

Chapter One: Chosen

There was a voice I heard now and again as a child that whispered to me,

“You are one of the chosen.”

I had no idea whose voice it was or from whence it came. It was a total mystery.

Growing up was a struggle for me, as it was for so many of my generation, in particular those I have come to know as “star children” or “star beings,” These are individuals who have lived before on another world prior to embarking upon their wheel of incarnation on Earth, and who have chosen to play a role in planetary evolution, and are often called old souls.

My early childhood memories of post-World War II England are of frustration and a deep sense of not belonging. I felt like a stranger in the sad gray world in which I found myself, trapped somewhere between space and time, in fact, I had a closer relationship to the world of non-matter than the physical reality. Perhaps this was due for the most part, to the fact that I was frequently sick. My “British lungs,” as an American doctor called them many years later, labored with colds, infection and bouts with asthma. (The number of “star children” I have met or have heard of who also suffered with asthma is uncanny but the fact seems logical to me since, on a consciousness level, the lungs harbor grief.) The hours ticked by as I painfully and desperately held on to life, the sound of my little lungs wheezing and fighting for each breath was deafening. Lying down constricted my breathing even more and so, propped up in

my chair, helpless and infirm; I prayed to God in my young innocent way for freedom and for the asthma attacks to end.

The doctors prescribed little yellow pills for my condition which I hated because they made me feel strange, light-headed and nauseous. My dear Mum, at a loss as to the appropriate course of action, would insist that I take them anyway. Inevitably, they made me vomit, after which typically I would fall asleep out of sheer exhaustion. Later on I was prescribed one of the first types of asthmatic inhalers available which I refused to use--it had glass chamber and a black rubber bulb that reminded me too much of the dentist's gas mask and scared me. But perhaps this was for the best since I learned not to be dependant on the drugs involved.

Even then, in moments when I struggled the most, the voice was there assuring me,

“You are one of the chosen.”

Curiously, as I was growing up, along with the voice was a knowing, a deep sense that somehow I *was* different, yet deeply immersed in unworthiness, I could not integrate such feelings. Besides, one wasn't supposed to feel they were special. Such indulgences went against the grain of the prideful British conditioning, which already held me captive.

Adding to my feelings of alienation and displacement I felt confused about the place I called “home.” It didn't feel like home to me. I sensed even then that I was connected to something far greater than what my little mind could fathom. So had God, in fact, made a terrible mistake and set me down where I didn't belong, I used to wonder? In moments of

stillness in those early years, as my young consciousness came awake, an awesome sense of a greater reality, sometimes accompanied by an image of a vast expanse of barren terrain, rose up inside me. When I closed my eyes, the panorama I saw seemed to represent a huge mesa on a distant moon or planet, smooth and pulsating with energy. But in my next breath, the surface would become distorted, pocked, dark and threatening as if a huge explosion had taken place. Occasionally as an adult I have experienced the same unnerving vision and sensation. Was I in fact tuning into a far distant memory of another lifetime or existence on another world, or was it a premonition of some future event? It seemed far too real, too specific an image to be the random ramblings of a child's subconscious mind. I've wondered ever since what significance it holds to my present reality. Perhaps the answer is close at hand.

I joined the thousands of kids of my generation who rushed to Saturday morning children's matinees at our local theater where we were introduced to "Flash Gordon" movies. We oohed and aahed at the dashing hero's daring exploits and we booed and hissed at the bad guys and the scary aliens. And our imagination ran wild. Yet on one of those Saturday mornings (I was around eleven years old), as the handsome space traveler battled strange-looking space beings, an all-consuming energy filled me up and propelled my spirit out of my body, lifting me high above everyone else in the theater. I was held suspended for a few moments and then returned to my body and into my seat. This was the earliest out-of-body experience I can recall, which I remained too scared to ever mention until well over 30 years later when OBEs were generally accepted as

common place among New-Agers. So, even that early on, I had a sense of multi-dimensional reality, something that had to do with the stars and far beyond what I could see and touch.

