



Within you is an
unlimited supply of love
and you hold the key
to its release.

Once Upon a Time
WE KNEW

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GIVEN

Soul-searching takes on elated new hues. Staying open becomes my air. Nothing else sustains me.

"Ask and It Is Given" I read twice in seeming preparation for all of this, unaware and yet intending to be so. The most immediate universe in the multi seems to heed my call at each juncture, again now.

While exploring a related social media group to see what potentials may arise once I reach my next travel stop: sure enough, a special retreat post arrives just as I scroll through the feed. Less than 2 weeks from now, it lures by practically reasoning with me. Not just sans delay, it promises something else: proximity, perhaps answers.

Exotic, remote, exclusive – in this place where photos show him relaxed at seaside and bare-footed, as I always prefer – it may be obvious whether what emerged with us beyond grasps of 3D life indeed did so mutually, or it falls to some category of odd illusion. My heart and entire existence already know the truth, yet brain and rational overlay request further proof.

Who I lived as then initially resists the steep investment for a brief 5-day workshop, and expresses it by some awkward hiccup dance in judgment against my will at least once before allowing me to careen headlong ahead. My own credit card company aids this resistance, given the steep volume of funds angled toward a tiny remote non-US resort location. Two hours on the phone with them to hold their hands, detailing them through what I know so far about the operation's legitimacy (on speakerphone group conversations with staff at the property), also lends itself to another level of mutual vetting for all involved.

By the day of my arrival at the second retreat, surreal – as a basic concept – flattens completely down to a lame platitude. Attempts at using mortal language to describe any of this have long lost their impact.

Life also, whatever that tried to be before, now toys with me differently. Perhaps fresh awareness, perhaps simply as-is, the 3-hour winding trek through back roads of mountainous desert hillsides on my own with a driver I had not previously met – to a location as unfamiliar for most as it is entirely secluded and isolated – sounds like a reckless leap into certain demise, rather than stepping into waking dreams. Still, here I am.

Through guarded gateways to some unmarked road running against a stone wall entry portal, we stop. A sweet husband and wife greet me, carrying a tray with tightly rolled steaming hand towels and brightly colored salted margarita glasses: backlit sun sparkling through their glistening elixir. Whatever doubt any may have aimed to darkly impose prior lay discarded permanently right here.

A darling courtyard points toward casita doorways, mine diagonally to the left beyond hibiscus and other colorful tropical delights dancing on light breezes beneath dainty shade trees. Our vaulted ceiling common area – dining table, fireplace, couches, wet bar – bridges the courtyard and pool, offering a sound barrier to buffer the sleeping quarters, plus respite from mid-day sun. A poolside palapa provides this as well, not to mention individual market umbrellas at each lounge: our exquisitely shimmering oasis offers crystalline swims unrivaled.

Perched above the remainder of this 30,000-acre property, just back from a rugged sprawling shoreline, her immaculate bath may look like any other...without a dip to know better. Is this not the rule of experience?

Open eyes, no sting, no goggles and perfect visual clarity: never before – in oceans, lakes or pools – has any plunge offered this. Every day, each chance (and even the briefest), calls me back to what wants to be labeled a birthright. Many would never love a luxurious liquid immersion enough to appreciate it this way.

Our darling couple prepares snacks on-demand, anything at a whim, anywhere that suits. Nibbling, dripping wet, eager to return to my waterjoy, this startling scene (and complete serenity of savoring it unencumbered by another) engulfs me in wonder and pure amazement. *How in God's name did I get here...?*

Whenever the inane question of “Was it worth it?” arises – whatever that “it” refers to at any given juncture – my intention would be to catapult back to such moments, and the ones soon to come. Each choice, each direction, leads us.

May I make more choices like these. Simply: *I must.*

Exquisite as it emerges to be, this is not even the draw yet. How might better ever be revealed until we walk through it willingly and unguarded? If what called me here gives me this also, it seems to fill otherwise veiled heart's desires along the way too.

In our wanting, our determination to reach one point or place or person, we often walk staunchly blind to the rest. Goodness, what we can miss beneath that focus of deliberate eyeshades we so fiercely wear.

