



A Lonely Man On A Wakeful Road

by Dan Ford

An Episodic Adventure

Episode #10

The Truly Wakened Never Sleep Again

As a Speaker for Spiritual Insights and Activities, my tasks seem easier because I am quite engrossed and entranced with Matt's Vision Quest adventures. However, I assure my readers that I am also quite involved with Quests that are taking place with many other seekers of spiritual adventures as well, and I am still recording them as well and will share them at the proper time.

But I still feel that this particular saga should continue to be chronicled on these episodes while Matt is willing to provide us with these first-person

narratives. It makes my job easier and far more pleasurable to have someone else occasionally doing the storytelling.

Just to bring everyone up to date. In Episode #8, Matt, Zander, and Kareem assisted the Belize Defense Force capture and even kill some members of a drug cartel in Belize. This done-deal event now freed both Matt and Zander to stay in Belize for as long as they wanted. Zander has some personal matters to clear up, and Matt simply loves being here, so they plan to remain in Belize for the foreseeable future.

When we left them in Episode #8, their beautiful spiritual jaguar, Ahau-Kin, magically appeared at the edge of the forest and walked across the grass to join them. He rubbed first against Zander and Matt and then sauntered over to greet Rascal and Jim.

After that meeting, Rascal intimated that they would like to have Matt and Zander consider joining their family instead of just being guests at the Rainbow In The Jungle Lodge. At that point in their conversation, I will have Matt take over the narration of this episode. Here he is!

I was shocked when Rascal suggested that we would be welcome to become members of the Seekers. We were new to this group, but I could see that they were highly spiritual and gifted with wisdom and capabilities that I was sure that Zander and I could not attain at present. We were learning fast under Kareem's great tutorship but felt we had a long way to go. Kareem disagreed and said we were doing great, but he was pleased that we were still a little modest about our growth. At any rate, I mentioned my reticence to Rascal and Jim, and they said that we should give the Seekers some credit for knowing what they were doing. They could immediately see our potential and could be as patient as they would need to be to see Zander and me reach our potential. They wanted us to accept that they wished us to become family, and we only had to agree to work as needed to fit in. We agreed, and so the decision was made that easily.

We were to become family members.

The announcement of our inclusion into the family of the Seekers was made at dinner that night. We felt at home immediately, and we have felt that way ever since. During the evening, those members of the Seekers that were not physically present in the lodge appeared to us in spiritual manifestations. They presented a

loving welcome in an unbelievably beautiful mystic manner. Zander and I kept looking over at each other, constantly not believing what was happening.

I continued to ask Kareem why we had been accepted by these superior beings. He would laugh each time I asked that question and finally just answered, "Why not?"

I told him that was not an acceptable answer, as I did not understand why these spiritual warriors wanted us to become one of them. He answered that quite simply, it was because it was meant to be. It has been planned for in previous incarnations. But the plan could only be realized if those souls intended for such activities were not only willing to manifest themselves within that intent, but were also devoted to achieving it.

It turned out that each step of my Quest was involved in that process. I could have abandoned the effort at any time and certainly didn't do anything for a long time. Then I was urged to start this Vision Quest, mostly because I heard and adapted to clues.

Zander's path was unique to himself, but the same goals and processes were involved. We were both guided towards a need to come together as a team in this endeavor, and although we did not know the details, we sensed that this is what we needed to do to become what we had long ago decided to become. We were here due to what both of our soul's consciousness wanted, and our individual free wills were cooperating in that process.

As for the reason why these desires and needs manifested themselves, we would find that out later. It was enough to know for the present that we felt satisfaction internally that such a decision had been made by us and accepted by the Seekers.

We also found it very interesting that residing in a gay-orientated community did not become a predominant factor in their lifestyle. Everyone was who and what they were intended to be in this cultural environment. Both heterosexual guests or straight members of the Seekers felt natural and comfortable with each other. It demonstrated that people who live together honestly were always unique, yet also similar in desires. Love was easily accepted and emanated in whatever manner was appropriate to the souls involved. This is the same as all souls experience when they leave these obstructed realms and enter the unobstructed ones. However, the

same environment can be achieved here if we simply work a little harder to achieve it.

