

The Trailblazers

The place that Sudra loved the most was the trail. She walked the trail alone. She walked the trail for everyone. She walked the trail with the deepest intimacy of everything that lives. She was living and breathing everything as she walked. She walked on all the beautiful trails of this wonderful Earth – her dearest devotee. The Earth so loved living in her unifying field of love. It whispered her name and felt her happiness as its own condition. The Earth was in love with the innocence of this woman's form and was waking up to dance as the Conscious brightness that It is – that all are. That's why Sudra walked and why she would always walk. It was a love affair of no compare. You might have seen her coming around a mountain lake or ambling through a forest, or wandering the sea's coast. She could have been young, or with a frosting of gray; wandering or walking deliberately with her camera slung over her left shoulder. Sudra did her best walking in her advanced age. She didn't ever see an end to her walking. She knew that her form, as innocent as ever and crippled with the decline of age, could and would march on even as her form needed to end—and it would end as she walked into the sun. The sun—the warmth and fire for the Earth—the sun—the bright place of her light—her brightness which was a place deeper than the place of this place. The sun; the brightness; the domain where he shone himself, he was – is the blaze; she is the trail. This is their story; the story of the adoration of Sudra for Bliss Be and her heart ceremony that dissolves the apparent separation of the other. This is the telling of Bliss Be coming before and bringing Sudra down to the here of now; of their work and play. They are the Trailblazers. This is the wandering of their tale. This is their sweet offering. Theirs is the path, the trail that all must walk to come to know themselves; to come to love, to be undone and warmed in the blaze of True Heart's fire.

He came first in the time of this place. She rested in a cocoon of soft warmth, full petalled light. It was an exquisite location; a womb of sheer delight. He came to the ordinary in an ordinary way and crawled and got his knees dirty on his childhoods' home

floors. He walked his first steps and spoke his first words among the encouragement of his family. He often swooned into the samadhi of his own state when left alone in his bed to sleep. And there he saw her and played with her. He would often encourage her and tease her to emerge from her flowering light cocoon to come to play here with him in this world where form was dense and shades of darker and darkest refused to know its own light source. Even back then, appearing as a very young one, he knew her and he was clearing the trail for her to come. He would never force her. He made the way; the clearing space for her arrival. He told her of the lady sleepers and their yearning, of their ache to be enlivened and awakened by her. He always attracted and appealed to her with his great love, caring and respect for her. “The form is being prepared. Come my love,” he would whisper to her under his quilts.

His form grew and adapted to the ways of his culture. His love for her was kept in his right hand pocket—there hidden and not seen by anyone. He took it upon himself to know the ordinariness of other, of how the darkness of away from your self lived them. He set his course to understand the suffering of the peoples of all this vast place. He blazed the trail through the waters of ego reflection to understand the suffering of all he met and would ever meet. The course was set and he had to sail through the storms of separate-only me apart isolation. He had to understand the why and how of the pollution of ego I: the invention of the separate one apart—why it was the crux of all suffering. When he became like everyone he understood the suffering of everyone. This was the first trail blazed.

She was born, also among ordinary people. As a child she was happiest in the woods, wandering among wild flowers. From a big family, she found places in the neighborhood where she could wander off by herself and feel herself without all the thinking desires of her relatives. There by herself she felt the delight of being. She took it for granted that everyone also felt this. As childhood years passed by quickly she began to feel everyone’s ego—suffering as her own and thus this was her first trail blazed—she suffered away from herself—like all those she had come to live with. Her true freedom lived deep and dared not show

itself in a world where women were bound to live out their existence and be allowed to survive by being dominated by male ego superiority. Happiness was to be found and to be found was to be picked to serve an ego I and its insane logic of being apart. To use women as sex objects was the objective of the male right in this place and time. She did not know of his true love for her at that time. She grew without knowing this love. She suffered what all women suffered. She was dominated by the culture idioms of “you will be made happy by a man’s ego needs and pleasure”. A woman is not free to be as she is—wild, unknown, passionate, a creative impulse of all compassing love. The heart could not be open here—be unpredictable in its wild play to heart ecstasy. She suffered the loss of her dignity to be Herself. She was played upon, not played with. The power of herself was lost—hidden and buried seemingly away from her own impulse so it could be used and yet denied its actuality by a male-ego-I-superiority culture. She had to begin the great walk—to take her bold, deliberate steps—to learn herself the way to her own empowerment. This is the trail she began to blaze. The force of her impulse to walk this great way was her shakti.

