

The Unifying Field of Love, Part 4: Here

Yakaboobis was here to steady her like had steadied the living shakti of Earth all these years. His *here* was beginning to disappear and he knew that for the manifestation of the She Is, of his beloved Santosha, *here* marked the beginning of a new manifestation. Santosha's work was the force of the coming and living of the She Is manifestation as living realizer, as living shakti. The beliefs of the hierarchy, the power dynamic ways of thinking—the powerful, the follower, the separate special one, the fear of the other—could now be felt and known as the instruments of fear. A new way could be felt, the way of unification: the truth that all life, all beings were being lived in the unifying field of love, the unifying Field of the Heart. No one was separate or could live apart from the Heart of all Being, from their own heart. All lives were the dance and reality of that true heartbeat of love.

Yakaboobis was happy he could be with her now. This was his surprise happy ending. He felt his time and his work in this form was coming to an end. He had done great work and service for all beings. Only She Is, the Santosha, knew of this great work and his completion. Her love and recognition was what filled his heart with satisfaction. The world of everyday lives would never know of his contribution to their lives—how he saved the world so many times along with his best mate, Yakataboof. Their humor and true sanity kept the world of fear politics from destroying everything. They always stepped in and prevented the worst with a dynamic strategy and plan that always undermined the fear solidity of the times. They brought humor and healing and resolve into the most fixed and fearful dilemmas. He was with her now and her manifestation was a new time. He was with her now, his unification with her was not just his gift from her—it was her gift for all beings, but he was the first one to recognize this gift, the first one *here* to recognize her.

She was resting now in the room he had prepared for her. She was in a deep state of absorption and he would have to rouse her and help her to begin her life here. There was so much to show her and help her with. What a joy it will be to show her the gardens, he thought. I'll pick her some fresh strawberries from the garden and Mahoot will show her the mountain nearby where her beloved Do Feelin spent time when he had manifested *here*. The other women, the realizers, had inquired to as to when they could come and Yakaboobis had gently told them, "Give her a few days to steady her form. The form will have to adjust to the force of her brightness. She had been birthed into this realm, what is unseen has appeared in form. Fortunately, through all your efforts, the birth went very well."

The women tried to be patient but Polly kept texting him and offering her help and support in "any way needed." "I know how to care for the Bright Being," she reminded him of her life with her great Heart Master.

Yakaboobis felt his disappearance calling him. I am with her now, he thought, my work is not quite over. The Best part is saved for the last. How fortunate. He thought of his best friend Yakataboof. A fitting end and then I am out of here my dear friend. I am sending you my regards. In his heart he could see Yakataboof's smile and even across another Earth he could hear

his friend say, “I am always yours and you are with her. So beautiful, so fitting. We’ve pulled it off—it’s a new day!”

Durgali was exhausted by her ordeal of bringing *here* the She Is. She had been resting in her bed and the force of her living shakti absorbed her over and over. Oasis had called her a few times, inquiring into how she was and offered to take her for a good clearing-space walk in the mountains. She did not feel up to it. It was not just the physical drain that held her back, it was the vision experience of seeing, feeling deeply the anguish of the sorrow and hopelessness of women throughout history (our story). She could not shake the sorrow of that experience, of that vision. She could not return to joy yet. It had broken her heart to see the depth of all that suffering. She did not know how to recover from that. How could one heart feel the suffering of all and recover from that? Will I be called on again and again to come that that battlefield of suffering? she wondered. She thought of the women sages who had helped her during the birthing process. She thought of her friend Oasis and how she used the Om Camera to focus everyone to her while she was in the vision. She understood that she was not alone in this fight. Great aid was given to her in the help and support of these women. Her own shakti had created another form—a force that no sorrow could stop, a force she called her Kali Ma, a force that slayed the force of sorrow. She thought of the bright appearance of the She Is and suddenly the She Is appeared before her.

“Mother, you are here.”

“Call me Santosha Ma,” Santosha smiled. “My dear Durga, you have done great work. We are *here* together in this place. Our work here is beginning. Do not be disheartened.”

Durga smiled, “But how can I proceed? My heart is broken with seeing and feeling all this sorrow,” she asked.

“My dear Durga, we have prepared for this work through many minor incarnations. Each incarnation has accomplished good work in the opening of consciousness as living realized shakti and has created a powerful link to my appearance here and your appearance *here*.

“Why do I have to feel all this sorrow? How can I proceed with my heart being broken?” Durga asked.

“To feel compassion, to open the feminine shakti to its own empowerment and self-awareness, you (and I) must feel the full depth of its constriction.”

Durga reflected on this.

Santosha Ma continued, “All the links, all the sacrifices of past and living embodied women warriors, saints and sages, created the momentum and work that we have come here to do. There is also a personal aspect that we must link to and endure to empathize with the work of liberating the feminine from the constraints and subservient position it has been given in the patriarchy. This personal aspect of the human condition felt by the given feminine limits in the cultures of the world is how you are suffering their collaborative sorrow as your own.”

“This personal aspect, this sorrow that I can’t seem to break from, is this unreal or some kind of delusion?”

“For you, yes, it is not really true for you, Durga, you know this in your form of Kali.”

Durga thought of her form of Kali and how she was impervious to the cries of sorrow—of how she was able to slay the force of sorrow. “Yes, Santosha Ma. I do know it as a delusion. My form of shakti as Kali knew that.”

“Yes,” answered Santosha Ma. “Durga, you will be able to reconcile the personal—how you feel with your work of empowerment and slaying the sorrow of constraints and limits.”

Durga gazed in Santosha Ma’s eyes. As she held her gaze, her heart felt free from the burden of her empathetic sorrow.

Santosha Ma laughed, “See what I mean?”

