

JOURNEY TO THE INNER CIRCLE,
AND BEYOND

One man's search for his true self



Written through and experienced by

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My unconditional love is extended to those persons who have afforded me an opportunity to look deeper within my creatively unfolding inner self. There have been many who have supported me along my inner journey, although not all were consciously aware that they were doing so. From my interactions with the many, I was presented with many new ways of looking at life here on Earth.

It was the child in each of them that supported and nurtured me during the most crucial points along my various inner journeys. It is to the creatively free-flowing child in each of us that these following pages are dedicated.



AUTHOR'S NOTE

Written October, 1984

I have written this journal to record an ongoing experience of how I have come to feel the worlds that exist within the world of man. Discovery of these ever-existing, ever-unfolding worlds has come about gradually, by consciously travelling inwardly – through many inner-dimensional aspects of reality – to find my truth. I have ventured within and beyond time sequences and space allotments as they are commonly known to be, and journeyed into the multi-dimensional framework of my mental, physical, emotional, and spiritual bodies, experiencing to the fullest the challenges and opportunities that I have knowingly created along my earthly journey.

By taking the gifts that these self-created lessons presented, I was able to form new ideas and create new unfolding experiences that eventually evolved into an enlightening inner journey of a special and unique kind. It is a journey filled with feeling and with awareness, that had its beginning in a very vulnerable stage of my life on the physical plane and moves through a wide array of experiences filled with both illusion and truth.

Many lessons were learned while interacting with and observing the birds, animals, plants and terrain in parks and wilderness areas. Many more lessons

were learned by interacting with and observing the myriad aspects of my own body, mind, and spirit journeying to my innermost *centre*, and beyond.

This transformational journey to the inner depths of my physical, mental and spiritual dimensions of reality continues to infold/unfold, unfold/infold with a flexible and free-flowing creativity. It is a consistent place of being where all things exist as they truly are: without judgment and comparison; with unconditional acceptance and quality; with love and compassion, with being and living.

Be prepared to enter into a world of illusion, of feeling, of question, of sensitivity, of awareness, and of truth. Be open enough to seriously question the realities that exist and circulate within your current life concept and belief structure. You, too, might develop a burning desire to fully connect with your own creatively unfolding inner truths. Enter into and explore the depths of my experiences by creatively moving through your own personal experiences of your life journey. These freeing inner worlds are the one common thread all mankind has that will allow him to ascend to the higher aspects within the God Consciousness that he is.

Once you begin your inward journey to the *centre* of your own beingness, you might never want to return to the structured world you have securely anchored yourself in. This unfolding journey – within the following pages – may very well be the end and the beginning all in one, or else it could merely be a resting place for you to gather new thoughts and insights about the world you have knowingly or unknowingly created for yourself.



AUTHOR'S NOTE

Written October, 2008

I have always had an affinity to the mountains, ocean, and woods, finding great inner peace and connectedness when I was out in Nature – alone. Because I didn't feel comfortable talking to anyone about what was happening in my life, I went to where I was most at home, which was in Nature. I knew that the experiences in my life were mine and mine alone, as was my viewpoint regarding what my life was about. Bearing that in mind, I went on a singular journey looking for information about my own existence.

I invoked the inner teacher within me, the all knowing intelligence that was functionally activated at the moment of my conception. I traced my beginning as a human being backwards through time. I wanted to know where my beginning actually took place, knowing that if I knew this, and it was applicable to myself, it also had to be applicable to a child, and therefore it would have to apply to each and every person on the Earth.

The experiences I wrote about that became the journal were directed into book form by a few people I had met along my journey who encouraged me to do so. I had no desire to make this into a book. It was only documented as a reminder to myself of the experiences I created for myself in order to find some answers, and also to invoke the inner intelligence (teacher) to share the

wisdom that could be breathed between the lines of the actual experiences I manifested.

As I wrote of my experiences, I realized that the words were coming out of me in a natural flow. I was reliving the experiences as they originally happened and receiving the wisdom between the lines, thereby imprinting both within my own brain matrix simultaneously, the end result being that I created my own consciousness from what my brain imprinted. The process had an electrical current and flow of its own design. I did not control the direction or the outcome. I only created the opportunity to have the experiences. I did this by asking purposeful questions. I knew that all the answers would come forth from my intelligence if I asked the right questions in the right manner.

The journal started on the outer edge – my earthly life and how I interacted in that life with other people. It slowly moved inward. In the beginning pages I wrote to myself key phrases that became my philosophy amongst all the turmoil that was occurring at that time on the outer edges of my earthly life. Certain people arrived in my life who gave me many tools that I openly accepted and used for my own purposes to help me unravel the complex network of concepts and beliefs that I had integrated into my life ever since I was born. I took their gifts, experienced them, and made them mine. One such gift came from a psychic who introduced me to ‘Buddy’ – whom I recreated and gave life, to act as a part of me that would share wisdom. That wisdom was not part of the complicated matrix that I was introduced to by my parents, religion, school, friends, etc. I used the same tool (Buddy) to recognize the ability to create a knowledgeable entity that existed outside the restrictions of time and space. I used characters in Nature with whom I interacted to extract information from my many different experiences.

The experiences written about are real. The journal was directed by an intelligence within me that had its own design, flow, reasoning, purpose and timing.

