

# The Tibetan Drum












Ylia Callan

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The tale of an inquisitive young man that marvels at the patterns and meanings of life through his adventures that take him from California through Central America, across the seas to War in Vietnam and far beyond to find the voices in his soul and discover the truth from within.

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## 1. The Handmade Car

Waking up on the beach, the first thing that came to the boys mind was the power of belief. A belief that dreams in true origin, program the waking reality of life for all living things. A super sub-conscious state where dreams and higher powers manifest into realistic desires and aspirations. Driving the consciousness to motivate the self, creating a life of necessity, satisfaction and evolution.

The sun that summer morning brought with it a wind filled with the warmth and energy to lift William to his feet and begin down the beach in search of those dreams. As he walked along by the sea he noticed a shiny metal object lodged amongst rocks and shells, and the inquisitive boy bent down to retrieve it for closer inspection. It appeared to be a finely made handcrafted thumbnail with a small engraving, perhaps used to press something into its rightful place. Lifting his head high and looking deep into the sky, he placed the object in his pocket thinking of the small metal box he kept under his bed.

*Destiny worked in intricately organised ways for evolution and*

*existence to curve his life in a direction that would open the eternal quest wide enough to threaten sanity only to be answered by the inner knowledge known by all... Asking questions that eventually led him to the brink all the while striving to seek more fulfilment and complexity. Life for this young man would turn out to be one of ordered chaos, Impossibly perfect questions to be answered only by the lessons learned as the universe wove its great and mysterious web.*

Lying in bed listening to his thoughts and pondering the finely made thumbnail he noticed the small engraving was identical to some of the gold symbols on the old Tibetan dresser in his room. *A warm intuitive wind blew by the side of the house and brought with it thoughts and feelings that true appreciation given to simple things can be fulfilling in every way.* Feeling a current of connection to the hand made nail, he placed it in a small box with his Fathers watch that no longer ticked and other meaningful things that had struck a chord within him.

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The next day he decided to go over to the neighbour's house and borrow a welder. Tom was in his late sixties and had told young William he could lend his tools if ever he needed.

“What do you want to do with a welder?” groaned the old man.

“I am going to build a car,” replied William.

Tom chuckled, closing his eyes briefly.

“No good is a car to a boy as young as you”, waving towards the back shed.

“I have a dream, travelling through Mexico”.

“You won't find your dreams in Mexico, or anywhere else as a matter of fact”, the old man stated while unlocking the door to the rickety shed.

The young boy politely nodded his head but he did not agree at all.

“I will teach you to weld, but you won't be driving to Mexico any time soon!” and they both laughed.

*As positive and negative emotions circle within his imagination, he wonders at how they can transport a person to their highest high or their lowest low in equal measure. Why each side*

*without the balance of the other could not reflect its power and find balanced harmony.*

“Ah, there it is” said Tom as he carefully extracted the welder from beneath a box filled with dusty relics.

A shaft of sunlight slanted through the room illuminating the cloud of dust created as he blew across the welders’ surface.

“I had a dream once, that I owned an antique shop,” sighed the old man.

“Did you open the shop?” with the fire of youth in his voice.

“Well, I tried a few times...I approached store owners...but they always said that there was no money in antiques and that I would not be successful. I must have believed them.”

They cleared some space and the wind whisked by the shed whispering when someone can’t do something, maybe its because fear is stopping them. While setting up the welder, William imagined a far distant place, away from the hustle and bustle of California.

“The first and most important part of welding is to have a clean surface for the metal to amalgamate between”, explained Tom.

“The second is to make sure the negative terminal makes a strong contact with the metal you're welding, any rust or dirt will inhibit this contact, so start by sanding these”, handing the boy some coarse sand paper and two plates of scrap metal.

So as he carefully sanded the metal plates clean of paint and rust, he envisioned travelling through an unfamiliar countryside with a compassionate wind in his hair. His imaginations were imbued with vivid colour and surreal images of unknown buildings and peoples. *He marvelled at how important it is to believe in your self and not to dismiss any dream in order to achieve the desires aspired in life?* It was not long before a satisfying gleam of silver was exposed with a crisp shine. William smiled to himself.

“Now, place the negative terminal on a clean surface of metal, the positive side being the welding stick will bridge the electricity when contact occurs”, Tom instructed.

“Once the circuit is complete, the welding rod will burn at temperatures hot enough to melt and fuse together the metal”. The old man placed the tip of the welding rod on the join where

the two kissing plates touched and slowly wavered in a practiced oscillating motion.

After a short while he took a step back and lifted his mask. Using a small chipping hammer he began gently knocking away the flux, exposing the neat fusion slightly more gold in colour and swirled with the strength and promise of possibility.

“If you cool the join it will be a stronger weld, you can use a cloth soaked in water like the one in that bucket”, Tom said as he motioned to the boy to fetch one from underneath the tool bench.

William thought about the strength created in the balance of heat and coolness, while running the wet cloth along the join releasing steam with a dissipating hiss.

“Now it's your turn,” Tom said, passing the boy the blackened mask and the power of light contained so miraculously within the welder.

*That night young William saw himself travelling through Mexico, with the different possibilities of a dream becoming a seamless reality. Seeing his dreams so clearly, he knew that in some way they must be real.*

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The next morning he awoke to birds chirping in a tree near the window. With the thought that he was going to make a car and travel to freedom, his feet led him to the shed. Rummaging around he bumped into an old rusty bed, he rubbed at the flaking blue paint over strong wrought iron and it struck him that the bed could make a frame for his car. It was time. He headed down to the local junkyard to see what else might fall into place for him this fine day.

With the wind at his back and sure the car would be a success despite Tom's negative words the day before, he picked up speed and made a real effort to reach his destination before the sun was in the middle of the sky. The days were quite short in the winter and it was a long way to ride. Sweat beaded across his brow by the time he got to the yard and he gratefully took great draughts of cold water from the tap by the gate. He noticed a small sign that read ‘No Scavenging’ placed prominently in the centre of the gate. There were a few dogs barking somewhere out of view and the whole place was filled with rambling mountains of discarded objects of every description. Finally a man appeared asking what he wanted.

“I’m looking for a few car parts,” William quietly mumbled.

“Well, have you got any money?” the man was quick to say.

“No, I don’t, but I can work for you in exchange” The boy said looking into his shrewd eyes.

“We don’t need any work around here,” the man scoffed.

“I can help organise your shop.”

“I have been running this shop for over twenty years, what makes you think it needs organising? I’m too old to waste time listening to a kid,” but he must have felt sorry for him because after a little while he said, “what exactly are you after?” rolling his eyes at his own softness.

“I’m looking for some wheels and a seat”, William beamed, and those being the first components he could think of.

“Have a look around and we will work something out”, the man said hastily.

William took a deep breath and began walking around the monstrous piles of bits and pieces scattered throughout the lot. Every now and then he would stumble upon a set of wheels smothered in junk, trying to think of how he could expose it to see if it’s suitable. After doing a whole lap of the premises, he pushed aside a shopping trolley and started clearing junk from atop an old ride-on lawn mower. He liked to think that he might give something thrown away a whole new life, that he held the potential to true transformation.

The width of the wheels looked similar to that of the bed and the tread was in reasonable condition considering it’s age. The seat was also in pretty good nick. William wiped his forehead with his arm and looked across the quiet rusting landscape.

Soon the dogs began barking to the sound of metal clanking as he removed old wheel hubs and threw them down hitting other ramshackle discarded objects. It was not long before the man came out to see.

“What’s all this noise you are making”?

“Sorry, but I am trying to uncover this old ride-on to get a better look at it”,

“That’s got to be worth at least five dollars, which I’m guessing you don’t have “

The boy looked at the ground completely absorbed in thought.