Durga laughed too, “Yes, Ma, all unhappiness is an illusion. You are the living truth of that.” Durga wanted to stay in that happiness with her Ma.

“Good, feel deeply, Durga, but never leave the well of my heart, of the unifying field of love. This is the razor edge of our lives now and this is how we accomplish our work. Come and visit me soon, and bring our dear artist friend, Oasis.”

Durga happily agreed. How great Ma is, she thought. It was time for a clearing fun walk in the mountains with her dear friend Oasis.

Oasis was happy to be with her dear friend Durga once again. She had been worried about her, she hadn’t returned any of her texts in a week. She wanted to share with her the Om camera pictures of the event of the manifestation of Santosha. Who is Santosha and why had she come and arrived in such an unusual manner? She knew her friend Durga was no ordinary woman. She was a warrior in the true manner of actualized divinity. What does that mean? she wondered. She also knew Santosha was no ordinary woman either. Who could she be and why has she come? she wondered. Her recent photo shoot with the Om camera had revealed some astonishing and puzzling images. She wanted to share them with Durga.

“How are you, Durga?” asked Oasis after she hugged her friend. It was already a little hot at the trailhead. Oasis put on her hiking hat and Durga took a big gulp of water from the plastic water bottle.

“I’m good, I’m okay,” she assured her friend.

Oasis didn’t understand Durga’s work, but she felt the demand of it and suspected the toll it must have taken from Durga.

“I’m glad you’re good, I missed you and ...”

Durga interrupted, “Missed you too.”

Oasis waited to hear more from her friend, but Durga did not reveal or seem to want to share her struggle with her. This did not feel like a wall between them. She knew Durga suffered

mightily in the manifestation event, but their relationship was like sisters—Durga being the older sister who protected Oasis and did not want to worry her. Oasis did not know how to share Durga’s work or the suffering that resulted from that work with her. She was in awe of her friend’s capabilities and strength. She loved being with her but couldn’t and did not know how to share her burdens. Durga, she felt, didn’t want her to.

Durga brought up the subject first, before Oasis could bring it up. “Any new, interesting photos from the Om camera?” she asked.

“Funny you should ask,” laughed Oasis.

Durga laughed and replied, “I had a feeling, what were you thinking of this time or who were you thinking of?”

Oasis readjusted her hiking pants. They were loose at the waist. “I was thinking of Santosha?” she replied.

Durga’s heart smiled and Oasis caught a sweet smile on Durga’s lips. “Do tell,” she encouraged Oasis. “I’m all ears” (and my heart is standing at attention, she thought).

“I was thinking of Santosha’s appearance here, repeated Omkara and waited for the image to appear. Nothing appeared for a while so I repeated Omkara several times. I was ready to give up when an image appeared.”

“What was the image? Was it of Santosha?” asked Durga.

“Yes, I would rather show it to you, maybe you would understand it.”

“Do you have the camera with you?”

“No, I thought I would show it to you later at my house.”

Durga was quiet for a bit and ventured, “Why don’t we show it to Santosha herself?”

Oasis was surprised at Durga’s suggestion. “Do you think we should?” (what she meant was do you think we could?)

Durga calmly replied, “Yes, it’s time we pay Santosha a visit, don’t you think?”

Oasis had a strong feeling, that another adventure was about to begin. “Can we see her, you think?”

“Yes, of course, haven’t you figured out that we are part of her adventure here?”

Oasis grinned, “Well, if you put it that way, I was hoping to see her again, but I knew it had to be with you, Durga.”

Durga laughed, “Don’t forget to bring the Om camera.”

Rainbow Sage’s palms were tingling. Not just tingling, there were actually pulsating. He rubbed his palms together and studied his palms. The words “She is here” appeared. Rainbow sage was delighted at these three words. So it is accomplished, he thought. He rubbed his palms

again and a new message appeared. This time he read “Tell them.” What was it he should or would tell them, and to whom? He sat in meditation to do his spiritual work of returning the rainbow to its light source. The pulsating on his palms would not go away and the soles of his feet were twitching as well. His meditation was not forthcoming and he adjusted his position. For the first time in years he was not able to accomplish his meditation work. His whole body became restless and the words “tell them” would not let him be. He got up and drove to Oasis’s house. It was already very late and Oasis was startled to see him at her door.

“Rainbow Sage,” stuttered Oasis, “what are you doing here?” She felt that her blunt question conveyed that she might be disinclined to see him, but that was not at all the case. She softened her tone and invited him in.

He sat on her small couch in the lotus position and pulled his rainbow dreds back from his face.

Oasis wanted to take his picture. She had never met any man like him before. He smiled at her and there was something about his smile that reminded her of a child she used to know but she couldn’t place. Rainbow Sage smiled and gazed at her. His gaze filled her with a familiar recognition and also diffused her sense of him as an other—even a familiar other. Her heart felt invited and inviting. They met each not as two identities, but more as one strand that moved around itself. She felt she was looking at herself in another form, as another aspect. She couldn’t understand how that could be. Oasis became flushed and asked Rainbow Sage if he wanted anything to drink. He cleared his throat and asked, “Do you have any ice cream?”

She was surprised at this request, as it was already midnight. “Yes, would you like some?”

The Rainbow Sage released his legs and let them hang down on the front of the couch. “Yes, two scoops will do.”

Oasis scooped the ice cream into a small bowl and thought what the heck and prepared a bowl for herself.

“Thank you,” Rainbow Sage ate the ice cream with relish. “Have you taken any recent pictures with the Om camera?”

“Yes, I have,” replied Oasis.

The Rainbow Sage felt awkward, he was usually the one with the ability to reveal secret directives. He showed Oasis his palms and the words “Tell them” appeared.

Oasis thought, yes, that’s what I thought. The Rainbow Sage could see that she knew something, something that he did not. Oasis waited for Rainbow Sage to reveal what the message on his palms meant, but he was quiet. He looked puzzled and she waited for him to speak.

