

The Wild West of Enlightenment, Part 3: The Force of Awakening

Mahoot undertook her final bipop ritual. Yakataboof and her sister Yahoot watched as she ingested the Mawoni plant. She happily took her vow of life extension for the sake of her life goal, which was to serve the art of awakening. The understanding of who she is, the self-recognition of herself as realized shakti never left her. It always lived her now. How was she changed by her self-recognition, by her understanding? She was now aware of the dreaming of others and their purpose or search to find happiness, how they overlooked that they were already the source of what they were seeking. She was happy to be on her home world. She wanted to serve in the beginnings of creating a way of life, a livingness of true being that allowed for her people to live the true way, the life of the open heart. She loved her new world even though it was built, formed on the remnants of the old one. What had happened to Earth 1? She wondered. She laughed to herself when she remembered that she was also living there. I am a native of Earth 1 and Earth 2. I am living in the past and the future of the old world evolving into the new world. Her heart was gladdened at all the bright possibilities of Earth 2 and she was moved to serve the best and brightest of all possibilities. She was a living, moving force of happiness, of awakening on Living Rock. It was good to be home.

Yahoot was happy to have her sister back with her. Her daughters already adored Mahoot and wanted to be with her every chance they got. She loved to play their childhood games with them, the ones that she and Mahoot had played together when they were young. Her life with Yakataboof and her daughters and having Mahoot back made her feel full. She knew her time was limited as she had chosen not to fulfill the final bipop ceremony. She had chosen a family life and did not envy her sister or regret her decision. Was it the life of adventure that she had wanted? Yes, Yakataboof was showing her amazing new ways to understand and travel deeper into the mystery of herself. Seeing the transformation of her sister—how her journey, both external and internal, changed her—Yahoot felt a deepening respect for their teachers, Yakaboobis and Yakataboof. How lucky I am that Mahoot is with me once again as Yakataboof does not get to remain his dear friend and teacher. Yakataboof had told her that he was only a moon to Yakaboobis's sun. She could not understand how that could be so, as he blazed like a sun to her.

Yes, her time would not be the long life of a fully vowed bipop, but she knew the time she had left—20 or 30 years—would be filled with the adventures of a life lived in the love of her home, her family, and her strange husband with strange ways. He only wanted the beset for her and though his ways were strange, his loving ways were so fun. He was always full of humor and his daughters adored him. He had told her that Earth 2, Living Rock, was living a new imprint, one that was hard-learned by the mistakes of Earth 1. She didn't know what he had meant by that. What she had seen of Earth 1 in the short time she was there with Mahoot to help Yakaboobis, it appeared amazing to her, a bit unsettling, but all the luxuries people lived with back then would make their lives easier here. You can't miss what you never truly had. She had been only a visitor for a very short time. Now that her sister was living with her again, she felt that she would probably never go back to Earth 1—and yet...her sister Mahoot was living there with her teacher Yakaboobis. Could she see her sister there? She wondered. For now, she was contented that she was with Mahoot, here on Living Rock, the future home of Earth 1.

Yakaboobis was feeling his age. Losing his hand to the bite of the rattlesnake in the desert made it difficult to do many ordinary tasks. Fortunately, his dominant hand was not the one that was bitten. He reflected on his age, 70 years now. We are all made to disappear, he thought, and he was well aware that his body was working under immense pressures that no ordinary body could work with for any long period of time. He didn't know if he would be here when the big change occurred. He saw many of the signs that it was ready to occur. One of the signs was the appearance of Mahoot as moving, universal shakti. He helped to steady her in her understanding. Frankly, he didn't know that this was the next step for her—it had surprised him. Rainbow Sage had hinted at it—he had seen the signs for her transformation. I just didn't understand them, Yakaboobis thought. I have always been a part of a big plan that involves the world of everyone, I've done my part the best I could. All I know is that everyone must come home—to realize source as their very True Self. He wondered why he had a different imprint than the rest of humanity. Mahoot is another imprint, a new one that has great implications for the revelation of the feminine. He missed his dear friend Yakataboof. They often theorized on the mystery of their lives and Yakataboof had always tried to get him to express the why and the how of his work. He could draw it out of him. Ah, the good times we had, he thought of Yakataboof.

