

The Enduring and Endearing Exploits of Yakaboobis and Yakataboof

(not necessarily in chronological order)

A couple of years after the death of Yakaboobis's body, Yakataboof still missed his dear master and friend. They still talked via heart transmission, even engaged in philosophical debate which always ended in a nod of "love you, man". But Yakataboof so missed keeping up and following his beloved master as he served him on all of his missions of utmost importance. His own exploits lacked the enjoyment of their mutual hilarity. Being with Yakaboobis had always given him an intimacy with the heart of life that he just didn't feel on his own. No one loved life and lived that love so fully as his dearest friend Yakaboobis. He missed those days of wandering around with his master/friend. Yakaboobis was probably living it up (or whatever the non living do) with his goddess friend. Still, Yakataboof looked for the signs that his friend might be here again and though he didn't believe in reincarnation, he had heard that in the Tibetan Buddhist tradition there were stories of spiritually advanced—even enlightened—masters taking on yet another body to further the work and play of enlightenment. If he could look for the signs like the Tibetan Buddhists did, he might be able to find Yakaboobis again—of course, in another, newly acquired birth—and they could continue on with their exploits.

He had some ideas where to start his search, as Yakaboobis himself had hinted of certain places he was most endeared to. Yakataboof had some of his master's most personal and reverent possessions and if he ever met a young'n that he suspected of being his dear friend showing up on the stage of life, he would present them (among other choicely objects) to the young'n to see if he could pick his own previous possessions. The Tibetans thought this was good evidence of previous authenticity and it was good enough for him as well.

So Yakataboof wandered and returned to some of the places of his most favorite exploits with Yakaboobis. He wandered to a small town on the west coast of Kalifornia and picked up the scent there. He hung out at the best local swimming hole, bought some veggies and fruit at the local farmers market and met some local women who invited him over for a great vegetable wok out (along with homemade kombucha). One of the women, big boned with a captivating smile, had her son with her. He was about 2 or 2 and a half. He was big for his age, strong, and his features were like his mother's—he too had a captivating smile. Yakataboof played with the lad for a while and was drawn to him. His heart missed his friend Yakaboobis when he was with the wee lad and he thought the big-for-his-age toddler stared at him for an uncomfortably long time. Yakataboof flirted mercilessly with the lad's mother and she invited him over for dinner and breakfast (we know what that means!). Yakataboof showed up at Laralae's door with his bag of prized Yakaboobis possessions and other goodies that a two-year old would love. He joked with Laralae about playing the Tibetan Buddhist reincarnation game with her lad (who was

interestingly named Baobis). He thought the name had roots in his master/friend's name of Yakaboobis. Laralae didn't understand what was behind Yakataboof's interest but that didn't matter to her—she was already won over by his charm (that unrelenting charisma of his) and his skilled lovemaking maneuvers. Yakataboof laid out the objects for the wee lad to choose at his own impulse among the toys that any two year old boy might like (including lollipops and other candies). He placed Yakaboobis's iPhone, wrist mala, his native American flute and moccasins, his ceramic teacup, and his sunglasses. There was one more object he added carefully at the end, as it was old and well worn. It was a note of welcoming hilarity that Yakaboobis had sent him many years ago the beginning of his apprenticeship to his great master.

Yakataboof motioned to the toddler, "Take whatever you like", he urged him on. The toddler smiled and laughed and clapped his hands. He straddled, teetered and balanced himself around the objects. Right away he was delighted by the candy, as his mother rarely allowed him such treats, and picked up the lollipop and sucked on it. He plucked up the toys as well, the mini cars, and he kicked the soccer ball. He was having a delightful time and Yakataboof was delighted by his antics. After he played with all the toys and after not giving any attention to the objects that were Yakaboobis's, Baobis sat down with his blanket. He was tired and his mother said it was time for his nap. He had not chosen any (not even one) of Yakaboobis's objects that were well used and loved by Yakataboof's master. Baobis sat on his mother's lap and Yakataboof looked at the child. He had such high hopes that the wee lad was his own master Yakaboobis taking on another aspect to continue his great work (and hope beyond all hope now) to be with him again.

