. No, she thought, it is a woman’s face, but whose? she studied this last photo, looked back at the faces of the

three women and saw a look of—was it shock?—on their faces. Were they seeing it too, this face on God Apart's face? she printed an 8½ by 11 size photo of this image. Before God Apart had left for parts unknown, he had asked her to pull together all the photos she had taken of him and their travels and the meeting with the three women. "Put them together in some kind of book, or better yet, create a website for them. Our hearts will stay in touch," were his last words to her.

Polly-O-One rearranged the flowers in the temple—a task she had done for many years, almost every day. She usually left after finishing her task of worship, but today she lingered and kept moving the articles of the puja ceremony around. The temple she was in was her beloved Guru's private place of worship, where he went to worship Her. She didn't understand this part of her Guru's life. She washed the statue—it was of a female presence, the Shakti, the representation of a Hindu goddess called Durga. No one was allowed to stay in this temple when He (her Guru) was alive. She could come only to clean and that was that. Now, she had decided to carry on the pujas here (for her beloved Guru) and she stayed in the temple for a couple of hours every day. Since her return from seeing her beloved (in that strange form), she had moved out from his Samadhi-final-resting site on the island. Who were those other women who had come to find and to see Beloved? she wondered. Why did they have the same impulse—the same attraction to leave their homes and converge in the forest to find the God man there and in a body no one knew him as—and yet they all recognized him? What did this manifestation of Him mean? she wondered. She had tried to stay with Him, she couldn't hold on to him. Did he actually just disappear, or was she reluctant or afraid to stand by him? she remembered seeing his face break up and shine as light and then another face appeared—a face she knew well. A face that she fully recognized—her own face—the face her intimate self—the face of the mother—the face and the voice she heard in her heart and was now worshiping in the temple. She had no fight left in her to reject her own face and her own voice, heard in her heart as the mother. She had to come to the temple of the Mother—of the Durga—his temple where he worshiped. She had to come to be herself as she felt herself to be. Must I lose him, my Guru, to become myself? she was frightened that this impulse, this attraction to fully becoming herself, would cause her to reject everything that went before—to reject her life and how she lived her life with her Beloved Guru.

Andee was still floating on the cloud nine of recognizing and meeting Him in the forest. She remembered that the woman who was photographing him called him "God Apart". God Apart! What a silly name, what a jokester he is, she laughed out loud. What a meltdown of love! I hadn't felt this way in years, since the early days of being with my teacher. And this, this melt down, I thought my heart would burst with all the delicious delight. Where did he go? she wondered, and why did we leave him? When she had looked over at Sarah, she had seen that Sarah was just as melted down in happiness as she was. How did they let him go to return to what? she wondered, my usual work of meetings in the public so we can eke out a little of the force of happiness together? That guy is a Niagara Falls of it. Where did he go? Andee knew that her meeting in the forest with God Apart had to be the beginning of a new adventure, a journey that she never suspected could be or happen to her in her later years. She had been contented with the status quo of her work and her happiness.

She searched the internet for any clues as to God Apart's life or whereabouts. She didn't find any until six months later (after having given up) she typed God Apart to see if Google would reveal anything. That is the when and the where—she found Oasis's website. The website was dedicated to God Apart and it featured many pictures of him. Andee's heart was racing as she

clicked from one picture to the next. The final three pictures were of her, Sarah, and another woman standing in the forest with God Apart. She studied their faces. Man, we all looked so melted down and in love, madly in love. I have to tell Sarah about this website. I wonder if she is feeling the same as I am—the feeling of ecstasy we felt on that day, being with God Apart.

Sarah was at a crossroads. Her teacher, her Guru, her father had passed from the body a few months ago. Her lifestyle had been held together by their love together and her impulse to serve his life and his directives for her. In his last days, as he laid weak in his bed and his face radiant with love, he told her that he was going to her and would return in another life—in another form—to serve “Her” (what did he call it?) oh yes, Sarah remembered—the “unifying field of love”. She had never heard her Guru talk this way before, about Her or the field of Love. Where is this field of Love? she wondered, and who is the “She” he is referring to that he is going to be with? Was he speaking metaphorically? she felt that she had known everything about her beloved Guru-father. How did she not know of his internal life with Her?

She felt restless. She was so used to her confinement in her small ashram, she never saw it as settling—it was just her life and she always rebelled against any impulse that would take away from it. That is until she went to America, to California, to San Francisco, where along with Andee she found Him. Did her own Guru-father understand or recognize that journey of attraction? He actually encouraged her to go. Why did he do that? she wondered. Since her recognition of the God man in the towering forest of the redwoods, where she experienced her heart afire—a state she hadn’t felt in years, her life back at home felt too small. She wanted her heart to soar again. When she thought of those precious moments with the God man, she could still feel the ecstasy she felt in that meeting. She was also feeling a growing discontentment with her life in her small ashram and an ache—a longing to grow, to trust her attraction, like a young woman setting out to meet her life, to live her heart in the big world. She wanted to see the world, to meet it with her heart. She couldn’t stay home any longer. She grieved her Guru-father and she often felt him speak to her in her heart. He offered no advice or directives to her, he was present with her and she thought she heard him say, “Go to Her, She is the unifying field of love.” Who is this “She”? she wondered. She had forgotten (or suppressed) the memory of seeing the face of the She of the God Man.

She checked her emails, her daily ritual, she opened the one from Andee. She had decided that Andee was okay and though she hadn’t revised her status from “wannabe realizer” to “true realizer”, they had shared a bond in their adventure and recognition of the God Man that helped Sarah to recognize Andee as a friend. Andee offered her condolences on the passing of her Guru-father and told her she was still feeling so ecstatic from their meeting with the God man. “Check out the website from the woman photographer Oasis,” Andee urged in the email. Sarah clicked on the link to the website. There were the pictures of the God Man—God Apart as Oasis called him. Very weird name, she thought. Her thoughts were rebelling against the ache of love she felt for this man. This is trouble, she thought, this can’t be good. When she thought this, her heart constricted. Could she live with the constriction or with the longing? she wondered. If I follow the longing, everything will change—will I be vulnerable in a way I haven’t felt (or allowed) for years? This was a dilemma she thought that she would never have to face as a realizer of Wedantta. She wanted to grow, to experience how big her heart could be, could feel. Would she hide behind, or allow herself to be restricted by the teachings of Realization?

God Apartress was glad her heart husband was back. She was happy to see that his mission was 100% accomplished. It was good to get him out of the house for a while so she could get to her other enjoyments. He was always so distracting with all of his full-force of attraction turned on her. Not that she didn't enjoy it immensely. She did, but she did have other pursuits she loved enjoying.

He told her of the young woman Oasis who assisted him on the journey and how she was so capable and trusting. "She already had the s gene, so I threw in the v gene for her as well." He clapped his hands with satisfaction. God Apartress smiled and hid the fact that Oasis was not a new find, but one of her own gals. "And me and the Mother had our talk on the Waking Woman Mountain," God Apart continued. "Of course, I assured her I would help her with her plan to help all beings on Earth."

"You are always so wonderful, dear." Apartress said. "What did she want you to help her with?" God Apartress feigned ignorance.

"She thought it was of the utmost importance, at this time it is crucial that all beings recognize that they live in the unifying field of love."

"Really?" asked God Apartress, "Don't they know that already?"

"Apparently not," replied God Apart.

"Well, that accounts for all the problems then, doesn't it?"

"Yes, and how the so-called separate one and its games of power dynamics creates all of the sad history of that place."

"Well, that is usually how everything goes when love is restricted and constricted through the lens of the dynamic of the other. One has to be dominant and the other subordinate."

"Well put, my dear," God Apart planted a big kiss on his heart of hearts.

"And I can see who the dominant ones are there—after all it is called his-story instead of 'the story'."

"Yes," answered God Apart. "What have you been doing while I was away?"

"Were you away, my dear?" laughed God Apartress. "You know we are never really apart—I kept happily busy working on a big surprise for you."

"Really?" clapped God Apart, "What is it?"

"I'm not quite finished with it—almost."

"I can't wait, my dear."

