

## The Unifying Field of Love

God Apart knew he had to come here. He wanted to come here. His wife, God Apartress, kept asking him, “What is going on there? The people in the outer realms now have great scientific toys but they have lost their hearts along the way. They all seem to be infected by a heart disease that makes their hearts shrink.”

“Yes, yes, matters are getting worse. I gave them the internet but instead of providing worldwide information on how to help each other, how to get along, it is filled with revelations about lunch and the latest products to keep you younger.”

“Really?” asked God Apartress, “What are these new products?” Apartress tried to act neutral—like she wasn’t interested (really) in some product that would make her skin glow more than it already did. Anyway, it had to be all natural for her—none of the synthetic goop chemical labs put together in that outer realm called E-ART-Th. Her nickname for E-ART-Th was Artsy. She loved Artsy, it was such a wild dreaming vortex of every possibility high and low. Even the angels and goddesses loved going there, but she hadn’t been there since the last world war (was it the fifth or the sixth one now?). Some of the new arrivals had some shocking and difficult stories to tell about their latest incarnation on Artsy. And the angel MyArth said she would no longer go there for any reason whatsoever, but God Apartress knew she would do anything for God Apart and someone (truly great) had to look after her husband while he was on E-ART-Th. He had a temper at times—which was always justified—but in a place that had mass genocide, a place filled with people who had tempers that exploded into actions of mass cruelty, she was worried that her husband wouldn’t be able to justify the continuance of the human species. His temper for righteousness got a hold of him at times. And E-ART-Th was a prime location for this to happen.

“Good-bye, darling. I’ll miss you. Fix everything down there quickly.” God Apartress hugged her love of all time, all eternity. She never got tired of her God and as far as she felt, all eternity was just the right amount of endless time to spend with her God. “I always carry you with me, my love.” God Apart hugged his wife’s light form and the sparks of light body touching light body was an incandescent image worth making a fine piece of art out of. Descent to E-ART-Th made him feel giddy. A couple star gazing from their hot tub saw a falling star glide across the sky. “Look at the tail of that one.” “Wow,” his companion commented.

His light, star form body formed layers of congealing matter. When this process completed itself, God Apart looked like an E-ART-Th man about 45 years of age, tall and dark skinned. He tested out his new body—all in working order, he thought. He hadn’t tried one of these on for years, or wasn’t it more like yugas. He hated the density of it, but admired the ingenuity of how all the parts came together. Top notch creation, he thought!

Thought! He laughed. Even the thought medium was slower, denser. The thought bands here are very primitive. I forgot about that, he thought.

“Look, another falling star!” quipped the naked woman in the same hot tub. The man quipped, “They must be travelling together.” And so they were, though God Apart was unaware of it. His all-knowing function was not activated as yet, if he could get it to work at all in this dense body and dense place.

MyArth sighed, taking on the dense body meant her wings had to remain hidden under all the layers of skin. She saw her reflection in the nearby lake. Yeow! She didn’t like her looks, this is ridiculous, and why did God Apartress give me these trappings? I look disgusting! She didn’t really look that bad—she looked like a 60’s-ish woman with about 30 extra pounds added to her frame—weight that she needed to hide her light wings. They were already itching behind the layers of fat. This will have to do, God Apartress knows best (most of the time) she thought quickly so God Apartress wouldn’t pick up on her attitude. Now to turn on my tracking power and keep close enough to God Apart but out of his sight.

Polly-O-One was attending her duties when she felt an intuitive quiver shake her whole body. She almost dropped the tray of kumkum and flowers she was holding. She had this shaking, this buzz all over her body like when he was alive. She almost expected him to sit up in his grave and rise and walk with her like he did in the old days. “Master” she called out. Only the breeze stirred the curtain. She thought, perhaps she was just wishing (so strongly) that her master was among them again, that she felt his presence active with her in the physical sense. How she longed to see him, feel him, touch him and smell him again. Her spirit sank knowing that she would never have the experience of him again. This sadness of her loss was unbearable at times, so attending to him as her worship was the center of her life—this gave her great consolation and purpose for her remaining years.

Andee also felt a moment of presence in her own way of God Apart’s arrival. For her it felt like she was being watched or caught with her hand in the cookie jar of sweet tasty truths. Go ahead, kiddo, might as well take it, eat it—your hand is already there. Whoever God is, she thought, I can take him on too, she laughed. God Apart had his challenge with Andee. She wasn’t the God-fearing type. Whatever she lacked in humility, she had plenty of confidence in her ability to problem solve any dilemmas. No matter, she thought, she always bounced back on her feet, and her job of telling others about their God nature always assured her a favorable audience and always assured her she would stay popular in the God-nature-revealing-messenger gig. Anyway, if God had the nerve to show up face to face, she could use her charms to convince him of whatever she wanted. That’s how it always worked for her. Yep, charisma could work a long way for a gal with the right looks, good wit, and being in the right place. I’m doing the best I can, she thought—and it’s damn good—near perfect. Mmm—these cookies are damn near perfect too. Delicious!