Mahoot rested. Three more miles, the elevation gain was significant on this hike, she thought. She caught her breath and smiled at David. He was coming up on the rear, also trying to catch his breath.

“Whew, this is a tough one.”

David inhaled deeply, “Yeah, we'll make it right before sunset. And why do we like doing this so much?” he laughed.

“Whatever doesn't kill you makes you live longer,” laughed Mahoot.

“Well, I think we will live through the night, but I don't know how much longer if we go on to the next summit tomorrow.”

“Oh!” laughed Mahoot. “You're doing just fine, a little out of shape?” she teased.

She certainly is a moving force, thought David, and a challenging force as well. Mahoot is all together a force to be reckoned with, and I only want to stay on her friendly side, and now that I have come to know her, I want to stay by her side. But keeping up with her is no easy feat.

They pitched their tents just in time to see the sun set. Tomorrow they would meet up with the Rainbow Sage. He was at Evolution Valley, which was another 20 miles to go. He wanted to show Mahoot something that grew there. He thought it might be of use to her if she so desired.

The day dawned beautifully. They got an early start. The going wasn't as steep as the previous day, so their pace was very good. At about 3 in the afternoon, when the day was at its warmest, they saw Rainbow Sage sitting atop a boulder in a deep meditation. Both of them saw his body as white light shimmering and approached him quietly and reverently. Eventually, Rainbow Sage left his meditation and clapped his hands when he saw them sitting below, also meditating. They opened their eyes and Rainbow Sage spoke first. “I have something to show you, Mahoot.” He jumped off the boulder and they followed him for about 200 yards off the trail—up the side of the hill. He stopped suddenly and turned to Mahoot, “Look, Mahoot. You might recognize this.” And he pointed to an unusual plant that had reddish and bluish pointed leaves.

“Why, that’s the Wawoni plant,” exclaimed Mahoot. “Or it looks like the Wawoni.” She plucked a leaf from the plant, smelled it and rolled it in her hand. She tore a piece of it off and tasted it. It had the same taste as the Wawoni, bitter with a hint of hot.

I didn’t know that the Wawoni grew here in this time, but why not, she thought.

She turned to David, “You know that in your future people are bipops—they integrate both their masculine and feminine aspects for the purpose of a long life. To have a long life we can live up to 200 and some fully vowed bipops have even lived to 250 years. The Wawoni plant diminishes the sex drive so the integration can occur.”

David wondered why life extension was connected to a diminished sex drive. He thought that being sexually active as long as possible helped to generate and maintain a longer life. He didn’t really have any evidence for that, he just wanted it to be that way.

Mahoot picked a few of the plants. She would dry them and test their properties cautiously in the manner she had learned, so she would not cause any danger to herself. She thought of her other self who was living far into the future with her sister Yahoot, Yakaboobis, and their family. I must have taken the final bipop ceremony by now. She thought of herself there. Yes, I would be a fully developed bipop now.

The Rainbow Sage spoke up. “I’ve seen this plant only in a few places before, but I never knew it had any significant properties. No one in this day and age would ever want to suppress their sex drive,” he laughed. “But there has been a rumor in the yogi world that it helps with an over stimulated kundalini.”

Mahoot didn’t know what Rainbow Sage was talking about, she just laughed on cue.

David thought, these two people have the weirdest problems, I just love it.

Mahoot shared with David and the Rainbow Sage the possibility of her becoming a full bipop if this plant was the Wawoni. “There are two other herbs that are combined with the Wawoni. I’ve seen versions of them on this earth, this time. If this is truly the Wawoni, I could live a very long life here. I would cease looking dominantly as a female—I would look more—what word do you have for that?” asked Mahoot.

“Androgynous” spoke up David.

“Yes, both traits would be integrated,” explained Mahoot.