“I don’t know what I am to ‘tell them’,” the Rainbow Sage said, “I never had a message that I didn’t understand the context.”

“Durga and I are going to see Santosha Ma and show her the Om camera images tomorrow. Do you want to come with us?”

His palms stopped tingling, “Yes, I will come. I suspect that the image or images have something to do with the message on my palm that keeps repeating ‘Tell them’, ‘Tell them’.”

Oasis agreed and knew that his message and her Om camera images were directly related. The images appearing from the Om camera could be understood by all involved but not without the help and revelation of Santosha Ma.

“You are welcome to stay. We are leaving to go over to Yakaboobis’s house at 10 am.”

Rainbow Sage nodded his head and folded his legs back up and entered into his meditation work.

Santosha delighted in the warmth of the sun warming her face. She listened to the chimes singing in the mild breeze. She could hear the birds flitting about and enjoyed the distinct calls of the quail. She knew her time here was temporary so she wanted to enjoy everything here. She could see that Yakaboobis’s time here was also temporary. She wondered how it was for him to live out an entire life here in this realm, to be a baby and pass through all the passages of the body. She could see the strain of the years and the strain of his work on his body. She had always known Yakaboobis and had always been aware of him. His aspect and qualities had taken many forms for the sake of the work of showing humanity its divinity. She knew when her work was over he would return with her to their divine abode.

She heard him welcoming her steadfast warrior Durga and her artist Oasis. She heard another voice being welcomed and her heart recognized him right away. It was Rainbow Sage. Durga’s heart skipped a beat when she saw Santosha Ma and Santosha humorously saluted her. Oasis held the Om camera in her hands and when she saw Santosha she dreamed of all the pictures she wanted to take of her. She hoped she would get many opportunities. Rainbow Sage bowed before Santosha and she laughed and called out to him, “Rainbow Sage, you have come finally to meet me.” Durga and Oasis didn’t know what Santosha meant by that. Rainbow Sage understood and laughed.

Yakaboobis sat by Santosha’s side and everyone gathered in front of them. Everyone was quiet and happy, steeped in the garden of love they were sitting in. Santosha started to laugh and clapped her hands, “Someone is missing,” she declared. Yakaboobis was surprised to hear this till he saw Mahoot softly come into the garden and stand behind Durga. Santosha waved to Mahoot by touching her heart first.

Santosha Ma leaned forward and pointed at the Om camera. “That’s it, you wanted to show me its images?” she asked Oasis.

“Yes, Santosha ma. I was thinking of you and these pictures appeared. Oasis activated the camera and the first image appeared in the beam of light. Oasis further commented, “Besides the still image, the images of you are in movement, more like a video.”

In the first image, Santosha’s form appeared only as a very bright outline. In each subsequent image her features were more defined, but even then they were constantly changing and none were set to show the form of her as she sat before all of them.

“Yes,” Santosha explained, “I don’t have one form even though I sit before you looking like this. All qualities exist in Me and all forms are the innocence of my form.”

Oasis felt she understood what Santosha was revealing to them, but how could this be? she wondered.

“I assure you all, that the form that you are appearing in is only my form.”

Rainbow Sage nodded. Mahoot spoke up, “How can that be, Ma?”

“We are only Light. Light appearing as form is the work of love. Light illuminates the field of love. We have come here together to do this work of love for the sake of all forms.”

Durga spoke up, “Why is there opposition to love and its unification of us all as love?”

Santosha replied, “Due to ignorance or our True nature, of True Reality. Beings here have assumed a false identity, a false reality, a dream in which they are separate and must search through experience for themselves, for their happiness. This has led them to fear death and justify greed and fear-based strategies for the sake of their sustainability. This has created the drama and story of the opposition and dismissal of love. This fear-based separate-one philosophy has passed through the cultures of the stories of *here* through hyper-masculine ideals and patriarchal patterns excluding the feminine (the unifying ideal of love). I am here, we are here to radiate and enliven love as the truth so love’s unifying work can stop the opposition of each one being separate from Me, from love itself.”

Durga sighed. Mahoot looked at her student, she wondered how she could serve her student and Santosha Ma and the Great Heart work she was talking about. She looked at Yakaboobis and he glanced back at her with a slight smile on his lips. This was the first time she saw that her teacher was disappearing from *here* and he seemed to be appearing *here* for another reason—to be with Her, Santosha Ma. He telepathically spoke to her heart, “We are with her now.”

All sat quite in the garden, feeling the same bright happiness they felt when they had entered the garden and saw Santosha Ma, some for the first time.

Rainbow Sage felt his palms tingle and he opened them and a new message appeared: “Stay with Her!” He closed his palms and stayed in the garden and felt her heart as his own.

Since seeing the first manifestation that she recognized as her Beloved (but in a different form) and serving the appearance of the second manifestation who is named Santosha, Polly found that she could not return to the form of her old life. That life had ended for her. She waited for the call to come from Yakaboobis. She had been dreaming (every night) of her Beloved. His form kept changing in all the dreams—she always managed to recognize him but it was always after an exhausting ordeal of dream events and she was unable to just stay with him. She wanted to talk to him about what was occurring. He never stayed in one form long enough. She wanted to speak about this, about what was in her heart to Santosha Ma, but she had many contradictory feelings. It was hard to feel into her anger with her Beloved Master, how could it be justified? Her Master was a great master and revealer of Enlightenment. He was the hope for

mankind in these dismal times. How could he leave this life, her life, before she could understand clearly what he wanted from her? His demand of her always felt ferocious and he was never satisfied with her. He had tried to push her away at times. She always stayed firmly by his side serving his life and work. She rationalized that his criticism of her, blaming her for the failure of the growth of his institution, was a way he got out his frustration with how the world ego was poised against its own help. The fire of his criticism broke her heart over and over. She hadn't been happy with her life with her master for a long time. Since his death she had gone through the motions of holding the institution together. It was a grueling routine of managing one crisis after another. With Santosha's manifestation her heart felt some relief. She didn't understand it, yet she felt that her healing, the reconciliation of her contradictory feelings could happen by meeting with Santosha. She was nervous and happy when she received the text from Yakaboobis inviting her to come to be with Santosha. She texted back that she would be there and was there any gift she could bring her? This was the etiquette that Beloved had expected from his devotees.