Sarah was riding her bicycle around the mountain when she felt a band of energy pulsate in her chest. She thought her heart might be struggling with all the exertion, the

exercise she was engaged in. She hadn't been on her bike for months and the weight of an extra 25 pounds was bothering her. Nothing fit her anymore and being lazy wasn't helping her health or appearance improve. She was determined to lose the weight. It was necessary if she wanted to insure that her work of holding those who came to her for spiritual teaching and transmission would continue into her later years. Her devotees, those determined to stay with her, were hopeless as meditators. They were mostly still filled with worldly ambition and yucky lust. She had wanted to get rid of them most of the time, but her guru, who she loved and worshipped and looked after, insisted that it was necessary and important for the sake of their spiritual success to keep them on. Fortunately, she was able to give them the slip—and get her exercise. She felt the band of energy again push harder on her throat region. She worried that there might be something wrong with her heart. Maybe exercising is not a good idea. She jumped off her bike and rested. What is this? She wondered. She closed her eyes and felt his presence. She laughed to herself and sang out, “He’s back! He’s back!” God Apart is here. I wonder why he is here. Of course, Sarah was aware that this was the Kali Yuga, but she was doing her part to awaken her people, why was it necessary for God Apart, His Great Presence, to come? What is he up to? Can’t wait to see him. Though she was a lifetime celibate, Sarah always had a crush on God Apart—a secret that she kept from her Beloved Father Guru.

Oasis the artist was engaged in her usual artistic pursuits. The images were flowing at a fast pace. She followed her artistic impulses and a thread, a story, began to present itself. Two falling stars, a flight, a journey, two characters appeared on the grid of her attention, her computer screen. She made corrections, added colors with her digital tools. This is interesting, she thought. She composed a grid-like map and placed two 5-pointed stars within her map. She grabbed her camera and went to explore where her art and her intention was sending her. She wasn't sure what she was looking for or what she would find, but her heart enjoyed the life of an artist explorer. She enjoyed her journeys and never expected to arrive at a destination, which led her to some pretty interesting places and experiences. Today's exploration would be very interesting indeed.

MyArth wanted to scratch her wings really bad. The layers of skin over them made her feel miserable. Ah, what the heck, she thought and she let her wings break through and she opened them and let them catch a breeze. They fluttered beautifully, catching the light of the sun.

Oasis blessed her lucky stars that she had her camera with her (she usually did!). Oh my God! Is this a trick, an actor in a disguise, what is going on? She asked herself as she clicked her shutter button (which was in silent mode) over and over.

MyArth folded her wings back and her disguise as an elderly lady was once again perfect. She turned to get her bearings, to pick up the trail of God Apart again, when she noticed the woman staring at her. Did she see? She wondered.

Oasis waved and MyArth pretended not to see and began to follow the river, hoping she wasn't too far away or off course on her mission to keep God Apart protected and out of any trouble that he might want to instigate.

Oasis decided to follow her at a safe non-obtrusive distance. I know what I saw, she thought, but was it real? For an elderly overweight lady (or angel?) she thought this woman can walk really fast. Oasis was a good walker and she was working very hard to keep up and keep her distance at the same time.

God Apart was well aware that his true-blue angel MyArth was following him. He pretended that he didn't know so he could have the illusion that he was on his own, like all these beings here. They all think they are alone and on their own too, he thought. That's why my nickname is God Apart, he laughed.

Sooner or later, God Apart would need some help with something—be frustrated—and that's when MyArth would appear to be helpful, to aid him in his endeavor. She watched and waited. She enjoyed just watching God Apart bumble around in a dense E-ART-Th body, he seemed to enjoy it much more than she did, but he didn't have to contend with hiding any wings. He was whistling; she enjoyed the song and wanted to fill in with a verse of her own, but she stayed quiet.

Oasis heard the whistling too (from a distance) and she felt awkward watching the woman watch the man. What the heck, she thought and continued to walk by the river, nodded to the woman hiding her wings under flesh, and continued to amble around (or toward) the thin man to whom she immediately felt attracted.

As she approached the thin tall man she felt an intuitive recognition of him. His features were familiar to her, she knew his body type—no discernable body fat, dark olive skin with deep brown eyes and shoulder-length curly black hair. The thought that this man can dance made sense to her as if she had seen him dance, not just once but many times. As familiar as his physicalness felt to her, she felt a deeper familiarity—she sensed his mystery was of the best kind—the kind that invited you in and once in, no ending could be found. Oasis overcame her usual shy observer nature and approached the man.

"Hello, beautiful day, isn't it?"

He smiled back and agreed. He gazed at the woman with camera in hand and asked her, "Would you like to take a picture of me by this lovely river on this beautiful day?"

Oasis never had a volunteer for a picture taking moment. She usually clicked away on the sly. If anyone was aware of her they weren't quite sure if she was taking a picture of them. "Yes, could I?" she asked.

The lighting was perfect by the boulder, a sweet morning light that made the river appear dazzling and the grass mountains behind it a yellow fawny velvet. "Would you mind sitting on the boulder?" The man nodded his head yes and sat on the boulder. She lined up her shot and looked through the viewfinder. The man was as dazzling as the river behind

him. She clicked away and went in for a close up. His face was shining and his grin made her feel that he knew everything about her and somehow approved of her anyway.

“Did you get what you wanted?” He asked. “Come sit by me.”

Oasis put her camera back into its case and sat down by the friendly totally familiar stranger.

“Anything you want to ask me?” asked God Apart—that was usually always his opening line.

“Like what, what do you mean?” asked Oasis. “Well, maybe one question. Why are you so familiar to me? Have we met before?”

“Certainly,” answered God Apart. “I know everyone.”

Oasis laughed and said, “Everyone? You get around.”

“You have no idea,” God Apart agreed.

Oasis was stumped but she was enjoying herself immensely. “If you know everyone,” she ventured, “How do you know me? I seem to remember you, but I don’t know how or when.”

“That’s because you are thinking that we are apart, but that’s never been true. I must admit I can play good game of hide and seek till I want to be found.”