Since the journal was written in the way of the warrior searching for answers that were hidden behind the questions, it was not necessary to change very much of the writings, because it was not intended to be written for others. It was written for me looking for answers in my evolution as a person. Using natural cycles in Nature as a guide, I used recurring language structure in the written experiences to observe how consciousness is multidimensional in its own design. By contrast the standard method of writing a book for others in a linear fashion is illusionary because it is directed not created.

As it was written almost twenty years ago from a person's point of view who was taking layers of himself apart level by level from the outside to the inside, it was not fitting in 2008 to decide how the flow of the book should go. The intelligence that wrote the book does not need to be edited for, within the pages you will read, every facet of human experience has been touched upon. Some chapters contain experiences that are entertaining, insightful, exciting and some chapters contain information that will appear to be heavy, thought provoking, off the wall, or inspirational. Chapter 7, for instance, came through the process of automatic writing, and the text of that chapter was written strictly by the intelligence within me. I made the journey to the place where it occurred and consciously created the altered state to allow the words to be directed to the paper by asking questions. It is a very difficult chapter because it introduces a new viewpoint of 'mind' – unique to my own line of questioning.

The book was written to leave behind; not something to go forward with. As I peeled the layers away and asked more truth-seeking questions, I knew that in order to find the answers I would have to give up my life to the intelligence that first consummated my life journey at the moment of my conception. The evolution of the journey from the outer world in Chapter 1 to the experience of my death in Chapter 11, my ideas, my questions, my insights, and my knowledge was transcribed to paper in the event I did not survive the journey. In my

consciousness I knew that to find the truth I would have to be willing to give up my existence, not intellectually, but emotionally, and through experience, not through words. I trusted that the intelligence within me would honor my desire for the truth of my own existence without destroying me in the process. I knew from observing Nature's interplay that the creative life energy creates and sustains all life. I also inherently knew that I became that life-giving energy at the moment the sperm and egg fused in the blue arc at the moment of my conception.

The process of editing this journal showed me that consciousness is multi-dimensional not linear, and opened me to seeing each person as a multidimensional expression of life.

... In the beginning, there is quiet. From within the depths of the quiet comes movement. From movement comes thought, and the thought is the movement. The movement unfolds from within its central core. Thought is the movement of quiet, which creates the voice of all language. The language is the means by which the movement expresses itself. The language and the thought are one in the same. The thought and the movement are one in the same. The movement is one within itself and within the quiet. The quiet and the thought are one in the same ...

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CHAPTER 1



THE OUTER WORLD SHIFTS

I am sitting on the warm sand, looking out over the large body of water that lies before me, not really focusing on any one image either in my vision or in my thoughts. I am feeling as though my very existence – mentally, physically, and emotionally – has been shaken right down to my innermost core. I am desperately reaching out and grabbing for fragments to hold on to in order that I can establish and maintain a sense of security in what I am choosing to do at this particular time in my life.

It is with mechanical movements that I have been moving through this day, although not really much different than any other day during the past four months. Time and space, as I have known them to be, have come to a sudden standstill. I feel as though I am suspended between two fixed points in time. I have no concern for my future, for I have come to see that the future is only an illusionary concept within my thought processes. All I feel compelled to do is to search back through my past experiences, in the hope that I might be able to find some pertinent information that will help bring about a resolution to the life-altering crisis I have been experiencing for some time.

I have been sitting in the same spot on Mystic Beach and sitting in the same position for almost six hours. My muscles are quite stiff and sore, as I have not been accustomed to sitting this still for such a long period of time. My head is throbbing from recalling so many of those traumatic past experiences in my life. All the joints in my body ache. I am not any clearer now than I was when I first arrived this morning. I have turned my world upside down and inside out, and I have yet to come up with any answers. All I have been doing is analyzing, over and over again, each and every experience that has ever taken place within my past relationships. Like so many other times before, I am feeling frustrated and confused.

I stand up to do some easy stretching exercises to help bring my awareness back to my body and away from everything else. I need to get the circulation moving again, so I decide to go for a walk. Without thinking about it, or hav-

ing any resistance toward what is happening, I begin to move. I am aware that I am being internally directed to and physically pulled toward the far end of the beach. It is as though my body has taken complete control over itself. My thoughts have no impact upon its movements. I try to stop it from moving any further, but it is futile. The pace is slow and steady, and there appears to be a determination from within to arrive at a specific destination. I am not at all concerned with that which is unfolding before me, for I have an inner sense of knowing that I am in no danger.

I walk for nearly three hundred yards before my body finally comes to a standstill. I am now positioned, not more than an arm's length away, in front of a massive rock wall that towers some eighty feet above the surface of the sand. I am feeling so small and so insignificant standing here before it. Rather shy and foolish, too, as I do not have any clothes on. It is totally out of character for me to feel this way, in that, for some eight years now, I have only frequented the beaches that have allowed me to be in the natural state.

The wall is shaped much like a semi-circle. Upon further examination, I realize that I have come to rest approximately at the centre point of its arc. It doesn't matter in which direction I choose to look, ninety degrees to either side of straight ahead, all I can see is rock. I am completely embraced by it, and I am feeling very humble. I feel as though I am being observed and that it knows exactly who I am, right down to my finest vibrations. I know that I cannot hide anything from it, and I also know that I have no intention of hiding from it either.