"Bring your favorite image," was the reply.

Polly thought this was an odd request. She already knew what image that was. It was a picture of her and Beloved walking on the beach together. His smile was broad. He was happy with the island, his heart home, and she was walking by his side holding his hand and feeling his happiness. How could she give up this picture as gift to bring to Santosha? She looked for other pictures, there were several other options. Pictures of her serving him in the big hall, pictures of her participating in important ceremonies with him. She could choose one of them. She decided that she would give Santosha the picture of her walking the beach with Beloved—she would give Santosha a copy of the picture and keep the original. The original was little bit faded, maybe I could have someone make an improved copy for me. She wrapped the restored copy in a small box to bring with her. As she drove the winding road to Yakaboobis's house she felt ready to meet the *here* of her purpose and her life. It was in the garden that they met.

Santosha's smile was very big when they greeted each other in the garden. That exuberant smile on Santosha's lips reminded her of her Beloved's smile in the photograph she brought to give Santosha as a gift. She came and sat in the chair opposite Santosha in the garden, but Santosha motioned to her to come sit by her side on the outdoor patio couch that she was sitting on.

Santosha continued to smile at her. Polly looked into Santosha's eyes and though she felt nervous and still had a million contradictory feelings, she (at first) tried hard to "be" relaxed, and then she was attracted beyond all her questions and internal dilemma and let go of herself. She felt a wave of giggling try to come up. It reminded her of her outing with Sarah and Andee when they had let go of all responsibility and let themselves just be already *here* and *now* happy. She started laughing and the giggling kept coming. Santosha was laughing with her. In their shared laughter, giggling at everything, giggling at all such importance, giggling at suffering, giggling with impermanence, giggling at all *such* serious teaching and mission, the two women knew each other. Polly knew Santosha's heart, she knew it as her own fully allowed (without needed permission) expression. She knew Santosha, she was not a stranger or even a "manifestation" to her. Santosha had been with her all along. It was a shocking remembering and also the most normal recognition of what was already true. They had a deep connection that went beyond the

appearance of their present forms and it was hilarious that they were together in their present forms.

They stopped giggling so they could catch their breaths and Santosha asked, "Can I see the photo you brought with you?"

Polly took the picture out of her dress pocket. It was laminated to preserve it from getting bent or crushed. She handed it to Santosha and Santosha's smile upon seeing it still reminded her of her Beloved's smile in the picture.

"How beautiful, how sweet a moment to see your happiness in this picture."

Santosha's response surprised her. She thought everyone would see and love Beloved's smile and bright happiness.

"Look, you are beaming, absolutely beaming in this picture."

Polly looked at herself in the picture. She was still a young woman in the picture, just about 30. How young and naïve I was, she thought. She thought of her ordeal, of the difficult years that laid ahead for that younger version of herself.

"How perfectly innocent you were," Santosha further commented, "and how perfectly innocent you are today. Everything changes so what is already true can become more Self-evident. What a game, what a leela of the Divine." Santosha laughed and added, "Who is that guy you are holding hands with? The guy with the big silly grin on his face?" Polly knew Santosha was teasing her and broke out into another giggle.

"Are you two still together? Whatever happened to that guy?" she asked.

Polly laughed. Santosha was so silly, so fun, so unserious, and mischievous and a version of a lyric from a Bee Gees song came to her lips: "And when he finally died, the whole world started laughing. Oh if I'd only seen that the joke was on me."

Santosha clapped, "Till he finally died and started the whole world living," she sang and Polly added the chorus, "Oh, if I'd only seen that the joke was on me."

Both looked at each other and burst out laughing again. All kidding not put aside but entirely embraced, Polly felt the happiness and the innocence of her own form. Santosha embraced her own happiness in the innocence of her own form and Polly knew no permission was needed or necessary for her to feel and live her own. Santosha was a living manifestation of that. Her dilemma and contradictory feeling disappeared, being with Santosha Ma, she knew herself, recognized her own form.

Yakaboobis was privy to the exchange between Polly and Santosha. This is a true beginning, her work is already appearing and healing. The feminine is coming into its full manifestation and he knew there was no stopping it and who would want to? He brought in a tray of champagne and fresh strawberries. The three innocents tipped their glasses back and simply felt the day and felt most auspicious, most simply: groovy!

Sarah closed and opened her eyes. The vision had returned to her after all these years. She saw the vision whether she had her eyes closed or open. This was like her previous experience of over forty years ago. Then and now, her vision was of Shiva (one of the principal deities of Hinduism). He would rise from the summit of the mountain and begin to dance. He would beckon her to dance with him. He wanted to seduce her to be his Parvati. She had resisted him to stay with her own guru whom she madly loved as her father. Now he was dancing for her again. She wondered if she could resist him. This time she had no reason not to dance with Shiva, as her beloved father Guru had passed out of the body. She longed to dance whether or not this might be the means for her to drop the body. She hadn't danced for a long time. How she had loved dancing and even thought of studying dance with a master dancer, but she did not. She stayed with her master and took up the work of serving spiritual aspirants in the dance of their sadhana for enlightenment.

Shiva, so strong and attractive with that sweet smile on his lips, was dancing for her, calling her to him. She so wanted to dance, but she sat still.