Afternoon sunlight angles. Tearing myself from this pristine swim becomes slightly easier by now. Warm terra cotta shower tiles whisper of other comforts. Secrets, wishes fulfilled, anticipation of marvels ahead: these treasures seep into my pores amidst the cleansing.

Dressing brings a stirring like brisk hints of winter in autumn air, as slight familiar flutters of uncertainty: excitement tinged with a yawning range of unknowns. Slight shadows inevitably appear able to swallow the luminous, fail as they must or meet their own demise.

For sunset, we gather on the main terrace as early as our drivers will take us to this Taj Mahal silhouetted portion of the property. He is among us, they stir and say. No sight of him yet: our Guest of Honor and host.

Wine glasses clink. I notice mildly feeling as out-of-place as I perhaps last did when initially 2,000 miles from my adolescent home to start undergrad studies in college. Nothing less than friendly, it would seem; yet, something is different here. A tinge of pretense, maybe? Never seemed my speed. Acquaintances would be made, maybe more: one step before the next.

Back of his head, a profile glimpse, peeks between myriad other faces. At one point, his back to my view: no more than 6 feet away from me at my table as he examines the buffet. 60 people gathered may be better than 1,300; then again, one other in between us is absolutely one too many.

Every seasoned adult age seems present, and various backgrounds. Less diversity here, in some ways, than other crowds I opt for or frequent; but, all of this is just a preliminary observation.

People choose tables, lay claim to dining spots, line-up to gather food. Circulating for nearly 3 hours now, our evening will surely come to a close soon. Any events, even special ones like this, are known to start quite early in the mornings, with an intent to coax the freshest experiences.

Excusing myself for the 2nd time to powder my nose, despite the palatial layout of this grand – somehow seemingly ancient – location, I now know that it affords only a single visitor to the facilities at a time. A short line of a few women precedes me.

Chatting idly with one behind me, suddenly I spot him moving through the doorway from the dining area in my direction. Even retelling it, my body freezes in place as it did that night: preserving exceptional moments.

If my being kept breathing, I could not say, except that something let me make it to this point and offer an accurate recounting. Never had anything like this taken over me or my essence in decades prior, and never has it in quite that same way since.

My body naturally angles open toward him as he strolls over at a deliberate pace. He heads straight for me...then turns and speaks first to the woman next to me, whom he knows from other retreats.

Someone accompanies him, at his side. A male confidante, unassuming: a witness.

I see only him, all else merges into a blurred-out background. My focus heightens, despite how detached or vacant I feel from my physical form.

These are THE moments. My entire existence seems to steady for them.

So many women this evening clamor, angle, hawk-eye and track him. Hunting him down for hugs and pictures, they giggle like capricious teenagers, regardless of their age or perhaps impressive finances.

Something deep inwardly knows he will come to me, believed it before he came to stand here now. The mere idea of chasing him around commands no appeal, and it seems a method unlikely to hold his interest. Allowing him to approach me offers the sole means of authenticating our meditative 'meet cute'...crucial *confirmation of those interactions marvelously being real*, and mutual.

His tailored casual white resort shirt seems perfect, relaxed and yet ideally suited, hugging fit arms and torso just as it should. Charm and charisma delights, if not slightly amped at this point; we share a similar level of "on call" adrenaline catching us if a lag threatens to quell conversations or tamper with a now steady rush of hyper presence each of our minds use to capture and absorb the memories forever.

He, after all, creates this scene by brilliant deliberate design. As before, he tracked precisely where I would be and when he would approach.

No questions will be taken, no extensive discussion will occur: not tonight. We get to see and feel each other, realize in the flesh that our divine connection – far beyond comprehension or conventional planning – brought us in this moment to a privilege of shared existence and place...as a matter of **fact**.

What allowed us together initially, I may never entirely understand. He says that by being whole and loving life, alignment magnetizes one to the other. We each create an equal. Who we are, how we believe and behave and complement one another, precisely entangles us in this way through an undeniable energetic attraction.

He talks to her, tells tales for me to hear, lets me watch each of their reactions in her eagerness to impress him as I stand back and view it all without a word. The solitary time I lean in to comment, he merely looks at me calmly like, "*Wait and see...*"

He begins winking in an exaggerated fashion (as when he presents) at me now, as he seemingly responds to her repeated requests for him to come to some house she owns in a surfing corridor. "*Why wouldn't I come...?*" he winks at me, rolls his eyes.