David couldn’t imagine why anyone would choose that. He liked being entirely masculine, even though he knew that everyone had aspects of both sexes. He looked at the Rainbow Sage to share a confirmation with his thoughts and his way of thinking. Now, he thought, if anyone had a string androgynous look to them, it was Rainbow Sage. He wasn’t even sure if the Rainbow Sage was even from this planet, he surmised with amusement. For all he knew, the Rainbow could also be a bipop too. He had heard rumors that the sage was over 120 years old and had undergone a special treatment that rejuvenated his body.

On the way back, the three walked in silence. The Rainbow Sage radiated a benediction to the plants and trees as he walked by and they bent in the wind to grasp his groove. David carried Rainbow’s supplies for him and thought of the work he had neglected on Yakaboobis’s property to go on this trip with Mahoot. He hoped that the flower beds were surviving in the heat. Mahoot thought

of the plant in her backpack. She was sure it was the Wawoni. She wanted to talk with her teacher Yakaboobis about the possibility of her becoming a full bipop. Would it serve her in this time, help with her work, or create an obstacle to it? She wondered.

Yakaboobis agreed with Mahoot that the possibility of being a fully actualized bipop had good indications for the sake of her work. “Are you sure that the plant Rem Boh found is the Wawoni?” he asked.

“Yes, I’ve tested it. It has all the same properties as well as resembling it perfectly. I need two other herbs to mix with the Wawoni. I have already found them to be quite common here.”

“When will you start taking it?” he asked.

“After my period ends, on the new moon. I will need some assistance to make sure my body accepts the mixture. If it doesn’t, if someone is not there to give me the antidote, I can die.”

“That is a serious risk. Does that happen often?” he asked.

“One in ten,” Mahoot answered. “The good news is that the antidote always revives the bipop that has taken the mixture. If your body accepts the mixture the first time, your body will always accept it.”

“How often do you need to take it after the initial time?” asked Yakaboobis.

“For the first year, at every new moon, but after that once a year will do.”

“Will you have enough Wawoni for repeated uses?” asked Yakaboobis.

“Right now, I have enough for a year, which is the most important consumption of the mixture. The Rainbow Sage has said that he knows two other places where it grows—in the mountains—he gave me directions.”

“I only need the antidote now, and I can undergo the bipop ceremony.”

“What is the antidote herb?” asked Yakaboobis.

“It is called Sagwi. It is quite common on Earth 2—in the future. I haven’t seen it here yet. I drew a picture of it and showed it to Rainbow Sage. He has quite knowledge of plants, flowers, and herbs. He said he has never come across it.”

“Oh, that does pose a problem. No antidote. Can a bipop fail at becoming a fully actualized bipop, reject the Wawoni plant?”

[not sure who is speaking here]*****

“It is recommended to wait another two years before trying again. It has often proved successful at that time, though it is also possible that the bipop can die even when the antidote is given.”

Yakaboobis concluded, “Well, without the antidote, there is a very serious risk of 1 in 10. I would suggest not to undergo the bipop ceremony unless I can be there to administer the antidote if needed.”

“Yes, that is what I have been thinking. It is not necessary for me to be a fully actualized bipop here. But my lifespan would not be as long as yours.”

“How long?” asked Yakaboobis.

“60 years at the most,” Mahoot predicted. “I’m not sure how my life will live out here.”

Yakaboobis spoke gently, “You’re coming here has changed everything. I know that. Certain consequences are already in play.”

“Yes, this time has strong opposites in play and a bias that strangles the growth of good dreamers manifesting good dreams.”

“You are understanding the bias, then?” Yakaboobis asked.

“Yes, simply put, the male aspect—out of fear of its sustainability—has created an exaggerated hierarchy that justifies sustainability at all costs—at the cost of real cooperation and sharing of resources. Each man is trained to believe that he is entitled to his own fulfillment, to be on top for his survival and fulfillment. The feminine aspect that understands cooperation and sharing is suppressed and trained to support the hierarchy games of entitled fulfillment, entitled, selective sustainability.”