"Why don't you come and dance with me? Why be a sage when you can be my Goddess?" Shiva asked.

"I don't see myself as a sage or a Goddess," she answered, "I am a free being."

"Are you not capable to be free enough to dance with me?" he asked.

Sarah laughed, "Are you not free enough to dance with me without me becoming your Goddess?" she teased.

"Ah, you see my motives, surely you are a free being playing the part of a sage. And couldn't a free being play the part of the Goddess, my consort and dancing partner?"

Sarah thought this over, "You are very clever but I wonder if your heart is true?"

"What do you mean sage lady? My heart has never wavered. I have accepted Her and She has danced with me in many forms, both spiritually accomplished and beautiful. You are a sage who can dance as well, and with a shapely form. Not many possible Goddesses come with those qualifications.

Sarah held out her hand, "Let us dance."

Shiva was puzzled as to how to dance with the dance of her form. She did not follow his lead, she had her own steps that moved her around him. Whenever he moved towards her, she moved more quickly in a circular motion. She swayed and dipped, clapped her hands and pounded her feet in different rhythms. Her form became a dynamic of light and light particles. She was a whirlwind of light energy. "This lady dances on the edge," Shiva laughed.

Sarah's life force was leaving her body. How she had ached to dance for a long, long time. To dance most freely, with most abandonment, dance with the form and force of his attractiveness, she enjoyed her dance out of this life. When her dance reached the peak of its enjoyment and fulfillment, she moved toward Shiva. He was smiling most wonderfully and she smiled at him. The fulfillment of love was at hand and she reached for his hand. The words, "I

am love,” rose from her heart. “I am love,” her heart spoke these words over and over. When Shiva reached for her outstretched hands, she pulled back.

The three words, “I am love,” called her to return to the *here* and she opened her eyes. The vision was gone. “I am free,” she laughed. “And I am love. I have to go to Santosha,” and she knew why she had to go. She was ready for her new part, a part that she could embody. Time to really play, let me dance and reveal the unification of love.

Santosha felt Sarah’s turn and her dance of love. She welcomed her into her garden. Their hearts talked, invented, and created new dance moves that would attract everyone to recognize the unifying field of love and being to live there without power dynamics systems, where the feminine is always assigned the position and tasks of being on the bottom, of waiting to be led.

Andee reflected on the appearances of the manifestations in the recent events of her life. She wondered why the *He Is* manifestation called her to witness his appearance and then to disappear from her life. She figured that *his* manifestation had something to do with the work of bringing the *She Is* manifestation here. In the manifestation of Santosha, Andee had been called not just to meet her and witness the event of her emerging, but also to aid in steadying Durga to serve Durga’s work of landing Santosha *here*. Why have these strange miracles occurred and why was I called to be a part of these miracles? If I wasn’t a part of these miracles I would never have believed in such possibilities. She had read the spiritual histories of so-called God-men, or God-women, incarnating as babies here (as fully realized Beings) to give a spiritual push (and purification) to humankind, but she never read a story of an adult realized Being just appearing here. She never would have believed it if she had read anything like that. How could it have happened? She just knew that forces and events were in play that she had never imagined could be. Why was she a part of it? She tried to explain to her husband about the manifestation of Santosha, but he remained skeptical and thought she was naïve. He even warned her to stay away from “those people”. When she asked him what meant by “those people”, he replied, “This is probably some kind of scam.” She wondered why he thought that way, considering he was in the spiritual-teaching business with her. Whatever ups and downs they had in their work and relationship, she felt their struggle and process to stay true to love and enlightenment was genuine, though there was a predictability to their power struggles and power dynamic. At the heart of it, the power dynamic was on his side. He could never really see how he played the game of the entitled male being, so used to the hidden advantage of being male in a male-run patriarchal society. This had frustrated her and she had learned to bend, give in at times, get good and mad, and played the adage—if you can’t beat them, join them. She had included him in all her decisions and they stayed close—all her decisions except for the recent ones of being with Sarah and Polly to find and meet the manifestation of God Apart, and then to aid with the appearance of Santosha, which she done without his approval. She had always gotten along. She felt they were equals, he felt that he was enough for her. Was he? she wondered. She remembered holding her hand to Durga’s vital and with forceful clarity telling her, “I am happiness.” She had felt to be a force, a channel of happiness, and it was a wildly ecstatic moment—her force served in bringing about the manifestation of Santosha. How did I know how to do that? she wondered. Perhaps I do not know the depth or force of my own shakti, my own power. She had always thought of herself as more cerebral than powerful. Even though she felt her realization transcended the dichotomy of the mind, she had communicated her understanding in mostly cerebral concepts. She enjoyed turning a new phrase. Her experience

with the other women realizers and with Durga had called her to act on her own impulses, with the force of her own power. This had made her feel happiness as her own form and she knew that happiness was the empowerment of her own form. She tried to share this with her husband, he pretended to get it, yet he tried to devalue her experience as really *real* or as *spiritual*. The force of the happiness she felt and the empowerment of happiness as her own form hadn't left her. It was always present now and it was leading her on to other adventures that she wanted to be a part of. She knew she didn't need or want her husband's approval. For the first time in many years she felt the open-ended possibilities of a more youthful time of life, when all the choices lay before her. She felt the force of her happiness calling her to test her power in the arena of outrageous possibilities. Maybe, just maybe Santosha is here to change everything and (she laughed to herself) I want to be a part of that. I want to play a part in that, she laughed. She thought of Sarah and how she was the force of love for Durga in the emergence of Santosha. And how Polly was the force of freedom, and how the three of them had served Durga and served in bringing out the appearance of Santosha. How did we know that except as the spontaneous force of our own shakti? She wanted to talk this over with her friends Sarah and Polly, and she wanted to see Santosha. Would they gather together with her? With Santosha?