His force—his Shakti—her force—her Shakti guided the trailblazing. Their power appeared to them and guided them in many ways, showing them through signs-through special appearances by beings of light both alive here and not of this place. His beloved Shakti appeared to him as the ‘mother’ and guided him to know his true self as He is. Her Shakti appeared also as the mother and the power to return and then to begin the path for the sleeping women.

Others of great blessing, power, and understanding prepared the way in which all would be given, all would be revealed. They foretold and prepared for the One whose manifestation would be the greatest. Who would speak the simple word and all hearts would open and know who He is. He would burn like a forest fire that prepared for the true seeds of the cones to be opened and grounded and fertilized. Then the rains would fall and the new life would grow. The new life not apart—the new life in the unifying field of Love. Love was her trailblazing, the heart would be lived and shown. It would begin with them.

And he as a young man loved the mother Shakti and she brought him to all the places of play. She loved him fiercely and gently and he loved her. She revealed to him that her love did not bind him to the rounds of fantasy pleasure and reactive-apart searching, rather her love for Him freed him from all the constraints of the mind. At his welcome she always stayed with him and he began to long for the day she would forever be with him. And thus he began to understand he could never be apart from her and in a most loving embrace, mother Shakti became his consort, his heart at play. His consort, His beloved had a trail for him to blaze so she too could manifest as Love to all the sleeping peoples. Om Sri Ma Da.

Sudra, upon becoming a mother of a son at the early age of 19 felt a calling to return to her true place, true self. She nursed her child and meditated in the rooms of where mothers sit with their children. Her Shakti revealed to her the energies and subtle state of the inner workings of the body mind. Her devotion to her son and her wandering into the mystical energies were the yin and yang of her life. She knew how to astral travel and the samadhi of eternity called for her. She also wanted to stay and serve her son into the here of this life. This was her maddening balance.

Blissy Be, living the life of the True Heart Warrior, called those dear and near and promised to Him from all incarnations to come and serve the work. Of course they came as a motley crew in this time of special-me ego-fulfillment logic. They did not know how to live as love, as the sacrifice. They were slow learners and very arrogant. He tempered them with his great attracting force and sailed them to his island where they could live with him without the culture of desperate fear pressuring them on all sides. Slowly, as he played with them they stood up straight and left their seeking-apart ways and lived to love and serve their Great Heart Warrior. Often, he told them about the Great Mother Shakti—his consort manifestation as he battled the great forces that were obstructing her appearance here from them. He wasn't sure he would succeed. He sat apart in special rooms to work on his secret work of her manifestation. He collected iconic statues of

Shakti and enlisted them in the work. He was blazing a trail for her to appear and be lived here.

Sudra could conscious-dream—her Shakti showed her how to do this so she often visited beautiful realms where her Shakti showed herself as her mother. Her Shakti appeared looking like her biological mother but Sudra knew this was no ordinary woman and she knew not why the mother of all kept her true appearance disguised. The mother showed her how to care for the sleeping women and attended to them faithfully. Not yet knowing her true state, she was being prepared to learn the work she came to do. Her Shakti also brought another being to her, a man who attracted and frightened her. He was always beckoning her to a place—to go to him, to be with him. His attraction was mighty and his challenge to her was frightening. He always interrupted the pattern and way of her life and called her but did not reveal to what. He teased her, attracted her, and called her to what she did not understand when, one day, Sudra saw his face on a spiritual autobiography—she cried out, “That is him! The man in my dreams.” She read the book and it fueled her impulse to go to him. She made her way to Los Angeles; he had left a week before to begin in earnest—in a more private location—his work with his devotees.