“How about I collect all the wheel hubs and sort them in order to the brand of car they came from?”

“I will be happy to do this for you”, said William with bright and determined eyes.

“Give it your best shot, we’ll see how you go”, the man said as he turned to head back to the house.

Looking around at the piles he gently smiled. He had won the permission to work for the man in exchange for the parts he needed to put together the car. This positive feeling gave him the confidence and strength to move forward and he thought ‘this is going to happen’.

Clearing some space near the side of the shop to sort the hubcaps was first. Then using the shopping trolley he collected as many as he could until they were falling out over the sides. It doesn’t matter, He thought, the fallen ones will be easy to collect the next time round.

Then Tom appeared. He watched William for a minute before he spoke.

“I saw your bike out the front and thought I’d stop in and see what you are doing,” said Tom.

“I’m sorting out these hubcaps in exchange for some parts for the car”, William stated.

“I have two missing off the back of my truck, is there any here that fit a Chevy? ”, Tom said while looking amongst the piles.

They both searched through the hubcaps until they found two with the Chevrolet logo indented strongly into their centres.

“Great, I should have come here a long time ago”, he said as he walked back to pay the man.

The boy spent the rest of the day working until he became hungry and tired. He decided it was time to head home. He took the last load to the side of the shop and taking a deep breath, realising that there was a lot more work organising the junkyard than he had expected. He sorted the last trolley, and the man came out from inside the house.

“What’s your name son? “

“William”, he said stretching his back.



“That makes two of us, call me Bill for short”,

“You have done a good job here today, I already made three extra sales,” Bill said looking quite satisfied.

“Why don’t you come back tomorrow and I will pay you at the end of the day”

“I would rather work for parts, to build a car”, William mumbled.

Bill laughed and said, “There are plenty of parts here, need not worry about that”.

Setting off the sun was beginning to fade. There was an old bike track that ran down beside the wetlands. In the summer, kids would often ride to the beach this way. He made it home before supper and was utterly exhausted.

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The following day he headed back to the junkyard to continue sorting and by mid afternoon there was not a single hubcap visible to the naked eye. All the rest must be buried he thought as he rested in the shade. Then Bill came waddling over with a big grin on his face. It turns out Tom had been telling of his find and a few more customers had shown up looking to replace their missing wheel covers.

“Maybe if I sort other parts out you will get more customers”, the boy said.

“Yeah, you could be right”

“Is it oaky if I have a look at that mower now? ”,

“Sure thing kiddo, the shed over there has tools in it, go ahead”, Bill said pointing to a green roofed building.

Looking at the rusty old ride-on, he noticed a large green frog sheltered underneath it in the shade. He pictured the wheels fitting to the bed and the seat mounting on top. Seeing the image in his mind gave him motivation to work towards making it a reality.

He started unbolting the wheels and then the seat. The fuel tank looked in pretty good order. All he had to do was find all the

different parts and assemble them into a car.

William cleared a space near the tool bench and piled the components there after making trips though the junkyard. I will not use everything, he thought. There is plenty to choose from and he had accumulated a lot in a short amount of time that second afternoon.

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The weeks circled by and sure enough the boy was back organising junk down at the yard. Bill told Will that sales had increased and he would give him a hand tinkering in the shed. He was touched by the boy's sincerity and secretly pleased to have a companion on those hot days despite his gruff exterior. Carefully they began to cut the axles from the mower and weld them to the bed. The steering mechanism took a bit of work, cutting metal plates to mount the intricate rack and pinion system. It was not long before the look of the car took shape. There was still a long way to go before it was going to be functional.

An old motorbike laid weathering amongst all the junk down one side of the yard. After talking to Bill about its condition the boy discovered the motor was most likely still close to working order. There was going to be quite a bit of fiddling to remove it's heart then fit it to the frame, so William spent the rest of the day playing with spanners and rusty old bolts.

Every night while lying in bed, he visualised and fantasied in his imagination the next stage of the car. Each step would require finding suitable components and customising them to suit their purpose. Sometimes parts would need to be reshaped or new mounting brackets added and picturing them each evening ultimately made the next days work a lot less time consuming. William had a strong belief in his ability to achieve his desires and that is what drove him steadily to success. He could see the car being complete along with it in motion. While leading his motivation and confidence, he was positive that he was on the right track and the car would be drive-able.

As each night and day passed William moved one step closer to achieving his goal of building the hand made car. Importantly so, his power of self-belief grew stronger and his confidence in

the ability to achieve his dreams in life flourished. As summer approached the winds grew stronger and while the days turned into weeks to months the boy also started to accumulate a small amount of money from working at the yard. He saved it in the small box under his bed along with the handcrafted nail and other belongings he treasured. Every now and then he just gazed at them and wondered where they came from and why he found them so fascinating.

The next night he visualised connecting the fuel supply to the engine as well as the accelerator cable from the foot pedal to the carburettor. The following day he set about finding fuel lines and cables then connecting and mounting support brackets to hold them in place. He was moving closer to the completion of the car and now had begun to daydream about driving the car to freedom during his days tinkering on it.

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Winter that year had made its mark and as the days grew longer the boy yearned immensely to drive the car away from his life in California. His relationship with his mother was never the most secure. At the age of ten his relationship with Annabel was engulfed with a fear of abandonment. Shortly after birth, William was sent to Wichita Kansas to be raised by his aunty and grandmother. At the age of six returned to living with his mother in Hermosa Beach. He never forgave Annabel for abandoning him like that and even though she was a good woman the boy carried with him these fears for the rest of his life.

He knew his mum loved him but could never really understand why she sent him away. Maybe she didn't really love him or was ashamed of him. Maybe it was because she hated his father for leaving her all alone while he went to work as a test pilot in the first and second world wars.

*Sometimes people just reflect their own fears through their ego and fail to consciously realise it.*

The smell of flowers permeated the air around Hermosa Beach as spring had well and truly shone colour through out the gardens around the neighbourhood's. It was at this time that the boy finished the car. All the different components seemed to be working in conjunction with each other and now all that was left was to start it up and go for a test drive.

The next day after sorting some junk at the yard the boy approached Bill with a big smile on his face.

"I think the car is ready to drive", he said with a quite happiness that surfaced through his grin.

"That's great and you have earned this 1920 jaguar hood emblem for all your hard work and persistence", Bill said while removing the shiny metallic jaguar wrapped in cloth from the bottom draw of his desk.

That afternoon they wheeled the car over to a vacant lot of land across the road from the junkyard and started the motor on the car. The rumble of the old motorcycle engine was loud and the smell of petroleum fumes was pungent. William climbed up onto the seat and noticed that his hands were shaking with excitement. He engaged the clutch then selected the first gear and proceeded to do a couple of laps around the vacant lot. The car was a success.

Later that night whilst eating dinner with his mother William announce his achievement to his mother.

"Today at the junk yard I finished the car I have been building"  
"That's great dear" Annabel replied.

"I'm going to drive it to Mexico"

Annabel Laughed and rolled her eyes at the boy.

"You're not old enough to hold a license and you can't register that old pile of junk, it's against the law"

"I have had a dream, traveling through Mexico"

"Oh well, you will just have to wait till your older, besides your to young to be traveling around in a foreign country"

Even though his mother was right young William never lost sight of his dreams.



## 2. Mexico With déjà Vu

The Years slowly ticked by and now the boy and his mum had moved to Phoenix Arizona. Annabel's new husband Tom worked for a company out there building military aircraft. It was now Williams sixteenth Birthday and his mother and step dad gave him some Native American arrowheads and a turquoise ring along with ten dollars. Thirty-six moons had passed since he built the car and now it was just a distant memory left at the Junk Yard in Hermosa Beach.

"Happy birthday", Annabel said, gently giving William a pat on the back.

"How are you going to spend your money"?