He turns his body toward mine. All else disappears, her included. No concern about when she walked away; at some point, she did just that.

Face-to-face, one-on-one, he opens his arms wide and smiles enormously. I fall in.

Did I take a single step? I cannot recall, although I would have had to take several to reach where he stands. He does not leave his spot; he came there to me. Evidently, I float over to close the small polite courtesy gap between us.

When I land from gliding into him, my back rests against the nook of his right arm and shoulder, cradling into it with a full body grin. **Home** is all I can feel: together, we are home.

Again, somehow effortlessly – and without my tactile, or even conscious, awareness – he turns my body to face his for a full hug...yet a typical embrace is not at all what we do. Simultaneously, each of us take probing hands full of fingertip explorations up and down the other's lat muscles, feeling our way through modified Braille proof to confirm that the other does physically exist.

Without bodies in that shared meditation experience just a couple of weeks ago, we first played together as presently as here in our bodies, gratefully united. Somehow, we walked that mirage directly into "real" life in this plane of demonstration.

We recognize each other. *Oh my God!*

Real, this is true. True...

He came to me, and I to him, in full awareness. It all happened, and continues.

"How" may defy my mind. Yet, yes: true as the words in print here.

This. Is. True.

Deliciously endlessly close, our fingers search and see. The moment in some way elongates. My lips whisper a husky tone in his ear, *"I just wanted to smell you..."*

Quite so, my body literally aches at its mention. Pheromones, sure, but much more than this.

Scents enhance our perception: the more senses we engage, the richer the memory. Known in learning, equally so in life. Sense memory augments already vivid detail.

His manufactured flavor seems deliberately selected too; all considered, I cannot envision much that may not be purposefully calculated and precisely honed about him. Its musk catapults me right back to the '80s, years that serve as a setting for his accident and miraculous self-catalyzed spinal healing.

Anyone familiar with his background (little I did know before that first workshop, this was all of it) would be privy to this...or miss the point of his adulthood and mission-driven approach or purpose. Me? While I always felt different, and even a bit alienated or apart from how people typically seem to experience the world, this exceeds that to a spectacular degree: qualifying as

beyond the pale in an albeit now ironically favorable way, despite many of my already unconventional inclinations and perspectives.

He chuckles in surprise and naked amusement at my comment. Of course he would, for obvious reasons.

If you know his teachings (my innocent lack of exposure did not at the time), he talks about training stallions like taming the body in – and for – meditation: by practicing past the point when the animal wants to get up and attend to baser inclinations. One of such base inclinations happens to include stallions and their ability to smell, and instantly pursue, a “hot” mare from far across the fields.

Oh, man. My face blushes even now at what his mind surely pictured then.

Shortly after I put my foot right in it – my mouth, that is – and voice in his ear, we naturally reach a parting point. We feel it together, each reluctantly stepping slightly back from the embrace that neither really want to end: of course, timed ideally for optimal recall of every precious detail.

He half-angles his body toward the direction he will head next, back to the bustling dining room from which he originally emerged, and stops to linger. With a cocked wry smile, he quips, “*Nice to meet ya...*” steadily holding my mesmerized gaze.

After an especially extended pause I snap briefly back from my amazement haze, “*...Holy Crap!*” Elegant graceful utterance, right? Ugh.

Head spinning, “reality” collapsing around me, I cannot quite seem to move or talk, except for this mildly crass exclamation. Ultimately tongue-tied – or whatever that may be – he gets my intended message. Do situations like this *actually occur*?

For us, and therefore surely others too: evidently. No story like this ever crossed my prior attention, however, before we found ourselves smack in this one's midst.

He brightens even further, turns to stroll at that equally leisurely pace away once again, and takes it all with him. The hallway empties like a vacuum in his absence.

When his witnessing friend and I finally speak on Friday night of this week, and I ask what he prefers to be called, he offers his own confirmation and full approval as well. He shares his nickname, emphasized by, “**YOU** can call me anything you want.”