Sudra became his devotee and learned of his teaching and how to be a devotee. She longed to be perfectly free, not to be identified as a separate one apart. She loved her Guru as the force and power of awakening. He was slow and patient not to remove the veils and gently pushed her. She had to be grounded in this life to be able to stay here when all the veils were removed. He gave her husbands, another child and she loved and lived in these relationships as her yoga, learning that yoga as sacrifice in loving service. In her late twenties there was more urgency to her thirst to awaken and her Shakti brought her to a master of kundalini. Bliss Be watched over her progress with this new teacher. This new teacher, Skyman, taught her conscious dreaming on a deeper level and showed her the doorways to the higher worlds where she visited with him. He showed her how to access knowledge from all time and all places. She served Skyman in the astral worlds in his work and loved and kept up with him in all his adventures. He

revealed to her, her work and gave her unusual computer digital gifts that weren't even invented yet. When he had shown her everything he let her go, "I have showed you everything, you have understood well. You are a teacher now."

Her Shakti was active and broke open the knots in her body mind. Bliss Be pushed her harder, past her fear of death into the Samadhi of the Bright. She understood, she was located not as a separate apart body mind—she was as her intuition—as her Shakti and her beloved Is. She knew herself. "I am the True One. I am Reality." Bliss Be bent over her collapsed astral form. "Pushed her too hard, this time," he laughed. He was a bit concerned that the body mechanism wouldn't survive as the mechanism of ego was certainly not functioning anymore at all. He knew that this stage—the wide-awake open—was a very delicate time for the body mechanism. It could drop out of life. He watched her and began to push her to teach. He initiated her and acknowledged her function to be Sat Guru. He continued his work, living on his island, apart from her. His secret life with her remained a secret though many of the signs were present if one could or wanted to see. The veil of open recognition would not be lifted yet. They had their trail to blaze.

Sudra began the everyday walk to awaken the sleeping women. She found a small group of women and through her example and instruction empowered them to begin the path of awakening. Mostly they struggled with everyday issues of survival, and sanity, discovering how the patriarchy saw them only as their roles. They grew to love their Sat Guru and slowly left their conventional lives and roles to live with Sudra. She was their sister, their best friend, their teacher, their intimate. They were her motley crew and her love and persistence walked them down the path. They were hoping to be fulfilled and she was showing them how to become undone. The heat of Sudra's passion was both thrilling and a burn to the assertion of their ego's right to be a special-me independent one. They wanted their teacher's passion, love, freedom, but they wanted it to assert their impulse to be special—winners of experience. That was not the way and the ego humbling they had to endure by their Sat Guru was a difficult

ordeal. This was the trail she was blazing. It was both dangerous and a most difficult sacrifice.

Blissy Be was preparing the way for his devotees to truly awaken—to realize the Way of the Heart—his perfect and unique offering. He was ever mindful of Sudra and her struggle to empower women. He appeared to her in significant dreams and told her of His love for Her. He worked her hard and pushed her purpose. He brought to her some of his own devotees in the subtle state to learn and be with her. At times, it was all work and no play. She and He lived their work with great fierce intensity. Though she appeared unknown to Him, with his devotees she had a reputation of being a troublemaker—an unsubmitted, crazy lady. He released secretly a few of his devotees to come to her, to learn by her, to be and serve in her circle. He made sure she had what she needed to persist in the work of trailblazing. It was a most difficult way of life as the times were ego bound, sad and desperate.