The sun is shining directly above and behind me, and I can feel the warmth of its rays penetrating the entire back half of my body. In contrast, there is a cool, light breeze dancing across the entire front half of my body, from my head to my toes. I am breaking out in goose bumps all over, but only on the front half. It is as though I have been split precisely in two, with each half experiencing something completely opposite to the other at the same time. It is an incredible experience. Everything that is happening is becoming more intensified. I have never felt this way before. I am not used to being not in control.

There are three- to four-foot waves continuously breaking on the sand behind me. The noise created by their movements starts to reverberate off the wall that engulfs me, and it begins to resonate through every inch of my being. It is becoming overpowering and irritating, and there is nothing I can do about it. I am totally powerless. I am aware that I am becoming a human tuning fork. I still do not feel that I am in any danger from what is taking place within and around me.

Without prior warning, deep-rooted feelings begin to churn inside me. I begin to yell at the rock face – screaming into its outer armour – about how I have come to see the world around me, “Everything I have ever done in my life has never worked out. All that I have ever believed in is bullshit. No one loves me. No one cares about me. What’s the point in living here if nothing ever works out? My whole world is a mess, and I’m falling apart.”

I end my verbal barrage by asking, “What do you think about all that? Well? You’re so smart, tell me. Well, I’m waiting.”

Minutes pass, there is only silence. Even the noise from the waves breaking on the shore behind me has ceased. I continue to stare into the vastness of the structure that lies before me, and I am in complete awe of its strength and its stature. Ten minutes elapse, still no answer.

Once again feelings begin to swell from deep within, and again I begin to scream into its outer armour. This time, however, it is on a slightly different note. As I begin to speak, I can once again hear the noise of the waves breaking behind me. “I am a very successful businessman, and I have made millions of dollars. I own six extremely expensive houses in different parts of the world. I can have anything in the world I want and desire. I am the world’s most powerful person.”

I end my dialogue by asking, “What do you think about that, eh – Well? Aren’t you impressed with me? Say something. Damn it, say something.”

Again, I stand waiting. Nothing is coming back. Just as before, there is only an eerie silence all around and inside me, a silence that is probing and penetrating into the deepest levels of my being.

I have been standing here for about ten minutes, reflecting upon all that has taken place, when, without it being initiated by conscious thought, my head begins to turn to the left. The rest of my body follows until I have completed a one hundred and eighty degree turn. I am now looking directly at a log that is partially buried in the sand some twenty feet in front of me. As I stand watching, the tide comes in and I witness the most amazing and yet very simple event take place. As the level of water rises, the log begins to slowly make its way out of the sand until, eventually, it is floating freely. I continue to observe the interchange of movement patterns between the log and the sand. What I see unfold next opens me up to a whole new way of looking at my life.

The waves are gradually pushing the log higher up on to the shore. Every fourth wave is much larger than the three that precede it, and it has lots of momentum behind it when it arrives. So much so that the wave tosses the log a little higher up on the beach. When the wave recedes, the log becomes stationary on

the sand once again. The sand doesn't seem overly concerned that the log is resting on it. Likewise, the log doesn't seem to be overly concerned that it is resting on the sand. From what I can sense, they both have an equal and harmonious relationship. There is no visible friction between them whatsoever, only total and unconditional acceptance for each other; two separate entities moving and interacting as one. I cannot get over the simplicity of it. It has been right here in front of me for all of these years. I just haven't been open to seeing it.

Through this experience, I see the possibility that all of my inner turmoil has been created entirely through the way in which I have come to perceive my outer world. Nature has clearly shown me that everything in life is expressed in simple ways, and that it is only me who chooses to make it all so complicated and so divided.

While I am driving back home, I wonder if I can use Nature in some further capacity to aid me in resolving all the conflicts I have created within my inner and outer worlds. I am also questioning the feasibility of developing a relationship inside myself like the one I had observed between the log and the sand. I ask myself, "What will it take to develop that kind of peace and harmony within my worlds?"

July 10, 1982

I have been sitting on the railing of my sundeck, contemplating how I can most effectively bring about some major changes in my life. As I see it, I only have two workable options. I can either move very slowly by involving others from my outside world, or I can jump right into it and do it all at once from within my inner world – a world I am just beginning to become aware of. They are both very frightening to me, in that each will require me to take a risk. Which route will bring me the quickest and the purest results? This will be the direction I shall travel. I begin to look at it all more closely and more seriously.

If I choose to do it from the outside, I will have to involve others who will not be able to either hear of my world or see any part of it clearly. Because of this fact, they will only bring with them more confusion. I would have to keep analyzing everything that is said, over and over again, in order to try and show them how my world has been put together. I know that is impossible, for no one else can see my world of personal experience – only me! My experience is my experience. Others might think that they understand how my world is, but only I truly know how it is.

I have been clearly shown this on many different occasions during my life

journey. There has always been a struggle for power and for control, for inevitably someone has always wanted to be right. People never really wanted to listen to me to hear what I was saying. They only wanted to listen to me so they could tell me what I should or should not do. That only brought with it non-acceptance and frustration. This is definitely not the direction I want to proceed in. I begin to look at the viability of doing it the other way, trusting only myself.

As I sit here on the railing, gazing at the ground some fourteen feet below, I wonder if it is at all possible to jump up off this deck, leap over the railing and land safely and softly on the grass below, all of this while keeping my eyes closed. I know that sitting around thinking about it isn't going to bring me the answer. I will have to create the experience in order to find out.

