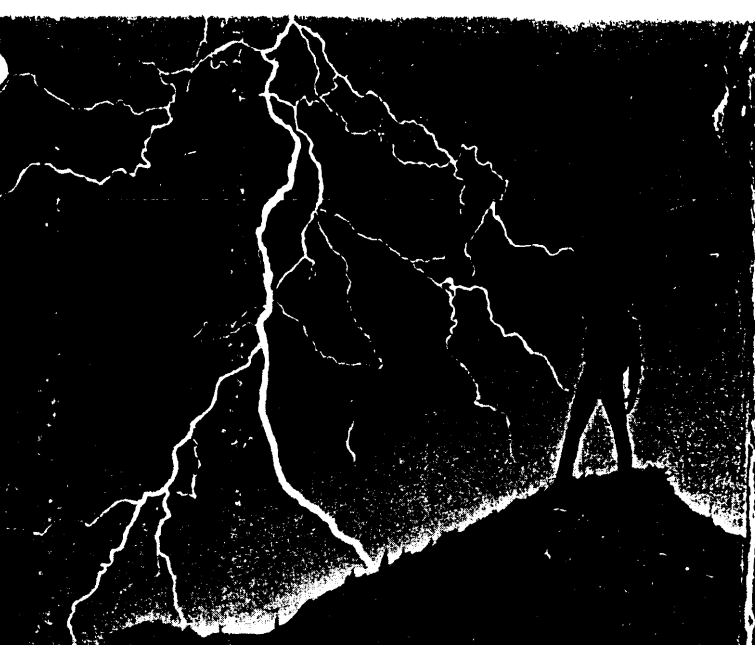


## D. ALAN HOLMES

**Author, Philosopher, Adventurer**

AUTHORITY ON ESP, PAST LIVES, UFO'S.

Perhaps there are wiser men than he; but, no one can explain the mysteries and riddles of this universe with as much clarity and simplicity.

***Wisdom Has Indeed Been Brought "Down To Earth"***

D. ALAN HOLMES The Enlightenment Part 0

# The Enlightenment

## *Part 0*

*A Handbook on illusion by*

**D. ALAN HOLMES**

THIS BOOK REPRESENTS A LITERARY PREVIEW OF THE MOTION PICTURE "THE ENLIGHTENMENT"

THIS IS THE FIRST PAPERBACK EDITION OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT. IT IS UNALTERED, UNEDITED AND UNREVISED.

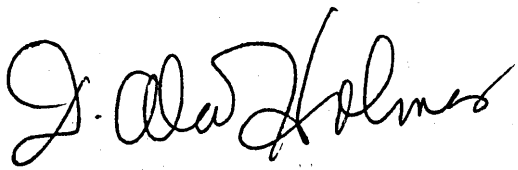
# The Enlightenment™

## *Part 0*

*A Handbook on Illusion*

*by*

D. Alan Holmes



A vital Bestseller for those who can recognize Truth.

A HOLMES PUBLICATION

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ZEUS
GAUTAMA SIDDHARTHA
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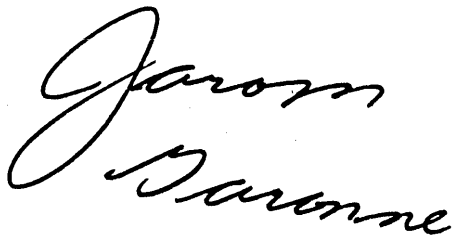
L. RON HUBBARD

*Special Affection to*
*Richard Bach*



Special Thanks and Acknowledgement to my friend and fellow truth seeker, Jarom Garonne.

Without his support and inspiration this book would not exist.

# Introduction

Hello. My name is Alana Taylor. The incredible story you are about to read is true.

At first, it may not appear to be; and to tell you the truth, even though I actually experienced all of the events contained in this book, I still find myself wondering at times if it wasn't all a dream.

However, it is during those moments of doubt that I recall most vividly Talawanda's parting words:

***"If it can be experienced, it exists.***

***"You cannot experience something which doesn't exist."***

So, it is up to you. As you read my story, decide for yourself if it is true; for only you can make that decision.

As for myself; by the time you read these words, I shall be reunited with my eternal companion, Talawanda.

Alana Taylor

# Note From the Author

Alana Taylor has not been seen or heard from by anyone since July 21, 1981.

On that day we had finished compiling all the necessary materials for this book.

It was a very special day for her; she seemed extremely happy, as though her work in this world had been completed.

This is her story . . . .

# PART I
# The Encounter

# CHAPTER ONE

Los Angeles, California
Friday July 21, 1978

I remember how it all started . . . I had a date with Walter Heber, one of the architects at "Lynch and Associates" where I worked as a secretary.

Maybe I'm crazy but Walter wasn't really a "turn on" for me. Sure, he had a lot going for him: a nice house, a new car and a good job. But, he was still "earthbound," he just wasn't "Superman". See I said I was crazy.

Normally, I would not have gone out with Walter. However, he mentioned that he had a membership to the "Magic Castle"* and that there was going to be a rare performance given by an illusionist named Talawanda.

Don't ask me how I knew, but something told me that I had to see that performance.

I was just putting the finishing touches on my make-up when Walter arrived promptly at seven o'clock to pick me up at my apartment.

We drove to a nearby restaurant where we enjoyed a leisurely meal until it was time to leave for the "Magic Castle."

---

* The "Magic Castle" is a private magic club located in the Hollywood Hills of Los Angeles, California.

Upon our arrival at the "Castle," we were cheerfully assisted from the car by the valet attendants. Proceeding into the lobby, we were greeted by the "Castle" hostess, who politely inquired, "Good evening, are you members?"

"Going on four years," Walter responded enthusiastically as he produced the membership card from his vest. The hostess smiled as she pressed a nearby button. Suddenly, the wall behind her slid open like a secret panel, permitting us to pass into the main ballroom.

Our timing couldn't have been better; it was just a few minutes before showtime.

Then came the first miracle: Despite the near capacity crowd, we ended up in the center of the first row, directly in front of the stage.

Walter immediately observed, "This Talawanda must really be something special. I've been a member here for over four years and I've never felt this much excitement from an audience in anticipation of any performer."

An old man in the row behind us leaned forward in response to Walter's remark and commented, "That's because Talawanda has never performed for the public until tonight. He is considered a master magician and performs only for professional magicians. No one even knows where he comes from; they only know that he is the best. All of his tricks defy explanation. Why, I remember one time he . . ."

Suddenly his words were interrupted as the ballroom lights rapidly dimmed, and



the old man leaned back in his seat without finishing his statement.

I could feel suspense in the air; it was like static electricity before a storm. The anticipation was torturing the crowd; and then, as if everyone had just received a radio signal from God to "shut up," the audience became deathly silent.

Then, to everyone's amazement, and especially mine, he appeared, but he didn't appear from behind the curtains. He rose from the seat right next to mine! No one had even noticed him sitting and waiting there. It was almost as though he had been invisible.

As Talawanda walked confidently up the stairs and onto the stage, the audience exploded into thunderous applause.

I'll never forget his godly presence. He

stood there tall and confident like a five star general inspecting his troops. He had bright blue eyes and black hair which was neatly slicked back like some high fashioned European model.

Majestically, he raised his left hand to silence the crowd. It was then that he uttered the most startling challenge that I had ever heard:

---

***"Those of you who are actually convinced that this world you live in is not an illusion, just stick around!"***

---

He paused dramatically and then said,



"Most of you have never seen me before. I am pleased that you are here. Thank you for coming.

"It is my hope that you may learn something this evening; not only about this world you live in, but about yourselves as well; for this world would not exist if it were not for you and your fellow beings.

"If I fail to teach you something tonight then I hope that I may at least entertain you. You've been promised a show and a show you shall receive.

"Many of you are skilled magicians; I invite you to challenge me."

With this, the crowd stirred with intense eagerness. One middle-aged professional magician stood up and admired Talawanda's unique approach.

"Can you materialize a dollar bill from

thin air?" the man inquired.

Talawanda grinned, "Why not a two dollar bill, my friend?

"Why not a two dollar bill for *all* my friends?" Talawanda smiled and paused.

"You are all a little richer and wiser now.

"Don't be timid." Talawanda commanded.

"Inspect your new wealth."

And as he said that, the crowd began to search their purses and pockets only to discover a nice crisp two dollar bill for everyone!

The crowd rose to its feet and roared with applause. "How does he do it? . . . He's absolutely amazing," voices from the crowd exclaimed.

Talawanda quieted the audience and requested the next challenge.



"I shall grant you two more illusions," Talawanda informed his audience.

"Can you escape from these handcuffs of mine?" an eager man inquired as he held up a pair of police regulation handcuffs.