"Oh, I forgot to mention, one of my closest gals was a little put off that you didn't bring her."

"Really, who was that?" asked God Apart.

"Oh, I sent her along, did you meet up?" asked God Apartress. "Did you meet up with Durga?"

"No, really—you sent the Durg?"

“Yes, she wanted to go, you know she has always helped when the game of the other—the dominant one—is at its worst.”

“Yeah, she is fearless when it comes to standing up to the illusory conceit of the all-powerful.”

“Yes, she is very apt at setting things straight.”

God Apart put his arms around God Apartress. “Did she leave with her other aspect as well?” asked God Apart.

“Oh, K—Kali, she might have gone as well.”

“Well, it certainly will get interesting—some real her story is about to go down.”

“Yes, is it too much?”

“No, you know best, they wanted to go, huh?”

“Yes.”

“Things are that bad then. I must admit I did enjoy myself while I was there. I haven’t been on a mission in a long time. Oasis was great, do you think we should hook up Durga with her?”

“Well, might be the best person and the best place to land, after all her name is Oasis.”

“Yes,” laughed God Apart.

“Oh,” asked God Apartress, “How are our dynamic three—the women you went to see?”

“The spiritual representatives? I gave them what they needed. In time they’ll see it as what they want.”

“You are always so forceful with your attracting force.”

“Me!” Laughed God Apart, “I feel that way about you!”

“No, you,” laughed God Apartress.

“Nah! It’s always you,” God Apart affirmed. “Everything I do is to please you.”

God Apartress smiled, “And I am always so pleased.”

Mahoot had been training Durgali for the last five years. She was now 27. She was her most interesting and apt acolyte. Her ability to discriminate between ego-pushing strategy and truth living—true dreaming—was very strong and she developed in the understanding in a short time.

“There is something about her,” remarked Mahoot to Yakaboobis.

“Like she is from another Earth?” laughed Yakaboobis.

Mahoot laughed, “No, not another earth, maybe another planet far away from this galaxy,” she teased back.

“Well,” Yakaboobis continued, “Most young people come into their understanding and how their understanding will show them their life’s work around this age.”

“There is something about her, it’s just under the surface waiting to explode into this world, this dream. Watch out, world!” Mahoot exclaimed.

Durgali threw her hiking boots into her jeep. She was going up to hike a trail up in the high country of Yosemite with her new friend, Oasis. Oasis had invited her and asked her if she wouldn’t mind being a “part” of the picture. Durgali had seen some of her photography and thought it was both beautiful and wild. Durgali loved the mountains and always felt most alive and at home there and felt most fortunate that she had found a friend who knew many of the trails in the mountain ranges of the West.

The drive to the high country was long, and driving through the beautiful valley of Yosemite, Durgali and Oasis stopped and Oasis took some photos of Yosemite falls. They didn’t want to linger long, they had a lot of trail to cover today. Oasis had never met anybody like Durgali before. She was both bold and self-contained. Oasis had told her of her adventure with God Apart and the questions Durgali asked her about her adventure were not at all the usual ones. Her other friends thought her adventure was part of Oasis’s creative imagination and the tricks of Photoshop.

“Why do you think that Guy called himself God Apart?” Durgali had asked.

“I’ve been thinking about that. He sure had a wicked sense of humor,” replied Oasis.

“Well, just maybe, that’s his ironic joke on the understanding or lack of understanding that God is apart from us.”

Oasis was intrigued about this. “Can anyone actually be God?” she asked.

Durgali replied, “What I feel is that God is understanding.”

“What do you mean, what is there to understand?”

“I’m not sure, completely clear . . .”

“It’s like a photo a bit out of focus?”

“Yes, but the real image or understanding is always here whether I can see it clearly or not.”

As they hiked the trail, Oasis tried to keep up with Durgali. Durgali’s stride was strong and she walked at a deliberate pace. She watched her breathe in the mountains and she thought that Durgali breathed in the strengthening life force of the place. Oasis snapped a few pictures of her with the towering domes behind her. Oasis knew she wanted to be with Durgali and know more about her, and taking her picture was her way of meeting her, seeing her, noticing her, and she so enjoyed being in Durgali’s attracting force.

They ate lunch at the top of Nevada Falls.

“This place is so beautiful. I feel I could stay here forever.” Durgali commented after she finished her cup of yogurt. Oasis continued to take her photo. “How about I take a few of you at the top of the falls?” asked Durgali, “It’s only fair,” she added.

They were both exhausted after their 11-mile hike. Both were high on the beauty of the day's adventure. They had just a few minutes before it would be completely dark. They crawled into their sleeping bags.

"Best day ever," Oasis sighed.

"Yes," replied Durgali, "Best ever, let's do it again tomorrow and the next day and the next," she added.

Oasis was fast asleep in seconds, but Durgali laid awake. Her whole body ached, but her heart ached with a longing. It was this longing, this ache that kept her awake. When she finally fell asleep, she dreamt of Oasis taking her picture. "What do you see?" She asked, "What is in the picture?"

"I see," were the only two words Durgali said, "I see."

Oasis stirred the pot of oatmeal on the camping stove. She cut some bananas into the mixture, added some milk and honey. It was already nine o'clock, she was very hungry from yesterday's long hike. Durgali was still asleep. Oasis sipped her chai and checked her emails and texts. There was one text that said, "Take care of her." It was from G.A. She texted back, "I will," and the reply back was, "Good, she is such a dear friend of mine." Oasis smiled at the last text and banged the pot a bit, hoping it would rouse Durgali.

"Are you hungry?" she called out.

"Very," she could hear the answer coming from the tent. She heard Durgali unzip the tent and appear by her side.

Oasis had to laugh, Durgali's long black hair was so disheveled that she looked like a goddess in need of a beautician or a hiker who had just finished the PCT after several months of hiking.

Durgali tried to unravel the knots by running her hands through her hair. "That bad, huh?" she asked Oasis.

"It's pretty wild, yet in some strange way, it suits you. Your demon side," teased Oasis, "is coming out."

"Just don't get your camera out," warned Durgali, "or ..."

"Too late, I got you on my phone," laughed Oasis.

"I'm famished."

"Dig in," urged Oasis, "Camper's delight: oatmeal followed by an energy bar to get us back on the trail."

Today's hike would be shorter—up from Tenaya Lake to the Sunshine Lakes. Oasis loved taking pictures of the mountain lake—it was reflecting the granite domes that were surrounding it. The walk up and away from the lake was gradual and they stopped to take in the view of Olmstead. The trail grew steadily higher and higher and Oasis could feel her lungs and thighs burn at the ascent. Durgali was in the lead. The rough ascent combined with the gaining altitude didn't seem to bother her at all.

“You alright?” she called out to Oasis, “We can rest if you want.”

Oasis nodded her head, yes. Durgali waited for her to catch up and both women shared a flat top rock. “More water?” Oasis drank deep. They shared some energy bits and when Oasis felt a little more recovered, she took her camera from its case and took a picture of the view and couldn’t resist taking a picture of Durgali.

Durgali’s cheeks were flushed. She was smiling and Oasis could see how much the mountains invigorated her. A true mountain woman, she thought.

Oasis knew she was not living a normal life. That fact didn’t scare her, it thrilled her. She had never wanted to be normal or to fit in. She had just wanted to see, to really see, to know what life is, and photography helped her to do that. It was a way, a means for her to really look, to look deeply at all that was to be seen in a life. The more she saw, the more she felt the beauty of everything. When she saw beauty, she felt beauty and the feeling of beauty could not be apart or contained. It felt to be a force, a field that everything was arising in. She called it the unifying field of Love—a name that God Apart and God Apartress enjoyed. She snapped another picture of her new friend Durgali, and she could see her and feel her beauty. She was in awe of her. Durgali felt vast and powerful. She is no ordinary person, she thought. Two misfits, two happy hikers, we are.