Maybe this escapade is just wishful thinking on my part, he thought. He smiled at the boy and though the boy was evidently very tired, he smiled back. The man and the wee lad held each others' gaze even as the boy was drifting into sleep. The boy would doze and open his eyes and smile again and again at Yakataboof. Yakataboof's heart stirred, he felt such a love towards the boy and this surprised him and delighted him, and he saw the boy emanating his love toward him.

His heart spoke to the boy, "Master, is that you? Why didn't you choose any of your beloved objects if it is you?"

The boy opened his tired eyes and heart-spoke to Yakataboof, "Why would I want any of that old crap? It's been done. Come back when you have the latest version of the iPhone, I'll choose that!"

Yakataboof's heart laughed and the laugh escaped through his belly and then made a bellowing sound coming from his lips. "It's you! It's you!" he declared.

Laralae looked puzzled and said, "Time for your nap, young man, you can play with your new friend later."

Yakataboof couldn't resist tickling the wee lad, he thanked Laralae profusely and danced a jig as he closed the door behind him. He thought of all the exploits and great adventures he had shared with Yakaboobis in his earlier form. He had an impulse to write them down and share them

with Baobis (but of course not in chronological order). He also wondered what new adventures lay ahead. He didn't know how the future would play out or what missions or danger they would face in serving the happiness of enlightenment. He only knew one thing with absolute endearing certainty: he loved his heart-master friend with the limitless depth that only the heart knew and could live! Only the heart of love could make the impossible possible. Yakataboof and his great heart master would always be together. Their hearts, their lives, their exploits would always continue to endure and endear them to everyone in need of their heart to be lived.

Part 2

How did it come about that Yakataboof met his heart-friend and master Yakaboobis? That part of the story begins with Yakaboobis—the master always finds those destined to be with him (or her as in my case). It is their mysterious work and I don't even understand it myself, but I'll let Yakaboobis tell the story:

I've always known my dear friend Yakataboof and in each life I find him again. It's always the same. I find the clues to his whereabouts and show up nonchalantly and draw him in by opening his mind to what his heart already knows.

My life as Yakaboobis was indeed a splendid one—one I enjoyed immensely. We traveled a lot (even to other worlds), had several close calls, a lot of dangerous situations we had to accomplish our work in. Yakataboof always served with great attention and learned my ways and siddhis quickly. He always knew how to ease the tension of any situation with a godly absurd crack that made the most locked down, serious mess ease up and split open. He was (and is) a splendid companion and has learned well—so well that he was able to find me himself (I did put down a few clues!) while he was in the same bodily life and I was a wee lad. Good work, Yakataboof!

In the life of our friendship, I as Yakaboobis and he as Yakataboof, I had been searching for my companion friend for over 20 years. Twenty years! Imagine that! Imagine such a search and such a wait to begin what you already knew will be the best of times any two good mates can have together. I was already 40 when I spotted Yakataboof for the first time. How did I know it was him? Sure, there were signs and clues I followed but when you're finally face to face with your best friend, you know it—you know it! There is no room for doubt or even questions for that matter. The heart always knows. It's that simple. It can take a long time for what is simple to obviously appear. It's always like that. The most sublime, beautiful moments just appear as natural as the sun shines and you step into the bright ray, the bright moment. I had been waiting for 20 years for that natural moment to occur. That moment of face to face heart recognition by two people who appear separate but know that they are meant to be together because they are one. I knew it when I saw Yakataboof flirting with two women at the bookstore's coffee counter. He didn't notice me. That gave me the time to watch him and assess how much he was remembering and accessing of his deeper knowledge. I saw I had my work cut out for me. He was a sheer

beginner. He had not come into any deeper remembering yet. I had a good break when the two women managed to break away from Yakataboof's charm to attend to their bathroom needs (coffee will move it along!). He watched them as they made their way through the store and then he turned my way.

I nodded at him and smiled briefly. I said, "Looks like you are having a good day so far." He laughed and took a sip of his coffee. I added, "You met your match today."