"Well, I have been saving for awhile to catch a bus to Mexico"

The bus station was only a few blocks away from where they lived, so William grabbed his backpack and made it there by foot. All he decided to take were clothes, food, toothbrush, soap and the small box with the thumbnail and his other treasured goods. He really only needed the bare essentials and preferred not to weigh down his freedom by carrying too much other stuff. He felt strong and free.

He stared long and hard at a map on the bus station wall then closed his eyes and opened them to find a small place called Los Mochas. This is where I will go he thought. Just then a strange gust of wind blew past him so he zipped up his jacket and looked for somewhere to sit and wait for the bus.

"Is it ok if I sit down here?" asked William.

"Yeah, that's not a problem, where you headed", replied a nice Native American lady.

"I'm going to Los Mochas"

"Catching the train through the Copper Canyon are you"?

"Well I don't know, what is that"?

"It was discovered by the Spanish in the 1500s when a detachment of Conquistadores from Coronado's expedition went in search of the seven golden cities of Cebola. There is an old train that climbs up through the canyon, it was built in the early 1900s to transport gold and silver to the Sea of Cortez"

"Sounds pretty interesting maybe I will check it out"

"There is a small town along the way there called Creel, from there you can catch a donkey down into the canyon to a place called Urique, there the temperature is a lot warmer, there you will find mango trees and other tropical fruits. There is also an old church, it's said to be around four hundred years old and nobody really knows why it was built" and she took a deep breath.

"That sounds pretty amazing, I might just go," said the boy without even thinking about his reply.

"The Indians there say that this is where the consciousness of the earth listens to all the life on Earth", she said with peculiar eyes.

"What is the consciousness of the Earth"? Asked William.

"Everything living on Earth has a consciousness and they are all linked to the Earth's consciousness as a collective whole"

"I don't understand, what is a consciousness"?

"Well that's not easy to explain, but I'll give it a go. It's a state of awareness, that you are you and what you think and feel. If that makes sense?"

"Not really, so what is the consciousness of the Earth"?

"All the life on Earth thinks and feels throughout their life, just like how you are listening to what I say and interpreting that information. The Earth itself listens to what we say and interprets the information. This is how the Universe gathers experience for the divine mind"

"Ok so what is the divine mind"?

"You could say it's like the consciousness of the Universe. We all have thoughts and feeling, which lead us to grow and learn throughout our experience in our lifetime. All of these experiences shape the people we become and you could say that all this information shapes the Earth as a whole, which shapes the Sun that is the centre of the solar system. This information is then received by the centre of the Milky Way and from there back to the centre of the Universe. This is how the Universe learns and grows"

"Here is my bus so I better go" William said as he stood up and scooped his backpack over his shoulder.

"Good talking to you son, what is your name"?

"It's William, what is yours"?

"Josephine, I just finished reading this book called 'The consciousness of the Earth' so you may as well have it", the lady said taking it from his bag and holding it up.

"Thank you", William said as he motioned towards the incoming bus.

"Take care young man," she said as William hurried off.

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The bus was almost completely filled with people, most of Hispanic and Native American descent. William made his way up towards the middle of the bus and placed his bag under the seat

before sitting down. He knew it was going to be a long ride so he took some clothes out of the bag to use as a pillow.

As the bus made its way out of Phoenix the landscape seemed to go on forever with the same arid countryside all the way past Tucson.

Night was beginning to fall and that same repetitive landscape drove William into an allusive dreamy state. When he awoke a federal policeman was standing in the aisle of the bus and the night was totally black and the bus empty. William was half asleep but he understood the policeman indicating that he wanted to look through his bag. He opened both zips on the bag and the policeman had a quick glance inside it. After that he nodded off back to sleep and slept all night until the sun pierced through the windows of the bus to wake him up.

William wiped the sleep from eyes and glanced out the window to see a rather large concrete prison with fifty-meter high walls. I must be in Mexico he deduced from the shabby state of the building. Not a great first impression he thought.

The bus continued its journey; all the while William stared out the windows at the strange looking buildings and people as it passed through each small town.

Mid afternoon they finally reached Los Mochas. He stretched his arms after departing the bus and was surrounded by mostly all Mexicans talking, collecting bags and jumping in taxis.

The town was not as he imagined and seemed to be mostly flat with no mountains. He asked a few taxi drivers to take him to the train station and was answered by the same "No English" until finally one understood him. On the way there he realised that Mexico was not like America and he had not seen another white person all morning. The feeling of fear shivered up his spine as he tightly gripped the handle of his backpack. Feeling quite conspicuous with his bright blonde hair.

After arriving at the train station he noticed the place seemed deserted. There was not a single car in the car park and not a single person to be seen. He warily made his way over to entrance with the feeling of doubt in the back of his mind. He was in a foreign country alone and had not realised what it was going to be like amongst a different culture with a language barrier.

He sat down on the steps to ponder his thoughts and just as he did, a young Mexican boy appeared in the corner of his eye.



"Where you go"? The boy asked.

"Creel", William answered.

"The next train not till morning, my family has accommodation, and the cost is two thousand Peso's"

So William nodded his head and picked up his bag and followed him over to a house adjoining one side of the train station car park. The young Mexican unlocked a door to a small room in the back yard of their house. After which he left the room and headed to the house, returning shortly after with some old books. William spent the rest of the day attempting to read books written in Spanish until he remembered the book the lady at the bus station in Phoenix had given him.

It was only a small book about dreams that install programs into your sub consciousness mind from the super consciousness of the Earth. The ancient mind of Gaia being the higher power above all the conscious living things. Written by a French explorer Jacques Gasson, who discovered some ancient tablets high in the Andes Mountain ranges of South America? He had them translated in the natural museum of history in Mexico city and claimed the tablets indicated that strange bearded white men had flown down from the heavens in round balls of light and lived amongst the local Indians there at the time, telepathically teaching them the ways of the universe.

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The following day he woke to a dog barking in the yard next door. He climbed out of bed and gathered his bag of belongings. He took a quick shower after which he heard the distant train horn and the hiss of an old steam engine increasingly moving closer. He suddenly felt on the right track, as time was in sync with his morning's actions.

He purchased a ticket and boarded the old train to find others tourists sitting near each other at the front of one of the cabins. He took a seat near a woman traveling with her children and noticed that her daughter was tall and very pretty with long blonde hair. The train departed Los Mochas and it was not long before they were ascending into the Sierra Madre Mountain range.

A few hours passed and the train slowly meandered up to the top of the Sierra Madre where it travelled along wedging cliffs with

the odd glimpses into the Copper Canyon. The Sun was in the middle of the sky when an announcement in Spanish came from a small speaker above the door to the cabin. The train came to a halt and most of the people exited on to a large platform with extensive views north and south of the canyon.

William walked over to railing and looked down to see a small green river flowing slowly through the canyon floor. It appeared to be very far away and he noticed the green and yellow rock layering its way up to the surface of the canyon walls. A very young Mexican girl appeared by his side holding a handful of bracelets that she held up to him with a smile. William reached into his pockets to find a nickel that made a smile break out all across her face.

The horn sounded and people began to make their way back on board the train. The next few hours were very scenic and William spent a lot of the time outside on a small standing platform used for boarding when the train was not in motion. The air was quite cool from the height in altitude and the smell of pine forests was prominent. As they approached cliffy sections the train would slow down along with click-clack of the wheels running along the tracks. Just then the blonde girl appeared from inside the cabin.

"How are you"? Asked William.

"I am good, my name is Maya" She replied.

William reached into his pockets only to feel the small bracelet which he pulled out with his hand open. The girl picked up the bracelet and put it in front of her eyes. The train's horn sounded once again and the girl's mother appeared.

"Come on Maya we are almost there", as she pulled her inside the cabin.