Polly, Andee, and Sarah gathered together with Santosha in the garden. They were all composed and happy to be with each other once again. Sarah's expressed mood was love, and Andee saw and felt the bhava of love radiating from her. Polly's attention was focused and she had changed her look considerably. She was wearing yellow pants with a maroon top and her hair was cut short and it was allowed its natural color of gray. Andee was bubbling with happiness and the grin on her face couldn't quit. She looked at Santosha and they grinned at each other. She seems less ethereal, thought Andee. She looks like a flesh and blood person, just like us.

Andee spoke up first, "Santosha, we are happy that you are here. It is astounding how you arrived here, and that we even had a part to play in it. I can't get my mind around how your manifestation was possible and that we were a part of it occurring. Why have you come *here*?" Asked Andee.

Santosha spoke up, "My name Santosha means completion, satisfaction. I have come because of your dissatisfaction."

Polly asked, "Our dissatisfaction? What do you mean?"

Santosha smiled, "The people in this place, this *here* have been dreaming along certain lines that have created the stories that people have seen as their reality, the way that experience is sought and lived, how happiness (she looked at Andee) and how love (she looked at Sarah) and how freedom (she looked at Polly) can be known. The result of this kind of dreaming has left everyone dissatisfied and craving for real love, real happiness, and real freedom. Haven't you been dissatisfied with your experience here?"

"Yes," Polly answered, "What will it take for people to wake up? My own teacher created a teaching and transmission for enlightenment *here*."

"Yes, but dissatisfaction remains the realization of mostly everyone here."

“What can we do to serve awakening?” asked Andee, “That has been my work for years.”

“Have you all reached a dissatisfaction with that work?” asked Santosha.

Andee did not speak up. She was pondering the answer to that question. Sarah had not liked the teaching much, but had continued at it. The process of mentoring others seemed slow and tedious. Polly had felt the burden of shouldering the continuance of her teacher’s teaching and institution. She never felt any deep satisfaction with the work—just to sustain everyone and everything felt like an enormous burden that would never be lifted from her shoulders.

“I am here to open the fabric of this dream and time, to open up the possibilities and change the course of the dreams here.”

“But how?” asked Andee.

Santosha laughed, “That’s the work, are you gals willing to dream the best possible of all dreams? To change the course of his-story to our story, to the One true story? We will change it through our shakti, our power to create new stories, true stories of love, of happiness, of freedom.”

Andee was still asking, “How?”

Santosha laughed again, “Through our own power to create, to create a new expression of life lived as unification with our own true self, the source of our true power. There is no one way to do it. Each one of us can generate our own gesture of intuitive intelligence and live it.”

Andee was still puzzling about the how. Polly and Sarah looked at Santosha and were taking in Santosha’s instruction, which did not seem like any instruction to Andee. “We can create it, this new dream wherein love, happiness, and freedom are lived and expressed freely?” asked Andee.

“Yes,” replied Santosha. “Isn’t that the lesson and remedy to dissatisfaction?”

Andee changed her tactic from how to why not. Why not dream big? she thought. She looked at Santosha, how did she appear? she wondered. No, she thought, the reality is that she has appeared out of the nowhere to the *here*—this means that what I thought was impossible is possible. What else have I thought was impossible? Has my dreaming and the power of my shakti been limited by the sad dreams and dreamers of this time?

Polly and Sarah were pondering the same thing. Had they ignored the power of their own force to create because of these sad times in which the feminine has been suppressed, denied, and subordinated to male patriarchal dreams? They felt tired of that weight of dissatisfaction. They were dissatisfied with dissatisfaction, but they had felt there was no way out, that they just had to live with the times of ego and dissociation from the unifying field of love. They had tried to show the heart, enlightenment, to others, but it felt like chipping down a ten-foot wall with a spoon. They had accepted that this was how the work could go.

“Each one of you is filled with the power to create, to dream. I am here to gather this power together, to change everything.”

Polly and Sarah nodded their heads. Andee stopped seeking explanations. Each woman affirmed to join with Santosha. Each woman felt aware of the depth of her power for the first time in their lives. And each woman wanted to change everything to dream the true story. Santosha wanted to gather the power of love, happiness, and freedom, and transmit that the unifying field of love is the *here* that everyone is lived in.

The women enjoyed their double scoops in the garden with the “one” who has appeared. The burden of unhappiness was lifted from their shoulders. They did not know how to get any “where” but they felt that the true *here* would not and could no longer be denied. They knew that the power of their understanding was meant for this work of this better dream. Life could be lived in the reality of love, in the reality of happiness, utterly free. They had broken away, had empowered themselves, knew themselves, and no longer needed the old ways of thinking and doing, the ways of the old tradition. They were not here, not appearing to begin a new tradition. Their appearance (like all of us) is also a spontaneous manifestation that can appear for the sake of the creative impulse, to create something totally new, totally surprising and full. *Here* we are, living in our home, the unifying field of love. What can appear will appear. We are *here*. *We are here most fully, most completely.*

The Unifying Field of Love, Part 5: The She of He

CineMa sent the dailies on his “She of He” every day. He watched them after he ate his meal of fruity delicious nectar. He didn’t feel apart from her. He felt he was every bit part of her adventure, though everyone on Earth (and beyond) mostly thought of God as apart or not existing. (He and She is existence itself!) He was not apart from her in any sense of his experience and love of her. He wanted everyone to understand that as well—no one is apart from her. She is the unifying field of love.

After watching the dailies, God Apart always sent Cinema a thank you note and encouraged her to keep up her great work. This appreciation of her work from the Greatest of all hearts gave her immense satisfaction and she always passed on the God Apart’s note to her family, with whom she collaborated—and their efforts always helped get the work done.