---

**Talawanda responded as the audience grew silent once more. "*My friends, I am afraid you are really much more powerful than you ever imagined. You are truly magicians, because you have succeeded in convincing even yourselves that this world is not an* illusion.**

*"Today, you believe that an illusion, such as those handcuffs, is capable of restricting you."*

---

*"You see, for me, this world is like a dream; that is the difference between you and me.*

*"I never took this illusion you call 'reality' as seriously as you apparently have.*

---



*"While you were busy 'facing reality,' I preferred to fabricate my own.*

*"While you were busy inventing 'interesting new handicaps' to inflict upon yourselves, I was watching from another universe.*

*"This is why I am able to have things come and go as I please."*

As Talawanda finished his speech, the pair of handcuffs that the man was holding, floated out of his hands and up towards the stage. The handcuffs stopped about ten feet from the stage and hovered four feet off the floor.

There they began to glow like burning coal and grew brighter and brighter until they shone like the noontime sun. Then suddenly they were gone!

Totally vanished!

And the audience went wild with applause. They stood and clapped for better than a minute and then grew silent, eagerly waiting for the next "trick."



**Talawanda laughed. "I *hope you see the problem now—you have become so lazy about creating your own illusions that now you depend upon excitement from a source other than yourselves.***

***"No wonder you've lost your touch.***

***"No wonder you keep hanging on to this universe—you've got nowhere else to go."***

"In any event, I owe you one last illusion for this evening. What shall it be?"

Walter embarrassed me a little when he raised his hand and asked, "Can you prove that your illusions are real?"

Talawanda sighed. "My son, come forth; come up on stage."

Walter rose from his seat and proceeded up the stairs and onto the stage as Talawanda directed.

"My son, you ask for proof. That means you want to be convinced.

"I'm afraid you have been convinced of enough already:



***"You're convinced that you are a mortal with no past lives—that's the biggest joke of all."***

*"You're convinced that you are your body—you're convinced of that because you're stuck inside.*



*"You're convinced of all sorts of silly things, like the floor is solid, or that you need gasoline to run your car, or that the world is dangerous."*

*"Remember, 'As a man thinketh, so be it unto him.'*

*"Do you know what that means? It means that if you believe strongly enough about something, it will happen for you, and possibly for others also, if your belief is strong enough."*



*"But, instead of exercising your power of belief, you have allowed yourself to be convinced of a million things, and that is why you're in such trouble today."*

"*You don't even think your own personal illusions are real—in fact, modern humans define* 'illusion' *as* 'something which doesn't exist'.

"*You will soon discover the truth.*



"*An* illusion *is merely* a creation.

"*A* creation *is* anything that can be sensed *or* experienced.

"*It's that simple!!*"

"People have the silly idea that their own dreams and fantasies aren't real or that they don't exist.

"Nonsense!!"



"Naturally you assume that your own illusions aren't real because they are not extremely vivid and solid.

"Your illusions aren't vivid and solid because you haven't been practicing. Your certainty and confidence is poor."

*"Understand something very, very important: THE PHYSICAL UNIVERSE IS A UNIVERSE CONSTRUCTED ON A GREAT DEAL OF CERTAINTY."*

*"The objects, energy and all the other illusions that comprise the physical universe were created with tremendous confidence and certainty!!"*



*"That is the only difference between the illusions of this universe and your own illusions . . .*

*"Certainty!!!"*

---

*"Never let anyone convince you that your own creations and fantasies aren't real.*

*"They are!!!*

*"They may not be extremely clear and vivid right now; but, they do exist!"*

---



*"Here is a very, very valuable piece of wisdom that can pull you out of doubt and confusion:*

*"If it can be experienced, it exists!!*

*"You cannot experience something which doesn't exist!!"*

---

"Something else you should know about are dreams.

"A dream is perfectly real, very convincing and it has full emotional impact on you; as long as you are in it!!

"The moment you wake up you know the truth: that the dream was only an illusion!!"



"The same is true of this universe. It seems very real, it's very convincing and it has lots of emotional impact—

"As long as you are in it!!!

"The minute that you leave it, you know the truth—

"That this universe, like your dream, is merely an illusion!!"

*"People are convinced that this universe couldn't be an illusion because it's so solid, so real, so difficult to control.*

*"And that is my point . . .*

*"They are* convinced!!!"



*"So you see, you do not need to be convinced of anything further my son; you need confidence and certainty. Certainty comes from within."*

Talawanda continued, "Enough proof. Would you like to improve your certainty in the creation of illusions?"

"Sure," Walter replied.

"Good, then close your eyes. Now envision a bar of gold. Do you see it?"

"Well, sort of, but it's kind of vague." Walter responded.

"All right. Now, concentrate to make it feel a little more solid. Can you do that?"

"Yes," Walter replied more confidently.

"Very good. Next, make it feel cold and heavy. Now here's the question: Can you perceive it or experience it to some degree?"

"Pretty well," Walter answered.

"Good, then it's real. It exists.

"Remember, you cannot experience something that doesn't exist."



"But it must be an illusion because other people cannot see it; only I can," Walter insisted.

"*Certainty, my son. Certainty!* That is the only reason others cannot see your illusions; and that is the only difference between you and me:

"Practice and certainty."

Talawanda signalled Walter to return to his seat.

"Well, my friends, that concludes this evening's performance," Talawanda informed his pupils.

"I thought you were going to do one more miracle," a member of the audience begged.

"My friend, if you absorbed half of what I told you tonight, then a miracle has indeed occurred.

"However, I have a very special surprise for you this evening. Many of you are wondering how I do my illusions. In case you haven't figured it out yet, I will explain it again; in a different way.

"Unlike your conventional magic, I do not come equipped with props and devices. I require only myself to create *anything* imaginable.

"What you do with props and trickery, I accomplish with ideas and illusions, brought to life by my certainty.

"That is my secret! *Certainty!*



***"If you want to be free, then become certain that your illusions are real!!"***

*"Create illusions every day. It does not matter how weak or vague they are at first; just continue to practice, and soon the chains of doubt and uncertainty which bind you to this universe will vanish forever."*

---



*"On that day, you will be fully awake once more; and you shall be free; for you will know the truth—that everything you once thought to be so overpowering was just another dream."*

---

"Thank you very much. Good night."

Talawanda turned and walked backstage.

The audience rose to its feet in final salute. The applause was deafening.

Walter smiled and asked me, "Well, what do you think of Talawanda?"

"WOW!!" That was all I could say, and think, all the way home.



## CHAPTER TWO

Saturday and Sunday
July 22 and 23, 1978

All weekend I laid around the house, dwelling on Talawanda. I only wished that somehow I could have attracted his attention, so that he would at least know I existed.

I sat and wondered things like: Where does he live? What does he do for fun? Would he even like me?

I had one of those depressing feelings like you get when you are in Las Vegas and you miss the "Big Jackpot" by just one number.

"Life goes on," was my last thought as I settled down to sleep early Sunday night.

Monday July 24, 1978

Next morning I woke up still feeling numb. As I got ready and headed for work, I kept searching for things in my future that I could look forward to. Christmas was about the best I could come up with, but it was still months away.

"What am I going to do until then?" I wondered.

As I headed down Wilshire Boulevard and approached the building where I worked, I strained to radiate the cheerful, professional appearance which was an essential part of my job.



"Good morning, Alana, how was your weekend?" my boss inquired as I stepped into the office.

"Wonderful," I responded with a forced smile.

"By the way, Alana, you aren't using the company teletype machine for your personal use, are you?

"Why, no sir. Why do you ask?" I inquired with concern.

"Well, a teletype message came in over the wire early this morning for you from someone in Rio de Janiero, Brazil."

"Do you have the copy of the message?" I eagerly inquired.

"No, it's still on the teletype machine. I noticed it when it started coming in, but I never finished reading it."

My boss headed for his office, then

stopped, turned around again and said, "One last thing, Alana, I'm switching the vacation schedules around, and it seems that you will have to either take your annual vacation this week, or wait until next Easter. Let me know what you decide."

"Yes sir," I replied, as I walked eagerly to the teletype machine in the back room. I pulled the paper off the machine and began to read the message:

DEAR ALANA,

I WAS VERY IMPRESSED WITH YOU LAST FRIDAY EVENING.

FORGIVE ME FOR NOT PAYING ENOUGH ATTENTION TO YOU, HOWEVER; I WAS BUSY.



PERMIT ME TO MAKE UP FOR THAT OVERSIGHT.

YOU ARE INVITED TO COME AND SPEND A WEEK OR SO WITH ME IN RIO DE JANIERO. I'M SURE THAT IT COULD VERY WELL BE THE MOST PLEASURABLE AND EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE YOU'VE HAD THIS LIFETIME.

YOU MAY CONTACT PAN AMERICAN AIRLINES WHERE THERE WILL BE A ROUND TRIP FIRST CLASS TICKET TO RIO AVAILABLE AND WAITING FOR YOU FOR THIS COMING WEDNESDAY.