A couple of miles further down the track they reached Creel, which was founded as a railroad depot on the Chihuahua–Pacific line. Some passengers departed the train and William followed the other tourists to a hostel not far from the train station. As he paid the receptionist for a bed he heard the distant horn of the train before it left for its next destination.

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The night was starting to fall over the hostel a silvery moon lit

the cactus in the courtyard. On the way to the bathroom he recognised a man from the train who stopped him and said.

"I saw you on the train from Los Mochas, my name is James" holding out his hand to greet.

"I saw you to, my name is William"

"A bunch of us are going to get a drink later and your welcome to come if you like"

"Thanks, when are you leaving"?

"Oh, probably in half an hour, we are all going to meet in front of the hostel then head down the street together"

"Ok I will see you there"

William entered the bathroom and quickly washed himself down with soap and brushed his teeth. The water in the hostel was cold so he didn't waste much time in the shower. Then he headed back to his room to find the blonde girl standing next to a statue in the courtyard.

"Hello again," William said nervously.

She looked him straight in the eyes as if she was looking through him.

"Hi"

"Where are you from," he asked a little less shy.

"I'm from Nevada. I have just been traveling in Central America with my family"

"Some of the other tourists are going out for a drink later if you want to come"?

"I'll ask my mum but probably not because my dad is meeting us here early in the morning in our motor home", then she turned and walked out of the courtyard.

Later that evening some of the tourists gathered in front of the hostel then made their way to a local cafe that was the only place in town that served alcohol. They sat around a large table and shared stories about their travels and where they had come from. Manuel was the waiter's name and the menu only had tea and coffee on it but you could add Tequila if you wanted. This was their way of selling alcohol without paying taxes or having

a liquor license. After a couple of drinks the stories being shared became more wild and their laughter grew louder.

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The following day William awoke to cloudy vision and a splitting headache. The last thing on his mind was catching a donkey down into the canyon. He gathered his toilet stuff and headed for a shower. The weather had grown cloudy and cold. He did not feel comfortable here and the memory of leaving home to find a new life suddenly became the reality of the new life being less comfortable than his life in Arizona.

After taking a cold shower he took a quick stroll around the hostel. It was eleven o'clock and most of the other guests had most likely checked out. The blonde girl and her family were nowhere to be seen and probably left in their motor home. Lost in his thoughts about where to go, William pondered. The hangover had lowered his wellbeing and self esteem and he really felt like he should just go back to Arizona. He asked the lady at the reception how the best way to do this would be and she recommended he take a bus from the train station.

Around lunchtime he packed his bag and checked out of the hostel to make his way over to catch the bus. He had not seen another tourist all morning and thought that was a bit strange. There seemed to be Mexican people all around him until finally a white man appeared.

"Hi, how's it going" the man said with a German accent.

"Could be better, where are you off to?" William said with a lone from the previous night's drinks.

"Montezuma, what about you"?

"I'm going back to the states"

The bus was yellow and black. The squeak of its brakes was loud as dust clouded the station on arrival. They boarded the bus and William made his way to the middle and took a seat on the row behind the driver. He tucked his bag under the seat and settled in for the long ride. He noticed the German guy seated on the back row, besides him all the other people on the bus were wearing colourful Mexican clothes except a handsome man wearing a tuxedo seated across the aisle a few seats from the

front. The man appeared to be about forty, his face was smooth and without wrinkles.

A strange feeling of de ja vu came over William. As if he had dreamt it last night. He could see all the colourfully dressed Mexicans on the bus and the man wearing the tuxedo in his memory just like how it appeared to be in the present reality. The location of the handsome man wearing the tuxedo seemed to be exactly where he remembered him to be but he did not know how or why he could see it in his memory.

The bus left creel and made its way down from the Sierra Madre Mountain range onto the salty flat plains of the Chihuahua desert. William Wondered about his experience at the bus station only to find no reasonable answers in any logic that he knew, so he starred at the desert aimlessly and drifted off to sleep.

A few hours later he woke up to the bus bumping over the rough dirt roads and noticed that the German guy was no longer on the bus. Looking around the bus with his drowsy eyes he suddenly had the same feeling of déjà vu with the man wearing the tuxedo. Somehow he felt like he had been in this situation before, like it was a memory of the present. He looked back out the window and pondered at its meaning through the desert.

A couple more hours went by staring out the window then an Old Spanish song came on the radio. At the end of the song the man wearing the tuxedo was wiping tears from his eyes while all the other brightly attired Mexicans on the bus seemed to going about their bus ride normally. This was the point where William realised that this was not a dream or a memory, yet he had no answers as to what it meant. He could see it very clear in his mind. The view of the other passengers on the bus, the man wearing the tuxedo who was wiping tears from his eyes.

The bus travelled further towards the border and he wondered what the déjà vu meant until his eyes lids became heavier. Once again he drifted off to sleep glancing out the window of the bus.

\*

The sun was beginning to drop towards to the horizon when some policemen came on the bus. They walked straight up to William, as he was the only white person on board. They spoke in an aggressive and fast Spanish accent and the only word William could understand was passport. Which he timidly took from his bag and handed to one of the officers. He could not understand their language but from their facial expression and body language he could tell they looked confused and were not

happy. Then the man in the tuxedo walked up on his own accord and spoke to them in Spanish.

"It appears you are illegally in Mexico and they want you to come off the bus" He translated from Spanish.

William followed the policemen off the bus and as he stood on the dusty cream coloured ground in front of the bus he suddenly had flash backs of the prison he saw when he woke up the first morning in Mexico. Then the man wearing the tuxedo came off the bus and William turned to him and poured his soul onto him in a way he had never spoken or felt before.

"I'm just an American tourist, I have done nothing wrong"  
The man wearing the tuxedo seemed to convey this emotion to the police men and William though unable to understand their language deduced that the policemen said, "you are lucky we are going to let you go".

He had failed to get his passport stamped when the bus had stopped at the boarder on the way down. He realised now that when he was awoken to an empty bus and bag search, he should have exited the bus and gone through the immigration office.

In some way his experience of déjà vu was linked to the man wearing the tuxedo saving him from the unknown outcome of illegally travelling to Mexico.

"Thank you" all William could think to say to the tuxedo-wearing angel as they re-boarded the bus.



### **3. Drafting to War**

Two more years meandered by. William finished high school and was now eighteen. A letter came in the mail stating that he had been drafted to join the 196th light infantry brigade to fight in the Vietnam War. William would be filling a vacancy in the armed forces, which could not be filled through voluntary means and was selected randomly in a lottery system. It was a huge shock to him, as he had never liked violence or destruction, let alone fighting and killing people he knew nothing about. All his life he felt he had been a good person and tried his best to never do wrong by anyone or anything. He could not understand why his fate had been destined to partake in the

horrible events of War. His mother said, "it will make you a man," but William knew that it was not good.

\*

A couple more months flew by and William received another letter stating that he must report to a specific place for in processing into the US military. After being examined by medical personal and mentally tested, he was shuffled onto a chartered bus and sent to the nearest US army fort for basic combat infantryman training.

Life at boot camp was not pleasant and amongst the other men there, most were not happy about the draft. It was clear they were all in the same boat.

After a month of training and learning the ways of the military, William noticed himself turning into someone that was influenced by an outside force, not of his choice. Nothing he could stand to be outside of the person he was inside, until the day came when he met a young Native American man by the name of Tahoe.

William and Tahoe spent a lot of time talking about life outside the rigorous training that was put upon them in camp. Tahoe told William that his father and bloodlines came from fearsome and wise Indian warrior chiefs. Never a dull moment in their conversations and Tahoe seemed to talk a lot about the Universe and the Earth. It reminded him of something in his past.

One day Tahoe shared some knowledge with William that he would never forget.

