

ANGELO BONA

THE HEARTBEAT OF THE ONE-GOD

PAST-LIFE REGRESSION AND ENCOUNTERS
WITH SPIRIT MASTERS



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EDITIONS

The author

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Also by the author

*Nel nome dell'Uno
Cerca la tua Immortalità
Vita nella Vita
Due cuori, un'Anima Unica
Il palpito dell'Uno
L'insana Passione di una Donna chiamata Zerbina
Una stazione nel cuore
Facce-Book
Il mio Pisello è più verde del tuo
Il Bruco - Come Riconoscere l'altra Metà della Mela Evitando il Bruco
L'Amore Maestro
L'Amore dopo il tramonto
L'Amore oltre la vita
Il Principe degli Oyghen
Ipnosi: per non mandare tutto in fumo*

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The laws regulating privacy and physician-patient privilege have compelled me to change names and details from which one could identify the persons quoted in this book.

Each fact reported is not the fruit of imagination, but corresponds to daily experience in my professional practice.

A.B.

To starship David, a winged friend

Preface

Tomorrow will be my 54th birthday, but in my mind I can go back to one of my first memories of childhood.

When I was one and a half, my mother took me on sunny mornings to play in a park where there was a small pond. I threw pieces of bread to the swans which, like stately ships with swollen sails, drew near, propelled by an invisible motor. This may be the most distant conscious memory I identify with the word “happiness”.

My existence did not begin easily on a winter morning of January 30. The obstetrician was faced with a difficult birth: the noose of the umbilical cord was robbing me of my life. I was dying: they called a priest to administer an urgent baptism. It was at that moment I decided to remain and overcome life’s difficulties with determination. I was left with a broken clavicle, but miraculously I did not show any sign of spasticity.

A year later, when my mother took me along when shopping, the greengrocer gifted me with the scent of oranges. The friends in the grocery store greeted me with the aroma of coffee and detergents. My mother told me of the day we entered the bakery of Maria, a pleasant woman with a radiant smile, always ready with a kind word. She chatted with everyone and I sensed that her soul was good, like her fragrant bread. A lady drew near my mother and asked: “How old is your beautiful child?” “Almost one year” I replied, to the amazement of all. “Who said that?” the woman asked incredulously. “He said it!” my mother replied laughing. “But is he already speaking?” “Yes, he may have other defects, but he communicates very well.”

In those days, I experienced endless happiness, I was a king without a kingdom, a shining knight playing in the courtyard in front of the house. I was the smallest of all the children because I always wanted to be part of the older gang.

I learned the terrible truth of death one Sunday morning. The sun was faded, while low clouds dissipated on the crest of the hill. A woman cried tormentedly with a monotonous, rhythmic tone, which irreparably tore me from my earthly heaven. Her son had died, he was six years old, one year older than me. Leukaemia was the name of the black lady come to take him away. From that moment, I knew that I must seek the meaning of life and of that pain that seemed so unfair.

On awakening several days later and without any reason, I experienced the fear of the Deluge. I recounted my fantasy to nanny Bruna, the lady who came every day to take me to school and to do housework. She did everything possible to reassure and calm me, and then ordered me to stop

talking about it. “But nanny, if the deluge returns?” I ask worriedly. “What’s gotten into you this morning?” she replied.

My aunts, fervent Catholics, often read me passages from the Bible and I was probably shaken by the story of the catastrophic flood. As only a child could, I decided to protect myself from disaster by wearing my red rubber boots. My nanny laughed, shaking her head, but she was unable to convince me, bowing to my ridiculous stubbornness. I entered school without any shame, firmly convinced that the rubber boots were the only remedy against an imminent downpour. Sister Emanuela also laughed at me affectionately and asked me if I was prepared to study or go fishing.

I was still five years old, one year younger than the others, who laughed at my strange footwear. At the end of the first hour of lessons, I had to go to the bathroom which was down two flights of stairs in the basement. I was overcome with terror after flushing the toilet. A cascade of muddy water, coming from the small window, quickly began to flood the floor. My frantic fingers worked on the door latch, which failed to open. Anxiously I thought that my time had come. Finally I succeeded in opening the door and I was met by a terrifying spectacle. The stairways of the school were inundated by a roaring river. On the other side of the handrail, the water lapped the wall at a height just below the top of my rubber boots. I struggled up the stairs and while entering the classroom I turned. A violent wave of mud invaded the staircase I had just left. Shaken, I returned to my desk, while the shocked nun went out to see what was happening. Suddenly the mother superior entered with her hands raised and shouting: “My God! The Great Flood!” The enormous conduit of the aqueduct on the hill just behind the school had broken. The water had formed a mud dam that suddenly burst.

This was my first precognition, which was followed by many other completely inexplicable ones.

In the same way, sometime later I became aware that I had lived several times in different historical times. I received the confirmation of previous lives in a dream. One night, a woman with very white skin smiled at me, speaking of a forgotten island where gulls skimmed over the silver sea. I saw images of men with long white robes: I felt they were brothers who, travelling through time, had returned to greet me. I understood many years later that they were Druids, Celtic priests I had encountered in my true life, becoming one of them. This happened in the magic forest of Brocèliande, on the shores of Lake Paimpont in Brittany, which although being Italian I consider my motherland.

Later I verified my past life along with a fellow psychiatrist whom I trained to put me in trance. My previous lives cropped out from deep inside of me: past lives I now seek in the heart of my patients through past-life regression.

For me, trance is not an altered state of consciousness but a particular mode of operation of our brain. It is a dimension parallel to dream and wakefulness, by which we can enter an atemporal ocean in which emerge lives that each of us can assess as true or fantastic according to his belief.

I graduated in Medicine and specialized in Psychotherapy and Anaesthetics because I believe that an academic title and clinical practice are necessary in addition to spiritual research. I have mainly worked at the Maggiore Hospital of Bologna, where I performed my specialization in Anaesthetics and Psychiatry. My psychoanalytical training is orthodox-Freudian and has been a valid foundation for my current practice. I carried out personal analysis with a psychiatrist-mentor for four years, after which I studied Indian philosophy, in which I found the roots of regressive hypnosis. The melody of reincarnation is sung in the Vedas and the Upanishads. I consider Patañjali and his marvellous Yoga Sūtras fundamental in the psychotherapy I perform with my patients. I am referring to an Indian master who probably lived in the sixth century BC, the father of all schools of yoga. From his texts, I learned that, in early times, past-life regression was called *pratiprasavah*, literally “backward birth”. Indeed, regressive trance has a very ancient origin, dating not only to early India but even to the time of the Sumerians (4000 BC).

I think that the meaning of our existence is to return to ourselves, to the divinity each of us represents. To complete this illuminating path, we must free ourselves of our karmic debts. The sense of regressive hypnosis is to recuperate the memory of actions carried out in our previous lives that are the cause of our current suffering. Karma is a fundamental law, which states: “He who lives by the sword will die by the sword”. Therefore, the reasons for our afflictions can be linked to actions carried out before birth. Suffering, conflicts, diseases are not to be interpreted as a punishment by a god external to ourselves. They are stimuli to raise the awareness of the One-God that is each human being.

Regressive trance is not only a practice of spiritual psychotherapy, which requires careful clinical evaluation, it constitutes a true course of liberation of the soul. Sometimes hypnosis arrives not only at previous lives but, in particularly elevated individuals, becomes a means of connection with the divine, a channelling, as in the case presented in the following pages. I lived through this marvellous experience with immense enthusiasm. My professional life dedicated to this practice, I must admit, can upset minds not accustomed to flights beyond the horizon. Of what horizon do I speak? Of a territory that crosses the dimension of the principle of reality.