Standing on the deck with my hands on the railing, I take a deep breath, and with my eyes fully open, I leap over the railing and drop gracefully and smoothly to the grass below, complete a forward role and stand up. I think to myself, "That was easy. There's nothing to it."

I return to the starting position. I repeat the same procedure once more. Only this time, as I clear the top of the railing, I close my eyes. As I make contact with the grass, I complete a forward role and stand up. I open my eyes. It is really easy. There is no real danger of me causing any injury to myself, as long as I let go of wanting to control the flow of the unfolding experience, and trust completely in my inner sense of knowing. I am excited! I rush back up to the starting position, eager to meet the challenge. I cannot wait to do it again from beginning to end with my eyes closed.

As I stand here anticipating how it will be, my thoughts begin to wander all over the place. I begin to seriously question myself as to the reality of actually doing it. The longer I wait, the more I think, and the more fearful I become. I fear that I might be creating an experience that will severely injure me. I am concerned that I might break an ankle or two, or twist one or both of my knees, or even more devastating to my being, land face first in the grass and break my neck. I begin to sweat heavily just thinking about all of these possibilities. I know that I cannot jump and make it safely as long as I have any one of these thoughts running through my mind.

I enter the house and occupy myself doing other things that will help bring me back to a calm and peaceful state inside. When I am feeling relaxed and at ease, with no thoughts generating fear, I return to the deck, walk up to the railing and, without any hesitation, close my eyes and leap into the air. The journey I am on through space seems to last a lifetime. But from within the darkness and sensitivity of my inner being, I emerge victorious.

Although my landing is a little on the rough side, I do manage to land without causing any injury, do a forward roll and stand up. As I open my eyes, I let go of all bodily control and collapse onto the grass. I feel a tremendous release of energy move through my entire body. I have clearly been shown that, without doubt, I can trust my inner path completely. All I will have to do is surrender my whole being, without any want or desire for control of the outcome, and the rest will take care of itself. I have found my path: It is within me!

*

The house sold in September of 1982, and I moved into a one bedroom apartment in a quiet section of the city. I was now only five minutes away from the ocean. I spent as much time as I could sitting on the beach, sorting through all the emotional garbage I had accumulated in my life. I continued to work as little as possible, just enough to pay the bills and put food on the table.

In February 1983, I decided that it was time to get out of the construction business once and for all, so I sold my truck and all my tools. I figured that with the monies I had received from the sale, I could follow through with the development and sale of an exercise machine for which I had been securing Canadian and American patents. I also saw that I could easily survive for a year without having to worry about working at a steady job. Sorting out my life was still the priority and the focus. I wasn't at all concerned as to how long it all might take. I just knew that nothing else seemed important. I had to know the truth, the truth about who I am. I had a sense that somewhere behind all that anger and frustration there was a very warm, loving, sensitive being who had much goodness to offer the world.

*

Things began to happen in March 1983 that promoted more of my spiritual growth. On a recommendation from a friend, I visited with a woman who claimed to be a psychic. She specialized in spiritual readings and spiritual healings. I had never heard of that kind of psychic before, but I was willing to create the experience to see if I could use any of what she might be able to tell me to bring more harmony into my life.

She had mentioned that there were a few belief patterns that I had adopted earlier in my childhood, and suggested that those patterns might be the major contributors behind the confusion I had been experiencing. A lot of the information she had presented with regard to my early years was very accurate. I could

easily follow all of what she had said, and I could also see how it might very well have been an influence in my current situation.

The aspect of the reading that had intrigued me the most, though, was the fact that she went into what she referred to as a trance-like state in order to do it. She had mentioned that her guides were these ‘entities’ who were responsible for bringing forward all the information she presented during the reading. She had also been clear to say that she was only acting as a vehicle through which the unfolding process could take place. I had also heard her say that we all have our own guides who are with us all the time, and who are here to help us progress through the different stages within our development while we are on the physical plane.

During the reading, it had come up that I have three such guides assigned to me. Two of these entities would not manifest themselves through me until such time as I had attuned myself to the appropriate vibration for them to be of service; they were associated, in some way, with “healing of a high planetary nature.” The one who is currently with me had said that I could call him ‘Buddy’ if I desired to communicate with him. He was apparently here at this time to aid me in bringing order into my life. It all sounded so exciting!

I had been totally fascinated by the whole experience. I had been introduced to a whole new world. A world that I had never even heard of before that day, yet one that I immediately felt very much at home in.

It was during May of 1983 that I received my next initiation into the world of psychics, and in the re-awakening of my own psychic abilities. There was a Psychic Fair being held in town. I had decided I would take it in to see what, if indeed anything, it had to offer me, and possibly even have one or two readings done.

When I arrive at the site, I am amazed at the number of so-called psychic people who are busy demonstrating their abilities through various mediums: tarot cards, palmistry, numerology, spiritual healings, astrology, etc. I am not at all sure how I should go about selecting the appropriate person to give me a reading. I am afraid that I will not pick the right one. I eventually decide to ask for my own inner guidance by attuning myself to my body and asking it to lead me to the person or persons who can most effectively shed some light as to where I am heading in my internal development. I am not at all interested in my outer world stuff. To me, at this particular time, my outer world is an illusion that has no substance to it.