"The Sun moves in an oscillating motion as it travels around Milky way" Tahoe spoke as he motioned like a snake slithering with his hand.

"It takes somewhere around 250 million years for the Sun to do a full circle around the centre of the Milky Way. And around 25,000 years to complete one full oscillation",

"What does this mean for planet Earth?"

"Well, Just as the Earth goes through seasons and changes every year, the Sun goes through seasons and changes as it travels around the Milky Way. This constant and cycling motion propels



and activates change, so everything is constantly moving forward", Tahoe said with a concerning look on his face.

"There are five seasons through out one oscillation of the Milky Way and each has an effect on the Sun which in turn has an effect on the Earth and its inhabitants",

"How do you know about this?" William asked.

"My father taught me and he learned it from his father, it has been passed down for many generations, when our ancestors lived with nature and studied the heavens",

*"The ancient people were very in tune and could easily listen to the super consciousness of the Universe through their Hearts"*

\*

The next day William woke up early at dawn, startled by a dream about Vietnam. Asian men had surrounded him. It was as if he had dreamed the future. William had a bad feeling in his stomach that the dream had confirmed his belief about going to Vietnam. But it would be his destiny and no matter where his morals and origins came from, he would have to follow the path laid out for him.

Later that morning William and Tahoe and the other men at the base learned how to shoot a M-14 and M-16 combat rifles. The loud crack of gunpowder exploding sent shock waves through the men. The wind was strong that day and with each firing the speed of sound was broken. It was not until midday that the wind finally rested. William and Tahoe sat and talked as they ate food.

*"All of life is made up of good and bad or right and wrong. These are just some of the two reflecting sides of duality",* Tahoe told William.

*"Just like on any musical instrument there is really only two scales; the happy scale and the sad scale, all the other scales are derived from either of these two scales and both scales share many similar notes"*

*"Every part of life has this duality. It is an important part of understanding your emotions which is the key to understanding yourself and the world around you,"* Tahoe followed on with.

"Why is there bad in the world?" William asked.

*"Without bad, good cannot be distinguished as anything different. You will either feel good or bad about a situation and I learnt to accept the different sides as opposites that make up one complete whole,"* replied Tahoe.

*"Bad is just the opposite of good and both reflect each other. This is part of how the universe continues to grow and move forward. If there was only one without the other then how could anything be more than just than just one. To know and understand good and bad inside you is to come closer to achieving true inner harmony. To understand wrong is just the opposite of right is to accept both as a unity",* answered Tahoe.

"So what is the duality when it comes to War?" William asked his knowledgeable friend.

"After war and destruction comes love and peace. In a battle the duality can be seen as offence and defence. Attack or defend. If you study life carefully enough you can see that all of existence is made up of these two reflecting sides of duality," Tahoe said full of Earthly wisdom.

After lunch they continued to learn how to clean and look after their weapons. The training officer at the camp had told them all how there was no stone left unturned when it came to looking after your equipment for survival in the wild and in battle.



## 4. The Boat to Vietnam

So now it came about for William to pack his bags and leave for Vietnam. All the troops boarded the navy ship and were destined to fight and kill in a land unfamiliar to them. The time came for William to cross the river of life and death. There was fear in his heart, would he be swept away and drowned or would he make it through the strong currents of War and reach the safety of land on the other side? Only destiny held the answers, William was quietly caught in the middle of fear and love.

The soldiers on board the ship were a mixed bunch of rowdy hateful men and scared insecure men. Only the odd captain or officer had the positive confidence that everything was going to be all right and that no matter the outcome of their survival, just knowing they served their purpose gracefully. William was beginning to read a man not by his personality or the words he spoke but by the emotion that emanates from a persons true physical essence. He was learning to mirror people emotions so

as to feel what they felt and Understand what they were going through.

The ship was cramped and the men aboard gradually became more frustrated with living amongst each other and with the raging seas of discomfort. Huge swells had battered the ship for almost a week since leaving port; the sense of hardship was present in even the strongest men. William learnt that no matter how someone appears on the outside the true feeling of a man was shown through his or her body. If a man reached for something in great confidence and eagerness it meant he was living in love and if he reached for it with hesitance and sombreness he was living in fear. No matter there colour or creed all the men seemed to have either one of these traits and it had come to William that any person is readable with this perspective.

Ten days passed since their departure and the Captain of the ship sensed the growing unease and scuffling amongst the men.

They decided to pass out some whisky to try to settle this discomfort. It was a stormy night with no moon and the wind was howling strong, the whistle of its message was now resting in the minds of the men. They swayed with the rocking of the boat while swigging their alcohol rations and soon the mood changed to more chatter and movement. William decided to take a walk up on to the deck to grasp the conditions of the night.

Drafting his way through the corridors, stairs and passageways he made his way to the deck. He could see the silhouette of three large men smoking cigarettes near to the door.

"What are doing here, boy?" one of the outlines snarled.

"I am just going to check the conditions outside"

"are you crazy, it's blowing a gale out there" he pitted.

Just as he realised the men were looking very staunch he felt a crunch in the side of his face and was knocked straight into the metal ships internal wall.

The man to his left had punched him hard in the side of the head, the lack of light in the passageway had caught him unaware and he was slightly concussed from the blow. Then one of the men picked him up by his shirt and kneed him in the lower ribs and stomach region.

The men continued to beat him even though that first blow had rendered him helpless to any kind of defence or retreat. He was beaten so bad that he was found a few hours later and taken

straight to the medic for rehabilitation.

\*

Life was hard amongst the crew of the ship and the soldiers. The balance of fear and love had turned negative from the relentless stormy weather and huge waves pounding the ship as it sailed on its path to War. The whole journey was a precursor for the men to grow enough hate to kill a man for no reason other than orders from ones commanding rank. It was as if the Earth and its weather were contributing to the course of history.

As William recovered from the beating he spent a lot of time wondering why the Earth would contribute to the destruction of life its self? How could something bad lead to anything good? What was the lesson from the Earth trying to teach him? He laid there staring at the medical equipment strung around the room and began to wonder if maybe some of the equipment was invented for the advancement of an army needing the best medical advantage possible, to give it a better chance of winning? That would be a positive advancement for the human species in the long run, so it would be something good coming from something bad. It also occurred to him that being beaten had made him realise that good things do come from bad situations and so that in itself was a valuable and positive lesson to learn.

\*

The weather finally cleared and the men experienced some smooth and calm sailing as they crossed the Pacific Ocean. Nearing their destination to Guan Vietnam, William's health had now returned and his experiences in life had grown immensely. A bad situation could be seen as a reflection to the positive advancement of a good situation. If one relies on the other to grow, they are both part of an equally expanding experience that we are all part of.

*When one can accept both sides as a whole, then they can live a more balanced life without all the highs and lows of good and bad. Looking at life through these eyes will lead you to contentment, acceptance and equilibrium.*



## 5. Freedom for all

The ship docked and its crew and army departed, William had a sense of de déjà vu when he first laid eyes on the portrait style landscape and scenery. Thatched grassy roofs with the odd trail of smoke scattered the lush green land and palm trees and other tropical plants filled the spaces between the many rice fields. The air had a warm humid smell of vegetation and livestock that William was not familiar with growing up on the West coast of America. The sound of many different birds singing to the music of their rich forests was new to William as well as the fast and strange language the Vietnamese spoke. He had an overall feeling from the Vietnamese people's true emotions; they were living in fear and sadness while enduring the treachery of war!

The troops were transported like cows to a slaughterhouse in big trucks that guzzled down the pothole filled roads leading towards the army barracks. Every bump a shallow reminder the end could be near. Knowing that every breath of diesel fumed air could be the last. William grew a sinking feeling in his stomach but in his heart he knew that everything would be all right.