Durgali gulped her water and looked at her friend. I feel I am in an old memory, a happy one. I know this woman, she feels like a dear sister to me. We have done this before, this feels true. Durgali tried to recall in her memory her deep knowing of Oasis. No memories surfaced but they would in time. She thought of her teacher Mahoot, about her power, her conviction to be herself without any permission or apology given. How lucky I am that she found me and has shown me the way to be myself. Still, Durgali knew she had to walk the way herself even with such a competent teacher, and here I am literally walking and walking, she thought. I am learning myself to be myself. She reflected on what she understood about her own nature. She was discovering that she would not live a life with all the normal cues of happiness, like her friend, Oasis. I am here to change the normal. Like my teacher Mahoot, I am a revolutionary. Was she angry about the power-dynamic culture that she was living under? Yes, she had felt its oppression of her heart. Her anger was there, but it was her heart that knew more, felt more, understood more, and her heart remained true, pure, free of hatred and the strategy of justification of power-play dynamics. She knew that about herself: that inner strength that comes from a true heart could never be corrupted. It would find a way to live.

When the two women got to the Sunshine Lakes, it was anything but sunny. They ate their lunch quickly and took cover under a rocky ledge, waiting out the storm.

Durgali looked at her friend. Oasis was soaking in the rain like the Oasis she is. She is always so present, wherever she is, she is actually there. Durgali could see that she was actually in her skin, wherever she is, and as she watched her friend soaking up the wet air of the mountain and the storm, she remembered. It was a strange memory, hard to accept the reality of it. It didn’t relate to anything in this life except for the dynamic of their friendship. In her memory, Oasis served to help her recognize her own strength, not through imaging, but through storytelling. Oasis was telling her the story of how she would win the war. Who am I fighting in this memory? she wondered. She felt it as a force that would not love, that only wanted to enslave others to achieve its own vanity.

So, I have come here to serve this purpose, she thought. This is what my teacher Mahoot is teaching me to be capable of, and Oasis is serving me to see—to see who I am.

When the storm cleared, the two women headed back down on the trail. Oasis noticed that Durgali had seen deeper. She could see it in the way Durgali gazed at her and breathed in the mountain essence. God Apartress had told her to help Durgali to see, so her work could begin and be accomplished. Oasis knew who her friend was, was in awe of the power she could generate to accomplish her work. I will be imaging to bring others to see it with my own ability to see. And her instrument of seeing was always being developed by her art form and with her tool, her camera. Oasis didn't feel her nature or power was being the revolutionary. She felt herself as the artist, as the revealer of beauty who shines from each heart. Oasis felt her life as the unifying field of love and she saw Durgali as the movement or force of the unifying field of Love. She felt this field as love and Durgali could be this force, this field, and wield it as power, the power to change everything.

Finally, she thought. There was an email from Sarah in her email box. She was nervous about opening it. She felt that they had crossed over the bridge from suspicious cohorts to actual friends. She also knew that Sarah might never give her the respect of her status as a spiritual teacher. Oh well, one step at a time. Her husband hadn't understood her adventure with Sarah, and why they both had a need to see what they called "the manifestation" of the God Man. When she returned grinning from ear to ear, on fire with love, he hid his jealousy, but she felt its cutting edge with his statement, "Now that is over, we can get back to what's really important." Andee didn't feel it was over at all. If anything, her appetite was increasing. She wanted to understand why her heart burst open at the sight of God Apart. It wasn't just me who experienced that extreme openness of the love present. Sarah had experienced it too, and the other woman who was dressed in some kind of spiritual uniform. Who was she?

"Dear sister Andee," that was how the email began. "Thank you for sending me the information about Oasis's website. The pictures she took of God Apart were wonderful and my heart is still bursting in love. What a strange time, my beloved father-Guru has dropped the body and though I miss him, I feel him with me, in our love for each other, and I also feel a big happy love for God Apart. It is both maddening and difficult to feel such a big love and happiness and grief at the same time. Maybe my devotees think I have gone a bit crazy. What to do? It helps me that you also feel this crazy big love. What can we do? Love, Sarah"

"Yes," exclaimed Andee. "What, dear?" Her husband asked from the other room.

"Oh, nothing," she replied back. What could be their next step? she wondered. Nothing will ever be normal again, she knew that much.

Polly-O-One had put her spiritual uniform away. The devotees were surprised to see her in shorts and a tank top. She was now eating her meals with the community at large. There was a gaiety to her that no one had experienced in years. She was not following her normal life or practices of being a renunciate. Navaroo, the other renunciate Tanya, was shocked to see her in this way. She had never seen her this way except in the early years when they were all madly high in love with their Guru. They were all old women now, not maidens pursuing the ecstasy of love. This change in Polly-O-One frightened her. Life on the island was difficult, a constant challenge to hold the sustainability together. What happened to Polly-O-One on the trip she took to see her family? Navaroo wondered. She had tried to talk to her but Polly-O-One did not confide in her. Recently, Polly-O-One dropped all her Tanya titles and told everyone they could call her just Polly. Navaroo

was really shocked at this—they had both gone through a lot to earn their titles of respect, to be addressed as spiritual seniors. They were exemplary devotees of their Great Guru, after all. The changes in Polly-O-One made her nervous and, yes, she was a bit jealous as well. I'll try to reign her in and get to the bottom of all this. Spontaneous change and breaking any protocol or rules were not in Navaroo's nature. This had to stop, she thought. If Polly-O-One kept up with this new behavior, the foundation that their Guru spent his entire life setting up would crumble. If Navaroo was honest with herself, she would have admitted that it had already been crumbling for years. Navaroo had a way of seeing things the way she felt her Guru wanted it or wanted to see it. In the past she always gave him the best news, no matter the latest crisis they were in. "Just bring me good news," he would tell her. What is the news about Polly-O-One? What is happening to her? Navaroo was pretty good at playing the detective, at snooping around. It would be easy to access her email account. The password would probably be one of the names of their beloved. He did have over a hundred, but she was confident that the password would be one of the names in the top 10.

She got her opportunity when one of her attendants who she had asked to check Polly-O-One's whereabouts came to tell her that Polly was on the other side of the island with some of the island worker's children. That was curious in itself, but it would give her at least three hours to do her detective work. It was easy to access her email account by accessing Polly's personal computer—just a matter of turning it on. She didn't find much, the usual communication, the usual spiritual business. She went to google and tried to find any tab that might be up. That's when she found Oasis's website. She gasped when she saw the last picture of Polly-O-One on fire with love, gazing at the tall thin man who was called God Apart. She recognized the other two women, too. One was an American spiritual teacher, and the other she knew was Sarah, a realizer of Wedantta. She knew this because her Guru had wanted to contact her many years ago. She didn't know what to do with this information. She closed the computer and walked back to her cottage, dumbfounded and confused. My sister Tanya with these other teachers, and who was that man who they seemed to be in love with? she wanted to confront her immediately at her disloyalty. What was Polly doing? she was surprised to find out later that day when she tried to meet with her, that Polly-O-One had left the island. She was on another trip. To where and why?

Polly-O-One met Marsho, a devotee friend, and was driven to the ashram house. Marsho welcomed her with the formality of her spiritual titles. Polly-O-One stopped her in the middle of it and said, "Just call me Polly from now on". Marsho agreed, she never liked all the formality. She had always wanted to just know the woman, to know what she really felt and her take on her life and how she lived and felt her realization of their Guru. "Can I do anything for you?" she asked, "Do you need anything?" Marsho wasn't sure about the purpose of Polly's trip, she was hoping that Polly would instruct her on it. She had received a strange email from Tanya Navaroo asking her to notify her if Polly-O-One arrived there. She didn't reply; she was waiting to hear instructions from Polly herself.

"Could I borrow your car again?" Polly asked.

"Yes, but I could drive you also, if you like," suggested Marsho.

"Thanks, that's kind of you. You are always so helpful and kind to me. I want you to know I really appreciate it. I need to do this alone."

Marsho wasn't used to Polly treating her in this benevolent way. She was usually treated formally like she was an employee of hers. She liked this change in Polly and even though she had

been a devotee of their Guru for 20 years, this was the first time she felt a spark of friendship with the woman.

“I need to go see a friend, it’s hard to explain. I don’t understand it myself.”