I am directed to a person who uses tarot cards as a means of presenting personal information to her clients. She also does spiritual readings. She, too, uses

the services of her guides in one way or another, but it is in a totally different manner than my first experience had been, two months earlier. This person does not have to go into a trance in order to access the information for the reading.

The main focus of the reading has to do with my emotions. She mentions that I have become entangled within my own emotional fabric and that unless I do something to resolve this situation, I will eventually be consumed by them. There has been a lot of good, useful information presented to me, and I know I will be able to use all of it. It will only require time and patience on my part.

She also makes reference to a guide who is presently influencing my movement on the physical plane. He is my initiator and my protector. She says that she can actually see him – only his facial features – suspended in the air off my right shoulder, just above my eye line. The reader next to her also confirms the existence of this entity in the same place. They both mention that he is a coastal native Indian, some sort of medicine man or shaman. I become excited! Yet at the same time, I am very skeptical of all that has been presented. I am not one for believing anything unless I can experience it for myself. And even then, I make a point of never trusting what I experience with my physical senses. I leave her booth with many questions running through my mind, mostly to do with the validity of what I have been seeing and hearing around me.

I am walking along the aisle, seeking out another reader, when I come upon a person whose specialty is aura readings. The aura is supposedly *the visible part of the electro-magnetic field that surrounds the human body*.

She gives me my predominant aura colors, along with a brief interpretation of what they mean, although nothing really specific. Before I leave her booth, I am told that she is going to be giving a workshop entitled *Awaken Your Sixth Sense* on the day following the closing of the Fair. After a brief discussion of the format, I decide to sign up. It feels right inside; nothing ventured, nothing gained!

On the appointed day, I walk into the room where the workshop is being conducted, feeling like I am entering into a whole new dimension of reality. Each person attending, has a distinctive look. Their energies are very much different than those I have been used to encountering in my normal day to day existence.

Upon entering, I am met by the psychic, and she once again gives me my aura colors. I am pleasantly surprised to hear that they are still the same as when I had my first reading a few days before. I somehow thought they would be different, and that if they were, I could then call her a fraud, demand my money back, and internally deny that anything I had experienced at the Fair was real.

After lunch, we came to the section of the workshop that was focused on a guided meditation entitled *Finding Your Own Wise Man*. We all sit on our chairs, settle into a relaxed, comfortable position, close our eyes and take a few moments to centre ourselves before the journey begins. When all are ready, the psychic proceeds to take us through the experience.

As she speaks, I can see vividly within my own mind's inner eye, all that is being described. She begins by creating an image of a rainbow, moving through each of the seven colour bands and giving a brief description of how each of them relates to a particular aspect of my physical being.

On completion of this introductory exercise, I have successfully altered myself into the alpha state of consciousness – where my creative process is fully engaged and functioning perfectly. I am slowly moving between the fluctuating thin veil of reality that separates this earthly dimension from all the other dimensions that simultaneously exist within it.

I find myself coming to rest standing in a large, open meadow in the middle of nowhere. My eyes are fixed on the plush green grass that surrounds me. Spotting this blanket of green are bright yellow and red flowers, each of them uniquely different in their expression, yet all the same in their radiant beauty. As I raise my eyes, I become aware of the quietness and stillness in the air. Not a breath of wind can I feel upon my body, and not a sound penetrates my outer ears. My inner ears pick up and vibrate throughout my entire physical embodiment the rhythmical beating of my heart and the ebb and flow of each breath as it moves through my lungs.

It is such a beautiful and peaceful environment I have created for myself. All the different colors, in every possible direction, are extremely rich and vibrant, and very healing to my soul. I am quickly becoming invigorated and alive with enthusiasm. As I look even higher, I can see majestic mountains that stretch out before me, snow-capped and barren faced, symbolizing tremendous power and stability. I can see the soothing powder blue sky that is gently and lovingly embracing all that lies below it. Not a single cloud can I see. There, standing all alone directly above me and all things on this Planet, acting as the vertex to the unfolding universe, is the Sun. It is continuously shining forth from its central core, radiating warmth in all directions and giving of itself entirely out of pure and unconditional love.

I slowly begin to turn my whole body in a circular movement, absorbing all the visual stimulation unfolding before me. It is all so pure and so perfect. As I complete a one hundred and eighty degree arc with my eyes, I become aware that I am standing on the threshold of a pathway that is lined with bright blue

and white flowers. I have this deep-rooted inner urge to follow it. I am curious as to where it will take me.

It eventually guides me to a thicket of trees. Tall and stately they are, reaching high into the air, heading toward the ever-loving Sun. I am a mere speck in comparison. The pathway meanders through the maze that the trees create. I find myself moving ever so slowly inward into the maze, travelling deeper and deeper into the darkness created by the tight-knit canopy of the trees, eagerly looking back towards the light every fourth step or so, just to make sure I keep my bearings so I do not lose my way.

Then, as I look backward once again to glimpse at the light, it is gone. What was once light is now fully consumed by the darkness. I turn again and look ahead to where I am going. It is now bringing forth a small glimmer of light. Now all is completely reversed to that which I had observed only one step before. I stop for a moment and wonder if I could have possibly turned myself around, perhaps in all the excitement. I quiet my thoughts and wait. When I am absolutely sure that I am indeed heading in the appropriate direction, I continue on my way.