I HOPE YOU DECIDE IN FAVOR OF THIS INVITATION. THE CHOICE IS YOURS.

ETERNALLY, TALAWANDA.

I practically fainted. This can't really be happening. I touched the walls to make sure I wasn't dreaming.

I immediately ran to my boss's office and asked, "Sir, how soon can I start that vacation?"

Casually pulling the pipe from his mouth, he paused, exhaled a puff of smoke and said, "Well, you could start today if you wanted to. I think we have things pretty well covered here for the time being."

It was too good to be true. Everything was happening magically. I hurried home to organize my trip, but as I pulled up outside my apartment, a thought suddenly occurred to me: How did he know who I was? And how did he know where to contact me? I couldn't wait to hear how he pulled off that trick.



I could hardly fall asleep that night, I was so excited. I called all my girl friends to tell them the wonderful news. One of my girl friends was so excited that she asked me, "Does he have any brothers?"

I laughed, "Brothers? Hell, I don't even know his last name."

As I was lying in bed, it occurred to me that I should confirm my tickets with Pan Am to make sure this guy wasn't pulling my leg.

I called the airlines and spoke to the reservations agent, "Hello, this is Alana Taylor. I would like to confirm my reservations on your flight to Rio on Wednesday, and see if my tickets have been paid for yet."

"One moment please. Yes, Miss Taylor, we show you confirmed on our flight and the tickets are available and

waiting for you at the airport ticket counter. They have been waiting there since last Thursday."

"Last Thursday? Why that's impossible! Are you sure?" I inquired in disbelief.

"There's no question about it, Miss Taylor. Your tickets have been paid for and waiting since Thursday, July 20th. Is there anything else I can help you with?"

"No, thank you," I responded in shock, as I hung up the telephone.

Too many weird things were going on. I never saw this man before in my life until last Friday, and even then I was never introduced to him; and now I find out that he bought and paid for airline tickets; for me, in my name, one day *before* I even saw him at the "Castle."

That man had some explaining to do!!



Tuesday July, 25, 1978

Next morning I woke up in a continued daze of excitement. I raced around town getting odds and ends for my trip. I picked up my visa at the Brazillian Consulate and headed home to finish packing. I had never been to Brazil and very few of my friends had; but I heard it was enchanting and very romantic.

As I went over my packing checklist one last time, it suddenly dawned on me that the only way this guy could know my every move was if Walter Heber was in on it somehow. So I worked out a little plan to call his bluff:

I called up Walter. "Hello, Walter, Alana here. How are you doing?"

"Fine, Alana. Hey, I heard the incredible news at work about your trip to Brazil. Sounds pretty fantastic."

"Well, I'm starting to have second thoughts about it now, and I might not go. After all, the guy is a little too mysterious for me."

"Can't say as I blame you. Just trust your instincts. If you feel you shouldn't go, then don't go. Brazil will be there next year." Walter advised.

"Talk to you later, Walter."

"Bye-bye."

That wasn't exactly the response I expected from an accomplice. All I could do now was wait and see if Walter was behind this thing somehow.



Just after I got off the telephone, my doorbell rang. When I opened the door I was greeted by a lovely bouquet of red roses. I was astonished.

The young man said, "Delivery for Alana Taylor."

I thanked him and closed the door. I noticed the attached envelope. The enclosed note read:

MY DEAR ALANA,

I AM DELIGHTED THAT YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO JOIN ME IN BRAZIL.

YOUR JUDGMENT IS IMPECCABLE.

A LIMOUSINE WILL COME TO YOUR APARTMENT AT TEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AND TAKE YOU TO THE AIRPORT.

FOREVER, TALAWANDA.

P.S. I CARE ABOUT YOU TOO MUCH TO PLAY GAMES WITH ROMANCE.

WALTER IS INNOCENT.

SOON YOU WILL UNDERSTAND.

I guess that answered my question. I was overwhelmed.



# CHAPTER THREE

Wednesday July 26, 1978
Los Angeles

I was all packed and ready to go.

At 9:58 a.m. I looked out the window of my apartment and noticed that a beautiful Cadillac limousine was just arriving.

I was elated, and could hardly wait to begin my adventure.

The rest of the morning was spent checking in at the airport and preparing for departure.

Before I knew it, the airplane was racing down the runway. Then, with one continuous surge of power, it raised its wings into the wind, and we were airborne.

As I looked down over Los Angeles, I could hardly believe this was happening to me.

Attempting to quiet my excitement, I settled back in my seat and began my 24 hour journey.



Thursday July 27, 1978
Rio de Janiero

I awoke in a nervous condition. A million things were going through my mind; then, suddenly, my trance was broken by the voice over the intercom: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are on our final approach of Rio de Janiero airport. I'll ask you at this time to kindly return your tray tables to their full upright and locked positions, and make sure that your seat belt is securely fastened. Again, thank you for flying Pan Am."

The closer we got to the ground the more nervous I became.

What should I say? How should I act?

Then, all of a sudden, I felt this immensely tranquil presence which completely engulfed me. I was instantly at ease, as if some hypnotist had just snapped his fingers and said, "Relax."

The plane glided to the runway for what was probably the smoothest and quietest landing in the history of avaition.

The passengers marched off the plane in single file and were processed swiftly through Brazillian customs. As I passed through the doors and final checkpoint of customs, there he was, just as I remembered him on that first spellbinding evening at the "Magic Castle."

He captured me with those beautiful blue eyes as he said, *"Come my darling; there are many questions to be answered."*

He relieved me of my heavy luggage and escorted me to his car. It was a custom designed Brazillian sports car which resembled a Ferrari.

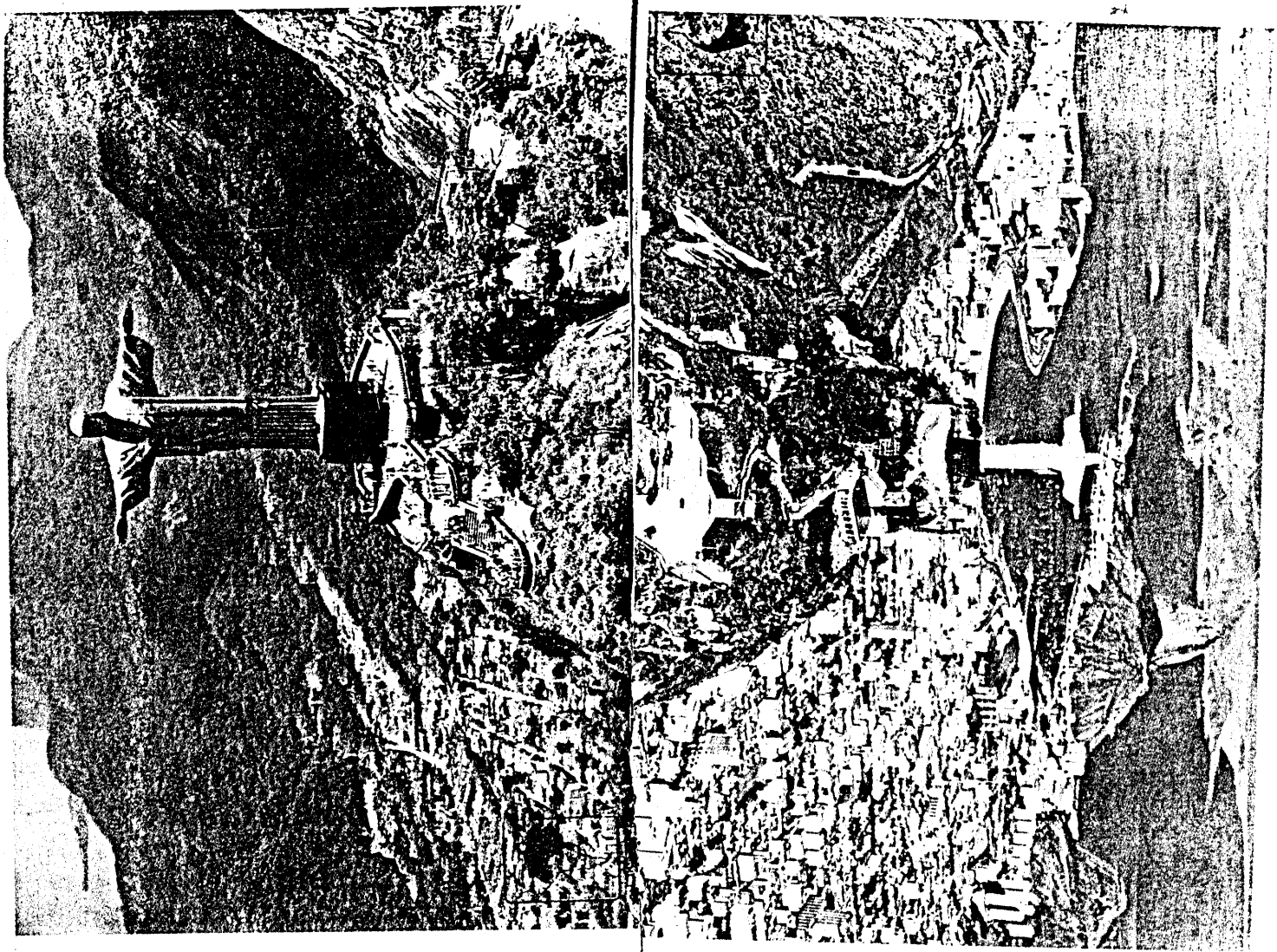
We drove directly from the airport to



a lush tropical scene, where an electrical tram awaited to take us to the top of a very high mountain called Corcovado.