How can we deny the existence of a greater power? Are we really willing to turn a blind eye to the many synchronicities that happen in our lives day in and day out--those wonderful "coinkydinks," as I call them--events that demonstrate a higher order or wisdom to the course of our lives?

As I've recapped my own life, I have seen distinct aspects of the blueprint of my life, like a treasure map if you will, complete with signs, people, events and circumstances all aligning to bring me to this current point of my journey. It is dramatically clear that even the "bad stuff," the painful memories of relationships and experiences which were challenging and bleak at the time, were absolutely perfect and timely as part of the bigger picture.

I have heard that Astronaut Edgar Mitchell, while circling Earth in the Apollo space capsule, caught a glimpse of that higher reality from his unique point of view. He observed planets and constellations all hurtling through space at unbelievable speeds and yet there seemed to be perfect order. As he looked at that extraordinary expanse from another angle, there was our little blue planet, about the size of a quarter from his vantage point; Earth, with its six billion plus incarnated souls, their collective missions, challenges and baggage--or Karmic Density--as I like to call it; the DNA encoding anchoring a person in their third dimensional

existence. What an unbelievable revelatory experience that must have been for Mitchell and others who have witnessed Earth from such a lofty place. How could anyone not be changed forever by such an experience!

What is mind boggling for me is the idea of all that energy--the combined negative emotional frequency of Earth's inhabitants and what could be accomplished if that energy were transformed. Wow! But that **is** the task at hand--to balance collective consciousness so that Mother Earth may make her transition gracefully through what many elders are calling Ascension, the shift from third to fourth dimensional reality which is scheduled for around 2012 - the end of the Mayan Calendar.

Undeniably there are significant events in all of our lives that prove to be turning points, whether we're consciously aware and/or spiritually motivated or not. A person will enter our reality and suddenly our path is redirected. Is this divine intervention? What if we had stayed where we were or taken a different path? Would we still have aligned with the experiences and persons we needed to fulfill our "cosmic contracts" or karma? I believe that we each have an invisible "cosmic team" of guides and higher selves gently nudging us towards making pivotal decisions. But Earth is the free-will zone, so in fact, it is our given right to choose as we see fit. Does our destiny become fulfilled, regardless of what choices we make? And what if we do opt to go against the grain of what our soul needs for its growth?

The questions continued ad infinitum although, as I have grown into my own spiritual power, answers to many of these quandaries have been answered.

For me personally, it was the time when I decided to choose back to Spirit, to acknowledge my own multi-dimensionality and the fact that I am a co-creator in my life, that my human experience became so much richer and more deeply purposeful. Choosing back consciously and thereby accepting responsibility for every aspect of our life's experiences is one of the most freeing and empowering steps a person can take. To *choose* to recognize the supreme intelligence, the thread running through all of our experiences is to live consciously. I couldn't live my life any other way.

As I've deepened my own levels of accountability to all things, persons and events around me, my own life experiences have taken on substance and dimension beyond what I'd ever imagined to be possible. By reckoning with the part of me that helped to create so-called negative experiences and by recognizing the gift in each situation, I can expedite the healing of an earlier wound and evolve out of the traps of behavior patterns and conditioning. To recognize the higher purpose of the intricacies of my life's path, takes me to a deeply fulfilling place where I know that I am actively co-creating with God.

In the mid 1970's, a dear friend who lived and studied with a spiritual group in Mount Shasta in Northern California for several years gave me a manuscript. It was written by one Willard Wannall who was stationed in the military in Hawaii in 1955 and who was assigned by his superiors to produce a report on UFO sightings. There had been a preponderance of strange activity in the night skies over the Hawaiian Islands around that time and countless witnessing of objects other than regular airplanes. Willard's research led him to a group of people who had been observing flying saucers for years and through their influence and friendship a whole new level of reality opened up to him.

But Willard's life changed dramatically when he was introduced to his personal Extraterrestrial guide who began to teach him about the journey through "the seven veils of consciousness." Then, abruptly, Willard's research was canceled, and his material confiscated by the military authorities. Too deeply immersed into his experiences to quit, he committed himself to the local military hospital for psychiatric evaluation and there, right under the noses of the hospital personnel, he continued his studies with his extra-terrestrial guide, learned the art of teleportation and began his inter-dimensional space-ship travels.