This guy is curiouser and curiouser, Oasis thought.

God Apart changed the topic. “Have you seen an older woman pretending not to follow me?” he asked.

“You mean the woman barely hiding behind the tree a little ways down the path?”

“Yep, that’s her. Let me tell you a secret about her. She is really an angel.”

Oasis thought yes! “I thought I was seeing things when she spread her wings but I knew I saw it and I even took some pictures of her in full spread.”

“Good,” laughed God Apart. “But unfortunately no one will believe you even with such evidence since anything can be faked these days.”

“That’s okay, I don’t need anyone to believe me. I just enjoy the ordinary, the natural and supernatural as a play of art of the mystery of what is.

God Apart patted her hand. “I like you—you’re okay kiddo! Do you know of a place that serves a decent lunch and cone of ice cream?”

Sarah checked her email and her texts as her daily morning ritual. “Oh no, more emails from that foundation. She bagged it into the trash icon. Her texts were from devotees inquiring about what she wanted for lunch and dinner. Oh, they always give me too much ghee on my rice and vegetables—that wasn’t helping with her weight—and the desserts were too good, too—she had never eaten such rich foods as child, she only developed a sweet tooth in her later years. She checked back at her emails one more time to see when her purchases would arrive. Another foundation email—alright, she thought, and opened the email. It wasn’t an advertisement for the foundation’s work, which was to spread the message and visibility of its leader. It was actually addressed to her from its leader, Andee. Oh, her, she thought. Sarah didn’t actually approve of Andee. She felt Andee was a western imitation of her own lineage—a wannabe realizer and way too ambitious to be an authentic realizer in the great tradition of Wendanta. She is just a talking head making up her own version of the great tradition of realization. What does she want? Sarah read the email and slammed her hand on her thigh, “No way!” she exclaimed, “How can that be? I had a feeling he was here again, I knew I wasn’t having a heart attack the other day on my bike.” Somehow, Andee was aware of him too. At the end of the email Andee wrote, “I’ve got to see him, we’ve got to see him, together we will be able to locate him—me being here in the west, you in the east. We, together, can put the clues together.”

Polly-O-One couldn’t put her strong feelings aside, that he was somehow physically alive—did he resurrect like Jesus? But it has been years since her master had dropped his body. She felt too distracted and excited to tend to her rituals of worship at the Mahasamadhi site of her master. To calm down she had a long swim and ate a big breakfast of eggs and toast instead of her usual fruit and nuts. She asked her secretary-devotee to bring the mail—usually in email form these days. There were the usual emails submitting requests for new visitors to come to the island for service and meditation at the special meditation halls empowered by the master. There was a curious one that said “subject: Your Mother”. Her mother had passed away five years ago from cancer. They had never agreed on her life choice of being a devotee, a spiritual aspirant, and then a Tanya. She wanted to delete the email but her curiosity got the better of her. She read, “Darling daughter, you have always known my love and I do love you as my very heart, as my wonderful daughter. This news will be surprising, but I am sure you must have felt it. He, my beloved and your father—is back on E-ART-Th. Look after him, yours and a big hug, Your Mother.”

Polly-O-One didn’t know who this email was from but it confirmed her strong feeling that he was HERE Again! How can that be? Who was this person pretending to be her mother? What nerve! But still, she had to find out for sure, but how?

Oasis printed her pictures of God Apart at the river. The photos were good and they certainly portrayed God Apart’s weird sense of humor (Who calls themselves God Apart?). He was staying at her cottage on the lower part of her property, tomorrow they would set off on a spontaneous journey to parts yet unseen to pick up the trail of the “Mother of All”. Such a grand name, thought Oasis, and such a big job she has. God Apart invited her to

come as his resident photographer. “Such an important meeting surely needs to be acknowledged with some of your excellent photos.” God Apart enjoyed Oasis’s art impulse; many of her pictures were framed and hanging on the cottage walls.

MyArth was staying at the cottage. She was invited in when God Apart couldn’t figure out how to use the satellite TV. They were both a bit shocked at what was passing for entertainment these days. They did enjoy a few MyTube videos of different spiritual teachers and their teachings. “Most are howling at the moon,” laughed God Apart. God Apart appreciated some of the more sincere efforts but he knew that those who teach cannot do it or live it, as the saying goes. He didn’t care too much about all the buzz about the biz of the elaborations of any spiritual ministry. He just liked the heart of it all. He couldn’t find any simple hearts of it all on TV. Too few highs and too many lows, that’s what God Apartress said about E-ART-Th. So darn fucking true. He emailed his Apartress via I-am-your-heart services. She received it immediately and sent back, “Come back soon, get the job done. How is MyArth?”

Oasis prepared her jeep, loaded up her camera. Where does an angel sit? She wondered. She knew God Apart would ride shotgun so she cleaned the back seat and added a bottle of water and a roll of life savers and a tiger milk bar in the door well. She wasn’t sure what angels ate—if they did. God Apart assured her that he knew where they were going but he wasn’t sure how to get there. “Doesn’t matter, it’s in my hands, and nose, I’ve got a sense of smell like a hound dog, and the Mother of All definitely has her own very particular scent. Must be that unlimited never-ending source of breast milk she has. Oasis thought most of the time that God Apart was a loon but he was with an angel who served him, so as strange as he is, he must be someone important. God Apart really liked Oasis. She was so innocent, so willing to be part of his plan and work without even understanding who he is. You don’t find anyone anymore with that kind of blind faith or trusting nature. Not even those spiritual buggers on MyTube.