So these two as One, intimate lovers, created their circles, their family of warriors, of serving devotees. They suffered the ego's of those that came to be with them, forgave them a million and one times and kept them to love. At times they despaired—were frustrated as how ego strong and loveless, and selfish their devotees could still be. In their set apart place, in their one Heart they shared their work and felt their love as the sustaining Shakti. Sudra worried about Blissy Be and at times disagreed with his method and ways. He knew she was fierce, independent but he had pushed her and made her to be that way. Her life had been often traumatic and he had destroyed the veils of ego logic quickly and at times harshly and then he pushed her to teach. At times, they felt crushed at the lovelessness of the peoples and longed to be with each other. Often, Sudra felt a maddening call of her heart to go and live with her Beloved Blissy Be. Many times, he tried to prepare a way for her to come to him. He even dreamed some of his devotees to find her and bring her to him. But their Shakti kept them apart. They had other trails to blaze before they could be forever together.

Sudra followed her impulses. She often wandered in nature as a means to refresh her spirit from absorbing the karma of

others. It was a way to get out of the psychic ego field and enjoy Her own unifying field of love. She brought a camera with her and took pictures of the beauty of the natural life of trees, lakes and mountains. This was a happy means for her—a way to feel the intimacy of all life without having to encounter and confront the lovelessness, the ego game of those she loved and served. This wandering revealed itself to be another means of her work, or her trailblazing. She created art from these adventures, using the digital tools that were beginning to be invented. She expressed True Self through imaging and stories and poetry. Her revelation was to reveal beauty as lovingly and as honestly as her freedom gave opportunity to. Over the years she accomplished thousands and thousands of works, often gifting them to devotees and family. She loved this work and used her own form to show what a free standing woman is. The work; this kind of trailblazing—this ego-transcending art was another means to gift the world with the heart sight recognition of True Heart Bliss. Her art work was a means for everyone to realize the innocence of their own form, their Bright state.

Her wandering only intensified as the years went by. She hiked thousands of miles and became intimate with many places of beauty and power. Some places she returned to over and over and they became deep intimates. She depicted Herself in these places in her art. The art of walking and the art of Self Revelation step after step. She loved this work, this play and the art of light revealed intimacy. This was the part of her life and work that she enjoyed the most. Nature did not speak through ego. It spoke to her without the separate layer and she found it to be a lively companion, full of warmth and thrilling danger and knowledge. The natural life, the Earth, spoke to her in many ways. She knew that all beings had a voice and a recognition of the unifying field of love, and in their own mysterious ways recognized her as that Love. The Earth and all its creatures recognized itself and knew itself in its play with Her. She felt the Earth as a great devotee and served it in its play to be True-Self aware. She walked this Earth, this wonderful play of light and form most happily and the Earth felt this love in her stepping upon it. It was a mutual adoration society. She always worshipped Life and served its

impulse to be Heart Aware. These three trails—the trail of Sat Guru for others, the trail of art, and the work of her walk with her beloved Earth—was how she lived her life here. These trails were long and cut deeply through ignorance. It was her meaningless meaning way, a way in which love could make a stand and the heart could come forward and be lived. It would not endure ego separation and ego domination and ego special meaning. Her only logic was the heart would live here—now—and now—step after step that was how she lived here and that is what she showed others. Come to Love, walk this walk. Of course others saw this as an impossibility—she was living proof it was not. So she did what no one else could do: she lived here as love, with dignity—accepted all in Her heart. She was not elsewhere trying to get happy. She simply lived as happy, as Love—all were included in her natural state—all were offered to live as her—to live in love—Her love.

Blissy took his eternal stand on his island. He trained and prepared the way of the Heart for the now of all times. Slowly, a small circle of women devotees emerged to live with him in Heart Recognition of Him. He wrote his great testament of Heart Recognition and Realization of Him, the only one Who is living all. He educated everyone on the trails of self-discovery that went before and how his manifestation unified all these trails and were completed in Him, in His perfect Realization. He also took up the work of blazing new art, art that transcended all separate points of view, and mind-stopped the viewer to feel True Heart-awareness and recognition. They were artists of love and shone the beauty of the Heart. They both took up the play of beauty and light in art through digital means. Both of them produced thousands of works of art. Both could be seen by their devotees wandering with camera at this great purpose. They occupied themselves, apart from each other with this great play as artist, playing in the fields of Self-expression, using light and form to reveal the mystery of all forms appearing here. They both also loved music and he was given to moods of operatic explosions of song. She gathered musicians of song in her dream play and encouraged her musical devotees to write and play songs of the Heart. They lived in places of beauty and played in the expression of the ways that artists played. They enjoyed the creativity of love