It offered us a spectacular view overlooking the entire city of Rio. At the top of the mountain was a charming little cafe and the very famous monument known as "Christ of Corcovado." It was a gigantic statue of Jesus overlooking Rio with his arms spread wide open.

We arrived at the mountain top cafe and ordered some tasty Brazillian dishes and freshly squeezed orange juice.



"Why me, Talawanda?" I asked. "There are a million beautiful women between here and California. Why did you choose me?"

Looking as though he wished to return to some distant past, he paused, and explained, "I loved you before California even existed. One does not abandon his companion just because the pages of history grow too old to remember. You are important to me. I will not always be here, but before I am gone for good, you shall know the answer to your own question." I felt an uncontrollable shiver overtake my entire body.

I paused, uncertain of his meaning, and then I asked the next most logical question, "Just how old are you, Talawanda"



He smiled and replied, "How old am *I* or how old is this body? Which question do you ask? Like you, I have always been around, but I am unlike the humans who are imprisoned on this planet today.

"You see, I never lost track of who I am.

"As for this body, well, just how old would you like it to be, my darling?" He looked at me playfully and smiled.

I smiled along with him and continued my interrogation.

"Tell me about your business, your hobbies, where you come from. You know, I don't even know your last name."

"Well, first of all I am an educator, a teacher. I have been to, and come from so many different and far away places, that I will have to explain that as a story of its own.

"My calling card is this body which I call 'Talawanda.' I see no need for a first and last name at this time, so 'Talawanda' is all I go by.

"I never wish to frighten or overwhelm people. Therefore, I use the occupation of magician as a safeguard. That way people always have an explanation when they don't understand my messages and 'tricks.'

"As far as what I do for a hobby, well, what would *you* do if your own illusions were so vivid and satisfying that you could have *anything* you wanted simply by creating it?"

I giggled and said, "I wouldn't be working for a living; that's for sure!"

Talawanda laughed and said, "That's right; and you wouldn't spend very much time hanging around the office watching



other people work; now would you?

"Well, it's the same with me and my relationship with the physical universe.

"I spend very little time here.

"It is actually dangerous for any powerful being to spend excessive amounts of time here without running the risk of becoming trapped.

"I frequently have to leave here and return to my own universe—that is the only way I can remain exterior to a game that I do not wish to play."

This fascinated me, so I inquired, "You said earlier that this universe was merely a dream; an illusion. Well, if this is true, then how can an illusion trap you?"

Talawanda smiled and said, "That is a very good question. Now let me ask you this: How did it trap *you* and the countless other beings who stepped in here?

*"You came here for fun and enjoyment, and because this universe continued to entertain you like a giant amusement park, you gradually (over trillions of years) dwindled down in power and awareness. Why?*



*Because this universe supplied you with all your pleasure and sensation; you stopped creating for yourself and consequently you became lazier and weaker from failure to exercise your powers."*

*"Look around you! Countless beings who could once move planets around, now need telescopes just to see them!"*

---



*"People wonder how an illusion can inflict pain on them. It's because they are under the hypnotic spell of this entire universe. A spell that has convinced them that they have no powers."*

---

*"They were once masters over this universe and now they are confused, hypnotized slaves—all because they stopped exercising their powers of illusion; their imaginations!"*

---



*"Instead of doing the intelligent thing and waving their magic wands and garnishing the environment with beauty, they continued to search for beauty and excitement in the physical universe. Like a tractor stuck in mud, they continued to dig themselves in deeper and deeper.*

---

*"Heaven is not a place you go to. It's a high level state of awareness and certainty. In this state the individual is capable of making illusions of such a vivid and satisfying quality that he no longer depends on this universe for pleasure."*



Pointing to the statue of Christ, Talawanda said, "That's all he was trying to say."

Half believing what he was telling me I asked, "Did you know Christ?"

He smiled warmly with a distant gaze and uttered, "Better than anyone would ever imagine."

I wanted him to clarify that remark, but my trance was broken when the waiter arrived with our food.

I was eager to hear more, but Talawanda shifted the conversation back down to earthly matters and asked, "Well, what do you think of the food?"

"It's delicious, and the orange juice is so fresh and pure. I can't believe this view; I can see for miles.

"Thank you Talawanda. Thank you so much for this incredible experience."

He looked at me for almost a minute with those sincere, romantic eyes as he gently held my hand; and then uttered, "You are indeed welcome, the pleasure is mine."

We finished lunch, then headed back down the mountain in the tram. Upon reaching the bottom, we hopped back in his car and continued our journey.

We passed through the streets of Rio on our way to his home. I had visited Mexico before, but this was Latin living at its finest. The climate, the shops, the culture . . . everything was alive and magical.



It was approaching late afternoon as we passed through Ipanema and Copacabana beaches.

I was electrified!

We drove for some time and headed away from the city and into a more rural, tropical scene.

We turned down a narrow road surrounded by heavy tropical vegetation. There was a wonderful mystical feeling in the air as the shadows of dusk began to sneak up on us. It felt very adventurous, yet safe being with Talawanda.

We came upon an old, massive rock wall which we followed for some distance. It led us to a heavy iron gate with ornate designs.

Talawanda stopped the car, looked over at me and said, "Well, say the magic words."

I hesitated for a moment, not understanding his humor, then I caught on and jokingly said, "Open sesame; I hope those are the right words."

Immediately after I said that, the massive old gate started to creak and groan as it slowly began to open.

Talawanda said, "It doesn't really matter what words you use; it's your intentions and wishes that count. Don't confuse words with wishes."

I giggled, then replied, "You'll have to teach me that trick."

He paused, then whispered to me, "That's precisely what I intend to do."

When the gate pulled completely open we drove through. I turned around and



watched as it began to slowly close.

We had travelled for some distance, when suddenly, a magnificent castle emerged through the heavily overgrown jungle.

I was astonished and puzzled as I said, "Oh my god; it's beautiful. But it seems so out of place."

"Out of place?" Talawanda asked.

"Why, just what place do you think this is?"

I responded, "Well, I mean it's so different than what I expected to see in South America."

"My darling, we are no closer to South America at this time than we are to the physical universe.

"Welcome to my universe.

"You are in my space now.

"All the creations around here are *my* illusions and you may share them with me. There is no better place to learn what I have to teach you.

"This is not a place that can be reached by train or rocketship; it is a place that can only be achieved by imagination.

"I will take you back anytime you desire, but first, let me show you around; you will learn much."

Somewhat puzzled I said, "I don't understand, I clearly remember driving all the way here."

He continued, "The moment we passed through that iron gate we passed out of the physical universe. I did it that way so



it would be a smooth transition for you.

"I created this universe for our enjoyment.

"You are very important to me."

As we pulled up to the entrance, I thought to myself, "WOW! The boys at work could sure learn something about architecture here."

Three servants (two men and a woman) appeared from the front entrance as our car came to a halt. The men assisted us and unloaded my luggage.

Talawanda looked at me and said, "Since you are still under the influence of habits which you developed in the physical universe, such as food and sleep, I will accommodate you."

Turning to his female servant he said, "Athena, I would like you to show Alana

our finest hospitality and accommodations."

He again turned to me and uttered, "I have some things to attend to, so I shall see you in the morning and we will begin your lessons."

Delighted beyond words I looked at him and said, "You're an incredible host, Talawanda; thank you."

He smiled and replied, "You're an incredible guest, my darling; you're welcome."



# CHAPTER FOUR

The entire evening was unforgettable.

Athena escorted me around the kingdom.

The tour began with the castle itself. At the entrance stood two magnificent jade birds, 20 feet high with wings uplifted in greeting.

As we stepped inside, I was overwhelmed by the splendor and beauty which I beheld all around.

The ceilings were over 75 feet high and were made out of rubies and sapphires which formed beautiful mosaic patterns.

The castle floor was made of highly polished gold tile. Illuminating the entire scene were the largest most breathtaking crystal chandeliers I had ever seen.

In the distance, I could hear beautiful classical music echoing through the castle with the same quality and flavor of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

We walked into an enormous covered garden where the air was filled with the smell of fresh, sweet honeysuckle and appleblossom.