Yakaboobis was impressed. “A very good understanding of the limit of this time and place, Mahoot.”

Mahoot smiled and asked, “How did Earth 2 or my time come out of this error?” she asked.

“I assume you are, and what you do are the help that frees us of the worst aspects of these hierarchy systems.”

“Me?” asked Mahoot. “How can one girl change this system?” she asked.

“My life and my work with Yakataboof have been about linking what seems to be impossible with the good dreams of what is beneficial with those who want to dream it.”

“Oh, I see, when a better idea needs to be dreamed, the force of understanding births it and that imprint, that dream wants to be actualized, lived.”

“And who is this force of understanding? Who is this movement?” asked Yakaboobis.”

“All of us who know, who understand?” Mahoot answered. “And,” Mahoot added, “And I am here, I understand, am I the force of understanding?”

“And the force of awakening from the old dream?” asked Yakaboobis.

Mahoot’s heart skipped a beat. She understood why she needed to extend her life and find the antidote herb. But how can one woman even with courage and heart to do it, change everything and end this sad, suppressed male dream and bring a new dream of cooperation, of sharing, of love alive? Of integrating the healthy, true male and female aspect?”

Yakaboobis smiled deeply with his heart. “Never underestimate the force of awakening, my dear. It shines in your eyes and lives as your heart. We’ll find the antidote soon. David and the Rainbow Sage can help you in your search for it.

Rainbow Sage met with Blozen, the living shakti of Earth. “How do I help your living embodiment, Mahoot?” he asked. “Where can we find the antidote for the Wawoni—if she needs it?”

Blozen appeared, her old form still magnificent and wild, still bold and full of vigor, laughed and clapped her hands. “So soon, so soon, the promise will be fulfilled.” She clapped her hands three times. Rainbow Sage could feel her delight and clapped with her. When he opened his palms, a message appeared. It read: *There is no antidote here but fear not.* The message faded. Would Mahoot survive the bipop ceremony without needing the antidote? This is what the Mother Shakti is indicating, he affirmed.

Mother Shakti confirmed the message, “It is in your hands. The time is coming, my fire is giving rise to a new brightening. I look forward to it.” Blozen’s form disappeared.

Rainbow Sage was not sure he could convince either Mahoot or her teacher Yakaboobis that she would fulfill the bipop ceremony and no antidote would be necessary. He knew that Yakaboobis would allow no margin of tragedy to occur. He rubbed his palms together to re-read the message but it would not appear again. This has never happened before, he thought. Could he assure Mahoot and Yakaboobis that the risk in taking the Wawoni would all end in the best result of her becoming a bipop?

Mahoot had a few ideas of where she might find the antidote, the Sagwi plant. David was willing to accompany her. He had researched his books on the native plants of the Southwest. There were no plants that were called Sagwi, but David knew that was the name of the plant on Earth 2 and might exist here with another name. Mahoot examined his research books with David but grew weary of pouring over the books. Some of the plants seemed to resemble the Sagwi—like the sage plant—but she had already come across sage and knew how different it was from the Sagwi. She concluded that if they had any chance of finding it, they needed to search in a dry, warm climate with some altitude, a high plateau desert region. David suggested that Joshua Tree fit the requirements.

Mahoot thought it over, “Let’s give it a try, still riding shotgun?” she asked.

David smiled, “All the way, unless you want me to drive.”

They loaded up the jeep with supplies for a week. Mahoot was eager to find the Sagwi—if it existed here. She knew Yakaboobis agreed with her decision to become a full realized bipop, but he wanted to know she would survive the ceremony.

