

Chapter 3

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My understanding of God at that time grew most distinctly into a feeling. It was strongest when my mind was still and connected firmly with nature. Sometimes, a transcendent reverberation filled my senses, and I became untouchable. I became the God of my understanding. The longer I remained in that state the harder it became to break from it and attend to mundane things, like troubled sheep. But I was transformed on each occasion by the experience, and I became addicted to it. I reveled in my solitude and praised my aloneness. God journeyed with me and my flock over every crag and through every crevice of the hills; God swept with us onto the open plains of the lowlands. The powerful presence I grew to know as God became my closest compatriot and friend. I no longer felt the need for real people. I had experienced everything I ever wanted to be and do—I experienced wholeness.

During those years, the real me started to float to the surface. I allowed my soul to expand unrestrained in the magical landscape of Yisrael, with only the sheep and goats to observe my endless reflections. As I gazed from hilltops across the soft plains of Esdraelon and into the mysterious gorges of my forefathers, my spirit soared. I felt free to explore the nature of my spirituality, which some

might describe as esoteric. My being was set by default to mystical. However, mine was a select form of mysticism that held healing at its core. It had practical steps designed to achieve soul unity. When I became convinced that this was the best description of myself I would find on the Earth, I found my voice.

At first, it was a mental voice that bounced around my head. Then it gained momentum and swelled into my voice box, attempting to emerge from the throat chakra of my creative energy center. Finally, I began to speak in words. I could not hold them in any more—they had to come out. I needed to express my truth. My theater was a series of barren ranges and quiet plains; my audience was a large flock of impartial sheep and a few curious goats. They listened with mild interest and did not pass judgment. Even when I raised my voice in passion, they responded only with half-cocked ears and larger than usual eyes. There wasn't much I could do to spook them. They trusted me. My flock was my first congregation, recipients of the messages I needed to convey.

My mountain lectures usually went something like this:

Our souls are absolutely free. They are essences of the divine source and incarnate in human form in order to perpetuate divine will. We have absolute free will because our souls are absolutely free. There is nothing that we have to do, or are expected to do.

Every moment of our life is our own unique choice. This is the power that we have as human beings, that we are as powerful as the most powerful God we can imagine, because we are constantly creating our reality through choice. This is the power that is denied us by others and that we eventually deny in ourselves. This is the power that scares us. This is the concept of light that we turn away from.

Do not turn from the light because your soul will begin dying. The power of life is the food that our souls feed on. Do not starve your soul because you are afraid of being alive. To be alive in human form but not living is really being dead. Do not choose death. Do not choose death of the soul. The soul will take you places and show you things you never could have imagined. Your own soul will guide you into the light where you will become untouchable, where you can live forever. In the light. In God.

Don't let others show you the way because they may also be lost. Only your soul knows the perfect path for you. This is the secret of life. You cannot be told. You cannot be shown. Your path will appear if you ask. The more you follow your path, the wider the road of light will become. Others may try to coax you off this path because they are in the dark and fear those in the light. Do not be coaxed. Be strong. Remain resolute in your choices. Do not give in to fear. Do not give in to confusion. Stay strong and you will be guided.

Seek God and you will find God. Seek peace and you will find peace. Seek love and you will find love. Seek a righteous path for yourself and you will find absolute rightness in your path ...

Blah blah blah and so on.

Shepherding was my destiny for a time. It was a miraculous gateway into the mysteries of my God and the choices of my soul in human form. Those bleating beasties had facilitated my stargate to ascension—the journey into myself. My time as a shepherd was a gift I gave to myself. A gift that my soul had earned through lifetimes of dedication to a personal creed—a spiritual path that I had not yet completed. During those years my soul woke up to its ancient choices and began urging me to take action for the sake of myself and for the world around me.

But to be so conscious usually means there is some divine purpose one has set oneself. I was beginning to uncover mine, and I became aware that it could not be fulfilled amongst a flock of sheep on a mountainside. Still, I continued to shepherd until John intervened to change my destiny, like I had changed his so many years before.