The first day of their journey they ended up at 3 dead ends. At each dead end, God Apart waved his arms in some mysterious ritual and MyArth looked like she was in some kind of trance. They must have covered about three hundred miles. They ended up at a coastal town—a place where tourists like to visit, walk the beaches and buy art. She was pretty tired when God Apart asked her to turn into a hotel in the redwoods. He took out his credit card and said, “Get us a big room that can comfortably suit the three of us—a suite that will suit,” he quipped. MyArth secured the room and ordered room service—a nice fish dinner with a good bottle of white wine. God Apart would enjoy that. It would help him unwind after a hard day’s work. MyArth knew that at each dead end that they had visited today, God Apart had changed the course of events, creating links of connections to find and get to the Mother of All. MyArth had never heard of the Mother of All. Neither God Apart nor God Apartress had ever spoken of such a one. This is most curious she thought, and exciting. She was having such a good time that hiding her wings and her beauty in an overweight elderly E-ART—Th body wasn’t even bothering her—much.

Polly-O-One had that dream again. It infuriated her. The dream was always similar, she always reacted to her but in different ways. Sometimes she loved being with her and confided in her. Other times she wondered why the woman was such a confidant for her. The woman was too close and Polly-O-One resented her need for her and how close she felt to her. She could only feel that way about her master whom she had spent a lifetime serving. The woman's appearance in the dreams changed a lot and she couldn't recall what she actually looked like. Sometimes she even resembled her own mother, but she knew that it was not, as the dream mother was imbued with an all-knowing and loving unlike her mother. Her mother, after all, was just an ordinary mother. She felt that the mother in her dreams was archetypal—a version, perhaps, of herself. She liked this idea because when she sought conceptual answers she felt more in control. Her explanation didn't change the dynamic of the dream relationship; she knew she needed her and she reluctantly felt it—I love her. “About time you admitted it”, these words, not being her own, sang loudly in her mind and heart. She knew she had heard and felt these words distinctly. “Yes, it's time, daughter. We must meet face to face.” Now, don't go pretending you can't hear. This relationship is not a one-way street. I've always taken care of you. He, your beloved, introduced us long ago and I have been there through it all with the both of you. Now, I need you and you must come. I sent you the email the other day. It's your mother, pack your bags, head to San Francisco.”

Polly-O-One was torn. How could she leave the island and her worship of his Mahasamadhi? She didn't like travel and when she did she only counted off the days when she could return to her home, her sanctuary island. She had only left the island once for medical purposes. She decided she wouldn't go on this fool's mission. She was staying put, but now she felt restless and unable to focus and everything felt annoying, her worship felt empty and distracted. She had to have a couple of glasses of wine to calm her nerves. And she wanted to start a fight with everyone who wanted or needed to talk to her. “You must go, you are needed.” The words spoke in her mind over and over. Finally she packed her bag and told her secretary devotee, “Book me a flight to San Francisco, I have to go there for some family business.”

Andee was happily surprised that Sarah emailed her back. Andee knew Sarah didn't approve of her, that Sarah felt that she was a genuine Wendanta realizer, and that she (Andee) was only a wannabe—a teacher who was in it for the status and popularity—an ego tripper of the spiritual circuit. Maybe Andee didn't know the full extent of Sarah's condescension, but she suspected that she wasn't loved or admired by Sarah. She knew that Sarah knew about Him. Everyone who has realized anything about the Divine—the Divine nature—knew about Him but no one ever talked about Him—not even to the press, the spiritual interview websites, or the cult busters (who never even suspected His non-existence or existence!)

She studied Sarah's email. It was brief and her English was not good, and maybe the typing errors weren't helping either. She thought that she got the gist of the message. Sarah wanted to know what Andee knew about God Apart's whereabouts. They both trusted their



intuitive certainty that he was there. All the signs were there—it was raining in July, which it never does, their acne was coming back (and they were way too old for that), they actually felt a sexual heat (maybe they are not way too old for that!) and both felt restless, unable to concentrate. Andee felt a call to go to San Francisco like many years ago when she was a young woman and it was the Summer of Love in the big city by the Bay. Sarah confirmed that San Francisco must be the destination as her enlightened mountain kept humming this strange song with the words, “If you’re going to San Francisco be sure to wear some flowers in your hair.” The two unlucky cohorts agreed to meet in San Francisco and start their search. Both were very excited about the prospect of seeing God Apart. They couldn’t pass up this opportunity. They had passed it up once when they were younger, a bit naïve, and over confident. God Apart had sent them invitations to his party, but neither one showed up due to laziness, self-absorption, and being “too busy”. To both of them, it was their biggest, most secret regret. This opportunity to see and be with God Apart didn’t come twice in any lifetime, so something was really up and they wanted to be in on it, so much so that Sarah turned down her condescension level of Andee from 10 to 3 and Andee put her best face forward after she got her face lift. After all, Andee was confident that she was the prettiest one of all, still.

Back on the road, God Apart directed Oasis south on route 1 for over five hours and then asked her to make a ueee and start driving north. Oasis wondered if this was a waste of time. MyArth, who understood the ways of her almighty Loved One a little better, knew that God Apart was undoing a stuck pattern, and to change the pattern you had to do the opposite first. You had to break up the pattern by deliberately riding along until it proved utterly useless and even the wrong way would suggest the right way in due course.