This really intrigued Marsho. What was going on with Polly? Is this why Tanya Navaroo sent her that odd email?

The next morning Polly left the house early. Marsho informed Tanya Navaroo of her arrival. Both Tanya’s are acting so mysterious, she thought.

Polly drove once again to the Write House. She hoped Yakaboobis would be at home. When she pulled into the driveway, a man was tending to a cactus garden.

“Hello,” he called out to her, “Can I help you?”

Polly felt foolish for just showing up like this but she only had this way of meeting Yakaboobis again. She hadn’t any other information about him.

“Yes, I’m Polly. Is Yakaboobis home?” she asked.

“Hello, I’m David. Yakaboobis is around back. I’ll tell him you are here. I’m sure it’s okay. I’ll bring you to him.”

Polly followed David. She immediately saw Yakaboobis sitting in a chair enjoying the morning sun.

“Yakaboobis, a woman is here to see you: Polly.”

Yakaboobis turned and got up. Polly noticed that Yakaboobis appeared strained that he was convalescing. One of his hands was gone.

He noticed her staring and raised his missing hand and simply said, “Rattlesnake bite—in the desert.”

“I don’t mean to intrude, to just show up like this.”

David went back to his gardening. Yakaboobis smiled at Polly and said, “That’s okay, Polly, in our first visit I assured you that if you needed or wanted to call on me again, I would assist you in any way I can.”

Polly told him of her purpose, meeting with God Apart in the forest.

“You are saying that you saw a manifestation of him—in another form? You recognized him?” asked Yakaboobis.

“Yes, I know it’s him.” Neither one of them spoke his name. “And another thing, I saw another face on his face!”

“This is curious, what do you mean?” asked Yakaboobis.

“It was a face very much like my own, a woman’s face.”

Yakaboobis leaned forward and asked her, “Did you recognize her?”

“That’s the strange part, I know her like I know my own face, my own self, but . . .” Polly didn’t know what to say.

“Hmm, why have you come to me? How can I help you?”

Polly felt flushed, she didn’t know why she had come, what she was looking for, how Yakaboobis could help.

“I’m not sure. Have you seen his manifestation?” she asked.

Yakaboobis was quiet. He was thinking over what he wanted to say, what he was willing to reveal.

“Yes, I’ve seen his manifestation, but not in the form you have described. I’ve seen it in other forms.”

This shocked Polly to the core. “How, you have?” she stammered.

Yakaboobis continued, “I have seen his manifestation in the She form of it. She is alive.”

Polly was shaking and then she began to sob. Yakaboobis went to her and held her.

“She is calling you to her through your love of him. Don’t you need her?” he gently asked her.

“I need her?” she asked Yakaboobis. “What do you mean?”

“I can’t answer that for you. Only you can. You are searching, aren’t you?”

“Yes, since seeing his manifestation, everything is changing, how I feel about everything.”

“This is an important time for you. Follow your impulse, you will find her.”

“I didn’t know I needed her.”

“And she needs you,” Yakaboobis responded.

“Where will I find her?” Polly asked Yakaboobis.

“That is your journey. You are on it now, continue on—the unexpected expectation is waiting for you.”

Polly shivered. “But how?” she questioned. “I can’t abandon my responsibilities and my work for his mission.”

“I assure you, Polly, that our Beloved does not feel that way about you. He has sent you on this journey. It began with the appearance of his manifestation.”

Polly sighed and breathed deeply. “Thank you, Yakaboobis. You have helped me so much.” Polly kissed him on the cheek and left.

“Sarah, we meet again!” Andee stepped forward to give her a hug. Sarah allowed it and as she hugged Andee she noticed she was enjoying it and let herself enjoy it even more. She hadn’t

hugged anyone like that in a long time. Sometimes she would hug a devotee to reassure them, but she hadn't hugged a friend in a long time.

Andee leaned into the hug. She wasn't feeling reassurance, she was feeling Sarah's grief and maybe, just maybe a happiness at seeing her again. She had a goofy moment when she thought, she likes me! She likes me!

"How was the trip?" she asked. "The long flight can be a nightmare of discomfort."

"Yes, but it was more comfortable in 1st class—thank you for the upgrade."

"You're welcome. I have good news—the woman who we saw, the one who took the photos of God Apart and put them on her website, she has agreed to see us."

"When can we see her?" asked Sarah.

"On Thursday, that will give you a couple of days to get over your jet lag. She lives in a small town outside of Yosemite. I could show you the beauty, the waterfalls there."

"Yes, that would be nice."

Andee, in her mid-seventies, couldn't believe she was on this adventure—on her own adventure without her husband. He didn't approve of it even after he saw the website and the pictures of her and Sarah with God Apart. He didn't see what she saw or felt about God Apart. To him, he was just a guy with a silly grin hanging out with three old gals. He didn't get the connection and now his wife and this Guru from India were in cahoots again, for what purpose? He wanted to tell her not to go, not to pick this up again, but he felt he had no leverage after his affair, which happened years ago—not that his eye didn't still wander. He always needed to know that he was liked and desired by the female race. He appeared faithful and righteous to please Andee and kept his wandering attention unexpressed to her and the women he was attracted to. His imagination remained quite active.

Andee tried to reign in her excitement about what she had felt and experienced with God Apart. It was difficult because seeing God Apart had opened her heart in a way she hadn't experienced in years. She felt on fire with love and she wanted to stay and wander that field of love forever. She felt like a kid again, like when she was a little girl and would dance and sing because she felt life as a bright happiness that thrilled her. She was glad that she was with Sarah again. She understands, she feels this. Is my attention being unfaithful? she wondered, by my love for God Apart, by my heart being on fire? Ah, I don't give a fuck! She laughed inside herself. I don't give a fuck! She asserted her feeling again. She felt free, dancing again like she did when she was young. This love is free of any moral obligations or moral dilemmas. It is just love, just love before all that! All that complication that love is, in the role and contracts of relationship. Sometimes, my husband can be a big ass, what an entitled asshole he can be. Her adventure with Sarah was back on and he had no say in it, even to feign his support.

Sarah felt Andee's flame of love. Her heart put away its grief and she felt the full force of her own heart. She too felt a deliciousness, a gaiety she hadn't felt in years, a freedom that didn't give a hoot about her responsibilities and the work she had taken on as a Guru. She had learned patience in her work, but being a role model and a guiding mother archetype was a times tedious, boring, and frustrating. She too, like Andee, used to dance, but she used to dance in her room where no one could see her. She would play some contemporary music at full blast and twirl around the

room till she was exhausted and could feel her natural happiness, free from the ego games and needs of her devotees. This was her resort to her own happiness, a way and means to express it. Sometimes, a self-realized girl just needs to sing and dance! Her devotees thought she was in her room in a deep state of meditation because she always appeared happier after her “meditations” alone in her room. Her secret about her “meditations” was her secret, a secret she had shared with another friend a long time ago.

The ride to Yosemite made Sarah a little car sick. She wasn’t used to driving in the mountains with all its curves. Everyone seemed to be driving too fast. Andee’s driving made her nervous, she got distracted by the beauty and at times drove over the center yellow line. When they got to the valley, Andee pulled over and they walked through the meadow with Yosemite falls in sight. They enjoyed the wildflowers and crossed a bridge over the Merced River.

“Can I take your picture?” asked Andee.

“Yes,” answered Sarah. Andee took her cell phone out of her pocket and got a nice picture of Sarah smiling with the falls in the background. What a beautiful smile, she thought.

“Let me take one of you, too.” Sarah also pulled her phone out of her pocket. Andee was flattered that Sarah wanted to take a picture of her. The two women walked the trail for a while. They were both thrilled that it was springtime and they were in one of the most beautiful places in the world. Both breathed in deeply and felt their happiness, both felt like they were little girls again.

Andee spoke up, “I haven’t felt this happy in a long time. I feel carefree, that all possibilities are possible, but I don’t care, I’m just so happy.”

Sarah laughed at seeing her new friend, this old woman being herself as happiness.

“Yes, I can see you are!” exclaimed Sarah. “I am happy too. Do you think it has to do with seeing God Apart?” she asked.

