

A REVOLUTION OF ONE

From Within the Human Designn Experiment
A Generator's Story

Mary Ann Winiger

www.key-to-you.com

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This Book is Dedicated to

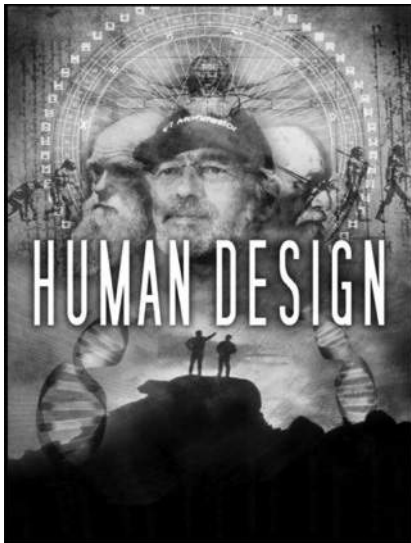
Michael – my husband and my friend
For his love and support and for always
wanting me to become all that I was meant to be

Osho for starting me on my search
Human Design for finishing it

These very special people in my life

My daughter Madhu
My granddaughter Alexandara
My granddaughter Carolina
My sister Chicca
My niece Donna

Ra Uru Hu



In Loving Memory
of Ra Uru Hu



April 9, 1948 - March 12, 2011
Clarion - Musician - Friend

Everything is determined by forces over which we have no control.
It is determined for the insect as well as for the star.
Human beings, vegetables or cosmic dust –
We all dance to a mysterious tune,
Intoned in the distance by an invisible piper.

Albert Einstein

Preface

This is not a polished manuscript but rather an intimate and raw story of my personal Human Design experiment. All journal entries and poems have been left untouched breaking undoubtedly many rules of correct punctuation and grammar. And the suggestions from the word processor software to correct certain words didn't always get the approval of my sacral, especially when it came to who/whom and me/I.

This book was not written in the hope of winning any literary award. It was written for one reason only – to let you know that living according to my strategy worked.

Foreword

When I first began to introduce Human Design I thought that establishing the validity of the knowledge would be easy; all I would need were a few committed Generators. Little did I know how arduous a task that would be. To live as a Generator demands going against the grain of millennia of conditioning and more, it is a transformation that can only be accomplished within oneself.

I can say with a messenger's pride that Mary Ann has made that journey. I realized it many years ago in Sedona, Arizona when I did her analysis that this was a Generator ready to be awakened. A 6/2 born on the Left Angle Cross of the Alpha, Mary Ann today is a correct Role Model and a genuine inspiration to all Generators.

Ra Uru Hu
February 7, 2007
Ibiza, Spain

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Introduction

Today is my fifty-eighth birthday. This past week I have been flooded with energy. It is an energy that will not let me sleep. I can feel an excitement in every cell of my body. This book has been inside of me for a long time waiting for its birth and I didn't know if it would ever be written. I only knew that I had to wait.

Now it is Time. How perfect that this is all happening here on Ibiza, the place where Ra Uru Hu had his encounter and the Human Design System was revealed.


This book is about my Human Design experiment. It is the story of the de-conditioning process I passed through. It is interspersed with poems, journal entries and emails that were written during that time. I had saved everything because, even back then, I could feel this story in me. To revisit my process on my birthday tickles me. Today represents the birth of my body and the Human Design experiment represents the birth of my self.


It is over 10 years now and reading all my entries, I hardly recognize the person who began this experiment. Everything was so serious to me back then. I was so serious. I took everything so personally and I suffered.

This book is for people who have been touched in some way by this incredible knowledge. In ancient times, individuals of the tribe would pass on their experiences by telling stories around the fire. It was verbal. Although this is a book, I am not an author. I am simply a tribal storyteller. My story begins with my actual birth. As you read, please remember, this is simply my story of what I passed through in the experiment of living my strategy and honoring my inner authority. It is not the story. There is no the story for a Generator or for anyone else. We are each unique and have our own unfolding process to live. And we each have a story to tell. This is mine.

This is my Human Design chart.

MAIA MECHANICS IMAGING
JOVIAN ARCHIVE SOFTWARE





RAVE CHART DATA SHEET

‣ **Name :** Mary Ann

‣ **Profile :** 6 / 2

‣ **Inner Authority :** Sacral

‣ **Not Self Theme :** Frustration

‣ **Birth Date (Local) :** 1/27/1949, 8:46:00 AM

‣ **Incarnation Cross :** Left Angle Cross of The Alpha (41/31 | 44/24)














‣ **Type :** Generator

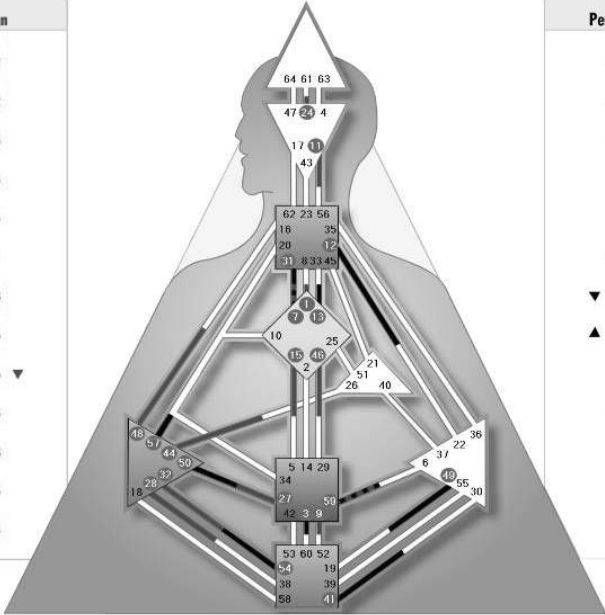
‣ **Definition :** Split Definition

‣ **Strategy :** To Respond














‣ **Birth Place :** Mineola, (USA) New York

‣ **Design Date (UT) :** 11/1/1948, 8:06:35 PM

| Design | |
|---|--------|
|  | 44.2 |
|  | 24.2 |
|  | 1.5 |
|  | 27.4 |
|  | 28.4 |
|  | 32.1 |
|  | 46.3 |
|  | 9.6 |
|  | 11.6 ▼ |
|  | 59.5 |
|  | 15.3 |
|  | 48.5 |
|  | 7.4 |



The Rave Chart is a complex geometric diagram overlaid on a silhouette of a human head and torso. It consists of a central vertical axis with various triangles and lines connecting points labeled with numbers (e.g., 64, 61, 63 at the top; 48, 51, 44, 50, 18, 37, 28, 32, 16 at the bottom). The chart is used to determine personality traits and design types based on the placement of these numbers.

| Personality | |
|---|--------|
|  | 41.6 |
|  | 31.6 |
|  | 54.5 |
|  | 3.4 |
|  | 50.4 |
|  | 49.1 |
|  | ▼ 54.3 |
|  | ▲ 13.6 |
|  | 54.2 |
|  | 59.5 |
|  | 12.5 |
|  | 57.1 |
|  | 7.3 |

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CHAPTER ONE

Before Human Design

The family I was born into shaped so much of the life I lived before meeting Human Design. My father volunteered to join the Army after the United States entered World War II. He was immediately sent overseas and my mother stayed home with their three children. My mother was a very religious Italian Catholic. Every day she would go to church to pray for my father's safe return. She made a promise to God that if my father returned safely they would have one more child, a girl they would name Mary Ann. When I calculated my mother's chart, she was a pure individual Generator with a defined ego through the Channel of Initiation. She was a person who could make a promise – and boy did she ever!