With each step that I take, the light becomes brighter in its essence and larger in its mass. I begin to move more quickly, becoming lighter in my movements as I travel along, keeping my focus always on the light. I do not concern myself with the many possible obstacles that might trip me up along my path, for I know, instinctively, that no harm will ever come to me as long as I keep my intention pure and my focus on the guiding light.

I soon find myself standing on the edge of a very large circular opening, surrounded by massive, radiating trees that are continuously giving forth the pure essence of life in each pulsation of their breath. The Sun is shining down from above, centrally suspended above the opening. Around the inside perimeter of this opening lies a body of water – a magical lake that is absolutely absent of all movement. It is a perfect natural mirror, reflecting back clearly all that enters into its plane of existence. The water is crystal clear, with intermixed textures of blue and green, depending on which angle the sunlight chooses to enter its surface. The shoreline is lined with glistening white sand and blue flowers, just like the ones that lined the outer pathway, only this time they are acting as a divisional boundary between the trees and the lake. I am in total awe of the whole spectacle that Mother Nature has provided for me to witness. I am consumed by it all. I am all of it, and all of it is inside me. It is such a beautiful gift to receive.

As I continue to let my eyes wander aimlessly, I catch a glimpse of what

appears to be another human being on the opposite side of the lake, sitting in a squatting position with his head bowed between his knees, as if he is sleeping. I quickly proceed to make my way over to where he is stationed. I want to know who this person is. I also want to know how it is possible that he has arrived here before I did.

Upon closer examination, I can see that he is wearing next to nothing – a white loincloth hangs loosely from around his waist, and a simple piece of white cloth, much like a turban, encircles his head. Beside him lies a long pole – a staff used for walking, perhaps. I am too afraid to ask him, for I think I might be wrong.

I cautiously walk up to him and say, “Excuse me, sir.”

There is a gentle stirring in his body posture, and he slowly lifts his head and turns it so that he is now facing me. He looks right at me, eye to eye, and then seemingly climbs right inside my whole being – at every level. I can actually feel him looking into every darkened space within me. His eyes are dark black in color, almost as if the pupils have been completely dilated, thereby blocking out the iris. They sparkle like diamonds in the sunlight. The white part of his eyes is pure and bright, like freshly fallen snow.

He is an extremely wise person. I can sense this by just looking into his eyes. They are like two open doorways into the universal knowing. And he radiates love in all that he is.

In a quiet and gentle voice, he asks, “Can I help you?”

I quickly and nervously respond, “Aaaah, no. I mean, yes, yes, you can.”

I am still off centre and in another world of thought. I see something in his eyes. It is a sense of a place that I know exists somewhere, and one I am very much familiar with. I am also not absolutely sure as to where it is located, or if indeed it really does exist. It is all rather confusing. We continue to look deeper into each other’s eyes.

I decide I need to know some answers, so I ask him, “Who are you?”

“I am what you see.”

“What does that mean?”

There is a short pause within our verbal communication. I am not getting anywhere fast. I am not at all sure how I am supposed to ask the questions. The answer he has given does not make a whole lot of sense to me. As I stand here wondering what my next line of questioning should be, he begins to speak in a direct and intense manner, yet still remaining soft in his expression, “Are you looking for someone?”

“Well, I’m not sure. I think I am. And even if I am to find someone, I’m not at all sure that person would be the one I am looking for.”

I realize that I am beginning to confuse myself with my self-doubt.

“How will you know, then?”

“I don’t know.”

“It is possible that I am the one that you are seeking?”

“Are you?”

“Am I?”

“Are you the one? Of course you are. You are the only one here, and I’m talking to you. So you must be the one. Forgive me, this is all so new.”

He looks at me with his kind and gentle knowing eyes, and a soft smile covers his face. He slightly bows his head in acknowledgement of what has been said, and then continues to sit motionless, looking and moving deeper and deeper within the depths of my being. I can feel all sorts of things shifting and moving on many different levels.

“Are you the wise man that I am supposed to find?”

“Is that what you want me to be?”

“Yes. I would like it very much if you are the wise man. For if you are, I will not have to look any further.”

“So be it, then. I am the wise man that you seek.”

“If I ask you a question, will you answer it?”

“Know that if you ask me a question, I will answer it. But first, you must ask it.”

“Is there something out there in my outer physical world that I can effectively use to help bring about more peace and harmony into my living expression?”

“Study the visible signs that Mother Nature provides for you, and you will soon discover all the necessary tools that will allow you to grow and evolve into all that you already are. You will not need the services of others to show you the way. All that is needed by you is the purest of intention to find the true meaning behind human existence. People that you encounter along your journey will merely reflect toward you your innermost thoughts. If you can clearly see them in that reality, then you will be able to perpetually expand your vision on all levels.”

“Thank you for your insightful words. They are truly a gift. I will always treasure them.”

Somewhere, in a distant dimension of my conscious awareness, I can hear the soft voice of the psychic mentioning that it is time to leave this place of inner calm and prepare for the journey back into her present reality within the room.

I also hear her say, “Your wise man may have a gift for you to bring back,” and to “ask him about it before you leave.”

As I take leave of the wise man, I say, “I must be going now. It sure has been a pleasure meeting with you. Is it possible that I can come back here and visit with you again?”