Andee paused and considered, “Yes, I do, that’s why we can’t let go of this—of going to see Oasis to find out more about God Apart. I don’t know why this is happening now—this feeling of ecstasy, of happiness. I just want to laugh all the time, I feel so delighted. I used to feel like this in the earlier years when I felt my personal self was a fraud and my real self was unlimited, the time of awakening.”

“Yes, I remember that time, the time of Self-Realization. I didn’t want to stay associated with the body. My Guru gave me toys to play with to keep occupied. Nothing mattered to me, I just felt bliss, I didn’t care about anything.”

“Wasn’t that a wonderful time?” asked Andee, “for the both of us.”

“Yes,” laughed Sarah.

Andee continued, “And then we got serious—to teach as our teachers asked.”

“Yes, Andee. I didn’t want to. I was a very young woman and as I had more life to live, my Guru directed me to help others in their impulse towards Self-Realization.”

“We’ve both been teaching for years now—you in the East, me in the West. Have you enjoyed it?” asked Andee.

“Not much,” Sarah confided. “Have you?”

Andee paused and thought about it, “Yes, at first it was a means of sharing what I understood, what my teacher showed me. I enjoyed the exchange of it. I can’t imagine what I would be doing without my work.”

Sarah thought about it too. She couldn’t think of what she would be doing either, but she wanted to imagine it.

“What is happening now, this adventure, this crazy happiness meeting God Apart, what do you think is happening, why is this happening?” asked Andee.

Sarah hadn’t questioned it much. She had just wanted to follow her impulse free of the restraints of her tradition and her devotees. “I don’t know, Andee,” she replied. After her Guru dropped his body, she had longed to do the same. She was not afraid of death, she understood that who she is, is beyond birth and death. Meeting God Apart, his bright happiness showed her that there was something else she had to do or something else she needed to give, she just didn’t know what that was. Her intuition told her that her life was beginning anew for this purpose that she did not understand yet. She did not know how to explain this to Andee. She did not know how to use the English language to express her deeper feelings. And there was the matter of seeing the woman’s face on God Apart’s face. It seemed familiar, like someone she knew but she couldn’t recall. Perhaps meeting Oasis tomorrow would help them to know what is next. Sarah was happy to feel this way again and happy that Andee felt the same way—that she had a friend to share it with, a friend who shared in the mystery of God’s manifestation and purpose for them. Would Oasis have any answers for them?

Oasis greeted the two women with a hug as they introduced themselves. She had googled their names and saw that Andee was an American spiritual teacher who taught through public meeting she called satsangs. Sarah was a self-realized woman in the Wedantta lineage and lived in her home country of India. She wasn’t sure if she was a teacher or Guru from what she deemed from her website.

“Come in, would you like anything to drink?” Oasis asked.

The two women looked at each other and Andee spoke up, “Is a glass of wine available? I could so enjoy one right about now!” Sarah looked a little surprised and thought, why not? she had never even tried wine before. “I will too,” she added.

Oasis was surprised at this but happy that she had some good red wine to offer the women. Her friend Durgali had given it to her. She poured the women what she thought was an appropriate amount of wine into their glasses and poured some into her own. They sat around the kitchen table while they sipped the wine from their glasses. Sarah sipped slowly, she wasn’t sure if she liked it. She had tried whiskey once and had enjoyed how it warmed her up. Andee looked around the dining area that converged into the living room. “Is this all your art?” she asked.

“Yes,” smiled Oasis. “My life, my art...as seen,” she said.

There was an awkward silence after that. Oasis didn’t know what to say, what to offer these two prominent women.

Andee spoke up, “We are interested in anything you can tell us about God Apart. When did you meet him? Have you known him for a long time?” she asked.

“I don’t know what to tell you about God Apart.”

“Do you know his real name?” asked Sarah. Good question, thought Andee.

“No, he told me his name was God Apart. He never gave me any other name. He could have been kidding, it’s hard to say. I had only known him for a short time, we met accidentally, maybe accidentally on purpose when I was wandering by the river. He welcomed me to take his picture. He and his assistant stayed at my cottage for a few days and God Apart asked me to assist him on a journey. I drove him to the San Francisco area. He seemed to be looking for something or someone. When we met you and the other woman in the woods, I felt he was happy that the purpose he had come to accomplish had been achieved.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Andee.

“Well, it was a bit strange, but when we said goodbye to each other after you both and the third woman left, he didn’t tell me where he was going after that. I offered to give him a ride to wherever he needed to go. He assured me that it wasn’t needed, he hugged me and told me he would keep in touch.”

“Did he keep in touch?” asked Sara.

“I got a text asking me to put the pictures of our time together on my website.”

Andee thought on it, why did God Apart want to make the pictures public? Was he leaving a trail, some kind of clue for them? Sarah burped and laughed, she was a little tipsy from the wine.

“What about the other lady, the lady who was there too, when we met God Apart? Do you know her?” asked Sarah.

“No, I don’t. Do you know her, who she is?” asked Oasis.

Both women shook their heads.

“Do you suppose she is also a spiritual person or teacher?” Oasis asked. “Her clothing was different, like she was a modern day monk.”

Sarah thought it over, “Maybe we should find her, that is why God Apart has left the pictures for us to see, to find each other.”

Andee was shocked at Sarah’s proposal. She thought it over and it felt right. Maybe we should find this woman. Maybe God Apart wants to bring the three of us together.

“How do we find her?” asked Andee.

Oasis offered, “I’m pretty good at remembering faces, let me study her features. I have a hunch that it won’t be too hard to discover her identity. Give me a few days to do the research.”

“Will you give us a call as soon as you find out who she is?” asked Andee.

“Of course,” replied Oasis. “Can I ask you something? What did you experience when you met God Apart?” she looked at the two women.

Sarah spoke up first, “I felt my heart burst open with love for him.”

“Me too,” replied Andee. And we both are feeling a bliss of happiness, a bursting open of love since that day. We can’t resist our attraction to see him again, to be in his company.”

Oasis grinned, “I understand completely. I feel that way, too. I am not a spiritual person or a realizer or teacher like you two women. I’m just me, but since I’ve seen him, I can see and feel everything alive, alive as happiness, as love. I’ve been calling this feeling, this seeing, the unifying field of Love. It is unifying me with all of life. I don’t feel separate from anything.”

Andee thought over what Oasis had just revealed to her. This young woman was a very humble person, she was understanding and experiencing the bliss of being. I have been teaching about this years. God Apart is transmitting this Love, this happiness that Oasis calls the unifying field of Love, and he is transmitting this at full force—a force so great that it had attracted her and Sarah from their comfortable lives of teaching and transmitting their own understanding, to come here, not once but again, to find him again and to understand how this force, his attraction, is changing everything.

“Also, maybe you can help me with something I am puzzling over. Excuse me a minute, I’ll show you it.”

Oasis returned with a large picture, the picture depicting the rapturous faces of the three women gazing at God Apart. She also showed them another photo—the photo where they seemed shocked, like they were recognizing something while they were beholding God Apart’s face. Oasis showed them the enlarged picture of God Apart’s face, the picture wherein there was another face imposed on God Apart’s face. “Did the two of you see this face on God Apart’s?” asked Oasis.

Both women spoke up, “Yes, we did.”

“You both seemed shocked. After I studied your faces in the pictures I couldn’t help but feel your shock didn’t come from not knowing that face, but from recognizing the face that was seen on God Apart’s face.”

Both women studied the pictures again. Sarah said, “Yes, I know that face, I know her. Don’t you, Andee?” she asked.

Andee agreed, “I don’t know how to tell you who she is, Oasis.”

Sarah agreed, “She has always been with me too, I don’t know what to tell you.”

“She has helped me, without ever revealing to me who she is.”

“Me too,” replied Sarah.

Oasis thought over what the two women had said. What did this mean? she wondered. She did not pursue it any further. She assured the two women that she would call them as soon as she found out the identity of the third woman on that fateful day in the forest. For all three women, it was a curious day. Their adventure was far from over and their resolve to follow heart’s attraction was even stronger.