The desert welcomed them. It was a fine day—a little nip in the air as it was still early morn. The forecast was to be in the low 70s. Mahoot enjoyed the jumbo boulders and rock formations. When they came to the Cholla Cactus Garden, she pulled over. “Let’s wander here.” David grabbed the backpack, which had water and few sandwiches—with also a few canisters that they could collect the Sagwi into if they found it. Mahoot enjoyed being in the desert, her spirits were high. She has drawn a picture of the Sagwi and David used it as his reference. They engaged looking at the spirally [?] Ocotillo plants—they were flowering now with small crimson flowers. The hummingbirds flitted about and drank from their flowers. They wandered off the trail past the Cholla and few Cholla parts detached from their plant and attached themselves to David’s pants. David unsuccessfully tried to pull them off and the spines began to prick him.

“Let me pull them off with a stick, don’t try to touch it.” Mahoot warned.

“Too late! Ow!” David exclaimed.

They managed to pull out the spine that had become embedded in David's hand. They continued on and wandered free style into the desert. Mahoot studied the plants in the dry washes. It had rained consistently in the last few weeks. It was the end of the rainy season. The plant life was reproducing itself by showing its flowers. What a lovely time to be here in the desert, she thought.

Both Mahoot and David enjoyed their day of wandering in the desert but they did not see any sign of the Sagwi plant. They found a campground and talked about where to continue tomorrow's search. The next day they hiked in a canyon between the rocky mountain ranges and nested in an oasis where palm trees were fed by a spring. No sign of the Sagwi. They spent the third day among Joshua trees and went to the highest point of elevation in the park, a place called Key's View. As they gazed out at the valley below, Mahoot knew they would not find the Sagwi there. She called from the depths of her heart to the Sagwi but she felt no answer. No clue came to her. She knew it was time to return home.

That night the sky shone forth the light of endless stars. She wondered if her other self, her future self, was looking at similar night scape. She thought of herself living far into the future—her home and her family with her. Can I be jealous of my own self? Of myself living in that life—in that future? She wondered. She didn't not feel jealous, her life here had its own challenges that were very different than the life she was facing in her home in the future. In this life I am facing an ending, trying to birth the life I am having in the future. What a strange circumstance both of us are in. She looked at David, his face was aglow from the crackling fire in their fire pit.

"Tired?" she asked.

"Yea, tired. I thought we would find the Sagwi today. I'll check out my references, maybe another place, who knows. Where oh where are you, you Sagwi—where are you living?" he sang out to the desert. They both heard the hooting of an owl and Mahoot laughed out loud, "Who said you could hoot? I am the hooter here!" She hooted back to the owl, her imitation of its sound was pitch perfect.

She fell asleep still nestled by the fire, with her sleeping bag pulled up over the back of her head. She awakened many times throughout the night and listened to the owl sing its hoots over and over. An enormous wave of energy flowed in her form and she felt big, much bigger than her frame. Her heart was beating like a drum that was keeping the rhythm of the whole world. She felt herself as a free flowing form and she felt the earth inside her own form—a form that moved and had no limits to its size or significance. It was a madness, a sweet madness that overtook her and she did not fear it or limit its breath. This was a moment and the movement wherein herself as universal shakti played. She heard a voice speak to her in her flow and movement.

"So that's what it is like to be embodied!" it exclaimed. "I am Blosen, the shakti of this place, this Earth. You have allowed me to walk about her in my own place."

Mahoot sat up and looked to see where the voice was coming from, even though she knew it was coming through her. A form appeared in front of her—a woman's form—a form rugged, voluptuous, and vibrant and massive.

"You are a part of me? I know you!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, we are acquainted," Blosen laughed. "I am the consciousness of this place, this dream and time of Earth. Have you found what you are looking for?" she asked.

“No, we are looking for the Sagwi plant, the plant that is used as antidote if the Wawoni fails. It can cause death in a bipop, I could die.”

“I know every plant, they are like hairs on my head. The Sagwi has not been born yet. She will come to be on Living Rock, on the other Earth of the other time.”

“Oh,” Mahoot was crestfallen. They would not find the antidote here.

“Although there is Sagwi, do not fear. I will watch over you at your crucial time.” Blozen assured her. Blozen’s form faded and she felt her in her heart, residing there.