I have always loved mystery and been attracted by the occult. Throughout my life, I have encountered spiritual experiences that, since childhood, seemed to divert me from the particular, from the detail, projecting me into the universe of the One-God. Perhaps this explains my

proverbial and, at times, exhilarating distraction. I believe I was born in trance and have never completely awakened to the pragmatic world, restricted to a space and limited by time. One can well imagine how fertile a field I found a “patient” like David, who led me into a disturbing dimension.

The reader, however, will probably be put to the test, having to deal with the story of an extreme journey during which his reason will protest. He will soon arrive at a crossroads where he will make a choice: continue to read with an open mind or yield to irritation induced by an unusual panorama. This book is not intended to be provocative. I report word for word what actually occurred in numerous hypnotic trances. Thus, we are not dealing with science fiction. I believe that the depths of the unconscious house secret worlds and hidden dimensions that hypnosis is able to reawaken. We are about to enter into an unrepeatably experience beyond limits, of contact with Spirit Masters. My friendly advice is to refrain from an attitude of intransigent criticism or speculative analysis. Part of this flight has also remained hidden from my reason, but this has allowed me to accept a message of Light in all its strength.

David, in a deep state of trance, speaks with the voices of Spiritual Guides. An explanation is necessary: I report this material as an observer, without pretending that it be accepted by official science. I consider myself prevalently a researcher or a seeker of the Self, with little interest in dogmatizing or postulating laws. Trance is an astronomical observatory aimed not at the external sky but toward the ocean of stars of our unconscious. The conversations with David reveal suggestive traces of hypnotic dreams dating to 20,000 years ago and to the times of the Maya and Toltec civilizations. During the journey of this experience, I was also convinced of having entered into a relationship with disembodied Entities that sing the law and the melody of the One-God.

In this book, you will read the entire parable of the incredible experience with David. It has convinced me that the reality we live each day is a spell in which the two always converge into the One-God.

I myself have felt embarrassed with this text, which I have reread several times, drawing continuous lessons. Even today, I leaf through it and discover new messages and secret nuances. I often open it at random in moments of uncertainty and immediately receive a clarifying response. David and I continue to see each other occasionally and we have established a profound friendship. The last page of the book is not the end of an experience. The meeting of our souls will continue to compose new notes of harmony.

1

A strange patient

I usually greet people who enter my office with a smile and immediately treat them with familiarity, hoping to feel comprehension and liking in return.

Each soul is a miracle in which a part of me is reflected, a shadow of what I am or have been, a flicker of what I will be. At times, I perceive embarrassment in the imperceptible expressions of a face that must confess an error, a guilt. The patients don't know how much I am or I have been their fears, their insecurities, their conflicts. I am surprised that they can think of being judged or condemned by me. Later, acquiring trust, they confide to me their secrets, which I never evaluate according to a concept that's paradoxical to me: sin.

It is a moving experience to recognize, in the face of whomever is speaking, a conflict, a troubling emotion, a secret fear, the amazement of not being investigated. I am him, I am all those who tell me their story, from the most confused to the most aware. I have never treated anybody if not myself, and this must not be understood as egotism but as full affirmation of a common path the therapist follows together with the person who turns to him. Hypnosis requires a fine harmony that I consider a joining of souls, accomplished only by mutual willingness.

One day Marta, an 18-year-old girl, arrived in my office. It was Marta, with her tenacity, who opened a new perspective on my work: the recovery of intrahypnotic material dealing with "previous lives". I had proposed traditional psychotherapy to her, but she insisted that I take her back, in trance, to before her birth. Initially I refused, even though I had worked with hypnosis for some time, but without going too far with it. Then, given her tenacity, I consented. In effect, there emerged contents prior to her present life that shook me, although I was pleasantly surprised not long after by the total resolution of her conflict.

In these years, I have led thousands of patients into past-life regression. I usually film the trances for audio-visual documentation of the contents that emerge, and I now have a large video library of existences relived by several subjects in a state of trance and total amnesia. Today, I am certain that we can experience far more than just night-time dreams. With regressive hypnosis, we can obtain important documentation of our deep ocean, extending the field of research on unconscious conflicts beyond the limits of childhood traumas.

In each of my books, I have clarified that it is not my desire to push the

reader or patient toward a belief in reincarnation: that is the last of my intentions. Each of us has the right to believe in what we want and I am certainly not the one to dogmatize reincarnation and its related philosophy. The memories that emerge from regressive trance encompass the symbolic and linguistic roots of the conflicts present in the current life of the patient. The surfacing of these memories is accompanied by intense emotions, called “abreactions”, liberated by the subject. They discharge the tensions nested in our mind. In this way, we attain a purification, a catharsis and, for those who believe, the recovery of a historical patrimony that can be linked to previous existences. At times, however, this surfacing of existential memories, marvellous per se, is not the only striking discovery.

David arrived in my office and left me overwhelmed by an immediate feeling of familiarity. He was deeply embarrassed and apologized for not having disturbances and particular internal conflicts.

He told me: «I entered a bookstore and was attracted by the title of a book written by you, *L'Amore oltre la vita*¹. After skimming through it and reading a few passages, I put it back. Then I concentrated on a nearby book, but the other one continued to attract my attention like a magnet. I picked it up again and went to the till to pay for it. I'd never before investigated the topic of past-life regression. I read the book cover to cover in two days and then enjoyed the pleasant feeling of well-being it induced in me. I was amazed by the humanity that emerged from its pages. After a week, it was still on my mind. It wasn't the curiosity of meeting you that compelled me to pick up the telephone and make an appointment, nor was it a need, as I consider myself a serene person.»

David explained to me the details of his professional life. He worked in a firm that sold software. Thirty-nine years old, an exemplary life, married to a woman he defined as kind and attentive. Two children, a girl and a boy, thirteen and eleven years old. A polite man, so much so that he had not remained long on the waiting list exactly because, unlike others, he had not absolutely demanded an appointment. «I don't have a particular urgency, call me when you can.»

Tall and thin, but athletic. His long light brown hair falling to his shoulders acted somewhat like a shield. He showed a slight timidness, hidden behind his frequent smiling. David described his parents, his tranquil infancy, the lack of any phobia or anguish. I was surprised by the calm of his voice and his pleasant way of talking.

«I want to try to fly back in time as you know how to do.»

I was unable to make a diagnosis because David was a completely balanced person. Indeed, I was pleasantly surprised by the harmony of the subject sitting in front of me. I always seek an intimate, profound feeling that patients often conceal behind a passable reserve. Sometimes it is

coiled-up anger ready for release and rapacity, other times it is fear that hardens a face until released in an explosion of panic. Many patients suffer from low self-esteem, self-denigration, physical or psychological inadequacy.

I analysed whether David exhibited a hint of victimism, conceit, narcissism. Nothing, he had no disorders, repressed grudges, obsessions. I was more and more perplexed, I did not understand what had pushed him to telephone me. Nothing had emerged from my subtle exploratory attempts. I was facing a pure soul, a person aware of his human limits and sincerely intent on doing good.

«I like to go paragliding and to fly a glider» he continued. «I seem to recover my ancient wings and I have no fear of the air or the height. My wife worries unwarrantedly, but they are moments of ecstasy, of liberty, in which I feel one with the Universe.»

I asked him about his job and he told me that at times it was tiring coming down from the sky to earthly dealings.