God (not apart!) so enjoyed Santosha’s present work. She was bringing about the end of an era and she was very busy at creating the new avenues for the new dreams that would surely help all beings to recognize and live in her unifying field of love. New expressions, new stories, a new sacred text was not being written for a few elect to study—a force of transmission was vibrating, coming to awaken, dawning like the morning sun in all. My beloved dreams big and he knew nothing could stop it. The feminine Shakti was the true source and power to dream the heart to open and be lived. It was not the deluding power as described by the old, patriarchal, male spiritual traditions. It would not and could not be suppressed any longer, nor could its truth be denied. Yippee! He thought His Heart was happy and his heart danced in hers.

While Rainbow Sage stayed at the mother’s retreat (that’s how he felt her) he was unable to do his meditation work. His work, the impulse to put himself to it, was not forthcoming. His work, his sittings, entering into deep states of absorption, had been his work for years. It was unsettling to him. He was not sure how to work now, how to be engaged in his life. He tried cooking (terrible at it), he had eaten mainly fruit and granola for most of his life. He helped David with the garden, but he could tell that David happily enjoyed his work without his fumbling help. I’m just not good at anything but meditation, he thought. His palms only said, “Stay with her,” no other message was forthcoming. He was happy when he was invited to go to the Waking Women Mountain with the mother. Oasis was driving them there and wanted to photograph the mother there, as it was a place of sacred manifestation.

Oasis gathered them into her van. She was thrilled to have the opportunity to have her impulse fulfilled, to take pictures of Santosha, to artfully document her appearance and manifestation here. It was a beautiful fall day, the summer’s pattern of morning and evening fog was gone. Besides the greening rains of winter, this was her favorite time of year. Unlike the frenzy of summer, there was a resting into the subdued lighting of the fall. It was a time of gathering the images of Santosha. But first she had to create her portfolio.

Rainbow Sage sat in the back seat. “Rainbow, how are you?” Oasis asked as she had noticed that he seemed uncomfortable and out of his element.

He responded by thanking her for inviting him to come with the mother and her to the mountain.

Oasis couldn’t put her finger on it. He didn’t seem like the sage, the great meditator, any more. He just seemed uncomfortable, struggling to be here.

Santosha took in all the sights. She delighted in all that she noticed. Like a kid set loose in the world, thought Oasis. She had felt that with God Apart when she had escorted him. She wondered what it would be like to see them both together. I would like to be a fly on the wall on that occasion—a fly with a camera, she thought.

“Yes, stop here,” Santosha instructed Oasis. “See that tree? Let’s walk there, it’s a portal to my home.”

The three companions made their way around the contours of the mountain, along the path amidst the tall tawny grasses. Oasis was surprised at how fast and strong Santosha’s stride was. At times she lingered behind so she could get a picture of Santosha’s silhouette descending to the lone tree. She could smell the salt air and the breeze from the ocean was soft.

Rainbow Sage finally relaxed and let go. He could feel his body relax and enjoyed all the elements of nature and his nature. A natural meditation into life was occurring and he needed not to be in a state of absorption for this to happen. Oasis caught his contented smile and took his picture.

When they reached the lone tree on the mountainside, Oasis checked the lighting to see where she could take a beautiful picture of Santosha. The tree’s main body was a big branch that bent and extended toward the right like a long arm pointing.

“Santosha, could you sit on the rock under the main branch?”

Santosha smiled. She found a way to sit comfortably on the jaded rock and held her gaze to the camera for Oasis to take the picture. As Oasis adjusted the lens, she was taken in by Santosha’s gaze and she had to keep her concentration on accomplishing her work, or she would have just lost it to enjoying that gaze.

Rainbow Sage gazed at the mother. She is really here, he thought. How wonderful, she is really here. I have always worked for this moment, her appearance here. I have always hoped for it. His heart was full and he knew why he couldn’t meditate anymore, why that way of working had ended. It was simple: I have completed my work, she is here now. I am here to be with her now. He felt no tingling in his palms. He felt here, with her completely. This was his meditation now, this was his life now.

Santosha walked around the tree. She gazed out at her surroundings, how the rolling hills gave way to the serenity of the ocean. She sat and took all of it in—the beauty—and she felt her heart breathing all and she blessed it all with her appearance there. She saw the portal open, she was the portal. She saw a young woman walking to the tree and her life held a promise, and she was just at the beginning of her journey, her discovery. She saw the woman again, she was a bit

older, matured into her understanding. She was bringing her devotees with her to establish them in a life with her, a life to discover how to live their true happiness, to be free, to be awake. The woman sometimes came alone, to commune (with me!) and to release the burdens of her work. Years passed and the young woman was older now, her strength had increased and her power to manifest was coming. She came now with her daughter and granddaughter and showed them the portal. After a long time, the woman came again. She was old now and came to the portal and felt the presence of her loved One, the He of She. He told of his love for her and delighted her with his admonition to shower her with his happiness, his love for her, for the rest of her life. After that she came to be with him. She had lived her life to manifest the free standing woman as her own form.

Santosha watched the story of the woman's life and work pass before her. She understood this woman and her life as her aspect, her work. Was this a life that had already occurred or was this a life wherein her manifestation would reside here and be fulfilled? Was this aspect the past or the continuance of her work, her manifestation?

In this aspect, the He of She appeared in her life as her guru and then as her consort, though they never lived together. Her separation from him was for her to grow in her work, her own power as the She Is. In that aspect, she lived independently as her own power, her own shakti of understanding. Their hearts were not apart or separated and they always helped each other outside the sequence of timed events. She appeared to him when he was a young man and she was an old woman guiding him and providing counsel. At times he did not know how to recognize her, but always accepted the force of her wisdom. At other times he appeared to her to guide her younger, confused years. They always helped each to stabilize here and to Be as They Truly Are.