An aside, I deliberately chronicle this in a way that allows new revelations to emerge in a manner similar to how I experience them, meaning that we will talk about the new in ones that are fresh, integrating them into as much context as had been available at that time. In other

words, you surely already notice that this is not written solely in one tense (present or past). We repeatedly visit each to assimilate them distinctly.

Physical contact, and the pleasure of standard conversational interactions, at this event occur freely and naturally. Because of a variety of choices on each side since, we have shared no private time together in a typical way, nor what anyone would see as "normal" ongoing communication exchanges.

Across a variety of related topics, any of us can find his considerations of biological and chemical impact points that influence a typical courtship trajectory. Some relate to how oxytocin is released in the system through types of physical (sexual) contact, some pertain to how dopamine release hinges expectations and pleasure to acts as simple as receipt of a text message after anticipation of it. Any of it trickles down to how we may maintain a more objective ability to ascertain a shared love connection separate from interference from these more transitory biochemical signals.

His perspective on the other side of divorce and what he considers primarily single parenthood, and mine of having come through my own serious relationships and an engagement I needed to walk away from, why would either of us want to taint this utterly pure magnetized alignment with temporary tones that might wax and wane to cloud our judgment? Instead, determining across a landscape of linear time and various experiences how the fundamental connection endures seems more sensible.

The deepest, most meaningful relationship either of us have experienced would be an easy conclusion. Other types of daily encounters serve as our immersive portal.

He allows me to draw him in basically on-demand energetically. I cannot entirely comprehend how this works given his excessively busy schedule, but it intends to demonstrate multi-dimensionality we can access, as he describes it.

He understands these aspects of our existence far beyond my limited exposure. At this for decades himself, mine spans only a fraction of that linearly. What I know: he brings much more familiarity with traversing all of this, and I trust...so, it works.

What he characterizes as a "biological upgrade," I receive immediately before the end of this same special event, which may also have reinforced – been responsible for – our communication capacity too. No face-to-face discussions about this. We go with what we know, and what works: trial and error, with confirmations delivered.

Truly, while I get a pretty strong sense of our exchanges, there are times or pieces of information that he helps along by offering means of verification: for example, I will share more later about when he suggested our son's name. There are others when he may have changed his mind and gone a different way than what we discussed, or aspects require additional

information for clarity. Again, without our opportunity to compare notes, it comes down to actively developing discernment in the process.

Sometimes, we just need more breadth to fully understand. While confounding, it is also how we learn, especially in unknown realms. We experiment to discover.

Mainly, it is a comfort that we are in touch, and I see this as his way of showing me that we are never separate or entirely apart: and never will be again. Still, I am an affectionate person. He is also; he simply knows some of the hurdles I have about physical presence that he thinks he can somehow help me overcome by showing me the truest depths of our connection. Meaning, none are ever parted, even by physical "death" of the body as our material human vessel.

Of all of the bonding moments and memorable pivot points that occur early on, one afternoon encounter causes me to look back and realize now what I simply could not foresee to grasp then. It also makes me wish I had handled it another way. Yet, it would not have been much more (or different) than it was in any case; you may see why momentarily.

The yoga studio where we practice at this retreat is open-air and screened, offering vast sprawling visual fields in each direction, and set up as a main room plus entry area that empties into one hallway (equipped with a wet bar sink to wash-up after using the restrooms) which leads to the back exit. Water closets (WC) sit adjacent: one-at-a-time again.

On this particular afternoon, just before we head back into session, I exit the WC to wash my hands, and there he stands alertly up against the wall: no one else around, looking at me intently. He does not blink, or even move, really. He says nothing, just staring with complete intensity.

I instantly brighten, "*Hi!*" without interrupting my trajectory over to wash my hands and get ready for the next session. Given the way that things have been progressing, I assume that he again deliberately selected and cultivated a time and opportunity for a more private conversation at the moment: finally.

By this point, we have been chatting casually every day. We typically hug in the morning before sessions, and most evenings we find ourselves with an opportunity to grab a hug together before being pulled in opposite directions as well.

However, he stays stoic and says nothing now. We look at each other as I wash and dry my hands. He seems determined somehow. Honestly, at this point, absent any added effort, I feel miffed: wondering whether he may be stringing me along here.