Our villa on Privassion Creek was incredibly beautiful. Zander and I were ensconced in paradise. We considered it a honeymoon and more. We thought that we would never want to leave this personal piece of heaven.

For about two weeks, the Seekers left us to enjoy ourselves at the lodge or on short day trips to various ruins or interesting nature places. And then, ever so slightly, we were being involved in some spiritual training. We started out by being taken on trips within the Spiritual Timeline. We visited our past lives, and traveled to various events that would teach us lessons about challenges that souls other than ourselves have experienced. We learn best by self-experiencing, but we also learn quite well by observing others. That is, if we paid attention, and really wanted to absorb the happenings, and we did.

A particularly interesting venture within the Spiritual Timeline occurred when Jim and Rascal escorted us to an island in the South Pacific. We were made aware that it is in the area now known as the Marshall Islands. Eventually, it became known to others in our current time as the island where the atomic and hydrogen bomb testing took place. One island named Bikini actually became a household name, but mostly for a type of bathing suit called a Bikini, designed by a French designer who named his creation after the island being used for the tests in 1946.

However, on our first spiritual venture, Rascal and Jim took us back to the South Pacific in 1845, when the Marshall Islands were tranquil, and people lived as we would like to think all idyllic islanders lived in those times. As it turned out, it was a nice place and time to live, but not as idyllic as you might imagine.

Rascal informed me that I lived in a village on what is now known as Rongelap Atoll. The island itself was pretty flat and devoid of mountains or even hills. However, it was still stunning because of the palm trees, clean sandy beaches, and unbelievably beautiful, clear aquamarine waters in the lagoon. The lagoon was a volcanic created ring of coral islands that makes up the outer perimeter of the atoll.

A good-looking young man was sitting cross-legged on the beach, along with a slightly older man. He was pointed out to me as being the Me of those times. I was pleased, as this fellow, who appeared to be in his mid-teens, was quite

attractive and very healthy looking with great teeth. He was naturally quite lean but muscular, and I supposed that he spent a considerable amount of time swimming and diving in the ocean. It appeared that the other very fit man, who turned out to be his father, was showing him how to construct something using palm frond ribs and seashells into a kind of chart.

When traveling within the Spiritual Timeline, we were also spiritually connected to the Akashic Records, which provided us with any information we would need to make our ventures meaningful. The experience was, after all, the main reason that the Spiritual Timelines were provided to us.

In any case, it appeared that this stick chart that I was creating under my father's guidance represented the major ocean swell patterns and the ways that the islands, represented by the various types of seashells, disrupt those patterns. I understood that I was to memorize the patterns rather than take the chart with me on voyages.

The threads within the chart, made by palm frond midribs, represented prevailing ocean surface wave-crests and directions they took as they approached islands and met other similar wave-crests formed by the ebb and flow of breakers. Individual charts varied so much in form and interpretation that the individual navigator who made the chart was the only person who could fully interpret and use it.

We were also informed that my father and me, along with others, were planning on a long voyage to another atoll outside the Marshall Islands, and we would need this information to make sure that we could get to the island where we wanted to go. We were taking the large ocean-going canoe because we would be involved in trading and the exchanging of young girls. We would try to locate suitable women to swap ours for to avoid the inevitable inbreeding that can easily occur among low volume populations in these island communities. The young girls had been aware that this trip was going to be their likely future, and were therefore used to the idea. Many looked forward to it, particularly if it was exchanging a small village for a larger one. But, if they did not want to engage in this experience, they did not have to.

Nothing was forced on another person in this loving culture.

If an amenable swapping cannot occur, it was often the case where one island might decide to become an invading force, and attack another island at a far

distance away. In those cases, violent kidnapping becomes the norm to acquire a suitable breeding stock.

I was also made aware that Rongelap was desperate to acquire women to mate with their men, and that was of particular interest to me. I was well over the age to have started a family, but every female on Rongelap was a close relative. I was perfectly free to engage in amorous relationships. Still, I was even more certain that none of those dalliances can result in having a potentially disastrous result to deal with. I was not about to have a difficult child resulting from a careless night of fun.