My father arrived home safely and a couple of years later, I was born. They were both around 40 years old at that time. My mother wanted to return to work. My father held down two jobs to support the family and my older brothers were busy with sports and school. My sister who was six years older often had to watch me and take me with her when she went to play with her friends. She hated this. When I did my sister's chart, I discovered that she is an emotional Manifesting Generator. She didn't like me and I didn't like her twice as much! My father said we were worse than the two boys – we fought like crazy – kicking, pinching, biting – so easy now to see it for what it was: the amplification of her emotional wave in me. I am open emotionally.

When I was very young, I loved to play by myself. I guess I was lucky in that everyone else in my family was either busy working or going

to school, so I was able to play alone most of the time. This was such a balm for the second line of my 6/2 profile.

My Italian grandfather lived with us for half of each year. He was a very quiet, gentle man who had a soothing spirit. He spoke very little English so we didn't talk when we were together. I was happy to just be with him. He often watched me while my mother worked. I would walk to the store with him every day and we'd buy a fresh loaf of Italian bread. On the way home, he'd break off a piece and give it to me. There was always this comfortable silence between us. He called me Mariuccia with such affection in his voice. Mariuccia means "little Mary" in Italian. I loved my grandfather in a way that was totally different than the way I loved anyone else in my family.

I think part of it was my open mind. Because we didn't talk in words, my mind was not filled in that way. I don't think he was emotionally defined because there was such a peace between us – like a cool breeze on a hot summer night. It was refreshing and calming to be with him.

Looking back I think I was closest to living as myself during those early years before I started school. I was alone a lot. Being a 6/2, the need to be left alone is great. I spent most of my time with a person who did not talk to me. My open mind was not bombarded with words. I loved being with myself like this and it brought me so much quiet joy. I spent hours in the backyard at my favorite spot. I would lie in the grass under the peach tree sometimes coloring in my coloring book and other times daydreaming. The only time that I used to feel so deeply disturbed was at the dinner table when the whole family would gather. These times were overwhelming for me and I often felt sick in my stomach.

My conscious Sun is in Gate 41 line 6. Gate 41 is a great gate of fantasizing. I did this so much all through childhood. I could be in my room for hours with my eyes closed in my own fantasy world. My mother would call to me often, "Mary Ann what are you doing?" To which I would reply "Nothing, mom." I was "doing" nothing. In one way, it was true. I wasn't doing anything that was visible, but on another plane the doing went so far into other realms and touched so many aspects of my life, that it went far beyond any physical doing I

could have done! For hours I could disappear into my very own special world.

My father was a pure freak and a Manifesting Generator, emotionally defined by the 12-22 and the 39-55. He loved me very much and I loved and adored him twice as much in the amplification of all that! My mother always told me that I loved my father more and I would feel so guilty. My mother was not emotional – so the love that I did feel for her was not visible – even to myself at times. I had already at this young age learned to associate love with the emotional wave.

My older brothers and their friends thought I was a cute kid and they liked to play with me when they were around. My sister was the only one who didn't like me – which was pretty intense because we also slept in the same bed. I can understand, that it must have been a real pain for her to have to look after me, when all she wanted to do was to play with her friends. This then just got transferred onto me. When we became young adults, we started to like each other and became much more than just sisters in our later years.

My mother told me stories of when I had learned to walk. She used to put me outside in a playpen. It was used to keep a child safely confined. It felt like a prison to me. The neighbors were always letting my mother know that I was toddling down the street without any clothes on again. It seems as soon as I got a chance, I would take off all my clothes and “escape.” I didn't like to be confined. I was always on the go – constantly in motion.

Then I entered Kindergarten and my whole world fell apart. It was the beginning of the end. Up until this point, I had lived as natural as I could in my family environment. I was left alone a lot – except for those family meals and going to church. I was happy being me. I had no idea that I should be anyone other than who I was. But here in school, I could feel that I was supposed to be something more.

I had no idea what was expected of me. We were supposed to be learning how to integrate with other children and to play together, but all I really wanted was to be left alone and be able to play by myself. The only part I really enjoyed were the wonderful toys

available including a play kitchen complete with a sink, stove, table and chairs. As a child one of my favorite things was to “cook” things. I have Channel 27-50. An aspect of this channel is about cooking. Even at home I was always pretending I was cooking for my dolls. These toy kitchen appliances in Kindergarten were incredible – they were just the right height for a 5 year old.

One day my teacher accused me of breaking the teapot. I hadn't done it and she wouldn't believe me. She forced me to take it home and have my father fix it. This was traumatic for me. I was so upset and couldn't stop crying as I walked home from school. My grandfather was the only one home and he just held me in his arms and said over and over in his broken English, “I believe you Mariuccia.” My father was also wonderful – he told me not to worry about it and fixed the tea pot and I brought it back to school the next day.

I made it through Kindergarten and the next year entered the first grade. It was obvious from the start that this was serious business. We each had a desk and we were to sit at these desks all day. We weren't allowed to get up and move around. We had to sit there. If we needed to go to the bathroom, we had to raise our hand and ask. Do you have any idea what this is like for a “2?” Calling that kind of attention to oneself is so embarrassing. I tried to avoid that at all costs.

There were no more play kitchens and toys. I remember sitting at my desk and looking around the room bewildered. What was I supposed to do? Everyone else seemed to know but me. No one else seemed disturbed by this. So I just watched and copied what appeared to be the correct way to behave. I remember in my reading Ra Uru Hu telling me, “You have never known the correct way to behave.” How true this was. I never knew. I would always just look around to see what others were doing in any given situation and try to be like them. It was not until being told to “wait to respond” that I finally knew the secret for my own correct behavior.

It was at this time that my grandfather died. Everyone thought I was too young to understand death, so no one told me and I didn't ask. I just kept quiet and wondered where he was and why he wasn't coming back to be with us. It was much later that I was told he died.

A REVOLUTION OF ONE

The pain from losing my grandfather got buried deep inside of me. Forty years later in a hotel room after a Human Design course, lying on my bed, the tears finally came. I cried for hours releasing the memories of losing my grandfather.

When I told Ra about this experience, he told me that the liquid in the body holds memories. I have Gate 44 in line 2 – it's my unconscious Sun. It is an aspect of memory – but not a mental memory. I realized that the tears helped me to release the memories and the pain that had been stored in my body, even though I did not feel sad or upset in that moment of crying. I was watching myself cry. It was a very different experience from all the crying I had done in this life. It also helped me to understand, why out of the blue, tears would just start falling for months after my reading. I cried so much during that time. The tears had nothing to do with what was happening in my life in that moment. They were tears of release – my cells were releasing memories.