Despite the **unquestionably extraordinary** nature of how we connected to start, the confirmation he engineers between us before this event even kicks-off, and the completely effortless ways we find ourselves interacting (as if we have known each other forever), not much evolution beyond that surfaces at this juncture. He has not invited me aside for moments

any more private than this one, as most envision even for the most basic courtship. Of course, this is no average man with a "typical" life, or manner of regarding one.

Anyone could logically look to a private dinner invitation, or other means through which a more common courtship trajectory might present. Here, reorientation does make sense. Nothing is – or would be – very standard or common with this man.

His own trust falls to the unknown by a habitually cultivated, preferred orientation. All else becomes predictable: orchestrated materially, not attracted energetically.

My mind defaults back to:

"We haven't had any evening time together. The clock is ticking. We have an inherent magic between us (plus these great and easy experiences), but he is not making any kind of real move.

*What in the world could he be thinking to squander our potential time getting to know each other in this way? Now, purposefully alone together for a minute, **he won't even talk to me?**"*

Of course, this event is a work function for him, and dozens of others also invested hefty sums to be here. That I do understand. I simply keep trying to wrap my brain around what could possibly make sense about this, and what I should do.

On the first two days, I sit literally right in front of him, with immediate hugging access and natural chats throughout session breaks. We are encouraged to switch seats to give everyone a chance for the final few days, which I completely accept.

During the first few evenings, it falls to a similar drill. We run into each other some time immediately after the Q & As, with at least a quick hug encounter before being pulled apart.

One night about mid-week, he pulls me into the passenger side with him in the jeep his friend drives. Leaving me with a huge hug and an audible "missed kiss," he does playfully mean it to be loud with his glass of wine in hand, yet contact never occurs. As I excuse myself, I teasingly quip, *"I'm gonna go fall down now."*

Then, it stops happening. The final couple of nights offer no physical contact, with days when not much more than a glance in each other's direction emerge from it too. Except, of course, then things happen again in meditation. So, it all generates other steps seemingly, I am beginning to realize: in complements or balance.

Each effort brings a distinct special meaning, perhaps otherwise diluted, had we more swiftly rushed through steps or been considering any of it less than precious. Before Q & A the final evening, he somehow finds me in a hallway only the 2 of us occupy.

Literally stopping to register notable “approval” of my beaded mermaid gown, again he deliberately crafts this memory shared solely between the two of us: ultra-special as a result. Frozen together momentarily, he gives a look all women know or crave from an object of their affection.

He offers not just approval; he is taken aback. A Dan + Shay song, “Speechless,” brings me back to this moment every time I hear it.

Next, I suddenly have a spot 2 seats from where he presents for the evening session. A friend I barely know so far holds this place for me and another woman I met on the first evening. He hands me his glass of wine as well.

Little do I comprehend as we settle-in, our host goes on to officiate an impromptu wedding between two of the participants, only after ceding my direct approval and interest notably throughout the hour-long discussion prior. He talks about the main website, branding, growing the presence online as the movement grows. I nod with him each time he glances my way, not realizing until later how the room sees it.

His 60th birthday occurs the next year, just beyond the event’s anniversary dates. In honor of the couple, another friend shares video footage from this evening. Part of it captures one of our loving exchanges just after his officiating concludes.

During the event, I brought a card with me, filling it with juicy revelations before the week closes. Somehow, at the first workshop, I was seated (on one of the final days) with a woman from Kauai who happened to volunteer to me that she and he share the same birthdate. She told me when it is: I never looked it up, or sourced much of anything about him. Information comes to me when useful, at times inaccurately.

This year, he releases *The Alchemist* meditation in anticipation, and posts the formal definition in reference:

al-che-mist | ‘al-ke-mist

“An expert at transmutation; a practitioner capable of mystical transformation at the highest levels of order. A problem-solver; a life-changer; an unlimited creator.”

Intended to be an empowerment tool, we will see later why he knew it would be so valuable and timely [for me]. In initiation, not all things evolve quite as magically as at the outset. Progress has its process, as does any trek toward mastery.

It also becomes evident at some point that he has children from a prior relationship, probably anecdotes in the many video clips I begin to consume in order to learn more about him and his teachings. Ultimately, I know that there are three, and I did know it prior to this special event. Never did I go digging about a woman/mother in question; and, at the 10th event (Dec 2021)

someone new in line in front of me early one morning starts talking to me about 'R'. At the next event, a then friend of mine speaks about her more – mainly just in loose reference – as well.