A huge gushing fountain sprayed a continuous mist of water; ceaselessly quenching the thirst of the plants which surrounded it.



One entire wall was formed of nothing but a series of cascading waterfalls; giving the air a crisp cool freshness.

Everywhere I turned was an abundance of stunningly beautiful flowers and blossoming trees.

Lovely colored birds flew freely throughout the garden, giving the scene a tranquil, tropical sensation.

Beams of light shone down from the ceiling like sunlight peeping through the foliage of a tropical rain forest.

Lush green ferns and brightly colored flowers grew abundantly from between the rocks which surrounded a quiet little stream.

Following the stream to its source, we came upon a tranquil pond with swans and breathtakingly colorful and exotic fish.

Pausing momentarily at the pond, Athena inquired, "Are you getting hungry?"

Stunned and overtaken by all the beauty I replied, "Yes, but could we finish touring the kingdom first?"

She smiled and said, "I'm afraid that's quite impossible; you see Talawanda does not believe in scarcity. He never established boundaries for his kingdom.

"That's not to say he couldn't. It's just that he hasn't.

"There are sights and sensations in this universe which you would probably never dream of.

"He cares about you very much; he created parts of his world just for you.

"There are many creations here which resemble the physical universe. He feels



that it is important to give you things you can recognize and relate to easily."

Still not fully understanding I asked, "How does he afford all this?"

Athena looked somewhat puzzled and inquired, "Afford? What do you mean by this?"

"I mean how did he get all this abundance?"

She explained, "He did not *get* any of this. He created it."

In astonishment, I repeated her words, "He created it?"

---

*"Yes, he makes all his creations simply by envisioning them—you know, 'let there be light' . . . and suddenly it's there."*

---



"ALL THE SPACE
ALL THE OBJECTS
ALL THE SIGHTS
AND SOUNDS.
THE GRAVITY
THE SMELLS
THE OXYGEN
AND LIGHT . . .
EVERYTHING!!

EVEN THE PLANT
AND ANIMAL LIFE.

INCLUDING ME!!

---

"That's right; he granted me life and now I can do the same things he can—not quite as well just yet; but, I'm working on it.

"When he brought me into existence I was given the name 'Athena' because it reminds him of someone he loves very much."

Almost speechless I asked, "You mean to tell me that this is all an illusion?"

Athena patiently affirmed, "Of course it is. How could it be anything *but* an illusion?"



***"An illusion is merely a creation."***

*"How could anything, in any universe, be anything, but an illusion."*

---

*"Every thing in every universe had to have been materialized by someone.*

*"That's obvious!"*

---



*"Things are brought into existence simply by envisioning them. Everyone can do it. It's just that some beings practice more than others."*

---

*"Beings in the physical universe aren't really confused about whether it's an illusion or not; deep down inside they suspect that it is."*

---

*"People there have three major problems:*



*"One is their mystery about where all the objects, space and energy came from.*

*"Two is how they themselves got there.*

*"Three is their inability to control those illusions easily."*

---

*"They don't think it's an illusion because it doesn't feel like an illusion."*

---

*"It doesn't feel like an illusion because it doesn't behave and obey their wishes and commands like an illusion normally does."*

---



*"Normally an illusion would do exactly what you command it to do, but the physical universe doesn't behave like your typical illusion. It's very challenging, and very stubborn."*

---

*"They can't figure it out.*

*"Someone would like it to stop raining—and it goes on raining!*

*"You want the dog next door to stop barking—and he goes right on barking!*

*"They want to win the 'Big Jackpot' in Las Vegas—and they go home broke!"*



*"Well, it doesn't obey their wishes because they have been convinced not to exercise their powers and control over it."*

*"So now, instead of making things happen magically, instantly and without effort; everything is done*

*s-l-o-w-l-y*
*with machines*
*and* PHYSICAL *effort.*
*That's why it's called the*

*P-H-Y-S-I-C-A-L*
*Universe.*
*It's gotten too physical; too difficult to control."*



*"Talawanda says that everyone needs games and challenges, but it's gotten out of hand there.*

*"Success is too difficult to achieve; and when someone does achieve it, he can't keep it forever."*

"He also says that there is nothing really big and important to strive for there. The prizes of that universe are small compared to what you can have, if you restore your own universe."

I interrupted, "You mean I have my own universe too?"



Athena smiled wisely and said, "Yes Alana, you do; everyone does. But you call it by a different name. You call it your 'imagination.'"

Only half understanding what Athena was talking about I mentioned, "Well, imagination or not; it's like heaven here."

She smiled and said, "Now you're catching on."

After the tour I enjoyed an absolutely marvelous dinner. It seemed that they liked the same things I did because my favorite dishes were there.

Following dinner Athena escorted me to the bedroom provided for me. It was heavenly!

The canopy bed, elegant drapes, the rugs, the furniture . . . everything was just what I had envisioned for the perfect bedroom.

As she was leaving my bedroom I turned to her and said, "Thanks for everything, Athena."

She seemed very happy to see me enjoying myself. She smiled and said, "Don't thank me, thank Talawanda; like I said, the man cares about you very much.

"Good night now."



PART II

# Enlightenment

# CHAPTER FIVE

The next morning I was awakened by the sound of violins softly playing in the distance.

"What a nice way to wake up," I thought to myself.

I looked around to see what time it was, then I remembered that I hadn't seen a clock in the entire castle. Talawanda didn't seem too concerned about time. Even my own watch had stopped working.

I enjoyed a hot bubble bath in the

luxurious sunken tub which came with the room. So far, this vacation was much, much more than I had ever dreamed of.

Talawanda's timing was perfect; I had just finished getting dressed when there was a knock on my bedroom door.

I somehow knew it was him before I opened it.

He took my hand and smiled, "How's my darling?"

"I'm having a wonderful, wonderful time," I said.

"It pleases me very much to hear that. After breakfast we shall begin your lessons. What would you like to learn about today?"

I laughed and said, "That's a great way to teach. Well, let me think . . . something that has always bothered me is an old



saying that I heard in church: 'KNOW THYSELF.' I know who I am of course; but somehow I feel like I'm missing something. Do you think you could help me understand that better?"

Talawanda smiled and shrugged his shoulders, "I don't know, maybe. I've been trying to get people to understand that one for a long, long time.

"It's probably the most important thing that anyone could learn; because once you understand who you really are, then a lot of the other mysteries and confusions about life will vanish.

"I'll try to explain it."

Without stopping for breakfast we went directly to the stables where he had a fabulous selection of fine thoroughbred horses.

The stable attendant escorted a magnificent all white horse named Patron Saint in our direction.

Talawanda asked, "Is he all warmed up and ready to go?"

"All set" the attendant replied happily.

I giggled at Talawanda and said, "I was almost expecting to see a flying horse with wings."

He looked at me with a great big smile and replied, "All in good time my dear; all in good time."

We both laughed as we hopped up onto Patron Saint.

The attendant handed Talawanda a small picnic basket and we were off.

The horse trotted energetically for about ten minutes as he took us to a beautiful scenic meadow with a quiet stream.



"Gee, that was fun," I laughed as Talawanda assisted me down from the saddle.

Talawanda let Patron Saint graze and drink as we prepared our picnic site.

After eating, Talawanda uttered, "Well, well, well; let's see now. 'Know Thyself.' Easier said than done, it would seem."

He looked over at me and asked, "First of all, who do you think *you* are?"

I replied, "I'm me. This body here."

Talawanda grinned and inquired, "Well, it seems that you have it all figured out; are you satisfied with your certainty about who you are?"

I answered, "I still get this feeling that some piece to the puzzle is missing."

Talawanda nodded his head and said, "You're right, something is missing:

"'THE TRUTH.'"