I admit that at the time, although I was not consciously ready for all the information contained in the manuscript, receiving it was a turning point for me. Obviously, on an unconscious level I had called for a trigger to unlock a door within my unconscious mind to propel me forward in my quest for deeper understanding and soul connection. The way I see it, my friend's high self and my own were collaborators and chose the book

as the means by which to accomplish the deed. Perhaps there was a kind of "spiritual promise" from a past life that Ted, my friend, would facilitate me in this way.

My girlfriend Linda and I had taken a weekend trip to Stewart Mineral Springs near magical Mt. Shasta in Northern California. It was once a place where Native Americans returned time and again to rest and renew their energies and has remained an idyllic spa of rejuvenation and healing. During the weekend, I met with Ted for lunch in the little town of Shasta. As we were leaving the cafe, he told me that there was something he wanted to give me and requested that we stop by the residence where his group lived and worked. Linda agreed to make the detour on our way back home to Mill Valley, however the following day we were late getting underway for our return drive, and I could sense my friend's growing reluctance to do so. Compelled by my intuition, I never the less insisted. The extra time it would take seemed irrelevant to me.

We found the location easily and announced at the gate that we were there for Ted. Minutes later, my friend appeared and without any explanation or introduction handed me the simply bound manuscript called "Wheels within Wheels." As I took the book into my hands I felt a jolt of energy, a deep connection to the message being delivered to me. Simultaneously, spontaneously I began to cry, although I had no idea why. These were not normal tears such as those triggered by emotional reaction, rather, they were the kind I experience as a result of a deep soul connection (the difference being the size of the tears, which indicates to me a far more profound bio-chemical reaction has occurred).

I was unable to speak as I hugged Ted good-bye. Then Linda and I drove away. My companion was moved by the brief transaction she had witnessed and apologized for doubting my need to make the stop. Likewise, she sensed that something beyond what we could see and understand in that moment had occurred for which she automatically felt reverence. Although we had never discussed it, clearly the thread that drew us together as friends in the first place was a spiritual connection and, as with so many friends, we came into each other's lives to facilitate part of our life's journey. By being each other's mirror for a while we grew and learned. Then, having bridged the way for other members of our spiritual family to arrive, we went in separate directions. Maybe our paths would meet again, perhaps not.

Books were to play a major role as spiritual turning points for me. Again my friend Ted was an agent of inspiration when, in the late 1970s, he suggested that I read Paramahansa Yogananda's "Autobiography of a Yogi." A remarkable book that has been translated into many languages has moved and inspired millions of people the World over. For me personally, as is often the case, it is less about the words and stories written on the page but more to do with the frequency contained therein. Without doubt, Master Yogananda's own journey inspired me to a deeper relationship with my own soul.

One only has to visit any of the Self-Realization Centers established by Yogananda in Southern California to understand what I am talking about. Each of the centers, but specifically the unique Lake Shrine at the end of Sunset Boulevard in Pacific Palisades, mere blocks from the Pacific

Ocean, are beautiful sanctuaries which embrace all religions and provide a glorious respite from the frantic pace of the outside world. There seem to be invisible codes within the energies of such books as "Autobiography of a Yogi" that trigger soul awakening. I certainly believe that, in some cases, it's not even necessary to actually read a literary work of such spiritual potency. Just to have a book of such significance in one's possession can bring about a degree of self-realization. The soul knows what it senses!

Most significantly, in the early 1980s, while on a trip to Los Angeles, where I had relocated, my friend introduced me to yet another amazing publication, "Initiation." The author, Elisabeth Haich, a beloved yoga and spiritual teacher in Zurich, wrote the book at the urging of her students. Haich describes feelings she had even as a child, about her awareness of a greater reality, a higher truth. In the early chapters, she writes that even though she experienced her parents as basically very loving individuals, there were times when she had questions about her existence which they could not answer to her satisfaction. She interpreted this as a lack of *true* loving and, at a very young age, she felt driven to run away from home. She composed a letter to her parents telling them of her plan to run away, insisting that she wanted to know where and who her "real" parents were. Her spiritual cognizance of heavenly parents was amazingly intact for someone so young, as she reckoned that real parents would not do and say some of the things her parents did. I deeply connected to her sentiments regarding her Earth home and parents. Many of the feelings she felt as a child were parallel to my own feelings of life growing up in England.