The truck ceased to a halt, the tailgate slammed open and the men were commanded to exit the vehicle. As William followed the other men to their camp he noticed some Vietnamese prisoners of war locked up with their fingers tightly wrapped around the bars of the prison cell. Most of the prisoners seemed calm and balanced as if they were living in a state of both fear and love. Love, the safety of not being on the battlefield, and fear, the uncertainty of not knowing your future when it's in the hands of your enemy. William wondered if anyone in this war was passionate about killing their opposing side or if everyone was just following orders from above.

He spent a few days at the camp doing training exercises and being briefed on the mission the battalion would be commencing.

One night before sleep, he lay there thinking about the Vietnamese prisoners as he drifted away into a dream state. He dreamt about walking across a field somewhere high in altitude. In the dream he was carrying a rope that was being followed by a strange looking mountain goat. He could see a small village just up ahead and as he walked he noticed he was wearing a strange pair of what looked like, hand made sandal shoes. When he reached the village he noticed a man standing behind a window and he asked him, "Where am I". The man in the window turned and said, "You are in Tibet".

Just as the man said Tibet, a huge spot light awoke William and he soon realised he was standing outside in the dark. He was sleep walking across the field with the mountain goat while walking across the army barracks and talking to the man in the window while he was really mumbling to the Vietnamese prisoners. The guards in the tower did not take this lightly and both fired their rifles at William, one of the bullets grazing his left arm. He knelt to the ground with the sound of boots running towards him and was tackled into the dirt.

\*

Later he woke up in prison with a bandage around his arm and sore face from being pushed into the ground. The past few months had been tough on his body but he always tried to maintain a sense of balance in his emotions. He wasn't going to let any kind of fear or pain, break his own self esteem, *in his heart he new had done nothing wrong in regard to wrong and right in the Universe.*

He sat in the prison cell for 21 days before finally somebody came and said he would be sent back to America as " criminally insane " but would not be charged. Instead be discharged from the army.

The days passed until he would be put on a ship and sent back to America, and as they did he spent his time in the cell watching the body language of the other prisoners. He noticed that when a person's head is down, the tone of their voice and the general theme of what they are talking about matches accordingly. On the other side when a person's chin is up, so the tone of voice along with their general persona.

William thought that maybe by using his mind to control his body he could make himself feel happy. So he sat up straight and relaxed his shoulders. Then he lifted his chin up to a nice balanced point from his chest. Not to high and not to low just right in the middle. As he took a deep breath and gently smiled he felt a rush of positive energy flow up his back and over the top of his head. He instantly felt happy and at peace with the Earth. Even though he was a prisoner to his own country at least he was alive and on his way home. He could have been fighting on the battlefield and possibly even wound up killed so he was happy to be alive but sad to be a prisoner in a jail cell and that put him just about in the middle of his emotions. He realised he was actually in a good place to be in life.

The more he studied the other prisoners, the more it became apparent to him that the overall happiness and contentment in a man was reflected in the way he positioned his body. If a feeling is felt inside your body then why isn't it possible to use your mind to control your body and therefore control your feelings and emotions?



*From that day forth, every situation William went through, he was going to try to position his body in a balanced state of not being happy and not being sad. That way he would not go through the lows after you fall from the highs. To remain in the middle made more sense and wisdom than fluctuating between happiness and sadness.*

Finally a young lady came to give notice to the prisoners, they would be departing in a few days; finally William would be going home. Something in her eyes reminded William of the beautiful girl Maya he met while traveling through the copper canyon in Mexico and the distant memory cast a shadow over his heart.



## **6. The hospital in Japan**

It was another day with his thoughts when the prisoners departed the military prison and were transported to a ship. William collected his book and small box of treasurable

belongings including the hand made thumbnail, semi-precious stones and his Fathers watch. All the other men eagerly shuffled towards the freedom of the open jail cell. Outside they were crammed in a truck and moved through the streets of Guan on the way to navel port, William had a vision of the entire world being a great big spider web and the short journey in the truck was just a small strand in an incomprehensibly large web. Was it possible that the Earth as a whole relied on each individual strand to be complete just like in the web of a spider? Maybe the Universe it's self is a big web and each star being an intricate part of its existence? The scale of his thoughts was immensely infinite, just like the expanding Universe.

The men were ordered off the truck and herded up the ramps to the ship. As William walked along the narrow ramp a sorrowing wave of fear engulfed his body. The memories of being beaten within an inch of his life flashed through his mind and the feeling of pain and fear reminded him of his last experience on a navy ship.

His past experiences had shaped the present moment to a negative place but he remembered his thoughts in the jail cell about controlling his body to control his emotions. He lifted his chin up to the centre of the horizon and took a deep breath in, relaxing his back and shoulders as he exhaled. As he gently smiled the feeling of happiness and positive energy replaced the negative and he suddenly felt strong and confident about his forthcoming journey home.

It worked and now he was living in love. He used his mind to control his body and the feelings inside it, making his present emotions positive. The fear of traveling on the ship no longer burdened him and he looked at the world through the eyes of a man who knows who he is.

The ship left Vietnam and the weather was much better than when they had left America. William was beginning to realize that he compared every experience in the present moment in life with Experiences from similar occasions in the past. Everything he had been through in the past reflected through his emotions and attitude towards his current situation. He began to wonder if he should try to accept all the bad things and try to live in a balance of all the good and bad experiences he lived through in his life. In every bad situation he learnt a valuable lesson that made him grow and learn how to live his life in a better way.

Contributing to the greater good for humanity and the Earth.

William heard news among the other men that the ship was headed to an American army base located in Japan. It would be about five days before they arrived and he spent his days thinking about life and better ways to manage it for him self. The journey to Vietnam had taught him a lot about fear and love and he knew that he wanted to live in love but that he would have to accept fear as its counterpart. By living in love and accepting fear he found the road he travelled much smoother and he could remain balanced and calm throughout the trying times during his experience of going to war and beyond in life.

The ship docked in Japan and William and some of the other prisoners were sent to a hospital for the mentally ill and insane. Most of the men in the hospital seemed ok and others seemed like they had lost their mind and were just soulless zombies conducting the duties of there bodies but nothing else much. Had the soul of some of these men left their bodies or had fear scarred them away in some horrific experience encountered in battle? There was no real chance of reaching a conclusion on the grounds that none of the patients were allowed to speak with one another.

One morning while peering at the only visible sunlight to penetrate the hospital a tall man came in and sat down on the other side of the room.

The man had a noticeably peculiar bald-head with short fair and grey hairs at the sides of his shiny scalp. The two men glimpsed eye contact and in that brief moment a feeling of wisdom brushed past Williams head. Somehow William assumed the man sitting in front of him to be wise, all from looking into each other's eyes. Just as he pondered that thought a voice came into his head and said.

"Are you the one who tried to free the prisoners"

The strange man looked him in the eyes then quickly looked away.

"Well, are you? ", the voice repeated.

"No, I was sleep walking ," William thought.

"You and I were friends 400 years ago in Tibet " the voice said as the man stood up and quickly whisked away out of the room.

Later in the night he thought about what happened that morning. Could the man have been talking to him telepathically or was William going crazy? Maybe he was insane and tried to free the Vietnamese prisoners. He lay there for a long time that night wondering about all the endless possibilities that could exist within the Universe. He fantasied about being in a relaxing peaceful place away from all the terrible times he had been through since leaving home. The environment was calm and the air was soft. This is the place William chooses to go when all the dire visions of war become mentally overwhelming.

He headed back to the room the next day to find the same man looking at the same rays of sunshine William had been drawn to the day before. He heard the same voice in his thoughts and this time the man maintained eye contact with him.

'You still have not learned the right way through life' he heard as the man gave him a sharp look.

'What do you mean' replied William.