«It's difficult dealing with buyers who try to impose their demands, with the shrewdness, the astuteness, the dishonesty. When I perceive the silence of the paraglider's wings, I seem to be without a body and I enter into a state of well-being and meditation, which you, Doctor, probably call trance. I'd also like to be able to descend inside myself or soar in the even during hypnosis. Who knows if I'm capable of it.»

David was not a philosopher, a theologian, an erudite interpreter of Vedic texts. He did not know details of ancient civilization, of lost traditions. He had done some sporadic readings: *Siddhartha* by Hermann Hesse, *The Art of Loving* by Erich Fromm, *New Man for the New Millennium* by Osho. He was not interested in politics, nor in a particular religion, although he did believe in his own internal God.

Objectively, I felt a little uneasy because thus far I had never encountered a patient who, with such candour, had asked me merely to soar within his own consciousness. He was there and perhaps did not know why.

In a subsequent session, David told me that since childhood he was used, before falling asleep, to voluntarily choose where to soar in dream.

«I've never considered my dream life an illusion, a garden of the imagination, but a continuation of my awake life. Up to the age of 15, I decided where to go in my dreams: whether in a desert, in an oasis or sitting on the peak of a mountain in Monument Valley. I could combine the ingredients of my visions with a kind of magic and watch the sun rise from the top of a pyramid. I could ride on the back of a wild mustang or cross the polar ice-pack. Then one of my friends told me that these flights of imagination should be avoided. I never understood why, but something inside of me obeyed him and I was no longer able to travel with my

spontaneous OBEs (Out-of-Body Experiences), if that's the phrase, and I must confess that I truly miss them.»

David also told me that he was able to perceive the precise colour of people's souls, their hidden purposes, their secret desires. He said that he perceived healthiness or the severity of an illness simply by observing a face and for this he feared I would consider him crazy.

I did not feel that I was facing an alien, but rather an angel with wings wider than a room. He frequented dear friends known since adolescence, a few selected souls. He tended to be solitary, loved losing himself in the mountains, in the middle of nature. When at the top of a peak, observing the panorama of rivers, log cabins or pine-woods, he spontaneously perceived in himself the presence of the Absolute.

“A strange, strange patient!” I thought to myself. I proposed a first induction to test his reactivity to trance and I was bewildered to immediately hear his breathing change. He alternated deep breaths with sudden apnoea, and I recognized in this some methods of *prāṇāyāma* breathing (rhythmic control of breathing; it is the fourth stage of yoga according to the *Yogasutras* of Patañjali).

After only a few minutes, he descended by himself - simply led by some of my elementary urgings - into an abyssal state of hypnosis. He was certainly in a condition of total amnesia, in an absolute participation in the Self. Only rarely does someone need such a short time to settle himself softly on the floor of the internal ocean. David had upset all my plans of a gradual approach to trance and had abandoned himself to it without any fear. It was as if he had found a psychological and spiritual condition, an innate knowledge that was reproduced without any effort. I wondered where he had learned this trance yoga that he performed so easily.

Gradually I became aware that he was emitting phonemes and this convinced me that he was ready to speak to me. This is also another event completely unusual after only a few minutes of induction. Normally it takes several sessions before I “teach” the patient to articulate words, without superficializing the state of trance. David swallowed, already able to express himself. I felt that he awaited my questions.

I felt a deep emotion and at the same time I felt oddly uncomfortable. What was causing my unease? Why were my senses so intensely taut? I perceived an unusual vibration, the feeling of a presence that vitalized the atmosphere of the room. My heartbeat accelerated, while I felt a warmth in my chest, like a lukewarm caress. Then I prepared, a bit hesitantly, to begin a conversation with that special patient.

2

The first dialogue

David's deep bellows breathing continued. His face had changed its features and seemed to assume the appearance of a more elderly person. A noble, I would even say proud, expression animated his face. I distinctly perceived that a soul arriving from an enormous distance had surfaced in him.

«Who are you?» I asked, intimidated. The whisper of my voice caused David to swallow again.

A vibrating tone, like a gust of wind, came from his lips and pervaded me, leaving me astonished: «I am you.»

«Excuse me, in what sense?»

«I am you.»

«Are you my conscience?»

«Why divide what is united?»

The vocal timbre and authoritativeness of the phrases truly seemed to originate from a distant stellar vault.

Then I continued: «Are you in the present time, in the past, in a previous life?»

«We are outside of what you call space and time. They exist only for a low vibration, such as the one in which you live.»

The patient's loud breathing pervaded the air, while there grew in me an unusual feeling of awe, of unease. I perceived the infinite elevation of the spirit that was speaking to me, making me feel minuscule like an ant. Then I addressed him again: «Have you always been outside of earthly space-time?»

«No, I know life, what you call life. Now I see small primitive beings. We must help them acquire knowledge and awareness.»

At times he spoke about himself in the singular, at other times in the plural, as if his consciousness participated in a dimension shared with other beings similar to him.

I asked again: «Who are you?»

«All One, there is no separation, we are a single cosmic organism. We will bring Harmony where it does not exist, not because it has never been but because it must be nourished.»

«But what is your name?»

«I am an explorer on a mission. We came with our flying city...two hundred of us, landed in the desert that later became an Eden. We arrived to colonize Earth, to bring Love, to create life...I see you, you are primitive hominids...we cannot understand each other...»

The Entity that spoke was transposed back to the remote time in which he was probably in contact with ancient inhabitants of the planet. In parallel, he addressed me, maintaining himself in the present. Only later did I understand that this was the first game of the Masters to demolish in my mind the conventional conception of time.

«Now you have changed, but you still do not have sufficient awareness» continued the Master.

«To which desert did you refer just now?»

«You call it desert. The Sahara became in time a luxuriant oasis.»

«Where do you come from?»

«I acquired my first materiality, substance, eight hundred fifty-two thousand seven hundred million years ago in a solar system you do not know yet. We called it Urus. I want to tell you about it...»

The Entity heaved a deep sigh, as if transposed in a paradisiacal memory and then continued: «I was a unicellular organism with knowledge similar to that of one of your Australian Aborigines. Our journey is atemporal. If you wish, to facilitate your comprehension, I can tell you that we arrived in your solar system from Sirius and from Mars.»

«Is there Love on Sirius?»

David's face lit up with ecstasy.

«Yes, on Sirius and everywhere, all is Love. We have mixed our blood with the hominids of Earth.»

«Are you different from earthlings?»

«Ours is a starship of purity... we are on a mission of Love. Only a few can bring Light to the other planets.»

«When did you come to Earth?»

Again the Entity spoke to me synchronously living that instant.

«We are in 18,000 BC. They are small, we are taller, thinner... much taller. I feel great compassion and uneasiness. It is a difficult task... we are completely different. I see these tall beings like me... without lips, with big eyes. They must be two and half metres tall... we are very far from home... we will remain here for thousands of years. We will become the People and our DNA will be mixed with theirs.»

I was speechless, not managing even to formulate a clarifying question.

What did the Entity, speaking through David's mouth, mean? That in that instant the human genome was pervaded by knowledge of the divinity? I was not at all calm; perplexed I observed the patient's chest expand and empty as he breathed heavily. I feared that he was delirious and I stammered some calming words. Several times I thought of awakening him to tell him our time was up, but something held me back. David rotated his head slightly and seemed to look at me with lowered eyelids. Then he smiled at me, resuming his connection with me in the present time. It seemed that he experienced moments of trance within trance and I had never seen this phenomenon before in anybody.