He turned to look at me. I saw a look of confusion come over his face. He was struggling, trying to understand my words, but had no clue why I said them. He did seem to struggle with the possibility that they might have a deeper context or meaning. We then waited in silence, separately sipping our coffees, pretending to be strangers. I could see that he was getting uncomfortable waiting for the women. They never did return. They must have given him the slip. I figured neither wanted to let the other go with him, so by default they stayed with each other, thus ensuring their friendship would continue—wise choice.

He was getting ready to leave, a bit upset that the women didn't return. He turned to give me a nod and say his socially polite goodbye. I said (I think in a rather stern voice), "Sit down and let's begin." And he sat down and we began our friendship. I had him laughing and he told me about his life thus far. He had finished his studies, had traveled to the East (Asia) and now was faced with getting serious about some real employment. I told him I was starting up a new company. "What do you do?" he asked. "What does your company do?"

"I, my company, studies old ways of thinking and doing that are not viable, and shows people a better way of thinking and doing that frees people from the drudgery of things and ideas that no longer work and are at a dead end. I look for and provide ways of seeing and understanding that open the mind to greater possibilities."

"Wow," he said, "That 's mind blowing."

I thought, you have no idea how mind blowing it is! At the end of our talk, I knew we would see each other again. I would help to free him from his dead-end thoughts and trigger a volcano of deeper remembering. Our adventures were only beginning. It was a good first meeting.

In Yakataboof's own words about meeting Yakaboobis:

I remember that day like it was yesterday. No, like it is here. That moment always existed. I just had to go through that door of opening. He did the rest.

To tell the truth of that moment of seeing him as a stranger, I had sweaty palms and my heart was in my throat. I became strangely afraid and nervous. I had forgotten all about the two women I had had chatted with at the coffee bar. I had a feeling that I should flee the scene—that the life I was having was now officially over. I knew that much right away. When he told me to sit

down, I knew I wouldn't flee, that we would begin whatever it was that we are meant to do together. I didn't know how much he would mean to me. Even now, after Yakaboobis's life, it's hard to put into words what my master means to me—even harder to come to the end or know the fullest depth of who he is and who I am—especially of who I am when I am with him. I will always dance to his song.

The earlier years, the beginning of my apprenticeship with Yakaboobis, I'm sure tested the full spectrum of his patience. I was a bit of a self-centered brat. I have been given the blessing, or should I say it felt like a curse at times, of having what Yakaboobis called, "too much damn charisma". People became easily attracted to me and at times excessively devoted to me. I often used that for my own advantage, which served my over-inflated sense of special-me importance. Fortunately, he found me when I was still a young man. I don't know how he endured me. I resisted his wisdom, challenged him even when I knew he was right, never apologized when I disrespected him, and took for granted that he would always be there to show me the errors of my ways and patiently counsel me out of my latest stupid desire that always backfired in my face.

At times I hated that I needed him so much and that he never seemed to need me. After any of my latest tantrums, he would always say, "You are free to go, be assured I am not holding you here or to me. Go ahead, make my life easier." That would make me even madder, but after I cooled down we would just pick up where we left off like nothing ever happened. After many such episodes my need to flee to chase any random desire, my game of pitting my desires against his training ended. I knew that I was changing, I was a better man because of him. And I began to feel that I wanted to understand what he understood and I tended to him more faithfully so I could come to see his ways, his freedom—how he lived free of limiting desire and yet lived a life of profound attraction. His greatest attraction always served a conscious process in others. I saw as I served him that he was working on many levels. I followed him into his depth and learned his ways, how he worked. In time he showed me how to accomplish what he accomplished. I call it the awakening work of heart attraction. He was a skilled teacher, a great master as he prevented me through his skillful means from having a spiritual ego. I never had a sense of accomplishment, that I was becoming a great master myself. I loved learning what he showed me. I loved his passion for truth, his freedom, and I loved him more than my life itself. I was passionately in love with him, and all I wanted was to live my life (hopefully at all times!) by his side. It's hard to imagine this—that kind of love for another, but I had come to see, to know my master as my very self, my very heart opened and lived. I don't know how or why the divine can make the heart appear as two (or even many). Perhaps so it can enjoy itself through the appearance of an other. Just a theory. Yet it is my life, my life with my hear master Yakaboobis.