A short time after my grandfather died, my oldest brother got married and left our home. My oldest brother was perhaps the next calmest person in my family after my grandfather. He was not emotionally defined, nor did he have a defined ego. I always felt safe around him. And then my other brother went away to college. This left my mother and father and my sister and myself. I missed my brothers very much and was always excited when they came to visit. I was really excited when my oldest brother and his wife had a baby girl. I was about 10 years old and used to stay with them on weekends to baby-sit. I loved these times. They brought so many new experiences to my life. This was not true with my parents. They were pure freaks – no tribal or collective definition. Their home was their sanctuary.

My brother's daughter, my niece, and I were always close; she was more like my kid sister. Through Human Design I discovered that she is a mental Projector and a 6/2 like me. Many years later, she in turn gave birth to a 6/2 girl and a 6/3 boy. The 6/2 girl then gave birth to a 6/2 boy. My other brother has two sons – one a 6/2 and the other a 6/3. My oldest granddaughter is a 6/2. I was the first 6/2 in the family and it fascinated me to see what got moved genetically within our family.

Up until first grade I was a wiry little thing, yet that changed and my body started adding weight. From this point on, in retrospect, it seems like I moved further and further away from my true nature. This continued until I met Human Design and began living as a Generator. This movement away from myself began when I was about 7 years old and lasted for over 40 years. I had my reading with Ra when I was 47 years old.

The child who loved to play alone became very social. The hermit part of me just seemed to disappear. I was always with others – whether in a classroom or after school playing with other children, or spending time with my family and relatives. In looking back through the eyes of Human Design, it appears that my sixth line personality started running the show. My G center through the channel 7-31 simply took over. This Channel of the Alpha is split from my sacral definition. I was recognized as a leader from the early days of my childhood and on almost every report card there was the comment “Mary Ann is a born leader.” I was elected class president, captain of sport teams, chairman of school dances and so on. Gate 31 is in line 6 and is my conscious Earth. In simple terms, it is where I get my grounding. The voice of the 31 is “I lead” or “I don’t lead.”

Because of my open emotional center, I never wanted to deal with confrontation and discovered it was much easier to just say “yes” and keep everyone happy. The only other voice I have out of the throat center is Gate 12 in line 5. Gate 12 is a gate of caution. I remember feeling cautious as a young child and in Kindergarten and First grade – but after that – I just jumped into any situation – saying, “yes” because I didn’t want to be different. I didn’t want anyone to know I had no clue what was going on. I didn’t want to upset anyone, so my goal was to be liked. In the same way that my “hermit” disappeared, so did my caution.

I was considered very bright when I was in school. But inside I was very insecure and didn’t want anyone to find out that I really didn’t know anything. I had to work really hard to memorize details and facts to pass tests. I loved music deeply and wanted to play the violin but because there was not the money for it, I was not able to. I was always singing as a child, whether silently in my own head or aloud. I

would wake up in the morning, get out of bed and start singing. I'd come down the stairs and my mother would say, "Mary Ann, did you say your prayers?" I hadn't and felt guilty because I was singing before I had said my prayers. Understanding my own childhood through the eyes of Human Design has helped me to see, that no one knew any better. It helped me to make peace with my mother inside of me. She loved me and thought she was doing what was right for me.

School was not easy with an open mind. It's like having the windows open in your house and you have papers all over the table in a somewhat organized way. The wind outside is still. You know where everything is. All of a sudden, through the open window comes a gust of wind and blows all the papers off the table. And no matter how hard you try, you simply can't find anything. That has always been my story. I can never count on my mind to be there when I need it. Someone with an open mind must have invented sticky notes!

The other thing that I have come to realize about my open mind is it took in every thought that anyone has ever had about me throughout my whole life. The thought from the other person ended up in my mind and I thought it was me thinking it! Especially all the negative things people would think about me without ever saying. As a child this was often about physical attributes and I took those thoughts into me deeply. It is only since my experiment and through my sacral response that I am able to find my own truth!

Once I moved from childhood to teen years, I started to have difficulties with my father. He didn't want me to do the things that I wanted to do. I stopped being his cute little girl and became a "difficult" teenager. The interaction between us got very intense at times. I am deeply tribal and as he was a pure individual, he could not understand me wanting to go out with my friends. He would just say "no" and when I asked him "why," he would get upset. I would get twice as upset and this would accelerate until I was amplifying his emotions to such a degree that I was yelling at him. For him, the only

way out of this was to slap me across my face, and send me to my room. I would end up sobbing and run to my room. Understanding this through the eyes of design helped me to really see the dynamics for what they were. No one was at fault or to blame. My father could not help his actions. The programming is so powerful and if you don't understand, it runs you. It ran me and it ran my father.

It was also at this time that I started having severe problems with my digestion – food just seemed to leave my body very soon after eating. My parents took me to the doctor and I was put on very strong drugs to take care of the problem. Looking back, I can see that it was really all about what I was taking into my open centers. I was not able to understand or process anything that was coming into me.

Everything in my life seemed to accelerate when I hit puberty. I was definitely in a hurry to grow up and have new experiences. With 41.6 as my conscious Sun, my light shines from the new experience. And as a sixth line being, I was in the first stage of my life – trying this and trying that – getting more and more involved and confused as the years went by. I was in the third line phase of my life and it would still be many years until I could escape to the roof.

The make up of a sixth line being is to go through all kinds of experiences in the first 28 years. This is known as the trial and error phase and yet underneath they know that they are supposed to be a role model. I knew this inside of me, yet I was making one mistake after another. I was lost in the drama of my life and doing anything I could think of, to make things better. Listening to my mind and doing what it said made things only worse. I didn't know all these "mistakes" were a natural part of this phase and that I was simply gathering experience.

When I was in high school I wanted to become a teacher. This was also mixed with wanting to join the Peace Corps and help humanity. But I was also a teenager with a lot of sexual desires. When I was 15, I was able to obtain a phony driver's license so that I could go to a club with live music. I went with an older friend. The band was really good and I loved to dance. A guy came over and asked me to dance. He was a junior in college and I was a sophomore in high school. We ended up dating and getting married when I just turned 19. Part of

the reason for such an early marriage was to help him avoid being drafted to fight in the Vietnam War. I was not able to say no.

At 20 my daughter was born. My first husband and I got divorced when I was 23. I then fell in love with my older married boss – a very typical scenario for someone with gate 54 three times – and gates 32 and 44. He had young children and although he loved me, he knew, he would not leave them. I was only 22 and he felt it was a dead-end for me and not fair, so he stopped seeing me. I could feel he loved me and at the same time he could just end our relationship. This totally floored me. I am sure he had a defined Heart Center as he had such willpower to end it. I had no willpower and the only way I could handle this situation was to move as far away as I could. Heart broken, I left New York with my daughter and drove until I reached California. The year was 1973.