'All those years we spent in Tibet and your still living in fear',  
'still living in a material world filled with negative emotions'

William didn't know what to think, all his life he had never held onto any material possessions besides the small box filled with meaningful items like the thumbnail and the old watch.

'Do you remember what our teacher taught us about never killing anything and never doing wrong'

'He taught us the same teachings that are in the bible, the Ten Commandments'

*'One day you will understand the words to the songs played by the old Himalayan drums'.*

Something familiar struck a chord with the voices inside Williams's head. As if he had heard them before but he knew in the present moment that this was not the case. He peered out the window and looked deeply into the rays of sunshine that brightened up his internal spirit'

'I may insult your ego, it is the most pure way for you to question and contemplate your inner self'  
'when you get home you need to dig a hole and bury your fears'  
'I hope you find the light'  
And with that thought the strange man stood up and walked towards the door, looking deep into the sunlight as he did.

From that day forth William vowed to live his life in acceptance of fear. He vowed to accept wrong as the opposite of right. And he vowed never to kill or do wrong by anything. He wasn't sure if he was crazy but he had good feeling about what he learnt in the passing few months. Even if none of what happened was real he was going to try and live his life in a new light.

The next few days felt really long as if time had slowed down and the patients in the hospital seemed quiet in their movement. Whenever William looked at the other men, he no longer felt bad about their sadness. He had decided to see them as a strand in the eternal spiders web, an intricate part of the Earths existence and every important individual life serving a purpose for the bigger picture. No matter how bad a life is there is always salvation in existence.

William didn't see the strange man who talked without moving his mouth again.



## 7. The Monk

Several more years passed back in America before William was accepted to attend a university in the redwood forests of Oregon State. Distant memories of the trifles experienced in Vietnam were but a spec of sand on a lonely beach but the lessons he learned continued to ring loud and true.

*William learnt that good things come from bad situations. He understood the language of the body and the benefits of maintaining a balanced emotional state while living in a present conscious state of awareness. He understood fear and love and learnt to live his life in love and accept fear as a vital force.*

He would never forget about the strange man who told him telepathically to dig a hole and bury his fears. Shortly after returning to America William dug a small hole and stood over it contemplating his life and his fears. He thought about all the things he was afraid of and placed them in the bottom of the

hole, vowing to never let them get in the way of his future goals or his present day emotional feelings.

From that day forth, life only became better for William. He always tried to help people, never hurt anything or anyone. He felt he was on the right path in life and often wondered if the *Universe is like a map, you choose the path you want to journey but once you're on that road all the other roads leading off it are mapped out for you. It's up to you to choose the path you want to take and each second of each day could lead to a thousand different possibilities.*

At times William wondered if he might have imagined events he thought to be reality. But even if some of things that happened were figments of his imagination they had inspired him to curve his life around different paths that led him to a better place. It wasn't until a fine sunny day came upon the University Campus that the truth became more apparent to him.

It was the finest day of the year, close to the cusp of winter and autumn when a small Tibetan Monk appeared out of thin air. Some of the students who were eating lunch and talking in the main courtyard reported to the Dean, that one minute he wasn't there and the next second there was a flash of light and he appeared standing next to the water fountain near the centre of the square.

The word spread around the whole campus and everyone made a way to the main courtyard to see the Monk who seemed to be praying while singing in a low rumbling tone of voice. The Monk wore a necklace with the same symbol engraved on the Thumbnail William carried around in his small sentimental box and his colourful clothes reflected with a mysterious brightness from within the water of the fountain.

As the last whisper of footsteps stopped a vibrant silence permeated the courtyard and everyone appeared to be in a bliss state of meditation. The Monk turned away from the water and looked at all the people that surrounded him. Then he began to talk without moving his mouth. He thought 'hello and that he prayed for everyone to be happy while he paints their imagination with a story about a swan that became friends with a goose'.

'Along time ago a swan became disorientated in a lake'

'All the other swans headed south to make a nest for winter, but one swan left behind'

'One day the swan met to a goose that lived on the lake solemnly'

'The goose told the swan to follow his heart and it would lead him in all the right directions through out his life'

'So the swan flew away in the direction of his heart to catch up to the flock'

*'The moral of the story is if you follow your heart and stay true to yourself and to the Universe of God, then you will find the right path and live a happy fulfilling life'*

For the next few hours the people approached the Monk and had telepathic conversations with him.

No one would ever quite understand why the Monk came and over the next few months he continued to appear on random occasions. Each time people would gather round and listen to his thoughts of wisdom. And each time afterwards people would ask him questions. William asked the monk if he was alive 400 years ago in Tibet but the monk just looked away and thought.

'Are you sure you are ready to learn about such things?'

William thought to the Monk 'would you teach me,' but again the Monk looked away and thought.

'You should find the right path before the road to understanding what you need to learn'

William took a deep breath and then maintained balanced cycles of breathing, he stood up straight and relaxed his shoulders, positioning his chin in the middle and gently smiling. A feeling of bliss rushed over him like a warm gust of wind and he was suddenly enlightened by the Monks energy.

'Now you are ready to choose a path in life'

The ball of energy surrounding them grew warmer!

'Which path is right for me' William thought?

The Monk turned and looked William through the eyes and deep



into his heart!

*'Listen to your heart, it will always tell you the right answer because the heart receives harmonic frequencies that link the Universe together and support the balance of existence'*

*'As long as you believe in yourself and listen to your heart the universal structure that holds everything together will guide your ways'*

*'If you are true to this voice? And follow the right path; it will lead you to the golden roads the Universe has paved. There you will forever find happiness, peace and harmony in your life'*

*'if you listen to your mind and not your heart, you will be stuck in the pathways of hardship until you learn to follow your heart, only then will you find your way to the road paved with gold at the end of a rainbow'*

\*

The next time William saw the Monk he was engulfed with the feeling of sanctioning sorrow, the exact feeling he endeavoured in Vietnam. It was as if he was reliving the emotion that he felt in the past.

He thought to the Monk 'Am I on the right path?'

The Monk answered 'I think you should drive to Death Valley to find the answer'.



## 8. Death Valley

The next day William went to the library to find some maps for the trip. The monk audaciously appeared and ‘thought’,

'You must learn to follow your heart and not the maps which are analysed by your mind' and then he quickly disappeared into the pages of the book.

How was William going to listen to his heart and not his mind? He focused on the sound of his heart pumping blood after a long run but as he was quietly in the library, none but a silent memory could be felt as his heart gently circulated oxygen through his body. Then he thought about how the Monk told him that the heart receives messages and guidance through harmonic frequencies received from the Universe and this made him wonder where his conscious thoughts were coming from. Were they a collection of his memories fused together in the present moment inside his mind? Maybe they were coming from the Universe through his heart or from a collective consciousness on earth? *The ideas and imaginations of a soul can be influenced*

*by all of these sources and it's an individual decision that creates a unique reality for which we live each second of our lives.*

He decided to wing it and as he new death valley is in Nevada he figured he could use the road signs and advice from people along the way which is kind of following the path laid out by the universe or at least that was the closest way he could concede at this stage to following his heart.

He only gathered his car keys along with the small trinket box with the thumbnail and watch inside for his forthcoming journey, materialistically nothing else was really important to him. He laughed to himself thinking that all he really had in life is that worthless metal box with sentimental objects inside. Besides the watch, which holds the memories of his father, *William realised the only thing he really had, was the memories of experiences he lived through during his life. All the other material objects that he owned were like carrying food through the jungle, weighing you down when everything you really need is all around you,* so he always tried his best to hold no attachment to them. But the small box he kept close to his heart.

And so without haste he jumped in his car and set off in the direction of Nevada. Driving for the rest of that day alone with his thoughts he calculated it would take about two days to reach Death Valley. The sun began to fade in his review mirror, he kept a lookout for somewhere to camp for the night and felt grateful when he drove down a small dirt road and found an old oak tree in a small clearing.