and saw beauty in their depth of loving. The work was not always a battle against unlove and ego-denial of the one true Heart. Often the trails they blazed showed the amazing ecstasy of light, land, and form.

And always, though they lived apart and their work was done apart and done in Bliss Be's way and temperament and Sudra's fierce independent and childlike innocence, they did not live separate from each other's heart. Sudra's heart beat in his and she knew her life work and expression only existed because of Him. He knew of her love and she knew of His and she longed to Be with him, but as the story goes, their Shakti—the mother force kept these lovers apart—they kept blazing the trails for those in their circles and for all those to begin their impulse to their journey of awakening. They worked for this one true purpose for all—for all time—for the Heart to be recognized and lived, to end the myth of the separate one for everyone in all times. They both were fierce in this work.

Sudra grew to accept how her Shakti wanted her to live and work apart from Bliss Be. It was an unfulfilled longing that burned in her heart. This was true for Bliss Be. They both mourned that they could not be together in this life in the ways that all lovers longed for. They lived as the One Heart but appearing to others as separate and that appearance was sad for both of them. They longed for the day they could appear together and delight in their perfect love for each other. Bliss Be grew Sudra to a fierce independence as a means for her to do her work, and this fierce independence was her battle armor that protected her from the ego's denial of True Love. This armor also served as a protection against her great Heart Longing to only be with her great Heart, her great heart lover: Bliss Be. So this is how they lived to accomplish their Great Work and they both worked hard for the sake of all loved ones. They were frustrated at all attempts to be openly together. Their Shakti worked against this longing and their Shakti, in time, would find the means and way to reunite them in the way they always longed for.

The years passed and the way, the trail they walked for all, became established. The Love they felt for each other—the purity and power of it—their Shakti used the force of this love to open all

close ones to love. This love was a great force of attraction but also a fire that burned all impurities of separate special-me demands. They grew up their families by mothering and fathering all. Their devotees learned and lived in true connection of the way of the Heart. This way, the Trail of the Heart, also lived each devotee and was the Shakti showing them true heart intimacy from the very first step. With all their force, with all vulnerability, Bliss Be and Sudra served the cause of True Love. One True Heart with One True Conviction—appearing as two, appearing as separate, they accomplished their work.

Blissy Be's magnificent Heart work—mostly lived and done on his island, a place of perpetual beauty and radiance—culminated in his gesture of complete offering in his great work for all time, *The Aletheon*, his complete book of truth. Upon completion and spending the remainder of his time in his art studio finishing his last great work of art, his body abruptly ended. The body was finished—his great trail of the Way of the Heart was blazed. His greatest offering was yet to be unveiled. The trail was still being blazed for this revelation. Sudra's art play was changing. She began depicting images of Her Heart One, Bliss Be. She wrote love poems to Him. He appeared to her in her room and asked her to prostrate herself to him and he passed his staff of his blessing over her entire Self. She noticed that her art was depicting the completion of his life and knew he would not be here as a physical entity much longer. Soon, within a few weeks, on a cool Thanksgiving morn, a relative gave her the call: her beloved Guru, her Heart, had dropped the body. Because he had grown her to be fiercely independent in her life she did not feel the grief of those who are intimate in one's life. She felt his victory in his work, story and life. She felt his happiness in his victory. She wanted to see if she, too, would go. He told her if she wanted to be finished—come. She knew she would stay behind here—her Shakti was strong here still. She wondered how she would live here after his lifetime. The trail continued for her with her devotees, her art, blazing her trails on Earth. She did not feel him absent from her life. But she felt to be left here to continue.