If anything marked the beginning of my spiritual search – this was it. I could not believe that I had actually found the love that I had been searching for, but I was not going to be able to live it. As a “6” line being, I was searching for my soul mate. I found him and lost him all at the same time.

If love wasn't the answer then what was? This was when I started searching for the meaning and purpose of life. This search took me in so many directions. California was the place for what later became the New Age movement. I did EST, Actualizations and drugs. At the same time and out of the blue, a close friend started channeling a Persian entity. It was a very strange experience but I had never heard truth expressed in such a way before and I became very involved with these sessions. I met a man who became my first teacher and we ended up living together. His first question to me on a blind date was “So what's your reality?” To which I responded with deep confusion “Don't we all have the same reality?” He shocked me with his answer of “Oh, you think you're your mind.”

We stayed together for a few years. Then my daughter wanted to visit her father in New York, but he wouldn't let her visit unless he obtained legal custody, which meant she would live with him permanently. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want my daughter to leave me, and yet, I knew how much she missed her father. My

daughter and I talked and finally I let her make the decision. She chose to live with her father. I didn't think my heart could break again – but the day she left, it was the heart of the mother that broke this time. My daughter has a defined ego. It is quite something, the impact of the defined Heart Center on an open one. I cried for days. It felt like I had hit rock bottom. It just seemed that life was only pain and suffering. I felt lost and confused. I couldn't do anything right. I was 26 years old and almost at the end of the first phase of my sixth line process – but I didn't know any of this at that time.

Soon after, I asked the man I was living with to leave. I needed to be alone. It was a deep soul searching time. I found a book by an eastern mystic that gave me hope. I went to India to be with him. He was known in those days as Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. Ten years later he became known as Osho. He was a Projector who had the 26.2 in his conscious Sun. I had the 44.2 in my unconscious Sun. There was instantaneous affection and love between us.

I took sannyas (an outer gesture of the deep spiritual relationship) two weeks after I turned 28 – it was the beginning of my on the roof stage. Going into an ashram was my way of removing myself from life. I wanted to get out of the world where nothing worked. He gave me the name Prem Patipada meaning, “step by step with love.” I spent three years traveling back and forth to Poona to be with him until he went to America. I was able to live with him in a commune in Oregon. I met my husband, Michael, in the commune and we've been together ever since. This was 1981.

With my leadership channel and being a deeply organized person, I was put in charge of many areas during my time in the commune. The first area was the cafeteria. I was responsible for cooking vegetarian meals for 100 people and that grew over two years to 5,000 people. This then rose to 15,000 for one week each summer. I was also put in charge of the Air Team and became the Director of Operations and had to work directly with the FAA in Portland, Oregon to legitimize the airport. We had a Mitsubishi jet, two DC3's, a Convair that used to be owned by a rock group and a helicopter. I was stretched beyond anything I ever thought I could handle or do. We were not asked if we wanted to do something – we were told and the word “no” was not an option. I had spent my life saying, “yes” – my undefined emotional center never wanting to upset anyone – so I

never even thought of not going along with all I was told to do. Besides, if you did say “no” you had to leave.

My daughter loved coming to visit me on the ranch and eventually talked her father into letting her live with me again. She became a sannyasin and was given the name Prem Madhu, which in Sanskrit means “Sweet Love.”

In addition to airplanes and food, I organized many other areas: audio/visual, the university, computers and music. During a time when the commune was trying to build as many townhouses as possible, I was put in charge. I didn’t know anything about construction, but I knew how to simplify things so that anyone without experience could help build, which was needed before permits expired.

I was also sent around the world to help organize Bhagwan’s meditation centers and communes. Bhagwan instructed me to close down some centers – and for someone who did not want to upset people – that was quite an experience. It’s ironic that he also sent me to Ibiza way back then, to close that sannyas center and here I am today, living here. I remember loving Ibiza already back then and wishing I didn’t have to close the center. It was such a sweet villa and I remember how good it felt to be there. Sometimes, I can’t help wondering if I knew about my sacral response back then, would I have done half the things I was told to do.

The woman in power started to initiate some very strange as well as illegal ways of dealing with situations. I knew I could no longer be a part of what was happening. For once I was able to say “no” – although I was afraid of the repercussions, as it was a bit like trying to leave the mafia. Michael and I left for Australia and although we were in the commune there, I was relieved that I would never have to live on the ranch again. Then the people in power left the ranch and as the saying goes, the “shit hit the fan.”

I returned to the commune because I needed to be near Bhagwan. I was an emotional and mental mess. All the hate and anger that the community felt for those in power was directed at me personally. I

was one of the only ones who had been in power who was physically present. The others had left.

Years later I understood this deeply through the eyes of Human Design. The tribe had been totally betrayed by the people in power and I was one of those individuals. The Channel of Community, gates 37-40, is the tribal channel of spirituality in the mystical keynotes. Ra nicknamed this channel “the sannyas channel” because so many sannyasins had this channel. I have none of it. The bargain had been deeply broken. As a Generator, not only was I open to all that came towards me, but I enveloped it as well and it all came into my open mind, my open solar plexus and my open ego. But I knew none of this then.

I was an emotional basket case consumed by guilt, shame and fear. My mind constantly was looking at all the scenarios I could have lived differently as if there was a choice. Why hadn't I done this? Why hadn't I done that? The recriminations were endless. I doubted I would ever laugh again. And in all honesty, I didn't know if I would ever emotionally recover.

Months later, Bhagwan left America and the ranch eventually dissolved. I had already moved to Switzerland with Michael, a Swiss citizen. We got married and I got a job working for an American company that had their international headquarters in Zurich. I started as a secretary and was then trained to do the in-house graphic design work. Later I was promoted to exhibition coordinator for one department and I traveled all over Europe organizing exhibitions.

I visited Bhagwan, who was now going by the name Osho, in Poona many times over the next years. In 1990, he died and a week later my mother died. I was devastated. I felt completely lost. I still had not found what I had been searching for, but I had now named it *Enlightenment*. I was searching for Enlightenment. It seemed like it was the only thing that would get me over this traumatic experience and bring me inner peace. I was driven in my search, and after Osho died, I sat with other masters hoping to find it.

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While living in Switzerland, Michael and I became friends with a sannyasin women and then later a sannyasin man – who we then introduced to each other by having brunch at our home. They began a relationship. It was these two people that Ra approached many years later to help him bring Human Design to America – funny how things happen. I remember sharing this story with Ra once and he really laughed. He told me that I had to bring them together so that they could bring me Human Design. Fractal lines and geometry – no choice in the movement of life!

Michael and I stayed in Switzerland for nine years. I never learned the language, always feeling a bit guilty I hadn't even tried. Now I realize the deep mental peace this actually brought me. Listening to people talk around me and not understanding what was being said made it more like music. I avoided having each word entering my open mind. It was a time for my open mind to take a break.