There was fresh charcoal in the centre of a few small rocks and with a quick scout of the perimeter for wood it wasn't long before a fire was blazing.

With that he felt a rumble in his stomach, his body telling him it needed food.

So William set out with his hunting skills and returned shortly there after with a rabbit and some wild berries to eat for dinner. On the walk back to camp it occurred to him that his military training for Vietnam was a positive teaching for learning how to take care of himself and he realised that he was becoming a man.

As he skinned and prepared the rabbit to cook he thought about when the strange man in the mental hospital in Japan who

telepathically told him, 'a teacher four hundred years ago in Tibet taught them to never kill anything'. Yet here he found himself doing exactly that. Then as he peeled the skin away from the rabbit's meat he thought that almost all the animals on earth eat other animals and it must mean not to kill or hurt anything for no reason. Food to keep you alive is a pretty good reason to take the life of another animal or is it?

With that thought the Monk appeared from within the flames of the fire and 'thought' to William.

*'When you die Part of your soul goes back to the energy that flows through the heavens and part of your soul returns to the earth'*

*'Another part of your soul lives on through your children and all that is left when you pass over is the cellular memory of your experiences whilst on Earth'*

William thought about that for along time before he looked at the Monk and thought.

'Why are we here on Earth?'

The Monk slowly turned away then looked back at William with curious eyes and thought

*'The meaning of life is for all living things to collectively gather experience for the divine mind, that which is GOD the harmonic fabric that connects everything in the Universe'*

The Monk solemnly returned to the flames of the fire as the night became quiet and still. William collected more wood and as he fondled around in the leaves behind the oak tree he felt the smooth hard surface of a stone buried beneath the leaves. He cleared the leaves away to reveal a head stone of a grave. And so he sparked his lighter to illuminate an inscription in the stone which read.

"Behold fellow pilgrim, for I was once as you are, and one day you shall be as I am"

the chilling thought of being buried in the ground with no life was suddenly replaced by the warm memory of what the Monk thought to William. That the soul of a man lives on even after the body dies.

\*

The next day William continued upon his quest to reach Death Valley. The hours merged and the Sun moved over the centre of the sky when he finally questioned himself as to why he was driving into the unknown at the advice of the Monk. After his experience the night before the fear of death began to chill his spine and it was only few seconds before the Monk once again came to his rescue with his intuitive wisdom.

'I want to teach you two important things about life'

'the first thing is that there are three places ones consciousness will reside'

*'some people live in the past, right now in the present you had a feeling of death from your experience last night'*

*'Some people live in the future, those who work really hard in the present to achieve there goals for the future'*

*'But the only real way to reach true enlightenment is to live in the present moment and not to be affected by the past or the future'*

'The second thing I want to teach you is about the false ego and the true self'

*'The false ego is the part of your consciousness that is made up of all your past experiences. It is there to guide you from making the same mistakes twice in life but it can get in the way of your true self, which is made up of the wisdom of your heart'*

*'Every time you make a decision in life, you must try to listen to your heart with the experience of your false ego as a guide for the messages from within but not the other way round, your heart is the drum beating the rhythm of the Universe'*

*'never let the false ego control your life'*

\*

William drove all through the day and the moon had risen late into the night. It was just before midnight when he passed a road sign with the words Death Valley Nevada written across it.

He noticed the shiny moon light reflecting off the top of the plateaus as they suddenly dropped away into the valley of death and it was then the Monk appeared in the passenger seat,

'This is far enough'

William pulled the car off the road to a dusty halt and stretched out beneath the stars of the freezing cold night. The Monk appeared concerned as he instructed William to walk up to the top of a near by plateau. So William set off in the dark with no shoes or warm clothes, the moon the only salvation in this cold dark dangerous place. The fear of rattle snakes, scorpions and wolves not getting in the way of every second of his life leading to this point. He walked through the sharp night for two hours before reaching the summit of the plateau.

His feet where cut and bruised and the cold quiet desert was foggy and desolate. He sat down and wondered what he was doing there until the Monk seemingly appeared surrounded by a faint orange glow and an angry look on his face.

'All this time I have been trying to teach you to listen to your heart'

'But every instruction you followed came from me and not your heart'

'You have not learned anything, just go home'

And with that mysterious thought the Monk disappeared and William would never lay his mind on him again. What was the reason for all this? Why did the Monk tell him to go to Death Valley, get angry and then just disappear? As he set off into the chilling night William once again questioned his own sanity.

It was a painful walk back to the car and it must have been four or five hours after midnight when he finally made it.

A bizarre experience to say the least and the reasons baffled William. It was time to go home and try to live a normal life without all the recent events swirling though his mind.

His heart told him to sleep for the rest of the night in the car but William foolishly listened to his false ego telling him to drive home. So he turned the car around and began the long arduous

journey back to the University in the redwood forests of Oregon.

He drove for about two hours through the dark cold night until the light from the Sun made the sky a beautiful and calming mauve colour. He stretched his arm out over the leather bench seat and felt the weight of his head sinking tiredly into his neck. His eyelids slowed in their blinking as he gradually fell asleep behind the wheel of the old Buick.

Suddenly awoken to the sound of metal crunching and briefly opened his eyes as the car collided into a telegraph pole, straight through the drivers door. The life threatening impact broke Williams's femur bone in his left leg and he was knocked unconscious with mild brain damage.

Lucky to be alive he awoke in hospital one month later with no memories of what happened.



## 9. In the Beginning

William lay in the hospital bed for one month before regaining his memory. The doctors explained that he had damaged the frontal lobes in his brain, which control concentration and short-term memory. For the first month of his recovery he would completely forget everything that happened in the past. Life taught William to live in the present because his brain would not record the past.

Something that changed his life for the greater good happened during his stay in the hospital. One night shortly after he was admitted to the emergency clinic he heard a voice say,

**"EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON"**

He looked around the room for the source but the room was empty. The voice was very deep and seemed to have a magical resonance that stayed with William along with the photographic memory of the room he lay in, even though due to his head injury he had no memories of the accident or for about month after.

As time slowly ticked by, living his life by the motto that **EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON**, William became more in tune and content with life and through the car crash he learnt a new way to see his life. It really was a near death experience that changed his attitude in the most amazing way.

*No matter what he went through in life he found confidence that **EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON**, from the life of an ant to the entire Universe. There is no such thing as coincidence; everything has its place and reason.*

\*

Many a long boring day laying in the hospital gave William a chance to reflect on his life and all the things he learnt along the way.



**To believe in yourself and visualise the life you want.**

**The Earth has a consciousness and goes through cycles and changes as the Sun orbits around the Milky Way.**

**There are two reflecting sides of emotion.**

**Good lessons come from bad situations.**

**Maintaining a balance of emotion, the language of the body.**

**Living in love while accepting Fear.**

**Staying true to your-self and to GOD the Harmonic Fabric of the Universe.**

**There is a difference between a false ego and your true self.**

**EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON.**

But still he questioned what was real in his life and what may have been in his imagination until one day a beautiful woman walked into the room to visit her father who was in the bed next to William. It was Maya the young girl he met in Mexico. She was carrying a parcel, which she gave to William at the request of the nurses at the front desk.

William opened the parcel and a small note dropped out.

‘I found this old drum in an antique shop. *It’s meant to be* from the boarder of China and Tibet. You I thought, Love Annabel’.

As William looked at the drum he once again had the sensation of déjà vu. His eyes widened as he saw the skin of the drum was held in place with finely made and carefully engraved handcrafted thumbnails, one of which was missing.

**The End**

## **Website**

[yliacallan.com](http://yliacallan.com)

## **Guitar Channel**

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