

# 1

THERE WAS NO ANGEL standing in a luminous pool of light to wake me at the dawn of that Hawaiian morning, no loving celestial presence to gently inform me of a forgotten mission for which I had, apparently, volunteered. Instead, I awoke from a dream to find, less than an inch from my nose, a .44 Magnum. An unnecessarily large and shiny gun, I thought, as I struggled to remember my role in this scenario. My mind became a hyper-data processing machine as I frantically searched for a past point of reference on which I could base my present behavior in this exotic scene. After all, I had on some level expected this; I was soon to realize I had actually created it.

I did not yet understand that I had entered the sacred enclosure of an initiation that would transform the lives of myself and my family and would usher in a completely new model of existence, a model that would reach to the very infrastructure of our genetic makeup. I had, however, begun to itemize the many aspects of my life that were no longer under my control.

Without the tribal structure of enforced and planned initiatory experiences, gradually taking a child through an exponentially intensifying series of small ego deaths into the responsibility of a shamanic existence, I had instead collaborated unknowingly in

the complete annihilation of my reality-tunnel in one fell swoop. The gun that now aligned with my third eye was a fitting instrument for my initiation into the work that was soon to take over my life. In its economic, cold and deadly construct was the definitive tool of modern destruction perfectly suited to the mutant parasitic consciousness which, I was to learn, had invaded the very structure of the Human genetic code. More intimate than a bomb, yet sufficiently disassociated from the deed to avoid any corporeal contact, the gun allows just enough proximity to grant the user a near spectacle of the suffering and destruction it wreaks. A most cowardly invention: its smooth, flawlessly mirrored surface a perfect extension of the ruthless consciousness that was capable of annihilating, with one gentle squeeze, a masterpiece of divine design; the index finger casually beckoning life to cross the threshold into death. This was the consciousness which the initiation of that morning was preparing me to confront.

Right from the start there would be no holds barred. The Consciousness with which I would soon begin to collaborate had begun as it meant to continue. There would be no New Age axioms to lull me into thinking that all I needed was a positive attitude and the power of prayer. Both the tool and the manner of its use in this wakeup call echoed the reality that has Earth and its people in the grip of innumerable wars, a world in which genocide is relentlessly carried out, thousands of people die of starvation every hour, mothers sell their children into slavery, women are stoned to death for exposing more than their eyes and a petrochemical addiction overrides all other allegiances and agendas. The yellow brick road

is riddled with land mines. A nuclear warhead is trained on the Land of Oz. No benevolent extraterrestrial race is going to turn up in the playground and save us from the bullies.

Poised symmetrically above the firearm that pinned me to my bed were beady black eyes holding the expression of a gundog focused on and proud of its kill, eyes that told me their owner was savoring the moment and registering every nuance of my reaction, to be filed away and relished at his leisure. Everything extraneous that defined my existence ripped away in a moment: I entered the enclosure of initiation.

“Are you Juliet?” he asked.

“Yes.” My answer reverberated in the emptied space that was my mind. The sacred death dance had begun.

He withdrew his weapon a few inches and I slowly came to a sitting position. A wave of nausea entered my stomach as pain clutched my heart. I tracked these feelings to their origin and found that they welled up from the inevitable loss of all that I held familiar, safe and comfortable. My head spinning, I began to breathe deeply and rhythmically, allowing each breath to bring me into my body, into the moment, accepting, without censorship, responsibility for what I had created. Through my breath I surrendered, surrendered to the pain, the fear, the moment. Releasing, releasing, releasing ... shattered fragments of my former self scattered around the tiny wooden room. Each breath drew in points of reference that existed beyond the logic of the situation, bringing with them a quintessential core identity. These two selves - the domestic and the magical - battled to dominate my consciousness.