After stopping for lunch, Oasis asked God Apart if he had a destination in mind and would he like to look at a map or use her navigator. “No, no dear. We are fine, we’ll get there. There are a few things I need to do and check out on the journey. We’ll stop by the ocean and take a few pictures so you have evidence of this historic trip. God Apart grinned when he said this. God Apart was a natural, very photogenic, so Oasis was delighted when they stopped at the breaking waves. She loved doing her art and it gave her a good happy life and she was having the very best of times with her new friends.

As God Apart and MyArth headed toward the jeep he spoke telepathically to his angel. “This woman is truly like an Oasis. Did you see that she has the s gene?”

“Yes, I did, but I am sure she is unaware of it.” replied MyArth through her really quiet voice that Oasis couldn’t hear.

“She might be very helpful at the right time, if I activate it.”

MyArth knew if that happened Oasis would be safe under God Apart’s guidance.

“And I’m giving her an extra bonus—the v boost. And she sees so well and loves the light so very well, it’s already there ready to burst open at the right time.”

MyArth studied Oasis for a bit, very few people were ever given the v boost—the visionary ability. Lots of people might be able to sense or see the future (after all, everyone is always planning it) but the visionary door was the place of seeing everything or everyone as it actually is. This kind of seeing was of the highest kind and she had it, as most angels did, but throughout E-ART-Th history only a few were ever given it for the purpose of the conscious evolving of beings. MyArth raised her eyebrows. Wow, she thought.

“At the right time, in due course, according to my work and its needs.” God Apart telepathically assured MyArth.

Yakaboobis put away his guitar. He had been working on a new song for the last few days. He hadn’t created any new music in the last months as he had been training his new acolyte. He missed his old acolyte Yakataboof, who had successfully graduated from his training. He was now the Heart Recognizer of Earth 2.

He took out his heart seer rock from its velvet cloth wrapping that he kept in his koa bowl. He sat with it in his hands. The rock became warm and he closed his eyes. He felt alert and a dream began to appear and he began to follow it. A woman was taking pictures and as she clicked her camera away the pictures appeared front and center in his visual field. He didn’t recognize the man—a thin man with dark, curly hair—about 45 years—there was a knowing feeling about him and he continued to watch as the series of pictures depicted this same man. He recognized most of the scenery that the man was in. Of course the last picture, taken at a very famous landmark, made it obvious that the man was on the Waking Woman Mountain. He wrapped the rock back into its green velvet cloth and put it away.

Yakaboobis tried to get back to singing and playing his new song. His concentration usually was impeccable at any task he put himself to, but after the visions he saw with his seer rock, he felt restless and distracted. In his exceptionally clear mind he recalled the face of the man. I know, I know him, he reasoned. He concluded that the man that he knew was in a disguise for some reason. This is curiouser and even more curious, he thought.

Polly-O-One was picked up at the San Francisco airport by an old friend-devotee, Marsho. They caught up and Marsho was pleased that her friend Polly-O-One was chatty, as she thought Polly didn’t engage in such frivolity anymore. She looked at her old friend and saw that they were both aged women now. Polly-O-One seemed a bit nervous and unsure of herself. Marsho didn’t know why Polly had left the island but she was glad that she was hosting such an important, spiritual person—a woman who was the closest spiritually recognized person of their great master. Marsho was determined to serve her well and asked, “Tanya Polly-O-One, just let me know if I can help you.”

Polly-O-One asked, “Do you have a car that can be at my disposal?” Marsho was very surprised at this request and she had never seen or heard that the Tanya could drive.

“Yes,” she answered, “You can use my car. It’s very easy to drive.”

“Thank you,” Polly-O-One answered. “Let us get to your home, freshen up and you can assist me in a puja tonight.” Marsho was pleased at the honor of serving Tanya Polly-O-One in such an auspicious spiritual ritual of heart recognition of their Master.

Polly-O couldn’t sleep. She did japa of her master’s name. She tried to meditate, her usually quiet mind felt restless and she knew she wouldn’t be getting any sleep or contemplation in that night. She thought about her remarkable life and felt gratitude and pride in her spiritual accomplishment and status. She also felt a great responsibility to protect and take care of his teachings and sanctuaries. Her task felt formidable at times. She usually felt weary and alone. At these times she felt a presence that relieved her and loved her in a soothing way—a presence that said to her, “Lay it all down for now, I will take care of everything—you need to rest and play now.” Now that presence that she never gave a name was calling her to come here. She needed to show up and finally acknowledge and meet her true heart mother. Happy Mother’s day.

When Andee saw Sarah step off the plane she sent her entourage away. She needed to do this alone if she was going to win Sarah over. She knew only Sarah could help in this pursuit and this opportunity to meet God Apart was not going to slip by. It was her biggest regret that she had let meeting God Apart slip away the first time.

Sarah was excited about coming to America for this great purpose. She had never traveled outside of her country. She wondered if they would be successful in their mission. She, too, sent her entourage ahead to meet up with her after her mission was accomplished.

“Hello, Sarah, as you can see I am Andee. Welcome.” Andee hesitated to hug Sarah and Sarah was also awkward in offering Andee any welcoming affection. Both women ended up putting their palms together in a greeting.

Andee had decided to take Sarah to a good vegetarian café in Mill Valley where they could talk over their intuitive strategy. After Sarah finished a good helping of Chinese food, while Andee nervously picked at hers, Andee said, “I am so happy you came and that together we can find him.”

Sarah smiled and thought, she is very charming and forward and ambitious, but in a very weird, soft demure way that I don’t quite like. “I can feel he is here, so close by, but where to look?” she asked.

“Me too,” answered Andee. “I almost expect that we might just run into him anywhere.”