She felt reassured that she would pass through the bipop ceremony without needing the Sagwi in case of her collapse from life. Would Yakaboobis be willing or happy to let her proceed without the assurance that the antidote provided? With the reassurance from Blozen, the mother shakti of this place, she felt she wanted and needed to go ahead with the bipop ceremony.

She did not tell David about her shakti vision or experience. She wanted to talk to Yakaboobis first. They headed home that same day, after the sun rose. David was disappointed about the outcome of the trip, not finding the Sagwi plant, but he saw Mahoot seemed eager to return back home. He thought of asking Yakaboobis if he could start a cactus garden on the sunny, south part of the property. His hand still ached from the Cholla spine that Mahoot had pulled out of him.

An only come by invitation was meeting in the higher and deeper worlds of the Heart of Consciousness. Do Feelin Whopper was dressed in luminous gold threads. Blozen, his friend, his companion, his shakti, was draped in a transparent sky cloud garment and she was sitting across from him. Do Feelin had a hard time keeping his eyes off what was underneath her shakti’s dress. Blozen—she was always so desirous to him. He loved it that she always aroused him. She always laughed at his advances. Her laugh was her welcoming and this is how they played to birth, to change and grow all the worlds.

Yakaboobis arrived next and he acknowledged the great pair and sat to Do Feelin’s west in the circle of their meeting. Yakataboof arrived singing a song that was full of vigor. It was obvious that his work as the Heart Realizer on Living rock was going well. He sat on Do Feelin’s east in the circle. The four directions were represented.

Do Feelin passed the elixir around. Everyone took a swig and it tasted different for each one as they desired. For Do Feelin it tasted like a fine whiskey and it warmed his already-fired-up loins. For Blozen a bright, sweet, bubbling champagne made her lick her lips for more. For Yakaboobis, who rarely imbibed of alcohol drinks, his swig was like a shot of the green forest with a lemon twist to it. Yakataboof enjoyed his favorite, a hearty beer that was robust and stuck to your guts.

Do Feelin slapped his feet together, put his palms together and said, “It’s about to go down. Everything we worked for through all the ages. It’s taking a lot to get here and we aren’t getting any younger,” he laughed and added, “Or any older for that matter.”

Yakataboof hooted at that. Yakaboobis looked at his friend and thought, he’s gone native now, hoots as well as Yahoot and Mahoot, the all-time great hooters.

Do Feelin continued, “Yakaboobis has assured me that all the preliminary work is accomplished. Yakataboof has the future work established. The new earth, Living Rock, is not rocking into oblivion, steady as she is to support the new era of the bipop. And my dear Blozen, I am finally able to give you the gift, the boon that I promised you. Your love is so big, I can never turn you down. Is our girl ready

to bring it down, to bring in the new? Ready my dear, this great disappearing act will have its great effect.”

Blosen answered, “Mahoot is ready. Her understanding is new but steady. She can flow with the best of us.”

Yakaboobis reflected, it only takes one girl who has heart and courage to bring it all down. He gazed at Yakataboof, his heart was gladdened to see his friend living his work impeccably and happily.

“Well!” Do Feelin exclaimed, “Ready, set, action!”

CineMa laughed and exclaimed, “Those are my lines!”

Mahoot and Yahoot had brought the three girls to the forest and the meadows to search for medicinal herbs, to have a picnic, and to enjoy the warming spring day.

Mahoot was already stabilized as an actualized, functioning bipop. Yahoot was feeling her age now—39 and grey hairs were appearing in her long curls. She and the girls collected herbs for congestion, for digestion, and skin irritation. Samada, Yahoot’s oldest girl enjoyed spotting the plants, and Aman enjoyed picking them. They also participated [?] in eating the ripening winter berries.

Mahoot could feel the changes in her biology that the Wawoni and the other herbs were affecting in her. She had never thought about how her sex drive affected her, but as it was disappearing from its usual cycles and strength, she missed its appearance in her life—how she felt her livingness and her vitality. She didn’t know how being a full bipop would change her and if it would change how she saw or felt her life. Right now she felt steady and strong.