So many things that seem socially important (from perspectives of upbringing or schools or friends in prior chapters), as commonly emphasized by society, just feel inconsequential in this context. Through these many months, only a quick occasion of jealousy has surfaced. Each time gives me pause to re-evaluate some nudge to my reaction, and whether or not I should pay further attention.

While that never acted as a tremendous influence for me in my prior relationships (although I have been with jealous or possessive men; when I was younger, facets of that appeared mildly appealing until I noticed their drivers of insecurity), a newer realization in this comes especially clear. We each have an ample range of choices, and have for quite some time. Would we be drawn to each other in such a profound way if petty issues really sit at the core of focus for either of us?

Back to the transition point in our communication: in retrospect – given that we met in meditation, and this other-worldly connection launches us – the WC incident shows him testing our boundaries to see if my telepathic openness exists yet. In fairness, I cannot envision any other plausible explanation for why he would wait until no one else was around, hang out by little bathrooms, and simply stare at me without vocally responding as I talk to him holding eye contact: washing my hands.

As these interactions transpire, still all this while not knowing with certainty how he receives them (what he knows and does not, how he experiences them, and how he processes it all), I strive to get my head around which message really aims to be central here in a recounting of it. Ultimately, the takeaway that continues surfacing from my vantage point so far showcases not just an extraordinary and extra-sensory nature of connection that can be possible between two similarly oriented souls, but further: what all of this could mean in a much bigger picture.

How may more of us learn to enjoy similar experiences? Should that even be a goal?

He so aptly constructs a model to teach about the supernatural reach of mind, body and soul connection through meditation. Can this intimacy, perhaps, be taught too?

If possible, is this not an ideal way to connect with the right person for us, rather than chasing around after pieces of intellectual and physical and “value-oriented” items we seem to be checking-off of some arbitrary list instead? Why not attract our match of equals, designed to satisfy and grow us, rather than trying to push or hinge artificially together two pieces that are not quite a fit?

Obviously, we need to learn and explore more expansively (and deeper) in order to get there. Yet, what could shift the landscape of relationships – or their potential – more profoundly than realizing undoubtedly how dear and connected we can be with each other **when trust is**

complete and agreement absolute? So far beyond what fact or fiction has ever attempted to portray, this illustrates how special (and cosmic) these possibilities remain.

Any time such types of captivation present themselves in our world, their uniquely rare nature intends to move us. Whispering in song lyrics, tickling the tiny hairs on our neck with the breeze, finding us in symbols we know from life language: seizing our attention as if to wake us from any inadvertent numbing toward monotony.

Perched on the edge of our seat now, entirely alert, we draw more nectar and flavor out of each moment when we **know** added sparks from such spectacles could flicker through anytime. Shifting how we align with, and choose, each other in a love match: imagine the joy, cooperation, and harmony ahead. When life in reality becomes far better than the most enchanting movies and books, who or what would ever keep us from this exploration?

After the first retreat, what we encountered in meditations continues: with added punctuation and even new sensory experiences. On Feb 28th, I left that initial site. On March 1st, my connection to CA was cancelled, holding me in Dallas overnight during extensive lightening storms. Strange that I had seen lightening in my mind's eye toward the end of the retreat. He then labels June's return to that spot "Brainstorm."

By March 6th, I was booking flights for the special event, with registration paid and confirmed by the 9th. The event began on the 15th. I had been in TX, CA, CO, and back in TX again in between.

Looking back nearly 2 years later, fresh eyes roll back in my head at the necessary level of surrender for this to occur. That's no pat on my back; rather, it's a grateful deep acknowledgement of how extensively I trusted intuition and believed already.

Blissfully rolling with all of it at the time, glimpses back spotlight (more glaringly) how swiftly circumstances kept assembling, pulling together cooperatively for me toward the next experience. See that picture occur across 8 months, then 12, now 22 – rather than just one or two – truly: do you *see the universe conspiring?*

"Acceptance" was my final mantra chip from the first workshop. At registration for these initial weeklong events, each participant would receive a small jewelry bag of what looked like poker chips: one for each day. We were instructed to blindly select it before heading into our first session each morning, and tuck that into our lanyard nametag pouch as a focal point for the day's series.