“It will always be as you desire. I shall always be here within the deepest depths of your being. All you will ever need to do is ask with the purest of intention. That will always open up the different doorways to our communication.” With a soft smile on his face and a piercing look in his eyes, he continues, “Remember, my friend, that before any of this inner communication can take place, you must be willing and wanting of it to take place. The purer the intention, the purer the communication.”

I nervously say, “Yes, intention, purity of intention. I will always remember. And thank you again.”

I turn to walk away. A strong feeling of peace and tranquility surges throughout my entire being. I am ecstatic that I have found a new friend who is willing and eager to share with me all that he knows. All I will have to do, for that to happen, is be sincere and pure within my intention. If I am, I will be given all I will need, and at the appropriate time.

I take five rather large steps, pause for a moment, then swing my head around and glance back his way for one last look. He is still in a squatting position, head leaning slightly forward, completely motionless. I wonder if there is any connection between him and the guide who is apparently watching over me at this time. I have to find out for sure. I take one small step toward him, debating whether or not it is really important to ask him this question. I do not want to risk any embarrassment by being wrong.

Before I can say anything, he lifts his head, turns my way so that our eyes meet once again and proceeds to say,

“Yes, I am the one that you refer to as Buddy.”

He had known everything I had been thinking. I now fully realize I will not be able to ever hide anything from him. There is another question I need to know the answers to, “But the other two people said that you were a coastal native Indian, some kind of medicine man or shaman?”

“I wear many different faces and assume many different interchangeable roles, depending entirely upon the dimension, or dimensions, of reality you wish to travel on.”

“What do you mean by that? I am so confused. You continually speak in words I do not understand.”

“I cannot explain any of this to you now, for you will not be able to fully comprehend that which is spoken. Know that it shall be shown to you as you continue to unfold from within your darkened inner void. Trust completely in your inner creative process, and be patient.”

“Oh, do you have a gift for me to take back?” I cannot believe that these words have actually come out of my mouth. I am not at all sure what I should do next.

He motions for me to come closer. As I start to move toward him, I observe him pivot his upper torso around and reach down to the side of his body shielded from my vision. He brings up into full view a small object. It is a square container that has a matching removable lid. It is all dark blue in colour and neatly packaged by a fancy wide ribbon and a multi-looped bow, both of which are powder blue in color. With a full smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes, he hands it to me. I bow my head to show my gratitude as I reach out and take it.

“May I open it?”

“It is as you wish.”

I carefully untie the bow and the ribbon and slip them both into my pants pockets. I remove the lid. To my surprise, there is nothing in the box. It is completely empty. I have a funny feeling that I am being made to look like the fool. I am embarrassed by my own stupidity. How could I have fallen for such a low-down trick as this? I can feel my face becoming hotter, and cold chills race uncontrollably up and down my spine. With a sheepish look, and a quiet, crackling voice, I respond, “There, there is nothing in here. It’s empty.”

“On the contrary, my friend. A container such as this can only be of service when it is empty. Strive more in your world to be like this container. In order for you to be able to do that, you must first empty yourself of all that you have learned since your arrival here on this plane, so all that you do know can be brought forward and shown to you. If you continue to judge and compare all of your creative experiences with your earthly physical senses – taste, touch, hear, smell, and sight – you will continue to miss the gifts contained within each of those unfolding experiences.”

As I stare into the darkness within the box, my eyes are becoming unfocused within the depths of this endless void. I am replaying over and over again the words he has spoken. Some of it I understand and can readily identify with, but most of it has gone right over my head. I get a sense that it is all so simple. Everything he has said has been spoken in very clear and simple terms. It is only me, in my own inner struggle with trying to be someone, who is making it more than it actually is. I once again bid him farewell and walk away.

As I stand at the edge of the water where the path begins, I pause to take one last look at all that lies before me. I inhale a deep breath, turn around and quickly make my way into the darkness. As I move through and beyond the halfway point in my journey, the darkness unfolds a pulsating beacon of light for me to follow, one that will ensure my safe arrival to the edge of the timbers.

In a fleeting moment, I am once again outside the thicket of trees, retracing my footsteps along the flower lined walkway, eventually coming to rest at my original point of entry. I bow my head, close my eyes and project a rainbow into my inner mind's eye, ascending slowly through each of the colored bands and their resonating vibrational frequencies.

As I complete my journey through the last band – which is also the first – the rainbow disappears. I have returned back into the confines of the meeting room, and I am listening to all the subtle noises the other people are making as they too begin to arrive back. I take a long breath and open my eyes. What a journey. Wowee! Unbelievable! I am bubbling over with enthusiasm. I can hardly wait until I am able to make the inner journey again. I feel like a child once more.

For the next few minutes, selected people share their personal experiences of what had taken place. I cannot find the appropriate words that will even begin to describe what I have seen or heard. So I do not even try. I just sit grinning from ear to ear, somehow knowing that my life is never going to be the same as it was before I came through that doorway at the beginning of the day.

We come to the last section of the program. It is entitled *Discovering Your Own Psychic Ability*. As a tool for discovery, we are going to be focusing on psychometry: 'interpreting the energies contained within an object that belongs to an individual.' The purpose is to give the person insights into events that might have already taken place in their life, that are presently taking place in their life, or that might be taking place in their life in the future.