My daughter, Madhu, was also living in Switzerland at this time. She married an Austrian man and they had a baby girl, Alexandara. Both Michael and I were present at her birth – a very soft and beautiful natural delivery with music and candlelight. I loved being with Alex. I was so happy to be a grandmother. We lived near each other for the first three years of Alex's life. But it soon became clear that it was time to move back to the states. I needed to be near my father. After my mother died, my father suffered a massive heart attack. (It was my mother who had the defined ego – a defined heart. My father's ego was open. He was the one who acted willful – the amplification of my mother's heart center.)

After living so long in a cold country, Michael and I were looking for a warm and sunny place. We moved to Bonita Springs, Florida where we lived very close to the Gulf of Mexico and we both loved having the ocean so near. Within a year, Madhu and her family moved there as well.

We had lost touch with the sannyasin friends we had introduced, but one day out of the blue, the phone rang. How they found us I never knew. We chatted for a while – they had moved to Taos, New Mexico and were involved with something needing birth information. I was asked for my birth info as well as Michael's and our mailing address.

A few days later these very interesting charts arrived in the mail accompanied by a little booklet. I opened the booklet and started reading and was immediately turned off. It was so mental! I had a bit of prejudice towards the mental plane having come from the world of sannyas. But I couldn't help but be intrigued by the charts. Why were some centers colored in and some white? How come my husband had more colored in than I did? Later, I just put everything away in a drawer. This was 1994.

Michael and I started publishing a magazine for German tourists in Southwest Florida called "Willkommen." It was the first on the market and very popular; and although successful, my husband and I decided to sell it to a major publishing company in the area. We spent two years in Florida and had enough of humidity and mosquitoes. It was time to leave. We visited Sedona and ended up moving there. My daughter and her family moved to Asheville, North Carolina. Very soon another granddaughter was born, Carolina. My husband and I were very lucky to be at her birth as well. The birth of a baby is such a miracle. I spent two weeks just holding Carolina and rocking her in my arms. I loved being with Carolina. I loved being a grandmother – now with two grandchildren.

In Sedona, Michael and I found a very nice home to rent. Soon after arriving, I was subpoenaed to testify in Oregon concerning the illegal activities at the ranch. It was a very intense time, and I was not sure if there would be any ramifications for me; but in spite of my worries, I did not want a lawyer representing me. I did not want anyone to alter my truth and speak for me. I testified and was able to return home. I was free from my past – at least in the eyes of the legal system. Inside me, I was still consumed with guilt and shame.

A few months later, our sannyasin friends contacted us again. The woman of the couple ended up staying with us for a week, while she was in Sedona doing Human Design readings and an introductory evening. We both welcomed her and became very interested in Human Design. We spent hours looking at the Book of Letters and the Black Book. It was clear to me that the goal of this system was to help people accept who they are and I loved that.

We bought all the material she had and both Michael and I spent hours and hours researching after she left. She came back one more time and stayed with us again. It was around this same time that I found myself sitting at a computer pouring out the experience of my time with Osho. It was titled: Forever is Not Long Enough. Writing this book started my healing process. The complete healing came later with Human Design.

The book was at the printer when I received another call from this same friend wanting to know if she could stay with us again. This time she was coming with Ra Uru Hu. He had a place to stay but she needed one. Again we said yes. I was looking forward to meeting Ra. I had wanted to meet the man behind this system for years. But because I never felt pulled to do any courses in Human Design there was never a chance to meet him. At the same time they arrived in Sedona, 2000 books arrived from the printer filling our garage. It was a bit overwhelming to go into the garage and see all the boxes filled with my “past.”

We dropped our friend off at the venue to set up. Michael and I went out to eat and we arrived at the introductory lecture just as Ra began to talk. I loved listening to him. He was electric and so alive – like a ball of fire. He was also very funny. I loved his cynical attitude – it was refreshing after so many years in the spiritual world of seekers. And I was really happy he wasn't a guru or a master. His presentation of the Human Design System was an energetic transmission of this knowledge that penetrated me far deeper than just the words.

After the lecture, he was available for questions. I went over and introduced myself. I told him I had heard so much about him and that I was finally glad to meet him. There seemed to be an instantaneous rapport. I really liked him energetically and I felt very comfortable and at ease with him. We ended up chatting for quite a while. Over the next few days, I saw a lot more of Ra. I loved to listen to him tell his stories. I felt a deep friendship develop in those few days.

I knew I wanted a reading with him. It was quite expensive but I felt it would be worth the money. I had spent thousands and thousands of

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dollars over the years traveling to India, looking for answers. The cost of one reading was nothing in comparison.

I thought I knew about myself from the bits and pieces I had been told by my friend and what I had learned from reading the Human Design manuals. I accepted who I was and it seemed I was living out my definition. I was really comfortable with myself. And I was nice and cozy in my life. Was I in for a shock!

CHAPTER TWO

Mechanical Surgery

I left my home that morning and drove to the house where Ra Uru Hu was staying. I had driven there many times over the past week as my friend and I would pick him up to go out to eat. The house was painted a strange color – almost an orange red – that seemed to clash horribly with the gorgeous red rocks behind it. The driveway was also red. The dog was barking as I rang the doorbell. Ra answered and I walked inside. Between the counter of the kitchen and the open space of the living room was a small dining room table. My chart, which I had seen so many times before, and a little microphone connected to the audiotape recorder were on the table. I was totally at ease. I sat down. Ra began talking.

The first thing that you've got to start with in a process like this is you have to recognize the trial that exists within you. There's always this dilemma inside of you. And for most of your life it has been your throat and your identity that's done all the speaking. But of course, you speak as an abdicating anarchist. In other words, that the voice that comes out of your throat, not only is it anarchistic – it would never belong to an organization that would have it as a member – but not only that, but the moment that there's any resistance you're the first person to walk away. Your identity here, this is the part of you where everybody is coming to that identity and they're saying, "Aha, this is a leader." Then they get into the wave of that and they realize you're not a leader that makes them feel comfortable.

In other words, in the moment that you're the leader and somebody says, "I don't like you as a leader," you're the kind of person that

says, "Okay, get another leader; I'm going." So, what happens with a voice like that is that because you grow up thinking that everything that's in your mind has to become what you say and then become what you do, you start off in life right away with denying the nature of your own intelligence.

This happens to all kinds of people who have an open mind. In other words, every time that they want to talk about something, what comes out of their mouth has nothing to do with what they have been thinking about. And of course, it frightens them. It frightens them because they think there's something wrong with them. The first thing they think is "I'm not strong enough because I can't get it out with these people." In other words, they make up all kinds of excuses why they can't get their mind into their throat.

So, the first thing with the open mind is that you have to see that this mind of yours has a very special way in which it works. You only have two gates in here and both of the gates are unconscious. In other words, it's an unconscious mind, which means that it's not the kind of mind where thinking is important. It's the kind of mind where flow is its nature. The more you try to refocus on something it won't stay there because it's not a conscious thing; you have no access to it.