The other factor that was unique to the Marshall Islanders in those, and future times it would seem, was that sex was a pretty open affair throughout the culture. They did not possess one another as much as they shared one another regardless of gender or any other relationship. This was entirely opposite to most other world cultures, where wives and children were essentially the property of men to do with what they wanted. Because of this openness, you could never be sure genetically who your father really was within this island culture. Nor did it matter.

In most cases, the father of a child was the man the mother chose as her mate and he paid paternal attention to any child in the household. The only sexually genetic consideration was that of avoiding inbreeding. It was their nature, and possibly because of that, they all loved each other equally.

This attitude brought about an interesting cultural habit. A foreigner from European, American, Asian, or other countries would occasionally sail into and anchor off the islands while visiting the inhabitants. The islanders then took advantage of this new available gene pool and would mate with these strangers. The situation might seem odd, but the benefit for future breeding on the islands was enormous. There ended up being German, English, Spanish, Japanese, and many more mixed into the island bloodlines.

It was a very good thing.

So! Back to the stick-chart and the pending voyage to another atoll, where we will likely meet up with distant relatives. We decided that the best island to visit was Palikir. It was about 580 miles distant and had a large population. To choose an island much closer would not likely offer much difference in the available genetic pool.

Due care was taken to initiate this journey during a time when the weather was likely to cooperate. There was nothing worse than being caught in an unsuspected typhoon or other vicious storms.

The head of the expedition was my father. His name was Atiniui, and he was wise in all matters of the sea. He was not only my father but also the Iroj or head chief of Rongelap, and my teacher of life. My name was Soaladaob, which is a name that indicated that I was the son of a Master of the Sea.

We headed out for Palikir in our largest ocean-capable canoe, called a Walap. It had two triangular sails. The main hull was crafted from a large breadfruit tree, a lee platform outrigger the size of the main hull, and a pivoting midship mast. Like all pacific proas, they are always sailed with the outrigger to windward. They do not tack but "shunt" or use a reversed direction movement. So both ends of the boat are identical. The distinction between bow and stern depends only on the actual direction that the boat was traveling.

The canoe carried twenty-six people, each man and woman expert in every marine task required for a ship this size. My father literally read nature's faint and subtle signs such as stars, clouds, waves, currents, winds, birds, and even the color of the ocean. All these were recognizable clues and easily read by trained navigators. Objectives were reached by following the star paths above or the patterns of the sea. An apprentice would spend years memorizing star courses between the atolls, as well as the marks, sea-ways, cloud shapes, winds, and the flight of birds.

Although this was a long voyage, it was not unusual to sail far distances due to the need to supplement our populations to keep procreation healthy. But it was just as important to facilitate trade among the peoples of the South Pacific. Battles occasionally occurred, mostly for political reasons, but for the most part, all islands had the same concerns, and visits by friendly islanders were a cause for celebration.

We did run into a few storms during our voyage to Palikir, but for the most part, the sea was manageable, and the winds allowed us to make good time. I loved the smell and taste of sea spray that constantly flowed up and over our canoe. Our canoe was not as fast as smaller ones, but fast enough that it could be used to chase tuna a bit when we came upon a school of them. This and other small catches of fish provided us with additional food along the way.

We stopped at a few other islands along the route and conducted a little trading and social interaction. We always renewed friendships on the islands closest to Rongelap.

After 10 days, we arrived at Palikir, and the anticipation was great, particularly for me. I had never been to this island before, and because the primary reason for my visit was to find a girl to marry, I was very nervous. I realized that I had never asked my father how I was to go about doing this. As we were mooring the canoe to the dock, I did ask him, and he smiled at me. He said not to worry. That will take care of itself. The God of the Ocean knows what to do about things like that.

It appeared that the people living in Palikir were also excited to meet us and quickly prepared a celebration for that evening. When we arrived, it seemed that the entire village was there to eat, drink and dance. I was amazed, but my father, who had made many of these trips before, was used to them and simply took it into his stride.