Yakaboobis never inhibited my freedom. He never told me what to do or what to choose. He didn't wait for me either. If my choices (he felt) had nothing to do with his attraction or what he needed to do, he just walked away. Whenever he walked away I had to decide to drop what I was doing to keep up with him or carry on without him. I always regretted not going with him. I always enjoyed our adventures more than my own. Most of my own adventures were with women, I

must admit. I was always looking or available for some kind of fun. I was not a serious partner to any women I met. I liked their attention and if the sexual chemistry was good, I liked to believe I was in love. Yakaboobis say that my version of love was mostly someone else turning me on and enjoyed the regard of women. I never wanted to be married and have a family. I came very close though. A very attractive lady convinced me that it was about time that I settle down and raise a family with her. Yakaboobis said that I had finally met my match. What he meant, I realized as our wedding loomed, was that the bride to be had the charisma to not only charm me but every man always stood at attention when she came into the room. When I invited him to our wedding, he simply said, “Can’t make it.” I was very offended and my lady argued with me. We fought about it.

“What does it matter if Yakaboobis comes or not? He means too much to you. Once we we’re married, it’s best for us if you stop seeing him.”

I didn’t like having to choose between my master/friend Yakaboobis and my wife. Like Yakaboobis, I chose what I wanted the most and I walked away. She still won’t talk to me, but she never lacks for male attention. I had a few other attempts at the “perfect” girlfriend. One was eager to know about the mysterious master I had. She searched the internet to see if she could find out anything about his past and his teachings. When she couldn’t find anything, she was even more concerned and warned me that the lack of Yakaboobis’s notoriety suggested a troubled past that he was trying to to hide. I suggested that he was just a private person. Over time, I realized that I could only go as deep with an other as I was willing to go deep with them. I was only happy giving more, going deeper with my heart-master/friend Yakaboobis. I knew this was true because of Yakaboobis’s mysterious depth that only went deeper as I got to know, serve, and love him more. I never met anyone who had his depth, who lived so fully conscious as he. I realized that personal attention and sexual chemistry with a woman was not an indication of this depth. It was what it was. It wasn’t the depth that my heart had with Yakaboobis.

Did this understanding lead me to the life of being a celibate? No, it helped me to choose better, to understand love beyond the acquisition of pleasure. If it was meant to be for me to meet and live with a woman who could explore the depth of love of the heart with me, I knew that Yakaboobis would be happy for it. He was not selfish in any way. If it was not meant to be, I did not feel deprived in any way. Learning from Yakaboobis about this depth through seeing the many gestures of his sacrifice to save us all from our unenlightenment, our bad choices, was a thrilling life. To be at his side learning about conscious love beyond the superficiality of personal love was a challenge I wanted to be able to meet. That was our life together and as I got past my rookie mistakes and so-called beginning formal training and apprenticeship, I realized his friendship was the heart of all that mattered and he treated me and cared for me as someone who he respected. His humor was impeccable, he never accepted any limits from me or anyone else or even himself. No one except for those who could see with wide open hearts could ever suspect what he was doing or what he was giving. He truly was full of unexplainable mystery. In time, I was able to hang in there with him, leave behind all my personal distractions, roll up my sleeves

and attend to his great work as a friend and collaborator. I discovered that I so enjoyed making him laugh and what a funny wit he had.

Did Yakaboobis ever confide in me about his life with women, with a special woman? Yes, he did. I'll let him tell about that, if he is willing. He is a very private person. He told me that in his depth he shares himself with the feminine aspect—the shakti that moves everything into the play of attraction, the play of existence. He confided in me that this place with her is his true home. So very mysterious, isn't he, isn't it?

I can tell you, I love sharing some of my adventures with Yakaboobis. There are many and they often have humorous twists. I remember a time when he was showing me how to travel to the subtle higher worlds. Of course, one travels in their subtle body to get there, so an awareness and education on how to direct the subtle body on such adventures is necessary. I was able to consciously dream, meet my teacher in dreams and assist him in his work or take an adventure with him. When I was first learning the subtleties of the subtle body—what it could do—he showed me how the mechanics of flying worked by directing intention with the power or energy of the solar plexus. In one of my earliest memories of a dream where he was showing me this, he asked me if I wanted to have some fun and I said, “Sure! That would be great!” He laughed and threw me (my subtle body) high up into a cloudless sky. I was thrown up past the earth, going towards the moon. Before I got to the moon, I started to fall back to Earth at a rapid pace. I heard him say inside my mind, “What are you going to do about it?”