To hear these words was a benediction for my open mind. Living life with an open mind and not understanding what that means is pure mental torture. It was such a relief to hear this. At this moment, my open mind was given permission to be exactly what it was – open and innocent. It also gave me a deeper understanding about the leadership role I had been taking all my life, in school, in jobs, and later in the commune. My personality Earth is in 31.6 – it is where my personality, my passenger, is grounded. But what a strange combination the 7.3 and the 7.4 create together. And these two gates are in Pluto. So the anarchist and the abdicator are my truth! What a crazy set-up.

You only have two voices in your throat. You can see this, right? This voice says, "I know I can try if I'm in the mood." "I know I can be social IF I'm in the mood. Oh, I will be great at the party IF I'm in the mood. If I'm not in the mood I'm not coming.

The 31 says, "I lead or I don't lead." So, "I know I can try leading, if I'm in the mood." If you're not in the mood then you don't lead. It's the worst thing in the world for you. In other words, because you are a 27, the nurturer, and it's unconscious, you get suckered into caring for all kinds of nonsense in your life. This is something that slowly you have to really see clearly for yourself, your sacral never committed to that stuff. It drains you; it's not good for you.

I NEVER honored my moods. I said yes to doing so many things that were not correct for me to do, it is amazing that I am alive today – that I didn't degenerate all the way to death. Gate 27 that he is talking about was truly a killer for me in this life. It's unconscious and it's line 4 and I offered myself all the time to everyone I cared about.

You have this very, very powerful identity and that identity has two levels to it. At one level it's all love. But at the other level, it's all direction. So it's split inside of you. What people make contact with when they get your voice is the power of direction in your voice. This is the force of your voice. It's there to be able to guide them. And your identity is only of value to you when you are guiding others. It is of no value otherwise. So when somebody comes to you and says to you, "Will you help me," and your sacral goes, "ahunh," then your identity can speak and lead. In other words, again, this voice that you have, this articulating voice expresses your identity. What comes out of your identity cannot be trusted as your truth unless you are responding first. I can enjoy your powerful identity but I can never trust it say from it.

I remember being deeply shaken by this. I am a sixth line being and trust is everything for me. I needed to be trusted and I also needed to trust. I had always felt that I was genuine and trustworthy. To learn that all that I had articulated my whole life might not have expressed my truth was really shattering. I knew that I had never responded before talking. This realization went very deep inside of me. Basically, what I took in was that Ra couldn't trust anything I said in words. This hurt.

We start with the 12. You're very vulnerable on the emotional plane. So the first thing to recognize about that is this channel here, this is the social channel of the stranger, the outsider and the freak. This is the social channel of the individual. There are individual aspects in

you that are very, very important for you. So, one of the things to recognize is that despite the fact that there's so much in you that is tribal, even the tribal aspects of you are very individual. So there's always this essence of the stranger in you.

When you lead, that stranger in you has a capacity to be able to reach out and bring in forces from the outside. So, for example, you're the kind of leader that rather than nurturing an incestuous tribe is always somebody who is looking for new, fresh blood to come in. This is also a gate that speaks of caution and meditation in the face of temptation. And the temptation is always to be social at the wrong time. For you, the nature of when you can go out into the world always has to be dictated by your sacral. Always, because there are times when it's not correct for you to go out there.

You have the 12.5 and this is the pragmatist. The success of restraint lies in not abandoning the lessons learnt when the phase ends. This is about light being conscious of darkness. It also means that if you're not conscious of the darkness you suffer deeply in your contact with others and can have all kinds of guilt and shame and blame that sits in here and churns around and churns around and churns. Of course, that's not yours.

The 12th gate is always open to melancholy. And it's always open to moodiness. So, the thing for you to see that in terms of what happens to you in the world that if your mood isn't right, you're not going to be right. You have to be in the mood for things – for love, for play, for work, for wherever it is. You really have to be in the mood. Otherwise, don't get involved.

The whole thing is that your sacral is always going to know that, because if things are not right for you, you take risks that are very dangerous. This is one of those things for you to know, if you're not in the right mood, if you're taken out into something, it is not healthy for you. It's just not healthy for you. The other thing is, the moment that you recognize that built into you is the ability to see what is bad for you in life, you can never go towards anything, you have to wait for it to come to you so your sacral can tell it to go."

I knew how vulnerable I was on the emotional plane and how my contact with others was often filled with shame and guilt and blame.

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At the time of my reading, these very things were still inside of me from my experience in Osho's commune.

I also understood how I had forced myself my whole life to do things that I wasn't in the mood for. I had no inkling yet about this sacral that Ra kept talking about. But I definitely related to all the risks I had taken in my life and how dangerous that was for me. I was being penetrated deeply by this information.

When you're a split definition you never feel whole. And because you never feel whole, because you don't understand how it works, you end up spending your whole life waiting for people to hook that up. And while they're hooking up your split, they're also conditioning your mind and conditioning your ego and conditioning your emotional system and they get out of you what they want.

This is my whole thing about the process of people who have gone through whatever master, guru, whatever. I look at that and I see very clearly that because they truly did not know their nature, they are still very disturbed. They may love Osho, I know how much they love Osho, but they're still disturbed by the fact that it has not cleared up their lives. It hasn't made them within themselves feel like it is okay to be here. And that's because of all of this.

So, regardless of where you were within your psychic state, remember you were in the aura field of all of that. And you took it in very deeply. And everybody kept projecting on you, "she's got the idea." Remember, you had the connection to his inner truth. So your ideas coming out of his inner truth seemed like everybody was projecting on that. "Aha, she's got the idea . . ." And of course, none of that stuff has anything to do with you.

So all of those things deeply impacted on you. You're this sacral person down here and if Osho had said to you, "Do you want to stay here?" and your sacral answered that, it would have been a very different story. Understand that there's something inside of you that knows something else. There's a deep awareness here.

My whole life was flying before my eyes. As Ra was telling me all these things about myself, I would continually butt in saying, “Yes, that’s how I’ve been living.” I had spent almost 20 years involved in a spiritual search. It was incomprehensible to think that in all those years I had not yet discovered myself at any level. It was almost embarrassing listening to the audiotape afterwards. I am not sure who I was trying to convince more – Ra or myself. I was trying so hard to hold onto the belief that I was already living my true nature and that I knew who I was.

You have a love of humanity; it’s an obvious thing that’s there inside of you. But at the same time, you’re very vulnerable. You’re not the kind of person that is going to have people hanging out around you all the time. Your life at the ashram was something that was so distorting for you in terms of seeing who you were. And so, the whole thing about people in your life is that you have to find a way to make timely contact, and then withdraw.

Timely contact and withdraw? My god, my whole life was spent in connection. I always had people around me – all the time. I was never alone.