“Initiation” proved to be another major turning point for me, because Elisabeth’s life story in the 20th century is related in juxtaposition to her amazing and profoundly intricate recall of a previous lifetime as a young priestess in ancient Egypt. Apparently, her yoga students finally convinced her to write the book since they had often been privy to her stories of her clear and detailed memories about the lifetime, and of the profound wisdom she imparted from that ancient civilization. She weaves the two lifetimes together explaining events and identifying individuals who were with her then and in modern times, thus presenting an inspiring overview of her personal destiny.

After I read the book I suddenly realized that I was not alone. At that time, I had no idea that my own ancient life experiences held equal significance to me, particularly those in Egypt centuries before the time of Christ and probably not too far from the timing of Elisabeth’s pivotal lifetime. Clearly though, as I later discovered, one lifetime in particular also held major keys for me, in relationship to my current destiny.

It seems to hold true that when we discover that others have similar experiences to ours, it becomes easier to accept our own challenges, to rise to the task of healing and learning the lessons that are present. Through others’ inspiration we find the courage to remain on our path. Perhaps it is because we realize that we are involved in a collective process and therefore we are not alone. Never the less, the true spiritual journey inevitably remains a lonely one, for each of us must endure our own unique experiences. No man is an island, yet it is our unworthiness

of being supported or loved that anchors us in the "lone ranger" syndrome within our life struggles.

Since the 1970's we have seen enormous, exponential growth in consciousness raising and spiritual awakening. Self-awareness and the human potential movement has long gone mainstream, providing larger numbers of people access to information that can help them not only to heal and to evolve, but to understand the true purpose of their lives. The support of which so many have dreamed is becoming increasingly accessible.

As I became firmly ensconced in my work as a counselor in the human potential movement, it became clearer and clearer to me that the voice I heard as a child proclaiming me to be special, whether it was my own Soul, High Self, guide, or God Him/Herself talking to me, it was reminding me that what made me special was that I had chosen. Ultimately what I had chosen, and the reason why I had chosen to be here now, was to play my part in the quantum leap in consciousness transpiring upon our little Planet. How I would play my role would be one in the same as my personal unique journey of self-discovery, one that would take me down some very interesting roads, each with its definitive higher purpose.

To try to be normal or live a normal life proved to be futile for me, as I believe it may be for many Star Children. Because we are here as way-showers, much of what we have to share--our gifts and talents--involves setting a precedent, and constructing the foundation for the new paradigm; the Aquarian model for living in our culture.

For each person, this new paradigm would require the deepest level of responsibility with the creative process, absolute trust in the perfection of all things and unconditional loving of self and others. In doing this, our priorities automatically change and we break away from our materialistic, greed and fear driven realities, and begin to experience a broader and more spiritually based reality, one of abundance and harmony for all.

To exemplify this new way of being and living, first and foremost, I had to feel safe--not to mention worthy and deserving, of moving into total expression of my authentic self--of being all that I am. The significant lifetimes where I had been disgraced or even killed for speaking my truth and asserting my power had been surfacing from my cellular memory, illuminating areas within my consciousness that had blocked or sabotaged me in the past.

But there was more, much more to this process, pivotal in establishing a totally cohesive relationship to the Divine. I had to search for and heal anything from my past that would have given me cause to separate from my high power. To accomplish this I was guided to take a long and fascinating journey, backtracking through my Soul's path multi-dimensionally to search for the highest truth about my human existence.

Often, just when I thought I had surely exhausted all the information I needed to further bridge the gap, an inner wisdom would urge me to go deeper, my high self would once again crank open the vaults to the library of my past life history and more would be revealed.