Later that day, while bent over her computer, Oasis called out when she heard a knock on her door, “Come on in.”

It was Durgali. She had something hidden in her hands that were behind her back.

"I got something for you. I hope you like it."

Oasis looked up from her computer. "Durg," she said, "What do you have for me?"

Durgali revealed what was in her hands. Oasis was unsure of what it was. She surmised that it must be a camera, but she had never seen anything like it. "Is that a camera?" she asked.

"Yes, it's a prototype, the first of its kind," Durgali proudly shared.

Oasis held the strange-looking box in her hands. This is so dam weird, I don't even know what to look through or how it must work, and I can find my way around any camera. Also weird, she thought, it emits a sound. Where is the base and where is the lens? she wondered.

"What kind of camera is it?" she asked, "What brand makes this camera?"

"Oh, I don't know. I know it is called the Om camera."

"Where did you get it from? What store did you buy it from?"

"Well, like I said, it is a prototype. The guy who made it—I met him, his name is Happ Happening."

"Really?" asked Oasis. "Happ Happening is his name, now that's a name!" Both women laughed.

Oasis turned the box around, trying to figure out how to turn it on. She was baffled.

"The guy, Happ, said it was voice operated."

"You mean, I just tell it to turn itself on?"

"I think so," replied Durgali.

"Turn on," Oasis commanded the strange box.

Nothing happened. Durgali remembered, "Oh, maybe you have to call it by its name. It is called the Om camera."

"The Om camera? Like the sacred sound, the mantra Om?"

"Could be," replied Durgali, "but I don't know how the sound Om relates to a camera."

Oasis turned the camera around in her hands again. She brought it closer to her face, to her lips. "Om, turn on," she commanded. Nothing happened. The two women looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders. "Did this camera come with any instructions?" Oasis asked.

"No, Happ told me any competent photographer would know how to use it. He did stress that it worked by responding to your voice."

Oasis thought that over. It occurred to her to actually chant "Om" and when she did, a hole appeared in the camera and a beam of white light was emitted from the camera. She didn't know what to do next. "Curious, is this some kind of new technology or game?"

Durgali laughed, “I liked the guy, felt sorry for him. He offered me the camera for just \$100.”

“Was he down on his luck?” asked Oasis.

“No, I don’t think so,” replied Durgali.

“Then why did you feel sorry for him?”

“He told me about his disappointment that he had invented this camera, the Om, and he couldn’t sell it to anyone, so I bought it to help him out, and thought you would enjoy it.”

“It is curious. I’ll give it my best shot to figure out how it works, if it does work or can actually take pictures.”

Durgali smiled, “What are you up to?”

Oasis explained how her meeting with the two women realizers went.

“I’m trying to find out who the third woman was on the fateful day in the forest.”

“Any luck yet?” Durgali asked.

“No, nothing yet.”

“What does she look like?” asked Durgali. Oasis showed her the photo of the three women with God Apart in the forest. “This one, she is standing to the right of the other two.”

Durgali studied the woman’s features. “I think I have seen her before.”

“You know her?” asked Oasis.

“No, but I have seen her. Oh, I remember now, she was visiting my teacher Mahoot’s teacher. I saw her leave his property. I asked Mahoot about her and she said that she was a relative of Yakaboobis. Her name is Polly-O-One.”

Oasis googled Polly-O-One—no information was offered up. Durgali looked over Oasis’s shoulder. Try Do Feelin Whopper.”

“Who is that?” Oasis asked. She typed in the silly name and other names appeared, more formal names that seemed to be of Indian-Hindu origin. She checked on the main website and scrolled through it. The man was a spiritual teacher, he was no longer alive. Oasis went to the picture gallery and that’s when she saw a picture of Polly-O-One standing by her Guru. “There she is!” exclaimed Oasis, “That’s our girl.”

Durgali looked at the picture, “Yes, that is the woman I saw.”

“Do you think she is still around here in these parts?” asked Oasis.

“I don’t know.”

“Well, we have her name now and who she is. That’s a good beginning. I can tell Andee and Sara that. Now, let’s check out the weird present you gave me.” Oasis shut off her computer and picked up the camera and sang “Om.”

Navaroo checked the foundation's email. Polly-O-One was still on her mysterious journey. All the foundation business was left to her. Navaroo didn't understand why Polly was not in touch with her. She felt excluded and worried that whatever Polly was up to wouldn't bode well for her. There was a curious email from the Ganga River Foundation. At first she thought it was a plea for money, but instead it was a request to meet with Polly-O-One for the purposes of "discussing the visitation of the manifestation". She put 2 and 2 together and knew that the email was from the other 2 women, Andee the American "messenger" teacher and Sara, a guru from India. She wanted to get to the bottom of all this—what Polly was really up to. She sent the email to Marsho in California asking her to make sure Polly-O-One got it and to report back to her Polly's response. She debated the pros and cons of just getting on the dam plane herself to get to the bottom of all this.

Marsho reminded Polly of the email from Sarah and Andee. She too was curious about it. She tried to restrain herself from openly asking Polly about it. She did not know how Polly responded to the email, but Polly appeared nervous all morning and left in the early afternoon.

Polly drove to a small town outside of Yosemite National Park. She had butterflies in the pit of her stomach and forced herself to breathe deeper.

After exchanging introductions, the three women decided to take a walk in the local park.

Andee spoke up first, "Everything has changed for me since we met God Apart in the forest. I am always feeling the force of his attraction."

Sarah added, "Me, too. That is why I had to come back to America, to be with Andee, we both decided that we had to find out what is going on."

Polly thought about what the women had just said. She spoke slowly and deliberately, "I too had to come back, to see him, to see his manifestation again."

Andee asked, "Why does he call himself God Apart? Does he not want us to know his real name so we can go to him? Who is he?"

Polly decided to trust the two women. After all, they were all searching for the same thing: to understand the mystery of the "the manifestation".

Polly spoke up, "I know who he is."

Sarah and Andee were surprised. "Who is he? You know him?" they asked.

"I know with all my heart that the manifestation who called himself God Apart is none other than my Heart-Guru, Do Feelin Whopper."

Both teachers had heard of him and had mixed reviews of Do Feelin when he was alive. Sarah had tossed his portrait and had called him "the sex guru". Andee had dismissed him as an egomaniac when some people had suggested to her to read his teachings. How can the manifestation of God Apart by Polly's Guru, Do Feelin Whopper? "Are you sure?" asked Andee.

"Yes," Polly answered, "That he called himself God Apart is very much Do Feelin's sense of humor and there is no doubting the Love Transmission that he blasted us with."

Andee and Sarah tried to take this in. Both of them found it hard to believe except for Polly's certainty that it was him. They did not want to doubt the validity of Polly's recognition.

“But why then would he manifest to the three of us?” Andee asked. She and Sarah kept quiet about their judgments of Do Feelin when he was alive.

“I don’t know,” answered Polly and then she added, “I imagine that it is for the sake of his work.”

“What work?” asked Sarah.

All three women were quiet. Polly thought, how to understand Do Feelin’s work? Why did God Apart bring us together on that day in the forest? What was he hoping to accomplish by this?

Andee spoke as if she had heard Polly’s thoughts. “God Apart, Do Feelin, has blasted us with his attracting force that has unsettled the three of us. Our lives are not the same, we are unable to be satisfied with how we were living. For what purpose?”

Polly thought, yes, for what purpose? She had been holding up, tending to the work faithfully that he had left for her to do. Was she happy? Did her love for him enliven her and inspire her to live and express her happiness or Love? No, she had not felt alive, really alive, she was not happy and the love she often had felt in the earlier years of her life with him she had only felt again when she saw his manifestation as God Apart. And this time his attracting force was undoing her in ways that shattered all the well-adhered-to forms and plans he had left to her to hold in place. She had always counted on his form to know where she stood and since the loss of it, she had held on to his form through the form of the teaching he had left behind. She had always needed form—his form—his life—his teaching to hold herself to him. Since seeing the manifestation, his “God Apart” act, she had become sick and tired of adhering to form. She wanted to feel herself and not apart, but as the continuous, only unifying field of love. She laughed out loud.