It occurred to me to open my arms like a bird, which made me feel foolish but it did stop my free fall. I was now gliding and as I enjoyed this state, he again spoke to me, “What do you see?” At first, all I saw was a transparent, clear white space, and then I saw the ground appearing and realized I was landing. He taught me how to be proficient at this kind of travel in another dream or plane (getting there without an airplane!). He asked me if I would like to go to heaven with him.

“The heaven you go to after you die?” I asked.

“You don't really have to die to go there,” he laughed, “If you know how to get there, but getting in is not always easy.”

When we ascended to heaven, Yakaboobis turned to me, grinned and said, “Isn't it just like you imagined it?”

I looked around and noticed that we were standing on a luminous cloud. There was a line of people (newly dead?). I couldn't see what was going on at the beginning of the line. I imagined some God-like being, or angel or saint was welcoming the newly departed in. Yakaboobis stood in the line like he had nothing else to do, so I stood next to him. It was taking longer than I imagined. We kept each other amused by making up stories about the people ahead of us. When we got closer to the top of the line, there was only one celestial being checking everyone in. He was an impressive figure—enormous, a bit intimidating and authoritarian. He didn't seem to be enjoying his work much. I was surprised to see that everyone in line did not get in. Some people were

arguing with the gate keeper celestial being, which made the gate keeper look more fierce and point his finger, indicating “remove thyself”. I wondered what the criteria for getting into heaven was, and why these people didn’t meet it. When Yakaboobis and I got to the top of the line, the impressive gate keeper stared at us and let out a heavy sigh, “Names, please.”

“I’m Yakaboobis and this is my good mate Yakataboof. What is your name, sir?”

He continued to stare at Yakaboobis, “My name is Lord Righteousness.”

Yakaboobis laughed, “Hello, Lewd Righteousness.”

The Lord did not laugh. A white light tablet appeared in his hands and I could see that next to Yakaboobis’s name was a circle with an X in it.

“And why should you be admitted to heaven?” the Lord Righteousness sternly asked Yakaboobis. “What have you done to deserve to be here?”

Yakaboobis said happily, “I’ve done whatever I wanted to whenever I wanted to do it.”

I saw another circle with an X appear on the tablet.

“And you, sir, what have you done?” he asked of me.

I didn’t have to think on that one and said, “I’ve done whatever he wanted me to do and was happy I could help and serve him.”

No circle with an X appeared on the tablet.

“Well, you can be admitted, but your mate does not meet the criteria to enter heaven. Mr. Yakataboof, you are a selfless good friend, but we cannot let in the likes of anyone who just does what pleases himself.”

Yakaboobis raised his eyebrows and looked at me, then at the Lord of Righteousness. I knew this was my cue to say something and put the situation in the right perspective.

“My dear Lord, in serving my friend and serving him happily, I was only accomplishing what my friend was saying he was doing. I am doing whatever I want, whenever I want to.”

The Lord of Righteousness closed his light tablet. He stared at Yakaboobis and back at me. “This is not the heaven for you two.” He stared at Yakaboobis again, “And you, sir, know why.” He bowed his head ever so slightly towards Yakaboobis and there was a slight smile on his lips as well.

Yakaboobis nudged me and we were on our way. I wondered who was my master, that even heaven was a place of limitation, that heaven could not contain him. I knew that my heaven was abiding with him in his limitlessness.

Yes, there was a lot of subtle traveling and even off world traveling with my master. I loved our wanderings on-world and off-road the best. I got pretty good at off-roading in his Rubicon Jeep. He navigated me up some of the worst roads—up mountains and by the shore. It was so fun. The weirdest part of these adventures—he often had a rendezvous with someone who met him there.

“In the middle of nowhere is the heart of where the work begins,” he told me.