Sarah told Andee about the strange song she had heard her sacred mountain singing. “Yes, yes, I am drawn to San Francisco, but where and when?”

Sarah said, "If it is meant to be, it will happen." This spiritual explanation got her out of many possibilities that she was energetically disinclined to. Andee felt that Sarah was trying to be spiritually superior to her and she knew that Sarah wanted to see God Apart as much as she wanted to and that was very, very much. She played the game back, "Yes, if He wants it, it will happen."

As the two spiritual teachers were talking strategy and playing strategic games with each other, God Apart and Oasis and MyArth were eating lunch at the California cuisine restaurant next door. All were very hungry and ordered hearty sandwiches. After lunch, Oasis told God Apart about the mountain, the Waking Woman Mountain. God Apart like the name so much and said, "Let's go there after lunch and take in the view, more pictures too." He smile at Oasis. He looked at MyArth and said telepathically, "This mountain is her place, we are getting close."

MyArth just nodded. She had been in contact with God Apartress and told them they were on the trail of the Mother of them all. God Apartress feigned ignorance about knowing this Mother of all—she reminded MyArth to keep God Apart in good humor in that dreadful, violent place. So far, MyArth only felt they were having a great time and the people (especially Oasis) were helpful and very nice. She reassured God Apartress that everything was going very well and her husband was in very good humor. "Good," said God Apartress, "Come back soon, you both are missed. Hugs and kisses."

Polly-O-One drove Marsho's Mazda RX8 down 101 trying to find the right exit. She was surprised that Marsho (a spiritual aspirant) had a sports car. It didn't seem right, too materialistic, that Marsho had this peppy sports car, but it was fun to drive. She was rusty at driving and it took her a while to understand all the new technology—Marsho had kindly walked her through it. It was overwhelming but she knew how to put the car into drive and where the accelerator and brake were. What's next, she thought, cars that can drive themselves? (Yes, Polly-O)

She remembered the exit off 101—Long Road. She was headed toward the Write house where she lived with her beloved for almost a year—many years ago. Once she was on Long Road she found it bewildering. Much had changed. There were many more apartment complexes. A familiar landmark appeared—an old orchard with weird sculptures was still there—and she knew that it was a left turn from there. The road wound up a hill where oaks and bay laurel created a forest of shade. She remembered that the house was at the end of the road up a hill that gave a view of the surrounding Marin towns. There, it was still there. It had new improvements—an added cottage and the landscaping, which was just left to the elements when she lived there, was beautifully designed with flowering bushes, small ponds and fountains.

She parked the car across the street and panicked a bit when she couldn't find the emergency brake—even that was just a button like there was a button for starting up the car instead of a key. What do I do now? She wondered. She put on her jean jacket as there was a cool wind blowing on the open hill. She wanted to just look around, this place meant

something to her and she wanted to jog her memories. As she walked toward the property she had a strong need and impulse to go into the house. She wanted to visit the bedroom where she and beloved had made love. This was one of her happiest times with her beloved. She also remembered feeling very frustrated but she couldn't remember why. She just wanted to relive her love and happiness for beloved and his love for her. Her heart was full in her remembrance and she let her tears flow quietly.

"Can I help you?" she heard a man's voice inquire.

"Oh," she wiped her tears with her hands, "I used to live here many years ago."

The man could see that she was emotional about his place and that time or part of her life. "Would you like to come inside?" he asked.

"Could I?" she asked, "That's very kind of you!"

He walked her to the front door and turned around and said, "Come in—back to memory lane! My name is Yakaboobis." He held out his hand so she could shake it.

"I'm Polly," she answered.

"I'll be in the kitchen making a couple of sandwiches. Look around, take your time."

"Thank you so much." His name was very strange and she already couldn't remember it.

She remembered the high ceiling in the living room and all the evenings she sat in meditation with beloved. She had many spiritual experiences in those days. She also remembered Beloved's frustration with his work and his restlessness.

His bedroom was on the second floor, the master bedroom, and hers was one of the smaller rooms to the right. The house was decorated simply but elegantly with small splashes of bright color. She went to her old bedroom and it seemed to be a studio room now—with musical equipment and art supplies. There was another room that led off from there, she didn't remember such a room, it seemed to be added on and created half a floor. She went inside and the room felt open wide, there was a transmission there that felt very much like her master. She wanted to swoon into the energy but resisted the impulse and went through another door which was a bathroom. She splashed water on her face and looked around for the towel rack. She was stunned when she saw the 5 by 7 photo—it was a picture of beloved as a younger man grinning ear to ear alongside an even younger man who obviously loved her beloved very much. She stared at the picture for a while and realized that the younger man in the picture was the good looking older man—the man that lived in the house now. What is his name? Yaka? What? Her hands were trembling as she adjusted the towel on the rack.

Yakaboobis knew he had an esteemed guest in his house. He knew it was Polly-O-One but he would play it as if he didn't know. He was very intrigued as the play of God Apart was obviously bringing her to him. He would be of service.

She was composed when she found Yakaboobis in the kitchen eating his sandwich. "Would you like a sandwich? Vegetarian."

"Yes," she sat down and bit into the sandwich. Both were quiet for a while. Yakaboobis was waiting for her to initiate and reveal herself, when she was ready.

After she finished the whole sandwich and he offered her a glass of water, she spoke up, "I don't want to invade your privacy, but I saw an interesting picture while I was using the bathroom upstairs. Can I ask you about it, was that you?"

"Yes, that was me in my early twenties, a very interesting time."

"Who was that man you were with, if I may ask?"