Sarah and Andee didn’t know what to make of Polly’s laughter. In a short time, they couldn’t resist laughing with her. All three women were laughing so hard that tears were rolling down their cheeks and because all three were aged women, all three peed their pants a little—just a little.

After they settled down from 3 bursts of spontaneous laughter, they collapsed onto the cut lawn. None of the women could think a single thought. Their hearts were wide open and they felt all of life streaming through them. They couldn’t feel any solidity to their forms, they could only feel a continuous breathing in and out, they were not 3 really spiritual women realizers, they were three girls giggling in the delight of the unified field of love.

Andee spat out, “God Apart, indeed!” and howled.

Sarah giggled loudly and said, “Indeed! Indeed!”

Polly looked at the two women and a thought formed in the midst of all the bliss and she spontaneously spoke it out loud, “I love you two. I love you, Andee. I love you, Sarah!” she said this with such a force of childlike innocence that after she said it she felt embarrassed for her big grown up senior Tanya self, but she declared to herself, “Fuck Her!”

The women were undone in love. They didn’t know what to plan next, so they went and got double-scoop ice cream cones.

CineMa was very pleased with herself. She had recorded this meeting and the earlier one of the women in the forest. A new story was beginning...she had so missed the pursuits of Yakaboobis and Yakataboof, but these women were hot on the trail, they were in the moment of creating a new story. Interesting developments altogether...

Oasis was making slow progress with the Om camera. When she chanted Om in a low register, the box opened to emit a beam of bright light. She had tried aiming the light at different objects, but she never heard a shutter click. That can't be the right approach. I can turn it on but I can't take a picture. She searched the internet for any helpful information. She typed in Om camera, spelled also Aum, nothing came up. Finally she opted to type in the camera's inventor's name (what was it?) Happ Happening and his site came up. There was a video of Happ and he was giving a tutorial on the Om camera.

"This camera is revolutionary. There is nothing like this camera." He was holding it in his hands. "It is very light, has no heavy lens, but is capable of taking perfect pictures. It is voice activated, just chant 'Om'." The video shows Happ chanting Om and of course, as Oasis already experienced, there appears a light beam emitting from it. What Happ demonstrated next was something she would never guess as the next step: he held the box up to his forehead and aimed the beam of light on himself, on his forehead. "This part is really cool," he said, "Look at the beam of light. What do you see?" he asked. She saw an image of God Apart appear. She gasped. "Can you see the image?" he asked. "This is an image of someone I am thinking about. This camera, my Om camera, takes pictures of one's thoughts. If you want to have the pictures stored for later review, chant 'Omkara'. It's so simple, a child can use it."

Oasis exclaimed, "You got to be kidding! A camera that can take pictures of one's thoughts. And the thought he has and the picture he takes if of God Apart! Get real! Well, I guess I'll find out if this is some kind of joke or crazy scam." She got her Om camera from the case she kept it safe in. She chanted "Om" and the light beam appeared. She went to the mirror to figure out how to do this in the right way. Happ was right, a child could use it. What did she choose to think about, what thought did she want to take a picture of? she thought of her new friend Durgali. She heard the shutter click. She saw her friend in the beam, she was riding a tiger, looking powerful and fierce. She chanted "Omkara", the image disappeared. She chanted it again and the image of Durgali reappeared in the beam. "Why is she riding a tiger?" Oasis wondered. She played with the camera all afternoon and recorded many of her thoughts, but no image was as intriguing as the one of Durgali. She had to tell Durgali about this...

The three old cronies, lovely women really, without a care in the world, licked the last lick of their ice cream cones. Sarah tried to suppress a giggle but it was infectious, and Polly and Andee also tried to suppress their giggles—no one was able to, another fit of ecstatic laughter began.

The ice cream clerk, a young woman about 19, enjoyed the gaiety of the three women and thought to herself, "I want to feel that way, I hope I am as happy as they are when I am old." The manager, a woman in her late forties, was annoyed at the merriment and thought to herself, since they have legalized marijuana, everybody is getting high, even old ladies.

"I haven't laughed like this since..."

Polly interrupted Andee, "I don't think I ever laughed like this in my whole life!"

Sarah noticed the manager's unease with their laughter, "Let's get out of here before we're arrested for laughing."

"And being happy," added Andee.

"And, hey, might as well add for enjoying the big fat, unified field (that included the ice cream parlor) of love." Polly added, "Let's go to the beach."

They drove and drove, not really knowing where a beach was. "Go west," instructed Andee, "This is California, go west, far west, you'll run out of land."

How delicious not to know where one was going or how to get there. Oh, God Apart might have destroyed all their sense of appropriateness. They were acting like kids again, girls in old grandma bodies, on a road trip and probably on their way to get into some trouble with some boys! What trouble could they get into? Weren't they mature beyond their years and their peer group? They were the teachers, the gurus of enlightenment that people came to gather with in satsang, in meditation, and in silence. Would their devotees approve of them running around in fits of laughter, eating ice cream, driving around like teenagers? Is all that happiness and love a sign of derangement, not enlightenment? All three women thought, fuck my work, fuck their enlightenment, and they all burst out laughing again.

They reached the beach as the sun was setting. Polly jumped into the ocean, Andee swung Sarah around and around. It was an unusually warm evening at the beach, no fog, just salty, moist air.

Polly came out of the water and plopped herself on the sand, "I don't ever want to go back," she said. "I declare, I am going to live my life as the free woman that I am, my way."

Andee looked at Polly, "Go for it."

Sarah added, "Me, too."

None of the women had any idea what that was. Their lives had become fixed around their identity of being enlightened. They had built their lifestyles around it and they wanted to believe they were saving others from unenlightenment. Was that identity leaving them? How could these three women want to be free from even their own enlightenment? What madness is this? Should they be worried that some masterful trickster was jeopardizing everything they had worked at, everything that mattered?

God Apart smiled. I got them where I want them. Now, soon, a true story will emerge with the help of Durg and her sidekick—and an ordinary girl with heart and courage and truly marvelous way of seeing and an Om camera. God Apartress clapped and clapped her hands, feeling her happiness with her grand scheme that only she understood. It might just work! She sang Omkara Omkara over and over. God Apart hummed along with her.

"Durgali, this Om camera that you gave me is very interesting."

"So you figured out how it works?" asked Durgali.

“Really, it is quite simple, if you know what you are doing. You focus the beam of light towards your forehead and the camera records what you are thinking.”

“Really?” asked Durgali.

“Let me show you a picture I took already.” She chanted “Omkara” and the beam of light appeared. Durgali looked into the beam—the image was of her.

“It is me!” she exclaimed. She looked again at the image. “Were you thinking of me? Why am I riding a tiger? Why would you think of that?” she asked Oasis.

“That’s the strange part. I was thinking about you, but why you are riding a tiger, I don’t think I was thinking that.”

“What does it mean?” asked Durgali.

“I emailed Happ Happening. He didn’t have an answer and asked me if I was sure that I wasn’t thinking about you riding a tiger. I told him that couldn’t really testify that I wasn’t thinking that. ‘Maybe you were,’ he said”

Durgali grinned. “I’ve had many dreams of tigers and lions. They gather around me and want to stay by me.”

“Really?” asked Oasis. “What do you think it means?”

“I’m not sure,” answered Durgali. “Can I try the camera?” she asked.

“Sure, here hold it like this.” Oasis directed Durgali to point the beam of light on her own forehead. “Now just say ‘Omkara’.” Durgali spoke the strange word, “Omkara.” She heard a click.

Oasis quipped, “The picture is taken, now chant ‘Omkara’ again and the picture will appear in the beam of light.”

Both women were eager to see the picture. Durgali saw her own form. “That’s me,” she said.

“Yes, but what is coming out of your forehead?”

Durgali studied the image, “It looks like a female form—a dark form, it’s a bit frightening.

“Were you thinking of yourself in that way?” Oasis asked.

“Are you kidding me? Why would I think of such a weird, gruesome form coming out of my forehead?”