In August 1987, at the time of the "Harmonic Convergence," so named by the very brilliant Jose Arguelles, famous for decoding the Mayan calendar in his book "The Mayan Factor," the New Age took on new deeper meaning. Many thousands of people simultaneously gathered at special places all around the World, responding to and honoring similar messages recorded in their own mythology and folklore. A resonant, collective agreement emerged that the event heralded a turning of the evolutionary tides, that a grand celestial and cosmic event was occurring, and it was a time for celebration.

According to Mayan mythology this was the time when the tomb of Quetzalcoatl, the horned serpent, would burst open spilling forth 144,000 seeds which would spread out into the World heralding the new paradigm and a new spiritual consciousness. Dr. Arguelles would further speculate on the origin of the magical Maya, their abilities, and whether they were in fact less calendar makers, rather extra-terrestrial "synchronic engineers," in a book called "Surfers of the Zuvuya."

As my own inner movement took me through experiences both exhilarating and scary at the same time, I began to finally understand the meaning of those words I had so often heard in my head growing up. It was becoming clear as to what chosen meant, as I simultaneously recognized more and more of my spiritual family of chosen ones. The New tribes were gathering, drawn together by a magical invisible magnetic force and recognition of the bigger picture of which we were all part.

Some months after the "Harmonic Convergence," I was at a book signing of the "Mayan Factor" in Santa Monica. A line of people stood patiently waiting for Arguelles to sign the copies of his book they had just purchased. The friend I had accompanied also waited for an autograph. Being the quintessential people-watcher, I stood to one side of the crowd rather than wait in line with my friend Dianna. Suddenly, as if tired by the process of signing autographs, Arguelles stood up and began to speak to the crowd huddled together in the small bookshop. He spoke gently and reverently about his personal experiences and shared his thoughts about our collective evolutionary progress. His deep connection to the subject matter was evident, his passion inspirational. The issue he had touched upon then seemed to hit a deep core within him, and becoming choked up with emotion, he was unable to continue speaking. His wife was standing close-by and stepped forward to his side, fluidly picking up where he had left off.

"What I think Jose was saying is..." she continued, perfectly completing his thought process. Their apparent bond was deeply moving and I silently offered up a prayer for such a communion with a spiritual life-partner.

Jose disappeared for a few minutes while his wife continued to express their mutual sentiments, and then he reappeared, playing a large bamboo flute. The tones of the instrument were deep and resonant, rich and hypnotic. He moved to the front of the crowd, by that time silent and still, mesmerized by the heavenly sounds permeating the room. Jose had chosen to continue his communication non-verbally in a universal

language none could mistake and one that, if the audience was willing, could transport them into an altered state, if only for a few minutes.

As I looked over the small group of people, I saw an energy configuration of the subtlest purple in the shape of a perfect heart over the crowd. I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me. No doubt though, moved as I was, I had slipped into a state of consciousness where my eyes could see beyond our limited third-dimensional reality. The sight amazed me. It was a physical manifestation of the energy we were collectively experiencing: balance, harmony and perfect blending of male and female energy. Love!

I have sought that kind of love all of my life. Perhaps each of us secretly and, in some cases, desperately yearns for that depth of feeling and relationship with another. And maybe it is that search that motivates and propels us forward for I believe we *have* known it before. It is the kind of love *I know* I came to embody, to demonstrate and to exemplify--to be! That was the path I chose, that *has* been and continues to be my journey--the search for and the demonstration of absolute love, divine unity and at-one-ment with the creator; the energy from whence we all came. I suppose that this has been my quest since the very first time I set foot on this planet 48,000 years ago in ancient Atlantis. My lifetimes of experience might well be called a totally comprehensive study course in "Unconditional Love 101"!

When I first sat down to tell my story – in the early 1980's - it was a very different book. Indeed I was a very different person. I had reached a milestone, a precarious turning point with an unknown future. What I *did* know is that I had to journey deeper into my relationship with God and with my purpose for being here, now. I was just completing a career spanning the better part of a decade as an actress in the adult film industry and, subsequent to my retirement, as public relations director for a company that was one of, if not *the* largest producer and distributor of X-rated films. In addition to my work in front of the camera, I chose to share what I had learned through my experiences in X-rated films by examining my relationship to my own sexuality. I frequently lectured, wrote articles, and fraternized with members of the Academic community in pursuit of deeper fulfillment of my purpose within the realm of Human Sexuality.