---

*"The truth is:* **you** *are not a body. You never have been.*

*"Of course you can very easily pretend that you are a body, but it's only a pretense."*

*"Never pretend too hard on that one; it will get you into too many problems."*



*"People think that when the body dies, their 'soul' leaves the body.*

*"I hate to tell you this, but you do not* **have** *a soul.*

*"A soul is not something you* **have.**

*"Its something you* **are!**

*"You are the soul—* YOU *are it!"*

*"A long, long time ago, you didn't need a body. You played amongst the stars, happy and free; long before bodies were ever invented."*

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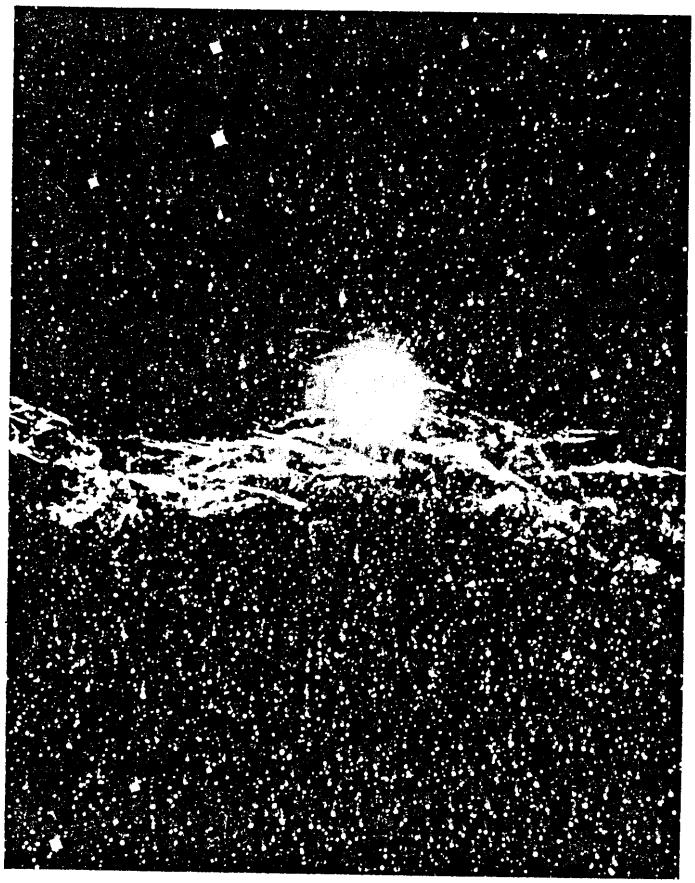


"It was quite normal for you to move objects around without the aid of limbs and muscles—you simply levitated things from here to there.

"But I am afraid that levitation is a thing of the past; except for being part of some magician's 'bag of tricks.'"



"Even telepathy is all but forgotten in the physical universe."

---

"It has been replaced by anger and distrust.

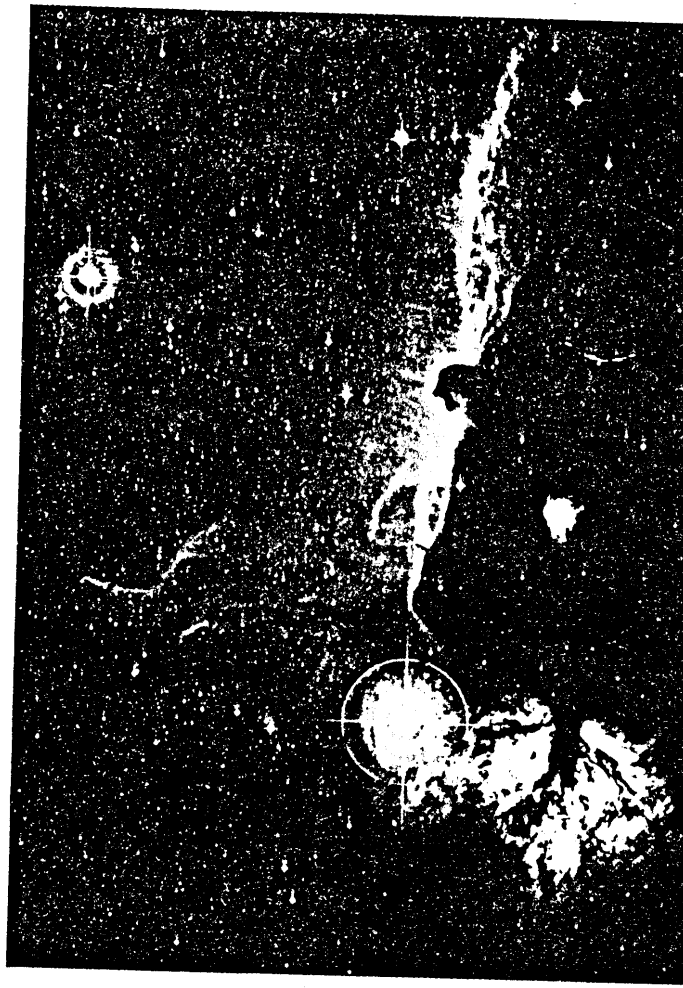
"Perfect, well understood communication existed long before mouths, voices and hateful words were ever dreamed of."

---

*"A trillion years would pass without a single pain or sorrow."*

---





*"Games were played where everyone would win.*

*"There was never a loser."*

---

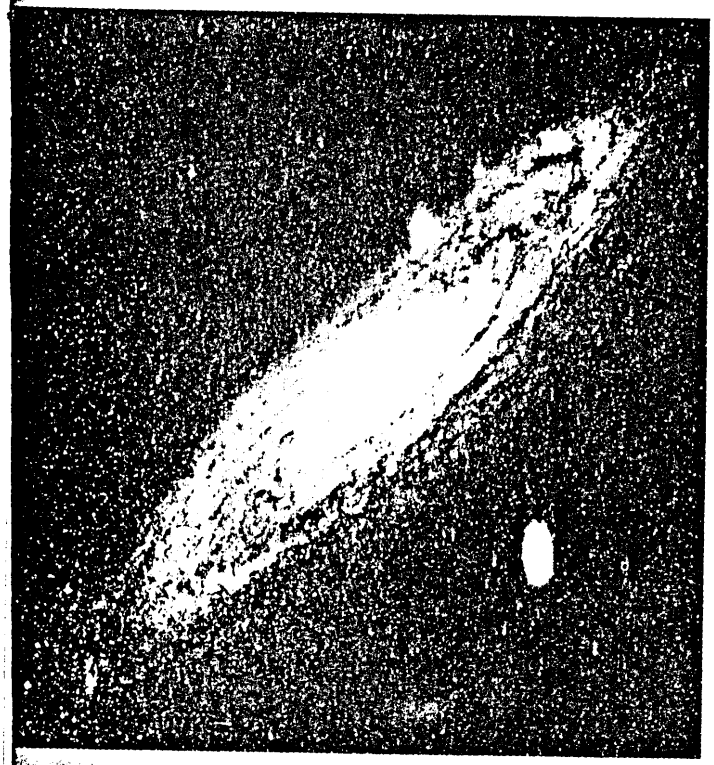
*"No need for uniforms with numbers to identify the players; you knew each other without the aid of bodies and names."*

*"You were immortals.*

*"You knew nothing of agony, grief or failure."*

*"Before bodies, you knew nothing of restriction. You could span a galaxy with your touch; or embrace a planet with affection."*





*"You were creative, loving souls. By a mere thought, you could bring a planet into existence; or explode a million stars in celebration to a loved one."*

---

*"You were carefree souls.*

*"You played new and exciting games; never a thought that your wisdom and immortality could be forgotten."*

---



*"But then, bodies were invented and played with; much like wind-up toy animals or dolls."*

---

*"You were big at first in comparison to these 'interesting animations.'"*

---

*"In the beginning there was never a doubt that you existed outside and independent to these 'cute animated little toys.'"*

---

*"Games were played with these new 'toys.'*

*"They drew much attention."*

---



*"At first, the games were fun and harmless; but,*

*as the eons passed, the rules to the games became more and more complicated."*

---

*"Rules and restrictions made the games more exciting, more interesting . .*

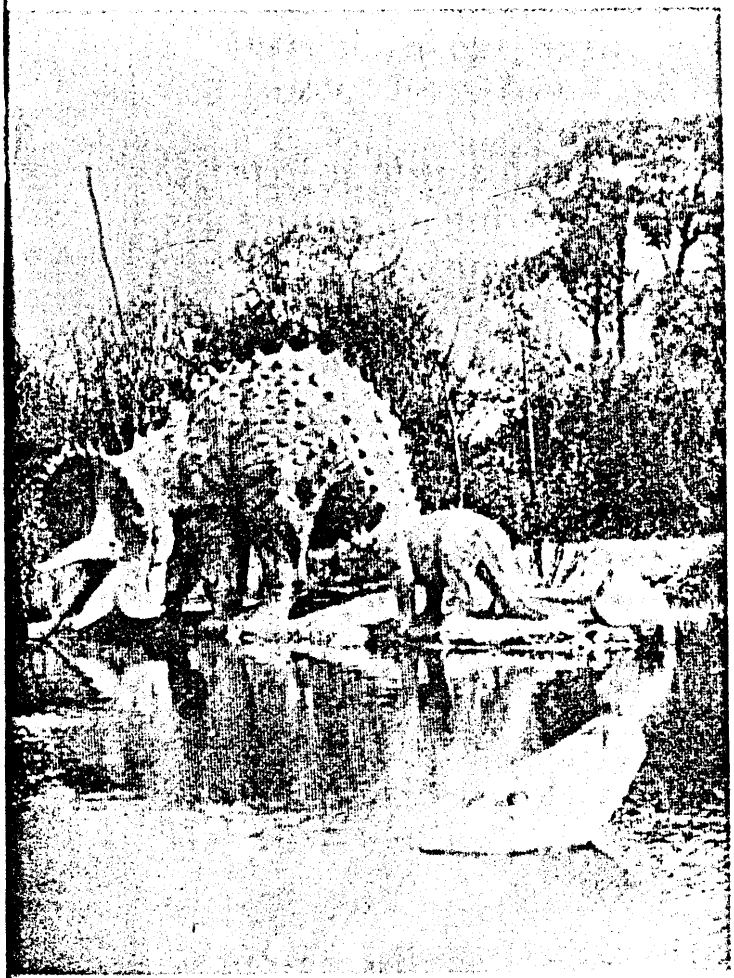
*"And more* CONVINCING!!"