«What is worrying you?» he asked me, reading my soul.

«Nothing... tell me more» I answered, swallowing and reacquiring my bearings.

«We arrived and we met the peoples of the desert until 10,000 BC, but this is an Earth time, I say it for you... for us, time, as I mentioned, does not exist.»

I admit that I was as curious as a child in front of those unusual revelations. Still I asked: «What is your starship like?»

«In the beginning, it was made of hafnium... similar to titanium, with the shape of a black parallelepiped, but now it is an organism, a vehicle of spiritual essence.»

I found it hard to grasp the significance of his so inflexible and certain speech. David was suddenly moved, interrupting his breathing from time to time. Then he continued: «It is a shared and great responsibility: to bring Love to small unaware beings... Help, help this starship!»

«What starship?»

«David... he is the starship of purity. Now I am very, very tired, I cannot stay, we will meet again soon... *Dam... rdo... rie... lus... inoreiah.*»

With a loud breath and after these phonemes, which perhaps I have not transcribed perfectly, I had the clear impression that the Entity had gone. David remained in a deep state of trance and it took me several minutes to awaken him.

On very few other occasions I have seen hypnosis transformed into a metaphysical journey, as occurred with another patient, Cecilia, described in my book *L'Amore oltre la vita*. She had expressed concepts similar to those of David: «Yes, we came to feed them, to educate them to Love, but they are dark, they are five different races and I have the task of helping the lowest and most ignorant of them»¹. She also breathed hardly and confided to me the difficulty a Being of Love (coming from the Pleiades, according to her) had in descending into Earth's atmosphere. She spoke of a silvery ship, a sidereal vessel with which he had reached the population of Atlantis.

I perceived that my uneasiness had gradually changed into a sweet feeling of peace. Something immense had just taken place in my office, and a tangible presence of it remained. I thought that David had drawn essence and inspiration from evolved beings that guided his blind journey. Rarely does hypnotic trance become *channelling*. I realized that, in this case, David was nothing but the intermediary of a message coming from a Guide, from a Master of Love. What does this phenomenon consist in? *Channelling* literally means *opening a channel*. The term is often used to identify techniques of trance and meditation that favour higher states of consciousness and contacts with spiritual Entities. The *channeller* is able to overcome the impassable limits of space and time, allowing communication between us, unknowledgeable earthlings, and Universal Masters.

But what is the purpose of *channelling*? Why does a contact of such vast importance occur? The goal is always the elimination of any separation and the elevation of the spirit to a full contemplation of Love.

In these very rare circumstances, which unexpectedly extend the octaves of the trance, I heighten my moral and professional vigilance. I do not enter territories that are not marked by the standard of Good. I do not give word to Masters of Hate, to the cult of the ego and to the mouths of darkness. Instead I listen attentively, and in this case bewilderedly, to a Guide that speaks about a mission whose aim is growth of the individual and collective consciousness.

Some may smile but this «sweet tale», which a careless spirit might confuse with fantasy, has brought seeds of light into my life and into those of many people.

Upon awakening, David was very tired and told me that he did not remember anything, not even a word, and that certainly he had slept. I asked if he remembered a starship, a metal called hafnium, the hominids of which he had spoken. Nothing. Each described detail was buried in the armoured archive of the trance.

It is extremely rare that a patient fails to recall at least one small detail after awakening. It usually happens that some elements evade censorship, even in states of great depth and almost total amnesia. It seemed to me that another personality had taken over during the session, a personality of which David was completely unaware.

What's more, David caught me by surprise in this so sudden and abyssal first trance, so much so that I had not thought to turn on the audio recorder. Only some hastily written notes remained as the documentation from which I could elaborate what I have just recounted. I knew hafnium from my studies of chemistry, and I had a vague memory that it belonged to Mendeleev's periodic table of the elements, that it was a transition metal. I sought further details in my library and read that it could be used

in a tungsten alloy and in the control rods of nuclear reactors.

However, David was not a chemist and assured me that he had never heard the name of the element that emerged in the state of trance. I also asked him if he was interested in astronomy, if he knew about stars and galaxies, and if he remembered having spoken to me about Sirius. He firmly denied it. Any trace of the just completed dialogue was inexorably erased from his memory. He was surprised when I told him that in hypnotic regression he had revealed to me that he had lived twenty thousand years ago.

He was incredulous of the details I recounted to him. Perhaps he had not understood the importance of what had taken place. In essence, this first trance had been for him a pleasant nap, from which he had awakened to find himself looking at a physician who was euphoric on account of the magnitude of the experience. I kept him in my office to discuss the profound concepts that he had expressed. I told him that when he spoke he had assumed an identity different from his own. He had become an atemporal Being that in a territory, recognized as the Sahara, had educated primitive populations as a celestial messenger.

I saw that he was perplexed and amazed, perhaps he expected more participation on his part and not the total blackout that had blocked the enthusiasm of which only I was pervaded. He grumbled that it seemed to him the clinical histories reported in my books played out in a completely different manner. He had read of Celts, of Egyptians, of Shuar populations of the Amazon Forest, and the story I was recounting after his trance had left him in some doubt. Then he asked me if he should come back again to explore the contents that had emerged. He also asked me if I usually recorded the sessions, because he was curious to hear them. I reassured him that during the next meeting a sophisticated system of stereo microphones and digital recorder would record our dialogues down to the last syllable.

Later that evening, I returned to my notes because David's session continued to reverberate in my mind. I checked the dates of the climatic changes involving the Sahara region and I discovered that a decrease of desertification following the last glaciations had in fact occurred. That night my sleep was accompanied at intervals by David's deep breathing and by the warm, loving tone of voice of the Being that had spoken through him. I awoke at dawn, still dreaming an echo of his words.

In the following days, the «explorer on a mission», who had come from distant galaxies to teach the Light to the hominids of the desert, returned to my mind every so often. His poetic phrases resonated in my mind, making me feel small, overwhelmed by a cosmos I had always perceived as populated by infinite beings. There had also been a bit of xenoglossy (*ability to speak or write an unknown language*) in his parting words, again missing from David's memory. I vowed to seek the linguistic lineage to

which they belonged.

Another night, the affable face of that special patient smiled at me in a dream and this time distinctly repeated: «Help this starship! Help it!»

I awakened, descended the stairs leading to the living room and reread the same phrase in the notebook in which I had transcribed the session. Thus I had a delicate responsibility: support David and interpret the message that he brought me.

For now, it had emerged that vaguely defined Beings of Light had come to Earth on a starship made of hafnium from Sirius or perhaps from some more distant galaxy. They had mixed their blood with ignorant hominids in order to elevate their spiritual frequency. The Entity had addressed me from a sphere of higher consciousness and had tried to adapt his codes, making them comprehensible to the limited horizon of an earthling.

I awaited with justified expectation the subsequent meeting with David and for that occasion I prepared my office like a true recording studio. I wanted to conserve, not only word for word but also breath for breath, the cadence that permitted an earthly starship to ascend to the Sky.

3

The Master

Three weeks later, David arrived for his appointment smiling. I had left a free hour after him because my sixth sense told me that it would be a propitious day. He told me that he had had a period of intense work and serenity after the first trance, but he continued to not remember it.

How strange to have a patient who did not need treatment! He was the credible image of a healthy individual, in perfect psychological equilibrium, with excellent sleep habits, a very correct, virtually vegetarian diet, a passion for country rock and ethnic music. I was wondering if between the two of us the patient wasn't me. I had the feeling he had returned to see me like an old friend who allowed me to take a pause in my sometimes burdensome work.