Although privately my lifestyle was very low-key, I had reached celebrity status in the “adult entertainment arena,” a somewhat quirky honor garnering ongoing attention and recognition. (With the advent of the Internet, this acknowledgment would continue to accelerate and grow beyond what I could possibly have imagined.) At that time I felt that my relationship to my Adult Film career had run its course and that I would better serve my purpose by concentrating on my other work. And even after I closed the door on the last incarnation of my fan club at the end of the millennium, a most apt time to do so I thought, the irony of my sustained popularity seemed more profound.

To many individuals I encountered along the way, the obvious route was for me to continue to capitalize on my film career, to fill my

book with erotic anecdotes and exposés of life in porn. I went along with this theory for a while by blending energies with a co-writer and producing a completed proposal package for a publishing deal. Around the same time I signed a contract with a now defunct agency in Los Angeles to produce my story as a made-for-television movie. This came so close to reality that, as they say, I could taste it. But it was not to be: the time wasn't right.

Now, these many years later, I realize that I played a big part in sabotaging the projects. My layers of unworthiness were still prevalent, preventing both the book and film projects from manifesting. I believe that the rest was in Spirit's hands because I know that when something is right, the Higher Power intervenes. In retrospect, the earlier manuscript of what was to be my autobiography was flat and uninteresting, a one-dimensional story the likes of which has probably been told dozens of times before. And the problem with finalizing a story for the film deal was that each time I met with potential producers, I couldn't identify the conflict in my life. Without conflict there is no story. I consistently played down every challenge and hardship I'd experienced, minimizing their relevance to the plot. Consequently I talked myself out of deal after deal.

"Well," I contended repeatedly, "I was never abused or raped or held at gun-point. I had no children out of wedlock and I wasn't alienated from my family or in trouble with the law. My lot in life just wasn't so tough - compared to others."

And therein lay another way in which I repeatedly denied my own pain and undermined the true significance of my life drama by comparing myself with others.

Long before I even aspired to write a book, I recall blurting out to a friend, "Sometimes we have to go back to where we came from to remember what we came to get!"

It was one of those statements out of the blue - it just popped out of my mouth. I wrote it down because it seemed that it could be used in many different contexts. In the simplest of situations, we recall our steps when we misplace an object, tracing back until we realize where we left it. We forget because all the clutter in our minds gets in the way of remembering our original action. Ultimately we are lead back to the item still exactly where it was the whole time we searched.

It became clear then that for me to tell my story the way I wanted, to deliver the message I desired and to share in the most honest way I knew, I had to "go back to where I came from to remember," but that wasn't just about retracing my steps to Birmingham, England where I was born, or Kent where I grew up in my current lifetime. It would require looking way beyond the time I spent in Germany before my journey to America in 1965 and the early years of sex, drugs and rock 'n roll in Northern California. And, in the end, my days in porno, though not insignificant, would provide little more than anecdote to the total picture.

I believe that for me, the story ultimately began on my home planet far, far away in our Milky Way Galaxy and with an agreement I made to participate in a huge project and grandest of experiments. Since life in the Pleiades was vastly different from the dense existence on Earth, part of that agreement would involve gradually powering-down into the third

dimensional human frequency. My memory banks have revealed information to the effect that I came originally to Earth from my home planet in the Pleiades System, to mate with another from my own home planet and then to return. Perhaps this was for the purpose of infusing data into my DNA for later and the reason why I chose to first visit and procreate with a soul family member already on Earth after which we returned together to the Pleiades. Subsequent to this, along with other members of my soul family, I began my wheel of incarnation, culminating now, here in the third millennium to complete the task we had collectively chosen. The same Soul family members and I would accompany each other for lifetimes and eons to come. They are with me today.