I am paired with a woman whom I did not know prior to coming to this workshop. I am to give her a short (five minute) reading, and then she will give me one. She hands me her watch, which I loosely hold in my left hand. As soon as I have it in my possession, I start to receive clear images of events, as well as words to describe what these events are all about. I present to her as clearly as I can all that I have seen and heard. It is mainly focused on events that have already taken place, and also on one scenario that is presently taking place around her. To my utter amazement and joy, she confirms that all I have mentioned is true.

I am overjoyed to find out that I can actually do it, and with such accuracy, too. It is all so easy. It appears that all I have to do is get out of my own way

– stop the process of thought inside me of how it should be – and just let it happen. If it is pure, and done with the right intention, it will always happen.

I am now beginning to see the value of the gift the wise man has given me. Is this all there is to life: Getting out of my own way?!

I wonder if this is the answer I have been looking for: Stopping my thought processes from trying to control the structural alignment of all things, and allowing my creative inner talents to unfold accordingly.

CHAPTER 2



THE NEW WORLD EMERGES

Within a matter of days following the wise man workshop with the psychic, I had fully opened the door leading to the mansion inside me that housed all of my psychic abilities. These were the ones that I had full use of in my early childhood and, for some unknown reason, the ones I had chosen to turn my back on in favor of a more sensually stimulating ‘real’ world. Although this door had been fully opened, I wasn’t absolutely sure that I really wanted to cross the threshold and explore its dimensions.

In my quiet times, Buddy encouraged me to come forward and surrender all of my fears (of myself) unto this mansion so I could enter it unattached and discover the magic within its depths. I had decided, however, to take it one step at a time. I consciously began to attune myself to the unfolding of the inner process of creativity from within the depths of my inner world. At the same time, I was slowly pulling back from the confusion and abstractness of the outer world that surrounded me.

I truly began to see and feel that there was possibly another world within me that would allow me to transcend all the illusionary realities I had created and supported for so many years. I was able to connect more strongly with my friendly inner voice – Buddy. The more I sat quietly and attuned myself to my inner vibrations, the easier it became to communicate with him. He was the one saving gift that I had attracted into my life to help me make the transition from the one dimension of reality in my outer physical world, to other more subtle dimensions of reality within my inner creative world.

My outer world – the one that is entirely controlled and powered by my five earthly senses – continued to provide me with unlimited opportunities to experience all of my fears and frustrations. My inner world provided me with the clarity needed in order that I could continue to unravel the chaos that I had created while travelling along on my life journey. This inner world also helped steer me in the appropriate directions that enabled me to begin the restructuring of my thought processes, and the total re-examination of my experiential world.

As I began to realign myself, within the context of the inner and outer realities of my new awareness, I found that my diet also had to go through a major purification process of its own. This was vital so that I could continue to attune myself to the higher vibrational frequencies unfolding within my being on all the different dimensional levels. I began to eat sparingly during my day, once around noontime and once around seven in the evening. I was consuming mostly raw vegetables, raw fresh fruits, and a mixture of granola and raw nuts, water, and popcorn – lots of popcorn, as roughage. I continued to listen to my body, as to when and how much it wanted to eat.

The inner and outer textures and forms of my physical body began to change. The hard outer shell of muscle slowly began to melt away, being replaced by a more streamlined shape. It was as though there was a whole new body already under the one I had been moving through within my outer world. It was more fluid and graceful in its expressiveness, and more alive and free within its creative interpretation of what life is all about.

I continued to move very slowly and cautiously in all that I did, being extremely sensitive to my own vulnerability and wavering centredness. For a period of time I chose to keep a diary, of sorts, listing the various special processes that occurred while I was transiting through the numerous dismantling stages within my outer world. It became an effective tool that I used frequently, and it kept me heading in a life-supporting direction. I also used it as a form of expressional meditation, allowing me to soar like the eagle into the open sky, receiving insights about myself and the universe. At the same time, it allowed me to remain grounded to the Earth like the little mouse, taking care of the mundane things that were right in front of me.

And so my journey of introspection begins....

July 25, 1983

I am choosing to use the word God in all of my communications as a reference to the creative process of unfolding energies that are ever-present and functional within my being. The spiritual path, or any other reference to spiritual realities that I make mention of, relates specifically to the presence of and inter-connectiveness of the God energy within all aspects of living matter on Earth – human, animal, plant, and mineral.

I am but an instrument of the light that has been created through the loving eyes of God, and who has been chosen to fulfill certain needs for myself and the many others who have come here to experience the physical plane called

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Blaise Eagleheart lives in Victoria, B.C., where he is the owner and operator of Natural Movement Centre. He is an Integrated Movement Specialist, Medical Exercise Specialist and Personal Trainer.

As someone who has always ‘walked his own creative path,’ Blaise became passionately aware of how the mind, body and emotions are functionally integrated and how they operate individually and collectively. He has openly shared his awareness with others to make the world a better place.

Blaise has always been a warrior, consciously confronting illusionary beliefs to find his own experiential truths. He physically trained as a fanatic throughout his twenties, challenging his self-imposed beliefs in order to find the endless possibilities of his creative movements through unorthodox training methods. He played and coached rugby at club, Island and Provincial levels, before immersing himself in the martial art of Chien Lung. He also studied Eastern healing arts and other energy-based disciplines. He then opened a dojo with his Teacher, where he taught biomechanics of movement and life skills, as well as martial art classes for children and adults. Blaise continues to incorporate this martial art philosophy in his work at Natural Movement Centre.

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