Yahoot called out, “More Wawoni, Mahoot.” Before Mahoot could bend down to the ground to pick the coveted plant, Samada pulled it out from the ground.

Yahoot gasped, “No, Samada, don’t pull it out from the roots. Pick a few of its leaves—we need the plant to come back next year!”

“O, way!” replied Samada. “Sorry, Yaya,” the name that she called her mother.

Yahoot replied back, “O, way!” She watched her youngest daughter Makara, who was now 2 years old, trip over a rock. She caught her just in time. “Mahoot?” she asked, “Do you wonder how your other self is doing on the other Earth?”

“Strange, Yahoot, I don’t reflect on it much.”

“Can’t you feel her, like we feel each other?”

“No, it’s like the only Mahoot that exists I the one with you in this life!”

How strange, thought Yahoot. She knew that she could feel both Mahoots, the one she enjoyed her life with, that she shared her life with every day, and the one that she ached for on Earth 1.

“Why is that?” she asked. “I can feel the both of you.”

“I don’t know. I feel complete here. I don’t feel like a part of me is missing. I don’t even miss Yakaboobis. Strange, isn’t it?” This surprised Yahoot.

"I feel we are both living complete lives. We don't need each other like I need you, Yahoot."

"Does the other Mahoot, who also knows me—does she still need me?" asked Yahoot.

"I don't know, maybe she does. I never thought about it in that way."

Yahoot thought, maybe that is why my ache for her never leaves me, and if anything, it has been intensifying. "Well, sis, I am so happy we are together here. I wish the other Mahoot our happiness."

Mahoot gave a happy hoot. They found all the plants and herbs they came for and added some wild lettuces to their bowls of berries, nuts and dried protein plants. All the girls ate to their satisfaction and Makara, the youngest, fell asleep on her aunt's lap.

Today was the day; in the evening Mahoot would undertake the bipop ceremony and actualize her life as a bipop. With the reassurance of her shakti Blosen "to fear not" she felt she would survive the ingesting of the Wawoni plant. Yakaboobis was hesitant, but did not oppose her going ahead. He was nervous, as he had never participated or even attended such a rite of passage for bipops. He also knew the deeper implications of Mahoot's journey and function. He knew it was significant that Rainbow Sage appeared earlier that day and showed Mahoot his palms, which read: *The time is upon us*.

David too wanted to attend, as he had grown close to Mahoot. They were cohorts in finding the Wawoni and the other herbs. Together they all climbed the hill to the most private parts of Yakaboobis's property.

Mahoot felt ready. The conditions, she thought, are not the same as my ceremony would be if I was home on Living Rock. She was with people—dear friends—who had never attended a bipop ceremonial passage. They would not really know what to do. She would have to lead her own ceremony, which elder bipops would do if she was on Living Rock. (Oh, yes, I am on Living Rock, she thought, only in this time it is called Earth). Her beloved teacher Yakaboobis was her elder—the most capable, impeccable person she had ever met. She trusted that he would know how to server her in this time.

Mahoot stopped halfway up the hill under and aged Buckeye tree that had grown there, a single tree against all odds.

"We should prepare a small fire first," Mahoot spoke up.

David took out the pieces of wood from his backpack. "I'll get it ready," he assured Mahoot.

Rainbow Sage was already sitting in his usual meditation, already in a deep state of samadhi. Yakaboobis and Mahoot looked at each other and smiled briefly and nodded.

Mahoot took the bowl from her backpack and put the Wawoni into the bowl. It was already ground up with the other herbs. Yakaboobis poured the pure water from his bottle into the bowl.

"Just enough to mix the herbs together," she instructed. She passed the bowl over the fire—a symbolic gesture that she didn't explain. "At this time, before I ingest the mixture, an elder bipop would give the approval to go ahead, and speak a few words about the significance of becoming a bipop. Would you give that approval?" she asked Yakaboobis.