You’re an extremist. And the whole thing for you to recognize about what extremism actually means is that you have a body that has a fluctuating rhythm system. So, there are times when you can’t move, and there are times when you’re so wild and busy that people think you’re a dervish. The thing for you to see is it’s about honor. You have to honor your own rhythm. And that means that everybody else around you has to honor that rhythm so when you’re lying flat on your ass and you can’t move you can’t have somebody come up to you and say, “you should, or you must, or why don’t you, or all of these other things that go on in life. And when you are whirling around doing a million things at once, you can’t have someone come up to you and say “you should take a break, have a rest” whatever.

Boy, did my mother come to mind. As a child, no matter which extreme I was in – she was always telling me to do the other. Rest when I was whirling – get up and do something when I was lying flat out on the couch! These extremes are such a strange thing to live with and I used to feel that something was really wrong with me.

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What Ra was saying expressed my behavior so perfectly that it was uncanny.

You're somebody that's here to be totally egoless, and yet how difficult that is. You have a beautiful ego, there's nothing there. But you only have nothing there. It means that there is this deep, deep concern inside of you – nervousness about the nature of your own courage, the nature of your own capacity to have will power. Do not put yourself in a position where you ever hear yourself say, "I will quit this, I will stop that, I will . . ." This is not you. And it's never you. And it's so important for you to see that your gift is to be able to see what it's like to be without an "I." That's your gift. It's really your gift. So the moment that "I" crawls into you, and it's not about you denying the nature of your identity or spirit. It's that ego "I." I'm all ego "I." I can't be anything else; that's my ego. It's defined.

The thing for you to see is that you're really here to recognize the "I" in others. That's your whole thing. So every time you take somebody inside of you, that's going to affect your ego. What they're doing is they're trying to get you to identify with your own "I." It doesn't exist. Don't let them. So you cannot get into ego confrontations. That's why genetically it's built into you to be an abdicator. You understand? My line for people with an undefined heart center is, if you think you're going to conquer the world you'd better make sure the person beside you can.

No wonder I was so attracted to eastern spirituality – the concept of "no ego." It was where I could relax. In the western world, almost everyone is pretending to have incredible willpower – pumped up by the person with an ego. My god – how I had beaten myself up in this life because I didn't have willpower. I would say "I'm going to do this everyday" and within three days, it was impossible to keep going.

So we come in here and we come to the channel of Transformation. You have the 54 several times. The 54 is the Marrying Maiden. This is the concubine that gets pulled into the house of the Emperor and eventually becomes Empress. It's the rising up.

The channel is all about being driven. But of course, the way it gets into your splenic system is unconscious anyway, so it doesn't come

in there with the same force. The key here is the 54. The 54 is the worker in the factory, the worker in the ashram, whatever the case may be. This is the worker. It's the worker that's always trying to get up the ladder.

I was a little embarrassed to be exposed like this. I felt like a kid caught with my hand in the cookie jar and I still remember turning bright red. I recognized this within myself – it wasn't that I was doing this, I wasn't conscious of my ambition but as soon as he said it, I realized the truth – even if I was embarrassed. An ambitious man was one thing – but a woman? The generation I grew up in was showing itself clearly in my thinking.

You're the one who intrinsically knows whether people are of value or not. That's you; you know. And you know how much they're worth. You know that instinctively as long as you can smell them. And if you can't smell them, you don't know. That's the whole thing. The nature of being tribal is this contact. You're very attracted to touch, but it's not you. Smell, that's you. You have to sniff them; you've got to really sniff them. And when you sniff them then you know.

But touch was everything to me back then. I always wanted to be touched and to touch. All my relationships were based on touch. And as a sannyasin especially – all we did was touch and hug. It was the only way I knew if someone liked or loved me!

The first line is a life sustaining respect and attention to all aspects of a process. If you bypass essentials it's always going to lead to problems. Every aspect simply means that there's no step to take other than out of response. It doesn't matter what line I describe for you, it will always operate correctly, your behavior will always be correct as long as it's coming out of that response. There's nothing else.

What is this response? Everything seemed to keep coming back to that one thing. Over and over again in almost every thing Ra said – it came back to me responding. On one hand I was relieved because I didn't have to remember all the little details he gave me about each line and gate. On the other hand, I had to actually wait to respond.

This 3rd gate, the nodes of the Moon represent our destiny and it's rooted in Uranus. Uranus takes 84 years to go around the zodiac. Between the age of 37 and 44 we have our midlife point. Your midlife point was on the 22nd of December 1987. So, you're now in the north node phase of your life. These are the themes for you in your life now.

One side is about caring, but it's about caring in a very special way, we'll talk about that. The other side is, now is the time for you to mutate – Now, not before. Before was all about corruption. You had to go through risks and corruption in the first half of your life. And you risked everything through corruption in the first half of your life. Now, it's about caring about mutation. This is your process now.

It's a time for you really to see by getting into the purity of this power in you. You see, mutation can't come unless your sacral is involved because it's in the sacral itself. It's like the intimacy. You can never be intimate with anybody unless they ask.

Oh my god, corruption was right there in my chart. That whole mess that happened at the ranch – was part of what I needed to live out in the first half of my life and I risked everything for it.

Then we come over here – I'll take you down the root center, you have the 41st gate. This is from the Sun. The Sun here is all about the 70% of your personality you need to express. The 44 and the 41, your two Suns, everything that you are it's all in this. If you're not responding out of your sacral you're living in a dark room and it's not you. It's very important for you to understand that. Your Sun shines out of the sacral response.”

No matter what Ra told me in this reading – no matter what was said – everything related back to my sacral response.

“The 41st gate – what it says is that through fantasy you can see clearly when you can maximize your potential. You see, fantasy for you shows you everything because you have a capacity to feel it all out. And with that capacity to feel it all out, you know it without ever having to know it in your mind. It's right here, constantly going into your splenic system, constantly a part of your intuitive awareness.

In other words, you have a deep process going on; it's always looking at all of these things and wondering what it would be like. You can never do anything without fantasizing about it first."

Fantasy – I had such a wonderful fantasy life especially as a child. But as soon as I started to meditate, I thought that it was all from my mind so I pushed it away and for almost 20 years stopped myself from going there. Now, I see that it was never my mind. It comes from a much deeper place than that. And this is where my light shines! I've been trying to kill my own light. God, how messed up everything becomes when we don't know or understand.

The 28, risk taking, game playing – these positions here are part of a cross that's called the Cross of the Unexpected. So there's always something very unusual about you, there's always something that's there. The first half of your life this was all about risk taking. It was about exploiting opportunities and only in those situations where you were desperate. In other words, whenever you see yourself ready to take a risk – and it doesn't mean you're not here to take risks. If somebody comes to you and asks you "do you want to do this?" and it is outrageous and full of risks and you go "ahunh," – then it's okay, you can take that risk. There's something inside of you that truly knows that it's going to be okay, no matter how outrageous it sounds to you. But only under those conditions that it is your sacral that is responding to the risk, not you jumping into the risk because then it's very dangerous for you.

So, magic for you, the unexpected comes when risks are offered to you. Because you're not here to gamble at your own initiative, you're only here to take risks out of response. And of course, when you understand that the splenic system is your body's immune system and your health system, what it's saying to you is your immune system is perfect in response, but it's desperately weak when you're trying to initiate. So out of response you're really healthy, the risks are healthy.