*"One rule which made history was: 'Each creature must eat and breathe to maintain activity.'*

*"If it does not eat and breathe over a certain length of time, then it is disqualified (you now call this death)."*

---





*"This rule affected the engineering of almost every animation.*

*"This rule about eating and breathing is an automatic necessity on earth today. No one ever questions it or realizes that it was just a rule to add detail and fun to the game."*

---



*"The rule about eating turned out to be a bad rule because it led to the killing of one creature by another.*

*"It was interesting to watch, but some of the owners got upset."*

---

*"Some of the beings didn't communicate as much as before. They spent their time improving their toys so they could better win at the contests and battles."*

"It was also about this time that various handicaps such as sleep and fatigue were introduced into the rules of the games."

---

"Now the creatures had limited endurance and could get tired.

"This added wonderful and exciting new challenges to the games."

---



"At first there was no evil intent. But the games progressed . . ."

---

"This fascination with bodies continued.

"The improvements never stopped."

*"Creatures were equipped so that they could automatically reproduce themselves without having to be manufactured individually."*

*"Many beings equipped their toys with better equipment such as bigger teeth and stronger jaws so that they could better destroy the enemy creatures."*

---

*"The fascination continued and the souls communicated to each other less and less.*

*"They were getting too involved with the games."*

---

*"Details and rules were added to the engineering of the toys.*

*"They were designed with a built-in self destructive mechanism (now called a life span)."*

---

*"The type of food they could eat was programmed into them."*

---



*"Rules were established about how fast each type of creature was permitted to reproduce.*

*"This rule helped maintain what you now call 'the balance of nature.'"*

---

*"A creature which was indestructible was not much fun to play with, so every creature was programmed so that it was vulnerable to various things."*

---

*"Viruses and bacteria were invented. They helped add more challenge to the games."*

---



*"Almost every creature was provided with programmed responses so that it knew what to do in times of danger. This programming was transferable from one generation to another."*

---

*"Most of the toys were equipped so that they could remember friendly and hostile situations."*

*"Millions of varieties of creatures were invented. Anything from viruses to cabbage to apes."*

---

*"The creatures were super advanced, highly technical, biological animations.*

*"The ultimate in wind up toys and dolls!"*

---



---

*"They appeared to be very much alive and aware, but they weren't.*

*"Only a soul is alive and aware."*

---

*"The test of whether you are a soul is this:*

*"AM I AWARE OF BEING AWARE?*

*"If so, then you are not an animation!"*

*"They were so well made that it was difficult to tell that they weren't actually alive."*

---

*"Every creature was such a marvel of technical perfection that the beings no longer had to watch over them."*

---

*"The animations were self-perpetuating, totally automatic, living machines."*



---

*"Then the beings made a terrible, terrible, terrible mistake.*

*"The worst mistake in the history of the physical universe."*

---

*"They invented a new 'twist' to the game.*

*"They decided to play a game by getting 'inside' these toys."*

---

*"It was a very special game that everyone could play.*

*"A special variety of toy was created just for this new game.*



*"It was a very special body, known today as the 'human' body."*

---

*"It's a very pretty body.*

*"It gives wonderful sensations which encourage reproduction."*

---

*"They were happy and excited to play this new game.*

*"But, they had to agree to certain rules."*

---

*"Rules which would severely limit their powers and awareness."*

---



*RULES:*

- *YOU MUST REDUCE YOUR SIZE AND STAY INSIDE THE HEAD UNTIL THE BODY DIES OR APPROACHES DEATH.*

- *ONLY ONE BODY PER PLAYER AT ONE TIME.*

- *NO STEALING OF A BODY THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN CLAIMED.*

• YOU MUST FORGET THAT YOU ARE A SPIRITUAL BEING.

YOU MUST REDUCE YOUR AWARENESS TO A CERTAIN LEVEL OF INTELLIGENCE, AND NO MORE.

• IF THE BODY IS HURT OR ATTACKED BY DISEASE, YOU MUST AGREE TO FEEL THE PAIN.

(PAIN WAS INVENTED TO ADD DETAIL AND 'REALITY' TO THE GAMES. FOOLISH INVENTION!)



• YOU MUST USE THE MUSCLES AND MOTOR CONTROLS OF THE BODY ONLY.

USE OF LEVITATION OR TELEPATHY IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN!

• YOU MUST PRETEND WHOLEHEARTEDLY THAT YOU ARE THAT BODY.

• YOU MUST TAKE THE GAME SERIOUSLY AND STICK TO THE RULES NO MATTER WHAT.

• IF ONE BODY IS KILLED OR DIES, YOU MUST IMMEDIATELY RETURN TO THE GAME BY PICKING UP A NEW BODY—AS SOON AS ONE IS AVAILABLE.

• THE GAME IS SURVIVAL.

SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN KEEP THAT ONE BODY GOING, NO MATTER WHAT.

S-T-A-R-T.

---



*"Here is a simple demonstration to show how a being can convince himself that his powers are limited.*

*"First, make a fist. Now pretend that you cannot open it.*

*"If you pretend real hard and manage to convince yourself that you cannot open it; then, so be it."*

"Remember: A being can do anything.

"He can even inflict various 'handicaps' upon himself so that the 'Game of Life' is more challenging and not so 'easy' to win.

"A being can even convince himself that he is a 'human body' with many limitations."



"Perhaps now you can understand the problem with beings in the physical universe; particularly 'human beings':

"They have convinced themselves of the wrong things.

"They have inflicted too many handicaps upon themselves.

"Their own powers and awareness have been reduced to such a low level that now they are confused, hypnotized slaves."

*"Slaves of their own game.*

*"Trapped by their own illusions.*

*"The only escape is to become unhypnotized and unconvinced.*

*"One must 'wake up'. That is the only road to freedom."*



*Talawanda paused and then said, "I've told you too much already.* Knowledge is like pouring water from a glass into a bottle; if you pour too fast then much will spill and go to waste."

---

*"You've heard things today that are too fantastic to believe. Things which few humans would ever dream of.*

*"It's pretty hard to 'Know Thyself' after you've agreed so hard not to!"*

---

I was spellbound and begged him to continue. "Talawanda, what happened after the game started?"

He paused and said, "Horrible things. Perhaps tomorrow I shall tell you."

I pleaded, "No, please tell me now. I've been listening to every word."

"Well, I've already told you more than you realize; but, as you wish . . ."

---



*"The more they used the bodies the more they became accustomed to operating them from inside."*

---

*"It was exciting and different; handling a body from 'inside.'"*

---

*"The sensation of sleep and the other feelings which the bodies provided were fascinating to the souls.*

*"In the beginning even 'pain' was merely another 'interesting sensation.'"*

---

*"At first it was difficult to become accustomed to the rules.*

*"But with enough practice, they learned how to stay inside the body and feel pain when the body was injured or ill."*

---



*"The rule about limiting one's powers and awareness made the game interesting and challenging. It was difficult at first, but they continued to work at it."*

---

*"They became expert at using the body's muscles.*

*"Eventually levitation was eliminated."*

---

*"Telepathy was still used for a long time.*

*"Sounds and symbols had to be developed so that communication could occur by making inscriptions in sand or making sounds with the voice."*

---

*"As the level of communication reduced, the humans broke apart into seperate groups."*

---



*"Many souls still desired to get into the game; so they waited for the humans to reproduce and increase the availability of new bodies."*

---

*"As time passed, the game became more and more convincing."*

---

*"It didn't even seem like a game anymore.*

*"It became more and more serious."*

*"Levitation had become extinct; so tools were designed and constantly improved upon."*

*"Eons passed and the tools became very technical.*

*"And languages became highly refined."*



*"More eons passed and space travel was achieved.*

*"Beings who could once create stars now began to travel out among them in new toys called 'space craft.'"*

*"With space travel, languages, technologies and civilizations spread throughout the galaxy."*

*"As time passed, hatred, jealousy, and anger became commonplace."*

---

*"Beings had totally lost track of who they were.*

*"They followed the rules* very well!"

---



*"When a body died there was sorrow and grief.*

*"Without a body, a being felt like a* lost soul.

