

## Yvonne's Story

I have by no means experienced events that mirror directly all your wondrous experiences. My own events are quite different, more physical. And yet, they are "of a kind". I recognize in your words the same substrate of love and wisdom behind our individual realities.

My choice is for paradise on Earth. Heaven in earth. I have not wanted to go "home" too often, because I have always wanted to make Earth my Home. It seems to me that if Spirit can infuse matter with love and vitality, then no price is too high to pay for that beauty.

Years ago -- I no longer recall how old I was, so this is a thirty-some year old thought -- I began to write a motif that I rewrote again and again over the years, not knowing why it meant so much to me. Not knowing, in other words, that it was true or how I was involved. Here is the thought: Hurling through Air, a Winged Dragon falls to Earth, breaks thereon, and Nourishes the Land with Water and with Light. I'd see that winged dragon in my mind's eye. Wings folded, loss of control, hitting ground, breaking open to leak water and light. Was her life sinking into the land to inform it? It was a process that would take millennia. When I say that she broke, she well and truly broke. I don't think I need to explain that to you. So, this thing turned out to be a plain fact. It was many years before I understood that the winged dragon was me. She was magnificent.

Before she came into my mind and before I realized the identity ...the humans of Earth puzzled me. I did not feel myself to be one of them. The rest of nature seemed perfect. "What is *wrong* with them?" a thought I entertained. I decided that most humans were barely conscious. I hadn't considered that I would become "only human", in time. I also became "thick as a brick". I forgot how to shine. I became as mean spirited and cowardly as those I judged. It's been harder to face my own darkness and weakness than anything else. I'd thought I was so good. Loss of innocence was difficult. Regaining the innocence thought to be lost is/was more difficult.

I'd never felt that God had died for mankind. I'd felt bitterly that every single day, every minute, man suffered and died for God. God didn't care, it seemed. "One would think that even God would be tired of the suffering by now", I said. I resented man's unwilling mistakes, ignorance, weakness and shame. I'd judged myself and blamed God.

I had to go right to the heart of Source to understand that all the pain and suffering of mankind, and of every single individual human, is "worth it" for the gift that we are bringing back to ourselves and all of life after having lived in the darkness. I couldn't understand, nor could I respect Source for what had happened on Earth and in earth, until I was lifted out of my body, out of time and space into the Heart of the One. Then I *knew* beyond all doubt, because I experienced all the pain of all time and all humanity in the no time, where I also understood that all of the pain, horror and ugliness, even the paltriness, dryness and pitifulness, were transmuted to...I couldn't understand what it was

... only indescribable Beauty in the heart of Source. I only know that it was beyond all words and images to describe the perfection, the completeness, that we create here in the earth. Indescribable Beauty. It took a direct knowing of the unexplainable for me to understand.

The Heart of the One.

How I got there was simple, in retrospect. I'd asked for an answer, "Is it worth it?" And uncharacteristically, I trusted. I did not expect that I would receive a definitive answer, any answer. I thought that most unlikely. Maybe we weren't meant to know, until it was all over. I'd conceded that. This was the trust: I'd stopped being angry with Source long enough to accept that Source was to be trusted! It wasn't faith. It was a confidence born of the feeling of the trueness of it. Source was good. Then I went to sleep in peace.

The next day, I was lifted out of myself into the heart of Source. These were the circumstances. I was listening to music I'd recorded. I'd forgotten what was on the tape. I'd had an urge to play it. (I hadn't played any of my tapes for weeks and weeks previously.) "Classic" rock. OK. Let it play. I felt happy that morning. Every so often, I'd dance. I was moving to something by Queen. Then the music switched abruptly to the first strains of an operatic piece. What? I wondered. Then, I was lifted into the Heart. There I *experienced* -- I can't explain this. I can only state that it is true. -- the pain and the suffering, all that I'd objected to and could not comprehend as *allowable* in a just Universe. The Heart of the One held all of that. At the same "time", I experienced, felt and knew, that it was *all* transmuted into the greatest Beauty. The pain was the source of celebration, of ecstasy.

As I read this again, to edit my story for Suzan's sharing, I understand something else. This human pain and suffering is itself the blood that is changed into wine. The sacred cup, the grail, is the Soul itself. It contains all this.

When I returned to my body, I was clinging to a door frame. I'd grabbed it to keep from falling (when I felt myself going). Tears of ecstasy, relief, joy, satisfaction, remembering were in my eyes. I heard words, not mine, through my mind, "Was it worth it?"

I made my overwhelmed body breathe, to express it aloud, and not only inside. "Yes."

That was all. The answer was, "Yes".

Then I recognized the song, just ending. *Nessun Dorma*, **None Shall Sleep**. Nearly over, the tenor was repeating "vincerro", which means *victory*. Three times. "Vincerro".

I'd thought I'd been gone for a moment or so, because I was still standing by the door instead of fallen down. I was gone for almost the whole song. No time. The Heart.

I know you understand how one can experience infinitely in no time at all.

To underscore it, while this was occurring I had a spread of Tarot cards on my table. A key card in the spread was the Six of Wands, named "Victory" in the Thoth deck that I used. Because a relationship with Tarot is my special gift, that physical detail validated the extraordinary experience and never allowed it to be made "not real" in retrospect. No matter how far away from myself I wandered, I would remember a physical sign. I'd abandoned Tarot for years, along with everything else that was truly myself. But I'd taken the cards back to myself recently. The night before, after I'd asked, "Can you tell me about the pain? Please if you can, do. I'll trust you on it, but tell me if possible," I'd felt so tired, I only wanted sleep. But I followed an inner urge to lay a spread. I was too tired to interpret it. It was on the table that morning in the sunlight, as I was lifted, echoing the "Victory".