Of course, acceptance and understanding rarely happen completely all at once. Quite a gradual trajectory, nuances can hide in corners of triggers cyclically, or suddenly be coaxed out in life's otherwise seemingly subtle moments.

Knowing, understanding, and assimilating awaits. Akin to the distinction between being cognitively able to recount a philosophical idea – as compared to initiating (comprehending and

integrating) what it means into our lives – such a trajectory between two states of awareness can appear as a vast chasm.

When we first hear a new concept, trial and error in the throes of life often act as our testing ground before we start to do well with actually melding it into how we function. Think about a first time we try something simple: toss a ball, for example. Our aim, not to mention any ability to determine how far we can pitch it, really all boils down to guesswork...then repeating our attempts as we correct and adjust.

Anything we do newly once requires practice for reliable, consistent improvement. Doing so more automatically (as opposed to having to remind ourselves to perform differently or better) takes us through initiation, into mastery, from practice.

If one theory says that Mastery arises from a 10,000-hour commitment, at the most rudimentary level of 24 hours per day – sleeping and waking combined, since we can enjoy lucid dreams or out of body travels as a result of a mystical practice – this argument would posit that more than a year (417 days) acts as a baseline. Of course, we know that both healing and learning can be contingent upon cyclical spirals, and we can encounter a 'one step forward, two steps back' series of experiences too.

For most of us drawn to this work, some sense of deeper knowing seems to have always been there, however quiet at times. Where we opt to direct attention, or what we have practiced often enough until it feels accessible and credible, certainly factors-in. Imagine how it can serve us to develop and hone such remarkable innate capabilities beyond a mere baseline competence.

We can all think back to times we created or attracted amazing results. The truth is simply: mainstream methods in schools or via conventional learning sources do not teach how to do this reliably, deliberately, consistently...beyond matter-to-matter.

Examining how it all occurred, one of the things that repeatedly causes double-takes is when it first surfaces to make itself known. I was not looking or trying. I did not have a focus on anyone or anything. I certainly had no earthly idea that I may meet someone (let alone *MY One*) in the process of a meditation.

Whether or not you already know about the severity of his own healing experience, it catalyzed his research and development of the models he now teaches. Reading the books written after he interviewed hundreds of others who intended into their own spontaneous remissions can also contribute tremendous additional insight.

This man teaches from a core of absolute conviction, which evolves from personal life-changing experience as well as exposure to others who encountered similar miracles. My inclination here also leans toward dialing back traditionally religious implications of that term, even though the word itself remains accurate.

Expanding his own medical and scientific knowledge, he added more degrees and perpetual learning to an already established scholarly foundation (and successful medical practice) that pre-dated his injury. A self-proclaimed pragmatist, he holds the data to relevant levels of rigor. It would be sound to expect that he also does so with his life and approach to relationships. Affable enough when you meet him, he is also tough and exacting with regard to what he feels matters and holds meaning.

Now, imagine:

...knowing your Love mate – who they are, where they are, and even being around and with them (not to mention without them, physically) – for significant periods of time; not being able to touch for more than a handful of hugs, not being able to passionately kiss or explore any sensual contact, not being able to hold a typical conversation at any time of the day or night, and not enjoy any mainstream courting rituals month after month...

No phone calls, no e-mails, no texting. No private time: none of these standards.

Considering excessively brief attention spans, the demands most have for screening partners by way of "chemistry," plus other broadly adopted expectations of common dating rituals, I daresay any would swiftly lose interest in trying to conduct life this way. For me, what can be gained in our connection exceeds consideration of various pieces we momentarily defer, not to say that this lets it proceed free of confusion.

Yes, we went immediately from being delivered into this realm of ultimate pairing and play, together walking through confirmation that we do recognize each other (and how something other-worldly seems to be involved), into the very first layer of ease in daily interactions...to then suddenly being denied anything further. He seems to have chosen for it to be this way. I can literally cite the extent of contact at each event. Not even a hugging embrace – and never more than a few handfuls of words – at any point between the third week in March and October 5th of 2021.