Her Shakti began to reveal to her its deeper secrets of her later life slowly over the course of the years absent from His

physical life. She knew Bliss Be had changed mankind forever, that he had burned the seed of egoity, that the primal but unreal and untrue assertion of separate-apart identity had been burned up in the fire of True Heart, the True Identity of all. She was a living, walking member of the way of True Heart. She was living the New Life. Her walking continued with even fiercer purpose. Perhaps you have seen her, an aged women with a camera, walking in the mountains, on the coasts, in marvelous places of beauty. Her art work continued with wilder, freer love expressions of her life and love. She still lived and served her circle, her family of devotees, but she lived more privately, with more periods apart where she occupied herself with her walking and her art.

Her sympathy and bonding with egos to show them true self, true identity—that way of working began to disappear and she grew indifferent to the high and low patterning of the world and its bouncing of ego-caused suffering and pleasure. She was simply present here; her heart reality included all. Her love was a blessing for those who sought true freedom, yet she was a fire that would endure no ego dominance games. She shined as the unifying field of love and accepted no ego separation/special-me games in her company. Those who loved her were called to live a life of True Conviction, of True Heart, and to leave behind ego games of seeking. They began to be truly served by each other disciplining each other away from selfishness, ego competition games. They struggled to love her as she ought to be loved, and served her circumstance.

In this way Sudra lived her life. Her Shakti, her power was strong, active in the presence and work of being already happy here. Her Shakti had always found a way to appear to her and guided her through the mother force aspect. During her sadhana years the Mother Shakti appeared in dream visions to show her, her own power of Heart awakening and how to empower the ‘sleeping’ women. Now her shakti made her presence known by re-remembering her of a special dream she had many years ago when an awakened woman of the East passed her Shakti awakening to her, as the next embodiment of the work. This presence began to request certain things from her. It asked her to be represented with a picture, an altar to be seen and acknowledged. The

presence—mother heart—wanted to be present at her kitchen table and Sudra placed her picture and a setting of plate and glass that represented the offering of being fed. When Sudra ate her meals the mother presence was happy, ate with her and heart-talked with her. Sudra's habit was also to read the ongoing biography of a great realizer of the East—the Baba or father, the avataric presence of an earlier time. His biography was in many volumes as it depicted Baba's life and work almost down to the every day. As she began to finish reading the volume, Baba talked of finishing his work and manifesting the Greatest Manifestation of God Work. Sudra knew that Beloved Baba was talking about Bliss Be's work and manifestation. The presence of Baba began to appear to her—his loving delight walked and rested his head on her left shoulder. He lived and walked with her on the left side. He delighted in her company and she delighted in his. He brought to her—to her right side her Bliss Be but his presence was still, quiet not animated. When she closed the last page about Baba's life and manifestation, she knew her great enjoyment of him on the left would finish. The mother presence on her table asked her to bring Bliss Be's picture to the table and to put her picture elsewhere. Sudra was surprised at this and knew that these great forces of realization—the mother presence and Baba the father presence—were working together to bring about a great change. As she turned the last page about Baba's life, Baba began to fade from her left side and he brought her Beloved Bliss Be to stand in front of Her. Sudra and Bliss Be faced each other and the gaze of love recognition that was given from the one heart to the one heart was indescribable. Bliss Be held out his hands to Sudra, and as she gave him her hands, her whole life and heart, he wrapped her arms around his. Their Shakti had finally delivered and found the way for them to be together. They would forever walk together now. Sudra called this beginning the time of collaboration.