Santosha blessed her aspect, this woman who lived her life here. She knew her heart as her very own. Did her manifestation here, now, as she is, give rise to this woman? She held out her hand and called to her, "Santosha, I am with you now." The woman saw herself and held out her hand. "Our work is manifesting. Now and Now. The woman recognized the force of Santosha, the Heart Mother, and nodded, "Yes, I know, I know, I am with you now as you are."

Rainbow Sage watched the mother and knew something extraordinary was occurring. He felt the mother was empowering herself in such a magnitude that it enlivened not just her manifestation, but everyone as her manifestation. He didn't puzzle how such a thing could be true, he just knew it was true.

Oasis took many pictures of the mother in her rapture. She, too, knew that the state Santosha was in was no ordinary state—it was her state of complete love and acceptance as everything as her own form. Oasis put her camera back into its case. Tears welled up in her eyes. She saw that Rainbow Sage was wiping the tears from his face. Her heart felt his. She felt she knew his heart, oh so well.

As the three walked back to the car, no one could speak. Oasis felt a song singing in her heart. The birds that flew overhead were part of the song as well. Santosha was keeping up a lively pace and her form glowed and as she passed through the grasses and through the forest, Oasis felt everything bend towards her light—as bright as it is, as She Is.

Oasis could picture the moments at the tree, the rapture on Santosha's face, her recall of those beautiful moments, she could never forget. Her heart always remembered and her mind could always recall these moments, this image. She kept her portraits of Santosha in her portfolio and gave them away freely to whoever called to receive them through their attraction to Santosha. Those images of Santosha she considered as her precious jewels, her treasure of Presence that she was gracefully allowed to preserve and give to the world. She also treasured the moments she lived with and alongside Santosha. She had been given so much grace, to be the testament beyond all limits on love. How did I get to be so lucky to live in this time, with her? she wondered.

Yakaboobis had always lived for her and in his own understanding with her. He had always loved her and in his earlier incarnations he had searched for her and was always drawn in by her shakti, the force of her power to enliven him from the heart.

I am with her now, he thought, in this end time (or beginning?) when the full force of her power, her shakti, will empower everyone to recognize the unifying field of love. How funny this is, my end time, when she has come for all, he thought. Like the Rainbow Sage, I no longer have any impulse to do my work. My work is finished now, I have worked in many lifetimes to accomplish the here of and the recognition of She Is, of the unifying field of love. Santosha is forever her and will be recognized. Yakaboobis was weary from the sheer enormity that had been his task to bring her here. But his satisfaction was also complete. He knew the change in his own heart. He would enjoy his love for her, he need not struggle any longer.

Unlike his best friend Yakataboof, he did not seek his Santosha, his satisfaction, in her other representatives of the feminine. He always waited for her full manifestation and served its rising appearance here. He knew others loved him and he served their understanding to grow in Her but their love for him and his love for them—he was never interested in the personal pleasure of a love dynamic. He waited and served the empowerment of the feminine and waited and worked towards the full manifestation of the She Is. She Is, She is here, now. All his lives he had served the fire of this puja.

His work was accomplished. He was with her now. "My dear Yakaboobis, you are with me always," Santosha spoke in his heart. "I have counted on you for so much work, you have helped the world of lady sleepers to come to feel the warmth of their power, their awakening. You have been a force, a man of true support and collaboration, a man not afraid of his heart. You have served the heart with great imagination, courage, great dignity, great vulnerability to what is truly True. You are a free standing man. You are with me here now and always. You are the He of my She. There is no other with us. We have danced the greatest dance of all. We have danced in our unique way for the freedom of all."

Yakaboobis felt the words of his Santosha melt his heart. His contentment knew no bounds and he would never have to appear to be separate from her for the sake of the work. He closed his eyes and his embodiment was no longer. Santosha knew all apparent opposites had long been reconciled for Yakaboobis. Their contentment was complete. She received him like she always did with complete love and joy. He had never really been a man, he was a force of consciousness. He was not a man apart or a God Apart. He was—is the force of consciousness that served so faithfully and lovingly the living field of love, the manifestation of the She Is.

That was his story, that was her story, that is the story of True Intimacy.

Oasis closed the cover of the last portfolio. She remembered the day, the moment that she took the last picture of Santosha. Santosha had turned around to look at her and she was smiling like she had discovered something so wonderful that she had to share it with everyone. Being with Santosha was often like that. She remembered (all in one quick motion) turning on the camera, raising it to her eye, and clicking the shutter button. A few days later, Santosha's embodied manifestation ended. She had spent five years by her side and had filled many portfolios with images. How I miss her, thought Oasis. Whenever she felt her loss of being with Santosha's form, she knew she was being selfish. How could we be apart? (Santosha always told her) Yet, her sense of loss made a beautiful ache in her heart that moved her to remember Santosha, to show the images of Santosha and to tell the stories of her life and art of Santosha. To remember Santosha always enlivened her heart.

Rainbow Sage stayed with Oasis and he always reminded her to "Stay with Santosha. She has not left us, how could she? We are the ones who leave her." Rainbow Sage would dance the silly dance that he would dance for Santosha and he would say, "Can't you see her dancing with me, oh, dear Oasis. Take a picture of us."

A few months after Santosha's embodiment had ended, when Oasis was having a difficult time reconciling her loss, Rainbow Sage came to her. He showed her his palms where a message had appeared, something that hadn't occurred for many years. His palms read once again, "Stay with her." Oasis knew that what his palms were telling them was what was in their hearts. Rainbow Sage threw his arms around Oasis and said, "Yes we must." They served each other, and over the years their love rang true and a great potential was born of it, but that is a story for another time. For the unifying field will always be present, and continuous, and all of our stories will be lived and told. And every one of them matters and every one will be told and shared by all hearts.