I wish I could say that was the moment when my life became perfect and triumphant in every detail, but you know better. I didn't need to struggle to make it real. It was real. I needed to struggle to make it physical. I had to convince my physical self of what my heart and higher mind knew to be true.

Then I had to remember the magic I'd always loved and had suspected of being real. To understand that a true honest "sorcerer" is a *sourcerer*.

One day, years before, I'd stomped my foot on the beach, and begged the Lake, great Superior, and the Earth to "wake up" and "don't let us [humans] kill you". I begged Earth to live.

One day, I saw the reality of Source in a glance of sunlight off the water, and I said, "Ah. You're real. And you're good." (I'd often told God, if he bloody existed, to stuff his power. I wasn't impressed. If God wanted to impress me, then he'd better show *goodness*. Who cared about some powerful bully? not I.)

ETs are another thing. I *knew* from inner conviction, even as a child, that the star people are real. But I'd forgotten about them when they didn't appear soon enough. Didn't they care either? I called to them on occasion, to help us. From my childhood, I'd wanted to meet them. Now, telepathic contact is a wonderful thing, but not quite wonderful enough. I want to meet them face to face. Even the ones that are also me. I always want more.

And yet, for all the ordinariness I've wallowed in, I've had spectacular experiences that I did not then know how to integrate into my life: dimensional shifts, physically being in a place that "doesn't exist" in the consensus reality; being vaulted into the sky and experiencing myself as conscious loving energy waves, knowing that the earth was my body; seeing children from another world on a playground near my home--knowing a portal had opened and they'd come to show me a place where children are free and safe, a potential future that we can choose for Earth; being held and caught and placed into a crevice in a jagged rock barrier, so that not a single rock hurt

me.

As they say, "not a scratch", and I saw the visible outline in waves of light and dark of the being that caught me and prevented my injury. It seems ungracious to say that I always suspected that same being of tripping me while I walked the rock boulders of the breakwater. I'm aware now, it was that dragon. Best of all, I had an independent witness to that. Never mind that it scared him utterly. He saw "the impossible", in his words. He didn't see the outline of the being, as I did. He saw the air disturbed there. He saw me rise in the air and be held still when I ought to have been falling. Then he saw me fall in "slow motion" and "very gracefully" into the rock. Which he had to pull me out of, because I was comically stuck in the crevice with my arms pinned tight to my sides, and I was in a hole in the rocks head first up to my hips, stuck tight.

I'd been tripped. I'd felt it. Again, trust saved me. How quickly one imagines crippling and radical injuries. I had to decide...fear or "trust the fall". I believed less injury might result if I trusted my fall instead of stiffening. The hole was too wide across (then!) for me to brace against any rocks. I let myself trust, consciously and fully. Then, I saw the being, stood at my side, forearms bent at the elbows and held out to catch me. Oh, then. Then I felt its arms under my body, lifting. I pivoted over and into the rocks gracefully. When my man pulled me out, I was in delight and awe. Unhurt! and where was that being!?

My man insisted that we leave immediately. He was very frightened. When I went back, there was no big hole in that breakwater. I knew the water of Lake Superior had never changed the shape of the breaker like that. Where, then, did this event happen? Why had the being tripped me? I believed it would have let me fall to my injuries had I not wholly decided to trust. Later, I understood that to be true. The dragon, that day, saw something it had not expected to see in me. She had tripped me out of disgust for what I was about to do with my life, "throw it away...." After all, wasn't I, a human, it's pet? Now, of course, we are friends. When, oh when, will our dimensions merge sufficiently for us to meet face to face, even if we are each other in different bodies?

I've only told my closest humans that I'm starseed. I sense that they are also, or so awake that it doesn't matter. They can accept my "craziness". I never left the Earth. I kept incarnating here. One of the "meaningless" things I used to think was, "I specialize in Earth." It was a thought that would drift at random times through my mind. I never left Earth. It was Lyra, then here. And I meant to stay for the duration. I remember that. Still, this life is difficult enough for me that at times I've wanted to give up. I recall bits of several "past" lives. I've met beings that I knew very well were not human, some advanced shining ones who've helped direct me. Others who've helped were humans that channeled the Wisdom.

I've seen marvelous things, but as the cetaceans pointed out, and they are spot on, I am very tired. I need the 3-D world to be blown wide open to the higher frequencies that will allow love to conquer all, to bring peace, to heal.

And I might be tired enough at times to not care, but the thing is, I came here for the vigor and virility, and dammit, for the fun. For the humor. You can't get that elsewhere. You've got to come to Earth. She's special. And one day, on Earth, we'll be able to lead lives that are rich and beautiful, a downright bowl of cherries.

Well, that was the goal, anyway. I dunno. Maybe we failed? but we found the love that made trying worth while. And I know one thing. I will not leave one of my group behind in a 3-D hell, because that would not be a Paradise for me. I've learned to distinguish between "loving" forms and the soul's yearning for their it's multidimensional essence to be healed and at one. I imagine. So, there we are. I'm ready to go "home" or bring "home" here into the land, however it comes about, but I won't leave a single soul aspect of my oversoul behind. That's fair, isn't it?

Yvonne  
[ollivier@up.net](mailto:ollivier@up.net)

PS. My star name is Amalei, or Ama for short.

Addendum. The thought I was trying to express above, in distinguishing between loving the outer forms of beings and merging energetic essences is an awareness that *the other* is also the self.