Oasis was really puzzled. The Om camera did not just produce an image of what you were thinking, what is this? she wondered.

The two women emailed Happ Happening, asking him for any advice he might have. Within a few minutes he emailed back, “Not sure why this is happening. Send me an image of what the Om camera took.” Oasis took a picture of the beam of light, the image of Durgali.

“I’ve seen an image like this before. Let me get back to you in a few minutes. Looks like a picture of the Hindu Goddess Durga with her counterpart, Kali.”

Durgali was stunned. They googled Durga and Kali. They learned that Durga was the fierce form of the Mother Goddess and she was called the Invincible One. She is the primordial energy and manifests when unrighteousness is threatening the ability of the people to live in recognition of the unified field of love. Her counterpart, Kali, springs from her forehead to slay the forces of unlove.

Durgali was shaking, not out of fear—she was throwing off the veil of her own ignorance and she felt her power, her strength. She did not want to be afraid of it. She did not want to hold it back.

“Are you okay?” asked Oasis. “What is happening?”

“Take another picture with the Om camera,” Durgali asked.

“What do you want me to think of?”

“Think of God Apart, think of the face that the three women saw on his face.”

Oasis held the camera to her forehead, the beam of light appeared and she chanted “Omkaara”. They both heard the click that signaled the image was recorded. Oasis chanted “Omkaara” again and the image appeared. The two women studied the face that appeared on God Apart’s face. Durgali spoke up, “That face, who that is, that appears on God Apart’s face—I know somehow, is the answer to all this mystery.”

“Who is she?” asked Oasis.

“I’m not sure. I have a hunch it is tied up with the three women teachers God Apart met and all this weirdness about my appearance as the Goddess Durga, the images that the Om camera showed us.”

“Listen, I can text them and ask them to meet us here.”

“Okay, let’s give it a try.” Durgali felt the time was near. For what to happen? she wondered. She looked at her friend Oasis. No going back, this was no ordinary journey. Durga’s force was gathering, her recognition could not be held back. Her manifestation would soon appear.

God Apart knew that his manifestation was part of God Apartress’s plan to bring about the manifestation of Durga. So a new story is beginning, he was glad for it. He was glad that he could please his beloved in this way. He was tired of all the myths that held women, the feminine, in the subordinate role. He always loved Her as his very heart, as their very heart. Dam it, he thought—She is my heart! It was time for the She to be known as she truly is. Durga was prepared, her manifestation would occur. God Apartress was delighted—time to end all the power-dynamic-hierarchy way of thinking. Time to know Me as I am, the Unifying field of Love. Time to know my name, my face!

The three women got the text from Oasis. They all agreed to meet Oasis that very day. They texted back, “Be there around 6”.

Durga and Oasis were anxious to meet the three women realizers, they were not sure how to proceed.

“Let’s show them the Om camera.” Suggested Durgali. There might be clues in the pictures it takes for them.”

“Should we suggest what they should think about?” asked Oasis.

“Maybe, but what would that be?” asked Durgali.

“I’m not sure. They wanted to know more about God Apart.”

The three women, Polly, Sarah, and Andee, arrived flushed and excited. Oasis introduced them to Durgali. Sarah asked, “I know you, don’t I?”

Durgali felt a familiarity with Sarah, too, but could not place how they would know each other. “You seem familiar to me—happy to meet you.”

Andee also had an attraction to Durgali and also felt intimidated by her presence. Who is this and why is she here? she wondered.

Polly also had a reaction to Durgali. It was a puzzling one, she felt jealous of her and wanted to know all about her at the same time.

Oasis could see the three realizers’ reactions to Durgali. When she first met Durgali, she too had a strong reaction. For her, it was a feeling of finally being reunited with a long lost friend. She had even thought, what took you so long?

Oasis asked the women, “What have you been up to?”

All three smiled, not their enlightened knowing kind of smile, more a goofy smile that read “up to no good”.

Oasis laughed. Polly spoke up, “I believe that God Apart’s manifestation was my beloved Guru’s doing—Do Feelin Whopper. He had dropped the body 10 years ago—I believe that the manifestation was of him in another form.”

Oasis looked at the other two women. Andee and Sarah were not in disagreement with Polly’s assertion.

“Why would he manifest this way? How do you know it is him?” Oasis asked.

Polly was not sure how to answer this.

“For what purpose would he gather the three of you and manifest in this way?” asked Durgali.

The three women were surprised at Durgali’s insightful question.

Andee spoke up, “I think we needed to see him in a form that none of us were familiar with so we could feel the full force of his attraction, of his attracting field.”

“And did you?” asked Durgali.

All three women spoke in unison, “You ain’t kidding!”

Sarah added, “We’ve been mad in love, in happiness since that day.”

Oasis grinned. She understood God Apart’s effect on people. She felt the same way.

Durgali nudged Oasis, hinting that this might be a good time to use the Om camera as a means to further their investigation.

Oasis showed the three women the camera and explained how it worked.

“A camera that takes pictures of one’s thoughts?” asked Andee. “Really? Can I try it?”

“Yes,” replied Oasis. “It might give insight about the purpose of the manifestation.”

“Besides saturating us with love bliss?” asked Polly. When Polly said this, she knew her explanation was too simplistic. That meeting on that fateful day was the beginning of how she felt different about everything in her life. Before that day, she was a faithful exemplary devotee who had held to form—to the form of her teacher and teaching and way of life. Now all that form, her need for it, and her strict adherence to it, was shattered. And she didn’t care about it, she knew that the old hold to form Polly-O-One was gone forever.

Andee stepped forward, “Can I try it? What should I think about?”

Oasis and Durgali exchanged looks and Durgali spoke up, “Just be yourself, think about yourself.”

Andee asked, “That’s enough? I’ll see my own image and think ‘I am happy’. Will that work?”

“Yes, that’s good.” Oasis guided Andee to hold the camera and then chant “Omkara”. After they heard the click, Oasis waited a few seconds and asked Andee to chant “Omkara” again. The beam of light appeared with an image inside.

“Oh, look, it’s me. I look really happy.”

Polly and Sarah looked at the image in the beam. “Wow, that’s amazing.”

Durgali and Oasis noticed that the image didn’t have any extra element like the ones of Durgali.

“Can I try it?” asked Sarah. “I know what I want to think about.” Oasis guided Sarah and Sarah followed the procedure. The image of her in the beam was beautiful. Sarah added, “I was thinking, ‘I am love’.”

Polly stepped forward, “My turn.” She closed her eyes for a moment and thought, I am free. Her image appeared, and as she studied it she saw herself, strong and present. She liked it.

Polly, Andee, and Sarah looked at Oasis, “You try it,” they suggested, “This is cool, so much fun.”

Oasis nodded her assent, what to think of? she thought of a field of love that everyone and everything lived in. It wasn’t so much a thought, it was a reality that she knew to be true. The Om camera clicked and she chanted “Omkara”. The light beam appeared again, all the women were eager to look at the image. A woman’s face appeared in the light beam.

“Who were you thinking of? Who is she?” Durgali asked. Durgali took the camera from Oasis’s hand. She held it to her heart, not her forehead, and chanted so forcefully and so beautifully that all the women were taken aback. They literally stepped back. A beam of light appeared not just from the camera—it appeared into the room. A form appeared. It was a woman’s form.

“Who are you?” asked all the women.

“I am the manifestation of She Is. I live at the heart of everyone. I am the unifying field of love. I am here to show you as you are—the creative force of everything and everyone. Sisters, it is time for everyone to dream beyond the power dynamic hierarchies. It is time to show yourselves as the Love, the force, the Happiness you are. The patriarchy is officially over through the force of non-cooperation with it. Your realization is the realization of Love and Happiness lived now. Your face is the face of this Awakening.”

The women looked at each other and knew that their hearts were true. They were the manifestation of She Is and they would live freely and openly in their happiness, in already love. Their force was the attracting force of life, of love being lived. Their manifestation of living this, attracting all beyond fear, sorrow, and selfishness into a natural life of sharing, cooperation, and realization would be their story, their manifestation. It would become the story of us all, the story of the Unified Field of Love.