I sat down cross-legged next to my father and looked at all of the other people, also sitting cross-legged around a series of connected palm frond mats that seemed to stretch in a straight line through the whole village.

I was too fascinated to try to eat or drink anything. I scanned down the row of people sitting on the opposite side of the mat, and then I laid eyes on a girl sitting a few people away from the chief, who sat directly across from us. The girl was beautiful, and she was looking at me at the same time. I could see her blush, and I did the same. She had the whitest teeth and fullest lips and long silky brown hair. Her dark brown eyes actually seemed to sparkle as she smiled, and then she quickly glanced down towards the dinner mat. It was a very modest gesture. I couldn't take my eyes off her, but then I saw her father and mother looking directly into my eyes, and I was instantly embarrassed and somewhat terrified. I glanced over to my father, and he simply gave me a big smile. I looked back at the stern-looking chief across from me, and then he also smiled at me. So did his wife. When looking back at father, he quietly said. "I told you that the Ocean God would take care of things. Now just pay attention to your food, so you don't insult our hosts."

Then I did eat and even had two cups of Kava to calm me down a bit. After the meal was finished, we all moved to the beach to listen to music and dance. I was able to meet with the pretty girl when her parents introduced us. It appeared

that everything was going in the right direction as far as she and I were concerned. At that point, the Akashic Records slipped me the knowledge that the girl, called Huali, was actually Zander in this island incarnation. At first, the thought disturbed both Zander and me, but then I realized that love was love and that gender was really of no importance in the overall feeling that two souls could have with each other. Zander and I grasped each other's hands in spiritual form as we gazed upon Huali and Soaladaob. We could both see where this was going, and we were both pleased about it.

We stayed at Palikir for another week, and there was a lot of trading and girl swapping taking place. My father was bringing home a new wife for his son, and two other fathers on the canoe were leaving their daughters on Palikir in exchange for a return gift and a young male to bring back to Rongelap to help with the gene mix. You would think some would be quite sad, but this was not the case when they considered that their daughters would be happy and their family had expanded to another island. This was the way things worked in this era of the Marshall Islands, and all was well. Besides, quite often, one daughter staying on a new island meant that another daughter was leaving for a new home. A balance was being maintained. The family that acquired a new wife was expected to reciprocate in some manner to make a successful swap, and as I said previously if all people were not content with the arrangement, it would not occur. There were often instances where a girl returned to their home island after changing her mind on the way to a possible new life. She would then wait for another try, the arrival of a stranger or a life without children.

In our case, we returned to Rongelap and started to create a new family as quickly as possible. How could we go wrong? It would seem that Zander and I are meant to be together, at least for one or more incarnations. We decided to move upward along the Timeline to see how we were doing as a family and were generally pleased. For the most part, things went well. There were those occasions when Huali had miscarriages. And one of our sons was attacked and killed by a tiger shark when diving on our coral reef. In time we saw my mother and father die and leaving me responsible for leading our people. As bad as these things were, they were an expected aspect of life.

For the most part, ours was a great life together. Zander and I didn't stick around to see our end, as neither Zander nor I wanted to do that. Also, Rascal and Jim said that they had more for us to see.

We watched in 1788 as ships were passing through the Marshall Islands with increasing frequency. There was a demand for coconut oil, and before that, there was the usual interest in turtle shells, pearl shells, tiger eyes, giant clamshells, and other shell types. Slave traders, known as Blackbirders, were also looking for labor to work the plantations and mines of the New World, and they also made occasional forays into the area to see who they could grab. This encouraged missionaries to begin proselytizing the faith and establishing schools by the late 1850s and then British and American naval presence during the early 1870s initiated influence among the islands. However, the Marshallese were notorious for their hostilities to ships and shore parties. This was because of past mistreatment by visitors. It was clearly a place only for the most intrepid during that period. Both Huali and I had passed on during this time, but Zander and I watched our children from the Spiritual Timeline as they dealt with the Germans after they started governing the Marshall Islands in 1898. Some of them mated with the Germans and further diluted the gene pool, which was helpful.