On one such rendezvous, after we must have done about thirty miles, which took us about four hours, the going was slow, the ruts large and the road non-existent at times, he curtly said, “Stop!” I did and Yakaboobis jumped out of the jeep. I immediately followed him. He was making his way up the hillside through the forest. I swore I could very faintly hear a melody being played over and over on the flute. I thought maybe the radio was left on. Yakaboobis loved to listen to flute music. No, the sweet melody was coming higher up in the direction Yakaboobis was heading. As we climbed higher, the melody quickened and got more lively. Yakaboobis turned to me and had a big smile on his lips. I tried to keep up but he reached the summit before me. When I got to the top, I saw Yakaboobis enacting a strange dance with a man who was playing the flute. As he danced to the music, I became affected by the duo—the dance and the music. I felt so ecstatic that I had to lay down. I was lost in a swoon. I was found as well. I was in the center of myself and it was unimaginably beautiful and bright to be as I am.

I heard Yakaboobis laughing and he spoke to the flautist, “Lord of my heart, we have pushed my friend into his depth.”

The flautist, the man he had called Lord, spoke, “Yes, he is one of us!”

I wanted to get up and meet this man who my master called Lord, but I could not. He came to me, kneeled over my form and I got to see his glorious face. All I could say was, “Lord.”

He smiled at me and touched my forehead. The swooning stopped but the ecstasy was still there. His face seemed so familiar, that I had always known him and he knew me so well.

“My dear friend, Yakataboof, take care of our friend Yakaboobis. He takes on impossible tasks for the sake of this world and the sake of all beings to know themselves as they truly are.”

I nodded and he knew that I always would. He picked up his flute again, put it to his lips. As his breath moved into his instrument, I saw his body dissolve into particles of luminous light and disappear.

Yakaboobis helped me up and said in a very gallant manner, “To hear the flute music played by the master, the Lord of all flautists, one must dance.”

“Who is he?” I asked.

“He has had many names and many incarnations.” I call him the sweet Lord, my sweet Lord. What did he say to you?”

I looked into my heart master's eyes, "I cannot reveal what he said, only that I said yes and yes forever."

Yakaboobis nodded and accepted that my secret was between me and the sweet Lord. I knew it would only embarrass him and he would protest over the need for my watchful care. It was hard for him to accept care even if he needed it. He considered it frivolous. Not that he needed it, maybe he didn't, perhaps that was my vanity. Mine and our sweet Lord's.

We did a lot of traveling, both externally and internally. The work, the way my master served and the nature of the work, was endless.

"The one good thing about the work," Yakaboobis would tease, "is we'll never be out of a job." Yakaboobis loved his work, he would never give it up to retire to Hawaii. We did go to Hawaii many times and he would tease me about giving it all up and living a vagabond's life on the beach, but our trips to Hawaii were, as always, work. The work always turned out to be another adventure of a lifetime. My master played and worked with the great Goddess of the island, Madame Pele he called her. She was an angry Goddess and my master served her heart. He did not tame her in any way, rather through his devotion to her, he entered into a great sympathy with her and she poured out all her woes, her past indignation and released them through the fires, the heat of creating new land. Her passions burst forth in magnificent displays of earth birthing.

There was an angry priest of hers, a shaman, a mystic, who misinterpreted Yakaboobis's relationship and work with her. He threatened us with a curse if we didn't stop invading Pele's sacred land. That was one of the few times that I saw Yakaboobis worried.

"He has the power to do such a thing," he told me. "We must handle this man with delicacy."

I don't know what he had in mind, but Yakaboobis was anything but delicate. From my vantage point, he seemed to go out of his way to provoke him. The showdown came about at sunset on the rim of Pele's biggest crater. As always, I stayed with my master. The two men faced each other and Pele's priest, a wild-looking man with flowing locks and dark eyes that held a powerful intent stared down my master Yakaboobis. Yakaboobis stared back and started to laugh in a strange dog-like howling manner. I sensed that the Goddess herself was watching with bated breath and some steam gushed upward from the crater. The priest chanted some words over and over that I presumed were native Hawaiian but later Yakaboobis said they were an old Vedic curse. Yakaboobis tried to explain to the shaman priest that he was only assisting the Goddess with releasing some old pent up anger that was justified due to the mistreatment she had endured from her family, but the priest felt he was being presumptuous. He had no right to serve the Goddess in such a manner—only he had the right.