Yakaboobis knew that they both knew who that man was. "That's my brother," he answered.

Polly-O-One was floored. Her beloved had never talked about having a brother.

"Is he still alive, do you still see him?" she asked.

"No and yes," Yakaboobis answered. "He died almost 10 years ago but his influence in my life will never end." Yakaboobis smiled sweetly and said, "I swear he is still hanging around and I'll bump into him at any time. Do you know what I mean?" He felt he understood why she was here, she was feeling him as alive and so wanted to see his form again.

Polly-O-One was trembling again. She didn't know what to say. Yakaboobis went toward her and put his arms out to her. She allowed herself to be embraced by him. He held her for a while and his open heart assured her that they both were here for his purpose, though neither one spoke the words.

She didn't leave Yakaboobis before he assured her that she could count on him and call or come to him if she needed. She didn't reveal who she was or that she knew the man the picture, his brother. He allowed her to leave with all that was unspoken but known in both of their hearts.

As she tried to figure out how to get back into the RX8 she turned and looked at the house again. Then she remembered the book she had received in the mail when she had lived there. How it frustrated her, how it angered her. On the cover of the book was a picture of a woman about her age. It was when she first knew of this woman who claimed that she had a spiritual relationship with her beloved. She had rejected the woman's journey and spiritual story as an ego delusion. "Yes, I was there from the very beginning," she heard these words. "I have always been with you, I have always helped you."

She was trembling again. Her beloved worked and lived in ways that she didn't understand though she had been close to him for many years. This man, Yakaboobis, was his brother and she knew that Yakaboobis was no ordinary ego. There was a depth and strength to him that comes from true understanding. She could feel that. She sat in the RX8 and suspected and knew that she had been unwilling to know and live in her love for the mother—the mother of all—who was always there for her. Her heart burst open and her tears were not tears of loss or shock but tears of relief and acceptance that had been always given to her by the mother, and now she was opened to give them back.

The mother of all rejoiced. God Apartress laughed in delight. It was a good mother's day moment.

Oasis drove on the curvy mountain road. Should she show God Apart and MyArth the ancient redwood forest there, or drive up to the mountain top to see the view of San Francisco? God Apart directed her up towards the mountain peak but half way up he abruptly asked her to park the car. They climbed out of the jeep and Oasis followed God Apart and MyArth with camera strapped over her shoulder and they all began to follow a trail that curved around the sloping hill. At times the view of the ocean was seen amidst the parting fog.

God apart felt the mother of all very strongly on this mountain and particularly on this trail. He knew he was being guided to a certain place on the mountain where there was an open, clear frequency—a doorway of presence that couldn't be obstructed or complicated by all the screaming egos of E-ART-Th.

There was a single tree rooted in the rough, sandy soil and they headed there. As they approached the tree, God Apart could feel the energy of bright heart there and upon arriving at the tree, MyArth, who could also feel the heart transmission there, was asked to circle the tree three times, which she did. MyArth felt the beauty and love of the transmission and smiled at God Apart. He smiled back and rubbed his hands together as if to say, "Let's get to work." Oasis was as giddy as a child and snapped pictures. MyArth let her wings open up and spread them wide and lifted herself a little off the ground. Oasis was thrilled at taking her picture. Her true form was generous, beautiful, like an Amazon meeting the softness and simple happiness of a baby.

God Apart closed his eyes and in his heart he spoke to the presence. "Mother of all, I am here."

The mother spoke in his heart, "Yes, I am delighted you have come to this little place, my E-ART-Th. My children here are in trouble, they don't know how to live in me. They are a bunch of screaming separate ones entitled to their only-me special happiness. They do not live for each other in my field, in the unified field of the heart.

"Yes, they have dreamed a most peculiar dream, a dream of separation—of search for happiness apart. They have lost their knowing of the field, the spirit of already happy unity.

“They do not understand who I am. They are in competition with each other for happiness and now the dreams here are toppling, there is great fear and in great fear there is great danger for life.”

God Apart said, “Yes, I feel the fear, chaos and hopelessness, and hopelessness leads to desperate actions. Perhaps this theater of the absurd, the dream of the separate apart one, the independent one, has run its course. Mother was quiet for a moment. “I know you are not apart from them, though you allow the wheels of dreaming to spin as they will, but I cannot accept the inevitable, that their destructive, selfish apart ways will bring. I have a way wherein I can be felt again and they will know of my love in my field of unification. Will you help me?”

God Apart could never say no to the mother of all. He looked at the beauty of the dream of the mountain and he saw the innocence of his new companion Oasis. The light shines here and the mother loved the all here. “I am at your service.” God Apart was delighted at the mother of all plans. Would it work? Surely, it must.

After lunch, Andee and Sarah also drove to Waking Woman Mountain. Sarah wanted to see the Pacific Ocean and so they drove around the mountain, not up it, and when Sarah saw the ocean come into view, she couldn’t help but call out, “There it is, the Pacific Ocean.”

Andee smiled and enjoyed Sarah’s enthusiasm. She is very childlike in some ways, she thought. “I used to live in a small beach town here in the early years of my teaching work.”

Sarah didn’t say much after that. She stared out the window and thought how unlikely it was that she was traveling and helping this imposter. She didn’t feel Andee was a crook of spirituality, just misguided and over confident. But if she can help me find God Apart, well, suffering her egotism is an acceptable price.