Yakaboobis nodded his head yes and spoke steady and true. “Mahoot, in the face of giving up everything you held as true and dear, to be here in this time you have shown such bravery. You are a heart that is so true. You are a woman of great means, great heart, and great power. You are the original woman for this time and you are the woman who understands true power. And I imagine you will live that power without the use of hierarchy and the abuses that system tends to allow. You will show and lead the way for true integration of the female and male aspects. May you live a long life.”

Mahoot’s heart burst with the words of her teacher. She felt her shakti and her heart dance. The earth itself was celebrating with her and in her. There was such an expectancy of feeling, of wild, free joy within her. She started to laugh. Yakaboobis laughed with her. He knew she was in her universal form now. He knew that this was not part of the bipop ceremony, this was a part of Do Feelin’s and Blosen’s ceremony. Mahoot held the bowl to her lips and swallowed the mixture in one gulp. David caught her before her head could hit the rock. She laid there in his arms. Yakaboobis and David could see she was barely breathing, but neither one of them knew if this was a normal occurrence in the bipop ceremony. They were both concerned.

Blosen, the shakti of Earth faced Do Feelin and she was smiling. Her death and her freedom was upon her. Do Feelin went to her and held her. He absorbed the catastrophic shaking of the Earth. The Earth was passing into its death and soon would be reborn. A new imprint would emerge—it would emerge from Mahoot. The Earth was liberated from the finality of its own death. It became Conscious. Blosen, the eternal she, the giver of life, merged with her Conscious form, her beloved Do Feelin.

Mahoot laid lifeless. David was calling to her with tears streaming down his face, “Mahoot, come back, come back to us,” he called over and over again.

The Rainbow Sage came out from his deep meditation and stood up. “Now,” his palms read.

Yahoot appeared. She knew she had to come. She risked her life, everything, to come. She didn’t know if she could make it back. She knew she had to come to Mahoot and she brought the Sagwi plant with her, and she wasted no time. She mixed the Sagwi with some water and passed in into Mahoot’s lips. She tried her best to get Mahoot to swallow it.

“Mahoot,” she said. I am here with you. You are coming back to us. You must, hear me!” she commanded. Mahoot coughed and slowly opened her eyes.

David wiped his tears, “She is back!”

Yahoot assured them, “Yes, she’ll make it.” She looked at her sister. “My dear Mahoot, you are a fully actualized bipop now,” and she gave a hoot, like both sisters always did. Yakaboobis sighed his relief. He knew of the deeper implication of Mahoot’s crossover into being a bipop. He knew that something very significant had happened and had changed for all the beings, and even the Earth itself. He knew and felt that Do Feelin’s boon to his shakti Blosen had been given.

Yahoot’s ability to be stabilized here was fading. “I don’t feel good, my energy is leaving me.”

Mahoot held her sister’s hand and commanded her to go with the same powerful voice of intention that her sister Yahoot had commanded her to come back with just a few minutes ago.

Yahoot woke up. Her daughters were surrounding her and Yakataboof was holding her hands with a look on his face that said, don’t worry, you’ll be alright, I understand. Mahoot was standing by, “Sis, we were worried about you. You just collapsed.”

Yahoot sat up, "I'm alright, just a little light headed." She looked at her sister and struggled to remember something. She knew something, but what was it? She could not remember, she knew that her heart was not aching anymore. She did not remember her. Her family and her dear sister were with her, what else was there to remember, to know?

Mahoot lived a very long life. Only she knew how long she lived, and she never told anyone her age. Yakaboobis gave her all his gifts of understanding. She was his eternal friend and he loved her as he loved his Yakataboof. She knew and lived in that kind of big, big love. She came to give and represent the awakened femininity and the way of cooperation, of sharing. AS the old ways of Earth 1 gave way to the new life of Living Rock, as the Earth was conscious, she freely roamed and enlivened everyone with her shakti and her heart. All peoples became imprinted and able to live both their true masculine and feminine aspects. It was the beginning of the wild, wild North, the wild, wild South, the wild, wild East, and the wild, wild West of enlightenment. May all beings Be happy, be true, be free, and give Love.

Santosha Tantra February, 2018