*"The body meant everything."*

*"When a body died, the being would abandon his prior knowledge and education. He would re-enter the game in a new body; confused and lacking his prior knowledge of who he had been.*

*"Today's professor could be tomorrow's shoe-shine boy."*

*"A variety of religions came into existence. All with good intentions. Each one attempting to explain and unravel the 'mysteries' of the universe.*

*"Some possessed fragments of truth, but all were unclear and incomplete in their explanations."*

---

"THE TRUTH WAS WELL BURIED."



*"Wars,*

*"Interplanetary invasions,*

*"Destruction and pain—*

*"Were all too common."*

*"Many of the things which are written about by science fiction writers are actually fragments of cloudy recall*—things which have actually occured!!

*"But most of the readers and authors alike prefer to believe it's just* imaginary.'"

"*History repeats itself continually.*

"*Planets and civilizations were destroyed by wars.*"

---

"*Eons later, languages and technologies would be reconstructed.*"

---



"*Televisions, radios, architecture, machines, etc., etc., continue to be 're-invented.'*"

---

"*Most of the* **inventions** *on earth today are not inventions at all. They are* **re-discoveries.**"

---

*"'Inventors' get vague flashes from the past and they call them 'ideas.'*

*"You've heard the expression 'one idea leads to another.' Well, truthfully, that should read 'one memory triggers another.'"*

*"This is why earth has undergone such rapid technical advances in machinery, aircraft and electronics—it has all happened before."*



"Well, so much for the history lesson. Let's head on back.

"Patron Saint, come on boy, time to go home."

Returning from the picnic, Talawanda walked Patron Saint at a casual pace as I sat on the saddle in front of Talawanda.

I was still burning with questions so I asked him about his "Kingdom."

"Talawanda?"

"Yes, my love."

"Your castle and grounds are exquisite, but, why do you call this 'your universe?' It's no different from the physical universe. Objects are still solid here; gravity still holds me to the floor; you and your staff eat food. So why do you call it your 'universe?'"

Without turning around I could hear him laughing quietly.

"My darling, you seem to think that there is something wrong with your wrist watch; there isn't! You will notice that it has merely slowed way down. This entire day may take only 15 minutes of physical universe time. Or it could take 15,000 years; it doesn't matter, except that you would lose your job if you were gone 15,000 years without calling in sick."

We both laughed. Then Talawanda continued, "When I told you that this is another universe, I did not lie. This may resemble the physical world you are so familiar with, but that is precisely the point.

"Things *look* familiar.

"The water, the air, the smells and colors seem 'real' in every detail; do you agree?"



"Oh yes, things are very real, there's no doubt about that," I replied.

Talawanda continued, "You feel at home; and that is why I created all this—so that you would have some things you could relate to. That is why I maintain this body—so that we can touch and share love.

"If I placed you suddenly in a world where gravity did not exist and objects were no more solid than a beam of light, and I didn't communicate to you through a body; well, I'm afraid we wouldn't have much in common. The best guarantee for love and good communication is to share things in common. Things we can both relate to and agree on. I realize that you would probably like to walk through walls together; well, that's fine, but let's get to that level g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y. To do otherwise would shock you, and things would seem 'unreal.'

***"You can accomplish or learn anything, if you approach it one step at a time!***



"Whoa . . . Whoa boy."

The horse came to a halt, halfway back to the stable. We climbed down and Talawanda strapped the empty picnic basket on to the saddle. Talawanda patted Patron Saint and said, "We'll take it from here. You go on home and play."

Immediately the horse broke into a sprint, leaving nothing in sight but a trail of dust.

Talawanda took my hand and escorted me off to the side of the trail. He led me to a field of soft grass. We sat there in silence, searching into each other's eyes. The more I looked at him, the more alive I felt. My vision became sharp and clear; the sounds of birds and a distant stream seemed remarkably close. Colors appeared brighter and suddenly I felt like I was floating five feet in back of my body. It was the

strangest, most tranquil feeling I could ever remember. I felt distance between myself and my body. It was a very peaceful sensation, like the feeling I get from a little too much wine; but it was different, much better! Everything was clear. My thinking was sharp and my perceptions were better than ever; I really felt 'big.'

I could almost feel what was on his mind. It felt like he really cared about me, but I could see that he was in a different league. I got the feeling he was ten miles tall looking down at me through the eyes of that body.

Then he broke the silence saying, "I guess it's time you should know how I feel about you, and explain why I would do anything for you."



I had been deeply relaxed, but when he said that, my heart began to pound. I wanted to say something, but even if I could have thought of words to say, they would have stuck in my throat.

Then he softly said, "The best way that I can explain is to ask you to close your eyes and turn back to those forgotten chapters in history . . .

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*"Long, long ago—*

*"Before you were chained down by human restrictions—*

*"You were free."*

---

*"You had always known the taste of freedom.*

*"You were eternally happy."*

---

*"There was a companion in your life.*



*"Someone to admire your illusions.*

*"A friend who thought as you thought."*

---

*"A playmate you could chase throughout the heavens; or dance with inside a burning sun."*

---

*"You knew of love and undying friendship."*

---

*"You had a companion who was loyal and worthy of trust.*

*"A companion who's love and integrity could not be eroded by the passage of time."*

---



*"You had a companion who solemnly pledged not to interfere as you explored the games offered in the physical universe."*

---

*"A companion who knew better than to enter such games, but promised to wait for you until you returned."*

"YOU HAVE A COMPANION WHO WILL ALWAYS BE LOYAL.

"BUT HE MISSES YOU.

"AND HE IS LONELY . . .

"AND HE IS STILL WAITING."



*I opened my eyes and discovered that the beautiful sadness had brought tears to both of us.*

*Not a word was spoken.*

*The mystery was exposed.*

*My thirst for answers had been quenched.*

Talawanda took my hands in his and stood there with a seriousness of purpose I had not seen in him before. He paused for a long time as the surrounding environment became strangely quiet. He looked at me with a sad but hopeful expression and said, "My darling, the time has come. You must return to the physical universe now.

"Eons ago I gave you my pledge that I would not disturb you in your activities in the physical universe. I am honorable, but please forgive me for this one violation of my promise. I shall not disturb you again.

"If I have touched your heart with enough love and inspiration, you shall be able to find your way back to me. You will have to do it on your own. That is the only way we shall re-unite for eternity.



"There are those on earth who speak as I speak. If you seek them out, they can help you restore enough of your powers so that you can find your way back.

"No matter what happens, I shall always love you; and I shall wait for you, forever."

As he finished his message, I could see his eyes fill with tears. Suddenly his body and the surrounding scenery began to fade out until it was completely gone!

"Talawanda! Talawanda!!" I cried out, horrified by the sudden loss.

In the distance and darkness I could

hear bells. They became louder and louder until, suddenly, I woke up dazed and amazed.

The bells were my alarm clock. I looked around in shock, only to find myself in my bedroom! My bedroom in *my* apartment in Hollywood, California, USA, EARTH, Physical Universe!!!

This couldn't be happening! I looked over at the calendar on my night stand and it read: Saturday July 22, 1978. THAT'S THE MORNING AFTER I FIRST SAW TALAWANDA'S PERFORMANCE AT THE *MAGIC CASTLE*. I felt tears coming on as I frantically grabbed the telephone to call the operator and confirm the date. "Operator, what's today's date?" I asked in a panic.



"Saturday July 22nd," the operator replied.

My eyes were a pool of tears as I hung up the telephone.

"All a dream?" I said to myself, "All just a dream? Rio, the romance, the sights, the sounds, all the glorious adventure, all the miracles—just a dream that never occurred? Just an illusion that doesn't exist?"

I headed to the bathroom to get a kleenex to wipe the tears from my face. Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

I threw on a robe and house slippers and ran to the living room. Without opening the front door I asked, "Who is it?"

"Delivery for Alana Taylor" a young man replied.

"Delivery?" I wondered.

I opened the door just wide enough to receive the package so that the delivery man wouldn't see the mascara smeared around my eyes.

It was a box of long stemmed red roses. I closed the door, then tore open the attached envelope and read the message:



MY DEAR ALANA,

IF IT CAN BE EXPERIENCED, IT EXISTS. YOU CANNOT EXPERIENCE SOMETHING WHICH DOESN'T EXIST.

IF YOU ABSORBED HALF OF WHAT I TAUGHT YOU, THEN A MIRACLE HAS INDEED OCCURRED.

FOREVER, TALAWANDA.

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# EPILOGUE

Far too often has Talawanda been disappointed in his desire to better the conditions of this world. There will be no more crusades; no more flashy campaigns. He owes his time to no one.

Talawanda's teachings will not penetrate every heart. If this book has not inspired you, just disregard it.

On the other hand, the only road to freedom is through wisdom and study.

If you find that his teachings have enriched your life and you would like the lessons to continue, then express your interest by getting this book into the hands of just two other people.

COMING SOON:

THE ENLIGHTENMENT

PART 1

A HANDBOOK ON IMMORTALITY

BY

D. ALAN HOLMES