Sarah was surprised that the Pacific Ocean here in California was so cold. Andee was struggling with figuring out their next move. She let her mind wander to memories of walking the beach many years ago. What an exciting time it was, discovering her teacher and his Wendanta teachings. Both her teacher and Sarah’s teacher were direct disciples of the Great Saint Maharaj Ramano. She was tired of defending herself to Sarah and the eastern way of Wendanta. She felt her western ways integrated Wendanta for everyone, both eastern and western. Obviously, Sarah did not agree. She was tired of Sarah’s disdain, but she knew they needed each other to find God Apart. That she was sure of, but she didn’t know why. Her heart was weary. Why was it so important to both of them to see God Apart?

Polly-O-One like the way the sports car handled on the curved mountain road. She felt simply happy at being alive. She hadn’t felt that way in years. She wanted to go to the ancient redwood forest, a place she had spent some time with beloved. It was an unbelievable, wonderful day. Beloved had been in an extraordinary mood, laughing and



teasing his devotees. "I like these old trees, some of them must be enlightened by now." She didn't know if he was joking about the trees but she did like being with him in the forest. She had felt happy in her existence, in simply being alive on that day. How her heart had burst with the happiness of being with him. She felt that happiness again today. She felt that the mother knew, that she would see him again. She whispered a prayer, "Thank you, mother, for letting me..." She did not finish her prayer, she just felt happy and the mother enjoyed that kind of prayer the most.

God Apart said, "Show me that redwood forest, you know how to get there?" Oasis nodded. She was having the time of her life. She had no idea what was going on, but her heart was bursting with love. When she was young, sometimes when she was walking alone in the forest or by the sea, she could feel a bliss, a happiness so wonderful that it encompassed everywhere and everyone. She felt at those times that there was just a sweet, delicious field that everything lived in. She had called it the Field of Love. Today she was feeling it again. She looked at God Apart and felt such a love for him and she knew she would do anything for him. She did not ever want to be apart from him.

Andee and Sarah drove up from the beach, up the mountain road. Sarah thought, "I like this Waking Woman Mountain, it is like my mountain back home. She smiled with a strange intuition, maybe my mountain Aranala knows this mountain. Maybe they're sisters, sisters of the heart. This made her remember a sister of the heart from the west whom she had met many years ago. She felt a twinge in her heart that she hadn't shown her heart sister her love in a long, long time. She looked at Andee driving and said, "I like this mountain. It has a very good heart. Where else can we go on this mountain?"

Andee pulled in to the Saul Woods parking lot. "You will like this forest. It's a part of the heart of this mountain." She smiled at Sarah and for the first time Sarah gave one of her big smiles back. Andee was relieved and won over by that smile.

The old trees welcomed the Presence of God Apart. Within minutes, the whole forest lit up with the news of their very special visitor. God Apart was bursting with energy and he even danced a jig. MyArth laughed and danced with him too, and Oasis clicked away madly with her camera.

"I am thoroughly enjoying these old trees. Awake trees! On Waking Woman Mountain! Love it." They followed the trail and took an offshoot and sat on a bench. "Life at its best," quipped God Apart. Oasis took more pictures of God Apart and his beautiful smile made her weak in the knees. She felt an energy of thick flow descend all over her. She was having a hard time staying conscious in all the bliss she was feeling. MyArth looked at God Apart and he confirmed with a nod that he had activated the s gene and the v capacity.

Polly-O-One saw him first, sitting on the bench in all his heart attractiveness. Her heart burst open, the second time in 24 hours. She wanted to run into his arms, but she approached slowly as he appeared in a different form than she was familiar with. This

created a doubt in her as to what to do. Then, he saw her and said, “Come here! Don’t you recognize me?” Hasn’t the mother of all led you to this moment?”

She rushed to him and he stood tall and embraced her. She sank into the bright nothingness of him. Oasis took more pictures of this extraordinary scene and said, “What is happening here?”

Sarah and Andee were both very nervous and excited when they saw God Apart. And again they were hesitant because he appeared in a form that they had never seen before. Both knew with complete heart-certainty that it was him. They too wanted to come running into his arms. And God Apart beckoned them to come into his big arms and he hugged them both. All were crying tears of joy and MyArth couldn’t contain her wings anymore, she was too happy.

“So the mother of all has brought you, all of you (and he gazed at Oasis) here for this special momentous occasion. I am so happy to see my girls.” The women looked at each other and saw not the difference of east and west, of different teachers and teachings. They saw each other with their beloved, not as God Apart, not as theirs alone, not just theirs. They saw each living and loving in the same place, the same heart. Their beloved did not separately belong to them, their beloved is the unifying field of love. God is not a separate one, or one’s beloved, God is the unifying moment/experience/reality of love. And when their hearts were full of him they felt their hearts full of each other and they grinned ear to ear in love with each other. When they turned to gaze upon God Apart’s bright face, they saw the mother of all standing before them. And they all gasped in recognition because they all knew her. And she was alive with them and she had always served their hearts in their most difficult, intimate, private struggles. And they had never even sent her a mother’s day card or allowed their hearts to open to know and recognize her. They had not recognized her in the form she was living in.

God Apartress couldn’t wait to see God Apart again now that the work of love was accomplished once again. Of course, she did not call God Apart by that name, she called him My Love, My Very Heart. And of course he didn’t call God Apartress by that name either. He called her My Bride, My Very Self, and at times, when the world of dreams needed her: The Mother of All. She had taken many forms on E-ART-Th throughout its history and now she is alive as Santosha Ma—to give heart recognition to all and to be heart loved by all in her unifying field of love.

May all beings know and feel love as their very true Self, their very true Heart. Love, your Mother! Santosha Ma!