He joked about the technical recording equipment I had prepared and said he was a little bit intimidated. I reassured him that with his aptitude for trance, endowed with total intrahypnotic amnesia, he would easily forget about the microphones. I asked him if he had any questions to ask himself, a line of research, a problem to overcome. He replied with the usual smile: he was perfectly well.

I inserted the CD in the recording device and checked the levels. I was clearly tenser than he was. I felt that something important was about to happen.

After a few seconds, he began to deepen his rate of breathing and I recognized the approach of the Love that had pervaded the environment during the first trance. Then I began to call him.

«Have you returned, explorer? Are you ready for the second mission?»

I repeated the exhortation several times. At a certain point, David held his breath, uttered a vigorous phoneme and then suddenly said: «Here I am, what do you wish to know?»

I felt a fresh breeze on my skin, which was traversed by a shiver. Then I began: «How long have you been alive? You told me that you arrived on Earth in 18,000 BC...»

«I have always lived. Since everything exists, I am here.»

«Were you born on Earth?»

«I was not born... You were not born, I was not born, we have always lived, we have always been present, but in a subtle dimension... now we are pursuing a perfection that we are completing.»

«And after this perfection, will there be another perfection?»

«It is already all perfect, everything is perfect according to the awareness with which it is lived. There is nothing wrong, there is no error.»

«Not even violence is an error?»

«It is a consequence of free will. It is a dark choice which will be followed by a lesson. There is no form of violence as an end in itself, as you understand it. Free will is expressed in a dimension of low awareness. You cannot think that violence can be a tool to harm a fellow man. The fellow man is you yourself, there is no difference or separation. Violence is a form of higher teaching, so as to learn the error a person can make when he is in a vibration of low materiality. Nobody kills his fellow man, he only annihilates himself and that happens in order to evolve.»

«Is war also a form of teaching?»

«Certainly! It is a dark education for thousands and thousands of people, aimed at mass karmic evolution. Everything is perfect. If you could rid yourself of your earthly vision, you could widen your perspective and understand that there is no mistake, but only growth.»

«How can a mother who loses her child in war think that it's a useful part of a project of perfection?» I asked.

«Nobody loses a child, nobody can die. Do you think that the One is so cruel?»

«Who are you to speak with such certainty?»

«I am not a memory or a remote experience of David. I am now... I am an Essence that is communicating with you.»

«You and I...»

«We are One. I am not a molecule speaking to another molecule.»

«But the molecules are still two...»

«No, they are not two! I am you. I am not a memory of the person in front of you. I am the person in front of you. I call this body a starship, a useful means to navigate toward the infinite of awareness.»

«If all is One, is there only a perfect dream of God that's perceived by us small beings as illusory separation?»

«There is only one Truth, there is no free will separate from the One, from the fullness of the One, as you understand it.»

«I've never believed in free will... I think it's virtual and that along the road to awareness a being must know his dark side, what others call evil» I affirmed hoping to receive confirmation.

«Free will exists only on the lost road and for who thinks that is free of

the law of the One. He instead is acquiring tools of suffering, useful to increase his awareness.»

Again the deep breathing of the Soul of Light accompanied me, distracting me from the flow of time. Then I continued: «What do you think of the Karmic Law?»

«We have always existed, we are on a journey of growth, we continue to evolve. By nature, we are not given the knowledge of our previous life experiences until our heart has opened. This is so that we not be too involved by our past. We have a single infinite life divided into days and nights, of which we do not remember the previous sunsets. Karma is the dynamo of this journey. Sleep is the time in which we have real knowledge of ourselves. A body reborn many, many times can recall the experiences it has lived.»

«Can a young spirit, reborn only a few times, not do it?» I asked.

«No.»

«Why not?»

«It does not have enough awareness... it must still continue its journey.»

«In a being that's experienced so many life cycles like you, are all the previous memories and knowledge present?»

«Yes.»

«From the most ignorant to the most elevated soul?»

«There is no ignorance, there is lack of knowledge. We have the ability to know All, but we are not permitted to do so before our time, so as not to damage the low materiality through which we must pass. I have always lived in bodies of Masters, as you call them. Now I need to teach without teaching, to bring knowledge without being recognized as a Guide.»

«Who have you been as a Master?» I ask surprised.

«Orfus, Mandelas... I have been your Master, my name was Bankeris in 1328.»

«Was I a good pupil?»

«Yes, absolutely yes. You were aware of your evolution, but you had a small defect... you were not constant in your task, however I will have occasion to explain this friendly criticism. It is easy to teach evolved people, difficult instead to educate subjects of low spiritual vibration. We have much time to make this journey, there is no deadline as in your calendar.»

«How many Masters are there able to educate mankind?»

«We are only a few throughout the world, about two hundred... rare in Italy, very rare in the rest of Europe. There are other entities with

universal tasks that hinder the plan, but also this is correct, everything is integrated, albeit representing the dark part of the plan.»

«And how can you make entities with a low vibration evolve?»

«It is necessary to increase the awareness of people. Individuals need to think with their head, we have to awaken them, make them touch the oneness that is in their hearts.»

«At a practical level, how can they be reached? With newspapers, with television?»

«You must be very careful of these instruments. The people must touch their own essence. There is no possibility of being awakened from the outside if one has not acquired this form of opening first. I must educate other souls so that when their awareness is awakened they can be reached.»

«Can you explain to me how one can prepare to learn?»

«Live, you must be open, full of Love and people will perceive it; you must activate a radar, but you must not guide their thirsty eyes toward you. Indicate the Beacon that is shining inside them and they will awaken.»

«A Beacon of Christ? A radar of Love?»

«Christ is Love, but Love is the Beacon.»

«What do you mean?»

«Christ is a Light. Other Lights - Buddha, Siddha, Mohammed - arrived, sent by the One.»

«I don't know Siddha, who was he?»

«We are the One and thus also the Siddhas, we have infinite names...»

The voice of the Master vibrated with the powerful rhythm of his breathing and then he said: «We are us, we are the Siddhas, we are the Siddhas...»

He continued to repeat the lost name in his sighing, which like a tidal wave of purity swelled my heart.

«Forgive me if I insist, but to whom are you referring?» I asked.

«We are, we are... call it the rib of God, we are the Lights of God, Christ was a Siddha.»

«You mean an enlightened one?»

«Yes, he had the ability and the opportunity to act as a spokesman for a brief time and whoever was prepared to learn from his teachings seized the opportunity. Then, with the advent of others, the Word was altered and hidden to make sure that the mankind could reach Oneness only after

acquiring awareness. Therefore, even those who have deformed and hidden the original message are part of the plan, of our and the only plan.»

«A plan of ascended Masters?»

«A path of Oneness, of mine, of yours and of their God... Unfortunately those who have altered the Word belong to the dark side of the work, and accordingly in your growing awareness you think that that is an obstacle to elevation, but it is not. It is maintaining in darkness those who do not have the possibility of seeing.»

«How many Siddhas have existed?»

«There have been many. Christ was one of them, a body that had the opportunity to demonstrate its greater awareness.»

«How can I help your plan?»

«Our plan...» he smiled «Love is the plan of all. You are on the correct path...»

«Must I commit myself?»

«Yes.»

«With constancy?»

«Certainly.»

«Where have I arrived thus far in my life, in my research?»

«You are on the path that will lead you to awareness.»

«That will lead me to Love, to God?»

The Master shook his head: «There is no difference. Why do you distinguish God and Love?»