"What did he curse you with?" I asked.

“He cursed me with an angry daughter who would oppose her father with the fire of righteous indignation.”

“What did you say to him?” I asked.

“I told him that I accepted his curse and that he should ask the Goddess if she is pleased with my love and support.”

I could see that the priest /shaman was calming down, having expended his passion with delivering his curse. A double rainbow appeared over the crater and the priest/shaman and Yakaboobis both read this sign as a happy one coming from the Goddess. Yakaboobis extended his hand to the shaman priest and he shook it with some reluctance, but he did shake it. Yakaboobis nodded to me that we should make a quick exit while the conditions of going were good. By the time we made it to the jeep a big wind had picked up and big juicy raindrops hit the roof with a thundering splat!

“What about the curse?” I asked Yakaboobis as I shifted to a lower gear.

“Oh, don’t worry about that, you’ll meet my daughter soon enough. Her nickname is the eternal inferno,” laughed Yakaboobis. And I did meet her and that’s quite a story itself.

Soon enough was soon enough, but in measured time it was about twenty years from the day that Yakaboobis was cursed with a daughter who would always oppose him with the fire of her righteous indignation. Her name was Fern Onano. She had grown up on the island in a lush forested area. She was unaware of who her father was, as her mother never talked about him except to say that he was a very good-looking man who drifted through and left. She wondered why he didn’t stay around to be a part of her life, but as her mother was satisfied with her husband of many years, a local native Hawaiian, and as Fern loved Joe too, she was contented to leave her biological father out of the picture.

As events occur in a circular motion, always coming around again and again until recognition is destined, Yakaboobis and I sat at the same outdoor cafe drinking our chai and eating our omelets. We were served by the waitress who was named Fern, but nicknamed inferno by everyone who knew her. It was I who noticed her, how she teased and flirted with all the male customers, including me. I always left her a bigger tip than usual because of it. I was attracted to her. No matter how much she flirted with the men, I sensed that she was well in control of the situation at all times. I had a theory that she knew just how far she could flirt to get the tip she wanted. I had talked about it with Yakaboobis and he suggested that I flirt unabashedly with her and then leave her no tip. He dared me to do that so the game was on. When we made our exit from the outdoor restaurant to the street, we heard a voice call out, “Excuse me, fellows, you forgot something.”

We stopped and the waitress handed me my sunglasses. I thanked her and then felt foolish that I hadn't left her a tip. "Oh, sorry, we were in a hurry."

"Oh, I can see that." She was staring at Yakaboobis.

There was an awkward pause and she asked, "You look familiar. I know you, I have seen you at the restaurant before, but do I know you from somewhere else?"

Yakaboobis answered, "Miss, I don't believe we have ever met before."

She kept staring at him. She turned to me and asked, "What do you men do, if you don't mind my asking?"

I answered, "We are in the service of self awareness."

"What is that? What kind of business is that?"

"It's not a business, but it does keep us busy, very busy." I could see that my answer dismayed her and I caught the drift of her thoughts—these guys must be con-artists, maybe father and son.

"I must get back to my job and fellows, next time don't forget the tip," and she turned and made her way through the crowded sidewalk.

As we have all noticed, events will run in a circular motion, waiting for the timing of recognition to occur. A moment of recognition did occur when we met the very priest/shaman who had cursed Yakaboobis many years ago. It was a few days after our sidewalk conversation with Fern, our waitress at our favorite breakfast cafe. Yakaboobis nudged me and pointed to a big, burly Hawaiian. He was with our waitress Fern. They seemed to be engaged in a heated argument. It was obvious that the young woman didn't agree with what her elder, the shaman/priest, wanted of her. The same look that Yakaboobis and I remembered when the priest was very angry with Yakaboobis for what he believed to be interference with his work of devotion and duty to the Goddess Pele—that anger was now aroused in him. Would he curse this young woman as he cursed Yakaboobis many years ago? It is obvious that she would not back down and concede to his directive.

"Daughter, why are you so indignant with me? Do as I say. The Goddess will not give her blessing for such an endeavor."