30 weeks & 3 days. Who considers that acceptable without knowing something else divine and exceptional is at stake or possible?

Anything less than a true connection would fall off through such a robust challenge of endurance. Why continue to hold interest here, unless more is happening?

More indeed is happening. We will come back to this later. First, I offer a bit of my take on why he seems to feel this would be a necessary type of testing ground.

He wants me to be sure, and wants that for himself as well. No biological chemical complications (he has extensively studied the various chemical cocktails released in bodies through physical interactions and proximity: oxytocin surges being just one), no emotional

interference. No inherent expectations or other influences should cloud the way that we could each look at this and assess what it may be or mean.

Is this truly an ultimately sustainable and sustaining soul level connection, or just something a bit more special than a typical fleeting contact that withers without its baseline modes of nurturing? Can it withstand not just mere physical distance, but also the absence of any commonplace types of courtship we typically default into?

What, after all, does **truly unconditional love** entail? Can any of us, raised in this time and culture, honestly embrace a nature of love without common conditions?

We each have our own lives: we have built them on our own, there are other people involved, and all of this can be complicated too. His encompasses a broader, grander scale than mine perhaps, plus the all-but-grown offspring. So, rather than rushing headlong into something (which I would have been willing to consider), and causing tricky consequences for others (which I would obviously prefer to avoid), we take a beat – or many – and think it thoroughly all through.

Slow, steady, simmering. While I have gotten on-board with that, and see the merits, at times I have indeed been inclined to resist.

He looked into my background, as I knew he would. He began saying things from the start – publicly at events – to demonstrate that he had done so, also letting me know various ways in which he can relate to some of the experiences.

For my part, there were still things about the work, the teams, plus the way his life already undeniably is (and will continue to be) with which I needed to become more familiar and comfortable too. As I have considered extensively – were I choosing – I may not have been likely to opt for a prominent person whose presence I must be willing to share extensively with so many others in some significant ways.

Historically, my private side enjoys certain levels of anonymity and decent amounts of personal space. Anyone in shared partnership has always been my go-to person, and I relish that closeness without needing distance. With all others, however, my level of gratification achieved through a cocoon from the world may be exemplified through distinct pleasure in residing on the most remote land mass on the planet.

Had I not been shown otherwise, it is likely that I would have continued to lean toward (and choose) that. Ironically, the entire notion of putting myself in a much more public position seemed unpalatable previously. Many of my deliberate life and career choices have revolved around an absence of interest in lingering spotlights.

Of course, I also did not realize that conscious communities exist like he wants this to be. At their best, they can be beautiful places for the right quality of interactions.

Some of what he aims to show me through these many, many months involves ways he learned to deal similarly with such things, and how he insulates and recharges in his own manner. Life feels intense sometimes, particularly at events and also due to profound meditations. I often want or need a minute – or more – to process through and savor what happens: assimilate, integrate, adjust. Energy can be potent.

While some others also share this inclination, witnessing it more extensively attests to what I would assess to be a majority engaging socially...immediately and without hesitation after any meditation ends, even including the 2 to 4-hour pineal sessions. Decompression time, journaling, personal space – and honoring all of that – remains fundamentally important in my world, rather than rushing right back to ordinary.

Quality Time with my equal is my love language, and what fills me up...in terms of relationship satisfaction. While I do know that we will find our rhythm with this, and ensure that he gets what he needs as well – space and independence, plus together time, as we both prefer – I took on substantial inner reflection and gut checks about my reactions and responses to the way he interacts with others too. It amazes me, in a very favorable way still, how powerful that central core of trust between us can be.

I recall behaviors of others that may have felt irksome, or worse, in past relationship circumstances. Now evident: those red flags snagged my attention for other reasons entirely. Mainly, their signals attempted to show me problematic deeper issues from root behaviors of the person jeopardizing such former partnering attempts.

At the point when we do walk into it together in every way, we will have wanted to assess these types of actions and views (and more) on our own for ourselves so that we decide what feels right to each of us. Life will always present us with situations we need to address and learn about as we go. Maturity thereby means that we come in as prepared as we can from the start.

We each first work on ourselves. Then (as he puts it), when we come together, we can celebrate our life...and each other.

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