«God is a word...» I stated.

«No. God is Love. There is no difference.»

«If a concept exists, can I not think that there is also its opposite?»

«Nothing is the opposite of Love, nothing is the opposite of God.»

«Is there only Love?»

«Yes.»

I admired the Master's great resoluteness. After an initial perplexity on account of the density of the concepts he had relayed to me, I unexpectedly felt my spiritual defences clear away. Then I continued: «It's not a rational understanding, but an acquisition due to opening of the heart: you don't understand it, but you feel it?»

«Yes, in everything there is Love, it is only that because of their partial evolution many people still do not perceive the love toward the Essence.»

«By the Essence, you mean...?»

«I mean Love toward the Absolute. We are Its game of Love.»

David's face radiated a bright serenity. Excited, I added: «We are Its game, Its *lila* (Sanskrit term meaning *divine game*), Its imagination, Its Love, Its desperation, Its cancer, Its disease, Its ant, Its sky...»

«No, there is no desperation, there is no cancer as you understand it: there are occasions, teachings to learn the Essence.»

I felt that the Master's interpretation was close to Indian philosophical writings and I said: «In the Prajapati Vedic texts, God is dismembered, exploding in endless fragments including the deva and the asura, that is the gods and the demons...»

«We are the apparent fragments of God, but in reality we are God, the One.»

«And there is good, evil, the high, the low, the deva and the asura, the void, the fullness...»

«Evil does not exist, evil does not exist!»

«What do you mean it doesn't exist? Isn't evil the opposite of Love?» I asked.

«There is no evil. It is your low awareness that makes you perceive it. Everything is perfect.»

«My low awareness or my eyes see a blood-stained, wounded world, where men hate each other.»

«The blood, the wounds, the hate are occasions granted to souls with a low level of awareness to be educated to Love. Now I cannot continue...»

«If you wish, I'll say goodbye.»

The Guide had suddenly stopped speaking and I perceived that he wanted to take leave of me. Before going, he underlined: «I cannot explain concepts beyond your degree of comprehension... *sam dam mali io no hore...*».

I did not understand these final, almost sung phonemes. Like the backwash retreating from the sand, the Master's breathing gradually changed from heavy to weak. He had abandoned me, leaving me a yearning sense of nostalgia.

I had some difficulty recalling David to consciousness, as he had fallen into a limbo of abyssal depth. I had to give him some light pats on the cheeks before he opened his eyes. Then he resurfaced.

«I'm very tired...How long have I been sleeping?» he asked me. Our conversation had lasted 45 minutes. I also felt exhausted by such strong emotions.

«Did I sleep?» he repeated.

«Yes, but you spoke for half an hour.»

He sipped from a glass of water and then burst out with a pleasant: «Cool! Now you'll let me listen to what I said, right?»

As soon as David heard the Guide's voice coming from the speakers, deeper and more vigorous than his, he gave a start. «But is that me speaking?» he asked me incredulously. «This tone of voice bothers me... it's not mine!»

The delicate ingenuity of this strange patient was so distant from the wisdom and authority expressed by the Master that I was deeply surprised. I had him listen to our dialogue word for word. He was unable to fully understand the meaning of the phrases, overwhelmed by the intensity of a message he could not immediately elaborate. When we heard the profound explanation of violence as a maximum dark expression of free will, David was in complete disagreement with what he had affirmed a few minutes earlier.

«War is a form of teaching? Not in a million years!»

I turned off the recording and gave him my opinion on what the Master had said. I had to explain to him that those words were not an instigation to war but the expression of an extreme freedom of choice, of a responsibility dictated by the unawareness present in the human soul. Even though I had understood the meaning of Love in the Guide's words, I also had difficulty in integrating the term *war* into the Unity of the divine essence. Our tendency to separate evil from good, to construct hells and heavens, prevents us from perceiving a dynamic living One-God, which evolves within itself.

David started when the Master, with authoritative voice, stated: «I am you.» This phrase referred not only to compassion, to *cum-patire*, but to full and absolute identification in others. The subject and the object, the thesis and the antithesis annul each other, overcome their separation in an absolute synthesis. As long as the other exists, there is always an ego ready to assert his rights, ready to oppose with pretension and self-interest.

David did not have clear knowledge of karmic law and the concepts that quickly followed one after the other required that he listen again and reflect. We had become disciples of a Guide Entity, which from the Empyrean of the cosmos chose us to divulge a message. He even indicated the channels by which to spread it. We had to avoid the usual tools of information: newspapers and television were not valid means for the Master. Was it a teaching for only a few that the Guide transmitted? Did he urge us to address the elite group? No, this was not the sense. I felt there was a need to safeguard the education of the heart from any possible alteration, from any censorship or misrepresentation. I was sure the plan

was addressed to a child just as to an elderly person, to an office-worker just as to a man who had not had time to read and educate himself but possessed a heart that was receptive and ready to listen.

The name Siddha, also applied to Christ, probably coincided with the word Master. There emerged a vision similar to what the Indian Rishi had revealed. The cosmic God was chanted by this Being that had arrived on Earth eighteen thousand years before Jesus. He did not divide high and low, the deva and the asura, he did not oppose evil to Love: for him, all was integrated into the One-God.

On only one point I felt I had to disagree, and that was perhaps due to my education. Christ, of whom the Guide had spoken as one of the Masters, was and will always be for me the Principal Love.

4

An evening with Spirit Masters

I telephoned David during the week and he told me he had understood the significance of our meetings. It had not been simple curiosity that prompted him to fix the first appointment. Something fantastic was happening, and neither he nor I was able to foresee its future course. He wanted to continue and told me that, after an instant of fatigue, he had felt that his soul (mind) was even clearer and full of a pervading Joy.

The dreams in which I had perceived the voice of the Master no longer appeared, but I felt that my awareness was rapidly changing. I managed to live through the minor and major daily annoyances and the worries of my work with extraordinary calm. It was mainly the grand lesson on free will as a possibility to journey through our zones of spiritual darkness that had initiated in me a process of unrestrainable research.

I decided to give David unlimited time and access, and I let him know that from that moment on he would no longer have to pay my fee. I could not take payment from a disembodied Master whom I instead wished to reward without limits. I fixed an appointment with him for 9 PM of that very day. While I waited I read a passage from the Bible that I wanted to discuss with him, Christ's dialogue with Nicodemus, to establish the meaning of the term 'rebirth'.

I had read up on the Siddhas and I had acquired a book talking about their tradition¹. I learned that this common name meant 'one who is accomplished, perfected' and the term was applied to devotees of an ancient Indian creed dating to the fifth century A.C. Even before that time, the Hindus venerated the legendary Siddhas, or half-gods, that lived on the mountaintops and in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

The Master had revealed a date, 1328, which I took as a reference in my studies. I read in the text that in that period the Nath Siddha culture was very widespread in the Kathmandu Valley and there was a monastery at Nath Dhinodara. I did not identify the Guide who had spoken to me exclusively as a Siddha, since, as he had said, he had assumed many forms of existence. It was very strange that David was not aware, just as I wasn't, of this ancient spiritual congregation.

As I awaited him, I calmed down because I was certain it would be the same Master who would lead us on the first steps of our journey. Exactly at 9 PM, with extreme punctuality, David knocked on my door. I accompanied him to a sitting room below my office. A familiar environment, with a stone fireplace, a piano and other musical

instruments, including a zither, a Celtic harp, mandolins, guitars: a strange setting suitable to greet a patient-friend.