She stood her ground with grit and determination. "You cannot speak for the Goddess to me. How dare you!" This made the veins bulge on the shaman's face. She would not accept his authority. "I have my own relationship with the Goddess, and I will do what I want and I know she blesses me even if you do not." Her body was on fire with the force of her righteous indignation.

I turned to ask Yakaboobis, "Are we watching the fulfillment of the curse that was meant for you many years ago?"

Yakaboobis nodded, “I am her biological father, but Joe Onano was her acting father. Pele is a wonderful Goddess. That day she found a wonderful way to bring her aspect—a daughter of hers—into this land to do great work to bring about the new ways. The curse was made, but made benign for me, and our friend Fern is a living inferno, a power source. She will do great work. What you are seeing is a living embodiment of the Goddess.

I laughed, “So is that why accepted the curse?”

“At the time I was as surprised as you that I did, but I knew if I didn’t it would only escalate the shaman/priest’s anger. Hey, even now he is a big man. I also knew that the Goddess will always find a way to serve the work, our work of enlivening everyone at the heart.”

Yes, I thought, the divine works in mysterious ways. Like my work with Yakaboobis, always standing by him and serving him in his work and impulse that I wholeheartedly trust, the Goddess’s ways and work are impeccable too—always moving everyone towards the brightest manifestations of our truest self. What power the Goddess has.

“Yes, she does, yes she is,” laughed Yakaboobis as he watched his goddess daughter get into her car and drive away.

I looked at my master. Though I also saw him as wise, as living and enacting many acts of fearless empowerment, I felt him as innocence, as humility personified. I felt this innocence, my master’s purity as the true feminine known, accepted and lived. He was always in touch, living in his depth with the Goddess. I, on the other hand, play with her attractions on the surface, when all along I long to live with her in her depth.

Some lyrics popped into Yakaboobis’s head at that moment and he sang out, “Let me stand next to your fire!”

I laughed out loud and sang along.

In our later years, as we worked together we traveled to other worlds. He showed me how to “configure”—to arrive in these worlds using a body that has subtle abilities but appears and functions as a denser solid one. He showed me the birthing of new worlds and how the feminine, the living shakti, appears to birth and grow all life there, and how each shakti needs a stabilizing force, a masculine aspect to stabilize her energy there. It was thrilling work. New shaktis are vibrant, full of undiminished energy and great potential. It was her fire to dream the life forms there. In this primal work I saw Yakaboobis’s great respect for the great shakti, the true feminine. We met many goddesses in our work, women who empowered all and were full of great mischief as well as great knowledge. They all seemed to know my master, respect him. Of course, I was in awe of them, greatly attracted to their strength and beauty, but I understood I could not approach them the way I courted the women back home. Not to say that they didn’t tease me at times. Yakaboobis always corrected me if I acted too personal or familiar with them. As I said, our

lives are played in a circular motion and as our work continued some of the shaktis and goddesses that we had served returned to show us another level of their work. Yakaboobis never openly talked about it, but he hinted that a great change was getting ready for all the Earths (places of human habitation) and the Goddesses and living shaktis were preparing for it. Yakaboobis did tell me that it has been his work (our work!) to serve in this great change.

Yakaboobis's death came too soon for me. It came quickly and abruptly. I was not prepared for it. I knew my link with him could never be broken and I could never break my vow to the mysterious flautist—I would always serve him in his great work. But now I still felt his presence, his promptings to follow his lead. I did not like working without being by his side, like in the old days. I realized, though he prepared me well, I did not love the work like he did. His passion was 100%. My passion was serving him in his work. Would the circular motion of our lives return me to recognize him again, to see him in another form? That's when I began to search for him again, for his new aspect that I could stand by and serve once again. To find him again as Baobis, a young boy, was a recognition that he gave me once again. Yes, I know our circle can never be broken. Yakaboobis is a true Bodhisattva—he is committed to serve the enlightenment of all and I am his mate. His work is most serious. I am his mate to serve his light-hearted heart, to ease his difficulties and suffering as he gives beyond all comprehension. I am his Yakataboof and I wouldn't want it to be any other way. The work is endless and I will always be by his side. This is my work and my vow. I am most grateful for it.

Santosha Tantra

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