In the early 1900s, Japan captured the Marshall Islands. Their headquarters remained at the German center of administration on Jaluit. Copra production was considerably expanded by the Japanese, and there was also an emphasis on handicraft production. Fortification of the Marshall Islands began as Japan prepared for war. The islands of Mili, Jaluit, Maloelap, Wotje, and Kwajalein were developed into bases, forming a north-south line of defense in the Marshalls. Zander and I watched as our descendants mixed their lives with the Japanese during this time, and although they bred to some degree, they did not actually become involved in the Japanese culture.

The Allied invasion of Marshall Island began in 1943. The US Marines and Army troops took control from the Japanese in early 1944 and the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands came into being.

I had decided to reincarnate into the Marshall Island culture and was reborn on Rongelap in 1945. From our spiritual realm's viewpoint, I felt a great desire and need to return to the islands and share what was anticipated to happen. It was determined in the Transition Realm that the Marshall Islanders would be experiencing unique challenges in the coming years. I wanted and needed to experience this with the culture and people that I loved so much.

From the Spiritual Timeline perspective, I could see that I was happy and content being back in the island culture, and this time I returned as a girl. I watched as I grew up with the joys of being with like-minded people, enjoying myself

spending days on the beach, diving the coral reef, and being involved in preparing food for the family. I met a wonderful young man who came to Rongelap from Kwajalein Island, and we soon added four children to our family.

The end of World War II in 1945 saw effective control over our islands by the USA, but in 1946, they began a nuclear testing program in the Marshall Islands. Less than 100 miles from Rongelap, Bikini atoll was evacuated for the first tests that the United States announced was "for the good of mankind and to end all world wars." That was the viewpoint of the United States, but one Marshall Islander wanted to know who these people were that scratched their matches on the face of God.

In 1954, the US nuclear testing program detonated the most powerful hydrogen bomb ever tested, on Bikini atoll. Radiation from the test forced our evacuation from Rongelap. We Rongelapese were allowed to return to our island in 1957, but we needed to be evacuated again later when it was determined that the radiation hazard was still very severe. I suffered a miscarriage, and many of us lost hair and received burned skin. Like many others, I died several years later from thyroid problems attributed to the fallout from this bomb that was named Bravo.

We were all exposed to highly penetrating gamma radiation, resulting in whole-body exposure, external radiation from deposition of fission products on the skin, internal radiation from consumption of contaminated food and water, and, to a lesser extent, inhalation of fallout particles. During the first few days after the blast, we suffered from nausea and vomiting, depressed white blood cell counts, and hair loss. The US Government used the people of Rongelap, without their awareness or consent, to study the effects of radioactivity on human beings and to study how human beings absorb radiation from a contaminated environment. They also assigned their own US meteorologists and other military staff on the island, so they could see what the effect of fallout and residual radiation penetration into the natural environment would have on them while they were there.

Jim and Rascal knew of Zander and my lives on Rongelap and knew that it would benefit us to review and think on these experiences while in this incarnation.

They were right, of course.

I also became aware that these wonderful peoples are also becoming victims of global warming through no fault of their own. Their islands are so low in elevation that they will likely be the first inhabited places to sink under the sea. It

saddens me to know that this will happen to some of the most beautiful, peaceful, and most innocent humans on earth and that their lives will be ripped up and relocated to places unknown once again.

While back in our retreat in the Mountain Pine Forest in Belize, Zander and I wondered and spoke about these things. We are tempted to reincarnate again after this wonderful life to see if we can alleviate that happenstance in the islands. Perhaps we can do something now in this existence.

We shall see!

But for now, we have just been told that something momentous may be about to occur that involves the Seekers. And since we are now part of that family, we are going to be involved as well.

I was not expecting this story of a nuclear holocaust on these beautiful and peaceful South Pacific Islands and hearing about the damage to these tranquil peoples. It made sense to travel back in past lives to see what imprints have been made on a soul. These incidents make you what you are at any given point.

I wonder what's up with the Seekers? I guess we will have to wait until the next episode to find out.