As on the previous two occasions, after a brief discussion David fell into a deep trance, assuming a solemn immobile position with his hands crossed on his chest. Only then I noticed that it was customary for him to acquire this sacred posture. I began to perceive his wave of deep breathing and understood that I was not responsible for his trance: he had entered it by himself. An infinite feeling of joyful familiarity pervaded me, while I sensed that the great soul was approaching.

«Welcome Master! Bankeris...» I called him several times «Bankeris... not born, not lived, not dead, how can I follow your teachings?»

I realized that I felt immense respect for him and I continued: «Why have you returned?»

My heart skipped a beat when I heard his first peremptory phrase, pronounced with a cosmic, no longer human voice: «You are lost! You are lost!»

This statement reverberated like a strong gust of wind.

«There is nothing to learn. Only one message is important: the two does not exist, there is only the One. When All is the One and you have perceived this teaching, you will have nothing more to learn. We are in a dimension of atemporality, unknown to you and to this starship. This is the only teaching that needs to be carried out: the two does not exist, there is only the One.»

«Master Siddha...»

As if to underline his many incarnations, the Guide interrupted me: «Siddha, Angus, Lavriu, Germius... Call me... Friend.»

«Friend?»

«Yes.»

I then began to address him by that name: «Friend, there is a Soul who went missing, they spoke about him up to the age of twelve years and then again when he was thirty. Where did Jesus go for all that time? What happened in those eighteen years?»

David's breathing became agitated: «Why do you ask me this? What use is there in seeking out the past? I have mentioned a concept of atemporality... live your present to construct the future; do not seek the answers in the past. Accept this universal concept. I understand your pseudoegoistic human curiosity and I understand you, but it would not be useful.»

I have always been used to rephrasing questions when the topic is of great importance; therefore, I timidly tried again: «Yet perhaps it would be

important that human beings, so small and curious, could approach the One through simple explanations, suitable for their unaware ears.»

The Master did not agree with me: «Unfortunately this path, which in the past could yield its fruits, now passes through arid ground. There is the risk of dealing with concepts that would be distorted by the majority of people. The only teaching to spread, the simplest, is Love. We are a Single Entity with the freedom to become lost... and now we must find ourselves again.»

«Friend, Siddha, please excuse my curiosity... but that Man who disappeared...»

Disturbed that I was insisting too much, he sharply replied: «He did not disappear! He did not disappear!»

«For eighteen years, he disappeared, the Gospels don't speak of that period. Where did Jesus go?»

«He was only hidden from your awareness... in reality he was following his earthly path to bear the strong Word he had to bring.»

«Did he leave Israel? They said he went to India, to Kashmir.»

He smiled with understanding tenderness: «I love you, I love you. I understand your thirst for knowledge, but you cannot know... I do it for your own good.»

«If you were to tell me, would it be bad for me?»

«Not so much for you...»

«For humanity?» I replied.

«Yes.»

«It could not bear knowing?»

«You have understood» he confirmed with a smile. «Do you understand this concept? We are a unique astral organism. We have a very close relationship with the universe. We are an essence of God and we are... God. In the low vibration of the earthly life, you forget the One. In part the pain caused by this repression is useful to stimulate us to broaden our awareness. Knowledge of God has been further hindered by those who have altered the message. Now, in this atemporal dimension that you don't understand, even we, albeit in harmony, have an opportunity for further purification. This is why I am now here. We also have an assignment. We use our starships of purity to increase awareness of the Essence and this will allow us to bring Love to the darkness.»

«Excuse me, Master Siddha or brother or Friend Siddha...»

«I am you. We, you, David... we are all One, we are God» he solemnly repeated, leaving me astonished.

Then I resumed: «Friend, you don't believe that the Absolute is separate from man...»

«You are God, this starship is God, your so-called microphone is. When you speak with me or with the One, you are communicating with yourself.»

I knew from my studies of Oriental thought that, for those cultures, each individual is conceived as a divinity, but to hear him state this caused me endless Joy.

«When Nicodemus speaks with Christ» I continued «and says: 'How can someone be born when they are old? Surely they cannot enter a second time into their mother's womb to be born again!' Jesus replies: 'Very truly I tell you, no one can enter the kingdom of God unless they are born of water and the Spirit. Flesh gives birth to flesh, but the Spirit gives birth to spirit. You should not be surprised at my saying *You must be born again*'². What does this mean, Master Siddha?»

«The elevation you perceive is exclusively vibrational. The increase of spiritual frequency is closely connected to awareness. Now, on Earth, we are at the lowest density and materiality our consciousness can have. I said 'we are' because I am you. This elevation should be understood as a purification of awareness and of a vibrational frequency attainable exclusively with Love.»

«And when a being is aware and rises, if he is reborn from the Heavens and returns to Earth in this low frequency, can he be reincarnated here?»

«Certainly, this is a starship born to progressively expand the perception of the One, but now you cannot see the destination. This is a perfect opportunity to be able to enjoy, rejoice in Love.»

«And if a being is born on Earth, is he not aware? Must he be reborn many times to be so?»

«Yes, everything is related to awareness and to the chosen path. We all have free will in this unique divine organism.»

«Last time, you mentioned free will, please explain to me better what you mean.»

«The freedom to become lost in unawareness.»

I felt a veil fall from my eyes. At times, a very brief sentence should be extended to infinity because of the light it emanates. We are accustomed to too much futile verbosity. The Master astounded me by the clarity of his reply, which resounded in my heart like an echo for many days to come. Again I timidly tried to ask: «And the shadowy being, the obscure entity living in the darkness... can he ever attain Love?»

The steadfastness of the Guide changed into an inflexible reproach. «Of what being are you speaking? Who are you talking about? How do you

know he exists? It is a concept written by men wishing to bring their egoistic discourse to Earth. Everything is Love.»

«Also the devil?»

Persuasive and ironically confidential, he replied: «Who is the devil? Who is the devil? Have you ever seen him? Where have you seen him? In what creature? With what eyes have you observed him? Where have you looked for him, even when he is not there? Don't be afraid, nobody bears you ill will. You won't find that dark side you think. Everything is Love.»

«The dark side is only an illusion?»

«Anyone, in his low awareness, in the exercise of his free will, can create his own internal hell.»

«And therefore also war, disease, suffering, loneliness, rape, abuse, paedophilia are...»

«Things... sought and things useful for learning. This is also Love.»

«But is a lost existence useful to the One?»

«Nothing has ever remained lost. And to a soul that has lived millions of times, what interest has he in remembering a brief temporal space of a starship?»

«What do you mean by starship?»

«I mean this body, through which I am speaking to you.»

«Therefore the soma of all men is a transport ship?»

«Yes, you are a starship, David is a starship and you must help him.»

The Guide's voice became powerful and his breathing a roar against the microphones, which I quickly moved further away.

«On the seventh day of the ninth Jaguar Solar Moon» he continued «of the Yellow Cosmic Seed Year... David will acquire the awareness of my Essence... in a gradual way... until the thirteenth Moon and... you must help him, support him with your knowledge of the past... to assimilate the concepts that will exist after his... also tranquilize his loved ones. Excuse me, but... it is his due.»

«What must I do first?»

«Love... love everyone.»

«Must your message remain secret?»

«It would not be useful if it were secret. It must be respectful, dignified... as YOUHE, you and he, know how to do.»

«You and he is YOUHE? Are you speaking of me and David together?»

«Yes, do you like it?»

The Master alternated moments of vertiginous loftiness with amusing neologisms like this. The predisposition to playfulness seemed innate in him.