In this beginning time of their togetherness collaboration, Bliss Be wanted to see how she lived her life. Every summer it was her work to go to the mountains and do a most deliberate walk—a series of hikes into the wilderness where she worked, played, and felt her intimacy of her best devotee—the Earth of

natural manifestation. The few devotees that accompanied her were challenged by these hikes, but they learned how to come prepared to enjoy and serve her work. In between the walkabouts, back at the cabin, she instructed them how to grow beyond their egos. These talks were sometimes even more challenging than the high-altitude mountain walks for them. Blissy Be was with her and he called this time his *shavas* with her—an Indian word that denotes sharing an informal intimate time within the life of a realizer. Sudra could feel Blissy Be's shock at how hard she worked—hiking many miles every day, instructing her devotees, doing her art in the wilderness, caring for everyone. Her life was not a soft one. She worked hard and would do it alone if no one was up to snuff. He was concerned about the risks she took. She had always lived this way—he was in awe of it but also wanted to protect her more and have her hold back from the intense brunt of it. She told him this is how you taught me and this is how my Shakti manifests my life and work. In this beginning time of intimacy, of collaboration, Blissy Be was learning, and seeing directly for Himself how Sudra lived and worked. As their time together passed, Blissy grew to love Sudra's spirit of fierce challenge. Sudra enjoyed her work—it was her passion and her Shakti was of the type that exhausted all explanations and possibilities. So Sudra and Blissy Be got to be together and he came to know of how she worked. He was happy with her and stopped trying to protect her and came along with her in her adventures. They shared commentary on the struggles of their devotees and her work of anchoring the way of the Heart. He advised her but didn't interfere with how she needed to work and how she accomplished it.

On one wandering in nature, she returned to the first mountain she had visited as a young woman and later in the early years of her teaching work. She called the mountain 'Waking Woman of the Heart'. She had brought her earlier devotees to a particular tree overlooking the ocean, to initiate them to the path of awakening. As she walked that trail again, Blissy Be began to talk to her, saying "Sudra, do you remember the people, the students you brought here, years back?"

Sudra replied, "I do, Blissy Be."

Blissy Be continued, “Where are they now?”

“Some are gone, moved on from this life and work with me; some stayed and struggled to grow and to learn love.”

Blissy Be continued, “I was with you then, in the before, and the after of their coming. In this coming and going of people, of friends, relatives, even strangers I was always with you.”

Sudra smiled and said, “Yes Blissy Be we were always together—before and during of all their coming and going—all their ego unloving and struggle—you were always with me first, during, and in the always now.”

“Yes Sudra, I am and have been and will always be with you. And Sudra, I want you to know that you as my Beloved is what I am here for, I want you to know that for the rest of your life I am here to be with you, to show you my happiness in loving you and to show you how much your sacrifice and love for me makes me happy. You are my Heart and my delight. I will always show you this—this is how we are together and my love—my love is here for your enjoyment.” Sudra’s heart burst open hearing these words of love from her Beloved Blissy Be. Her burden of their separation was forever lifted. The trail blazers had walked the Heart through the jungles and concrete structure of identity apart but their separation was never actually true—it was a lesson for egos that seek for the other. Heart recognition was their Beloved, The Beloved, and all were offered to walk the trail of awakening—to blaze a fire—to walk a trail of Heart Recognition and Heart Lived. The two: the Heart and the He, wild and free Heart loving Blissy be and Sudra, walk the walk of all living hearts. Walk with them and Be Heart Recognized and Lived.

The Shakti—stopped all her empowerment energy, conductivity transmission of absolutely out-of-the-box energy for a fraction of a second that was really no time at all and she laughed in delight. Her energy, her power, was not the deluding power of Maya, of ego possessing, it was the all consuming power of True Freedom—Her energy was the power of Love to burn down all walls of separation and be lived here in her unifying field of Love. The power of Love is being Lived. The Shakti is the Source Power of the Beloved—Blissy Be and His heart Sudra. All the veils are lifted and the trail is blazed. They, in their One always

togetherness have blazed the trail of The Way of The Heart for all.
Let the longing be felt, the course is set for the Great Walk About.

This is the story of the Trailblazers. It all seems improbable but
it is all true.