«Lovely» I replied. «Listen, Siddha, do you have a name?»

«David.» Once again, an open smile illuminated his face and he repeated: «Do you understand? Da-vid.»

I expected him to pronounce a resonant name and instead he gave that of the starship. Then he went on: «David is a One-itate!»

The Guide's linguistic creativity was truly exceptional. Despite the Siddha's pleasant nature, an obsessive question pulsed in my mind: «What is going to happen to this world?»

«The best thing that could happen.»

«What?»

«Whoever has an open heart will live through this transformation with Joy and awareness. Whoever fails to participate in the consciousness of the One will bear a useful, necessary and not repressive suffering, that is essential to expand his vision.»

«Is there going to be...»

I perceived the great compassion the Master felt toward us human beings. He interrupted me with infinite kindness and said: «Don't worry.»

«An atomic deluge...?»

«Do not worry. We are helping you. In any case, the best and most beautiful thing that could happen will happen. It's alright. You are in Love.»

«You don't know if it will happen?»

Again the breathing became roaring: «In our macro-organism, in the One, we know and we have the opportunity in this atemporality to change the present, the past and the future.»

«Last time, you told me I was on the correct path. Why do you think so?»

«Because you are pure of heart. Because you are both pure of heart.» He emphasized you both with a vibrating tone.

«Who? Me and him?» I asked.

«Yes, YOUHE, but you are not the only ones.»

«How can we alone have such a great responsibility?»

«Ah... if you could perceive the Love I feel!»

At intervals, the Guide fell into ecstasy. He continued: «If you could

enjoy the existence of the One in your earthly vibration! Why am I here? I am speaking to you because I remember my earthly life, as I told you before, dated back eighteen thousand years ago. It would be lovely if you could seize the opportunity, even in the density where you are, to enjoy the All.»

«You said that you met me with the name of Bankeris, can you tell me where?»

Still ironic, he replied: «Why do you ask me, if you already know the answer? Why dig into the past? It does not exist, you can change the past, the present is now. Experience the Essence and search within yourself, it is unnecessary to seek any of your answers outside of yourself. You are a pure soul... you are both pure souls... everyone is God and they do not know it. Use your present time to create the future, despite the low materiality in which you are now. That will be useful to change and enlarge not only your view, but also the global view.»

This adjective startled me. Perhaps the Guide's words had to be interpreted and not taken literally? So I tried to understand better: «How can you expand the boundaries of our interview to a so wide context? I don't know if I have understood you well.»

«What has been the only teaching I have given?»

«The One, the Oneness...»

«This is the All. Use this starship from the ninth to the thirteenth Moon and together thoroughly explore the One. Nothing else is necessary and this will have great repercussions.»

«In the history of humanity, there have already been so many Masters, I don't believe I have the right to teach anything» I replied worriedly.

«History is a useless losing oneself in pasts disguised and counterfeited by people with egoistic purposes. It is unproductive to sink your spade in the now arid ditch. Adopt this single and ever topical concept: Love. I, like you, cannot teach anything, but... a being fully aware of the One can express a higher vibration than yours, despite having nothing more than you.»

I thought of how many individuals fight for power and dominate the fates of humanity without any awareness and I asked: «Why are there today people who govern but are unaware? Why don't sincere souls, the pure of spirit guide the world?»

After a momentary pause, the Master revealed: «It is a complex concept. This is due to a situation related to otherworldly participation in your low vibration, but I don't want to speak to you about such matters, it could be destabilizing.»

I mumbled to myself. Soon I understood that the Guide's teachings were

aimed at spiritual elevation and never at psychological terrorism. He suggested «Rather you need to begin to give rhythm to a unifying TAM-TAM, which heals the low vibrations of fear on Earth.»

«What do you mean by TAM-TAM?»

«Transmit the information you have received and will receive to people suitable to receive this message. Ask for an opening of the heart and the effect will echo through the valleys and mountains of the whole world. This is an opportunity to create awareness by alleviating pain. In any case, the path is traced and the arrival at the delta of Light is certain. The only difference is that the path undertaken can be of greater or lesser suffering. Remember that you can also evolve through Joy.» Again, his face became radiant. He participated in each concept by becoming completely one with it. A term became in him immediate reality.

«Why have you chosen me for this task? Are you also turning to other people?»

«You are not the only one.»

«Thank goodness...»

«You alone would not be sufficient, even though we are counting on you, we count on both of you... In any case, you always have your sweet free will, do not feel that like a burden, it is an opportunity.»

«Often in my life, it's seemed I've not had a choice...»

«You still have a bit of a choice, you have been working at it for many existences» he replied, playfully sarcastic, so much so he erupted in laughter.

«Like emptying a jug of water, drop by drop, true?» I continued.

«Yes.»

«And each drop is called karma, isn't it?»

«Yes, but take it with Joy. Cultivate the seed of serenity and pursue the enjoyment of life. Karma is a word not appreciated by your vibration. Teach the happiness of universal Love.»

«For me, karma is a bud» I stated.

«For you, for others no.»

«It is a bud with petals that bloom little by little, do you agree, Siddha?»

«That is right. I love you.»

«And I love you too» I replied.

At that point, David started breathing heavily again. «Remember... the ninth Solar Moon... ninth Moon... Jaguar Solar Moon. On his birthday, this starship will be at the mid-point of his path. Help him! He will be of help to

you.»

«By opening the heart?»

«Yes, to purity... you have been chosen.»

«On that day long ago, when I was twenty-six... was it you who began to speak to me? Was it your Love that came to me in the samādhi (*condition of awareness that goes beyond wakefulness, dreaming and deep sleep, in which thought ceases; there follows union with the Absolute*)?»

«It was Us and you, well done... it was written» he said breaking out in a smile.

«And again, when I smelt the perfume of acacia flowers... were you that perfume?»

«Yes.»

Feeling strong emotion, I continued: «We are the buds...»

«We are One... we are the God you think of and pray to.»

The Guide crossed his hands over his heart, trembling as if pervaded by a light breeze. Then, with extreme sweetness, he whispered incomprehensible words: «Alfo... angamon... lusi... iasma... levria... anga raifmo.»

Once again, I clearly felt that the intense expiration had taken him away from me. I finished, listening to the immense emptiness of nostalgia he had left in my heart.

«You have bid me goodbye, true? Bon voyage in us, Friend Siddha.»

David awakened with great effort. He seemed to return from an arcane world, a thousand galaxies away. He was very tired on account of the enormous jet lag experienced during the flight of trance. I decided, therefore, not to keep him and I made arrangements for a new session. When he said goodbye with serene face and still ecstatic eyes, I thought that it had certainly been an uncommon meeting. Whom had I encountered in my office? An angel, a winged patient? The messenger of the One?

I listened again, this time in a light state of trance, to the vibrating words of the Friend. ‘An evening with Spirit Masters’ I thought repeatedly, and a sweet smile immediately broke out from the depth of my soul.

Notes

I. A strange patient

¹ A. Bona, *L'Amore oltre la vita, l'ipnosi regressiva e il segreto della reincarnazione*, Mondadori, Milano 2004.

II. The first dialogue

¹ A. Bona, *L'Amore oltre la vita, l'ipnosi regressiva e il segreto della reincarnazione*, Mondadori, Milano 2004, p. 206.

IV. An evening with Spirit Masters

¹ D.G. White, *The Alchemical Body: Siddha Traditions in Medieval India*, University of Chicago Press, 1998.

² John 3, 4-7 in *New International Version*, UK (NIVUK).

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