As he told me these things, my mind was running down a list of all the risks I took in this life and the horrific outcome of most of them. How many times I initiated these risks? Oh – so many and mostly to prove I had courage. The story kept weaving together in so many ways.

The channel of Preservation, custodianship, looking after things, being the tribal lawgiver – now, you have both genetic gates, both sexual gates. The 59 – you attract all this sexuality in your life. Again, you have to see what is sexually healthy for you always has to come out of the sacral, which means they have to ask you. So you're the kind of woman where the best men for you are shy, which means they don't often ask. It's not so easy as long as you were in this process of being in your conditioning. Once you're truly in your sacral you'll force them, because you'll change the wave on them. The wave of the shy person is shyness/boldness. Suddenly they'll have to be bold, just to try to make contact with you. Understand it's a different thing.

When I was a young girl, I never approached the opposite sex. I was too shy. As I got older and with women's lib, I became more bold. I did the approaching and asking. With sannyas, this was encouraged even more. It made me wonder about all my past sexual experiences. What would have been my response if they asked me? I liked this idea of waiting to be asked. I liked how it made me feel inside.

So the 27 in you, this is the other side of that. This isn't the sexual genetic role to get a mate, this is the side that says, "Now that we've got this mate unfortunately we're pregnant how are we going to look after the child?" This is about nurturing. This is the mother/father. The fourth line is called generosity – the natural sharing of attained abundance. Magnanimous and qualitative sharing: the gift of rewarding those who are deserving.

Now look, if you don't get into that, you get into the other side, indiscriminate sharing. Those who are deserving, that is not a judgment of the mind, it's your sacral response. You can have a multi-millionaire come up to you and say, "Can you lend me \$10?" and you go, "ahunh." Do you understand? It will have nothing to do with what you think is right or wrong, or who you should share it with, or why you're sharing it with them. It won't have anything to do with that. It will be a pure awareness in you that knows in the moment, existentially, this is somebody that needs caring now. Otherwise, forget it.

It has to come out of your response, which means that you can't care for anybody who doesn't ask. They have to ask. They have to come

to you and say, "I need your help; will you help me?" And you can go "unun, sorry." But they have to ask. It has enormous power, because then you have all your energy behind it. It's really you."

Oh god, I never waited for anyone to ask me for help. I always offered my help to anyone who I cared for. This was not going to be easy. How am I going to be able to sit back and wait to be asked for my help when I see that the person needs help? This is going to be really hard. It goes against the very core of me.

The reading went on – but everything had the same thread. Everything related back to me waiting for things to come to me so that I could respond.

What a reading! It was very clear that I needed to stop offering myself to others and that people needed to come to me and directly ask me, so that I could hear my sacral response and know if it was correct or not for me. I felt so excited when I left. I couldn't wait to begin my experiment. I wasn't too sure about the open emotional center – because I was the most emotional person I knew – but I was ready to experiment with that to.

Ra told me it was a seven-year process because it was a cellular transformation. That didn't bother me at all. I had spent the last 19 years searching for something that I still had not found. Seven years did not seem so long. And I was really curious to see what would happen.

I left that house really touched by what I had been told. My reading put all the years of guilt and shame into perspective and this brought such great relief to my spirit. I understood so much better "why" I had gotten into the messes that I had! I loved that I didn't need to change myself or do anything. I just needed to wait. I needed to wait for people to come to me and ask me for my help, my love, my care, my guidance, my sexuality – and then just see how my sacral responded.

It became clear already in the reading that doing this could change my life!

When I came home my husband, Michael, wanted to hear about my reading. So I shared with him what I could remember. There was so much information in my reading – but the only thing I really walked away with was that I had to stop initiating and wait to be asked so that I could hear my sacral response. I had been penetrated deeply with that information – the rest didn't really seem to matter. I had the recording on audiotape so Michael could listen to this. Which was important for him. He has a very logical mind and needed details. I am not a detail person.

I asked him if he would help me in this experiment. I told him that I really wanted to stop initiating and wait to be asked. He said yes and that he supported me in this. We had no idea what was in store for us as a couple. It all seemed so straightforward and easy.

In my reading, Ra Uru Hu told me about sleeping in my own aura. One of the first questions my husband asked me was “Do you want to do that?” My mind was screaming “no, no, no” as my sacral was responding “ahunh” (yes). I felt nauseous immediately. I didn't want this. We'd been sleeping in the same bed for over sixteen years and I loved cuddling with him at night. I did not want to give that up. But we both heard my sacral response and it was very loud and clear. So we decided to try it out.

Luckily we had a guest room. My husband started sleeping there and I stayed in the bedroom we had slept together in. Just one night was all it took. I loved it. I loved being in my own space. I loved having this kind of privacy. I felt refreshed when I woke up. Michael felt the same way. We both realized that it had nothing to do with sex, love or intimacy. It was simply about sleep.

The beauty for me was that it was also about privacy. If the door to my bedroom was closed, no one could just walk in without knocking first. When you share a bedroom with another, they have as much right to that space as you do. It was wonderful! I hadn't felt like this since I was a teenager.

In this private space, with the door closed, I started fantasizing again. It was like welcoming my best friend back. I hadn't realized how deep a part of me this was. I could just disappear for an hour at a time – off in another place – just like I did as a child. I could not believe the pleasure this brought me. What I was told in my reading was true! Fantasy was allowing the light in my room to be turned back on and it was shining bright.

I could not believe that I had suppressed this aspect in me for so long thinking I was doing something good for myself – meditating. Fantasy has nothing to do with the mind. It was so clear for me in those first moments of going deeply into this realm that fantasy lived in my form. Fantasy was in my body – although my body never moved. I felt so alive – alone in my bedroom – in my own precious fantasy world.

I listened to my reading over and over again. I was sick of hearing my own voice. Every time I started talking in the reading, I was shouting to my taped voice “Shut up.” It was so clear as I listened to what I was saying that I was trying to prove that I was already living the way he was explaining. It was embarrassing to listen to myself.

I understood from what Ra told me about “waiting” that it would create a reservoir of energy. I knew that I had never done that before. I was always busy doing things. It was my way of living life. I was always offering myself. I never waited for anyone to ask me for my help. I could see that by continually going towards things, I was just randomly throwing my energy out and depleting my energy supply. I had never looked at it from this angle before.

I wanted so much to be able to hear my sacral sounds in response to being asked things. Even the simplest, “May I help you?” when I entered a store delighted me because I got to hear my response. It didn't matter what my response was – it only mattered that I responded – rather than my usual words of “oh, I'm just looking thank you.”

I would become ecstatic if someone just asked me “Do you want a cup of coffee?” The smallest question gave my Sacral Center the

opportunity to respond. I began to hear my “ahunh” (yes) and my “unun” (no) more and more.

It doesn't seem like much, but for me these were the situations that were my very first baby steps to myself. I used every possible opportunity to give my sacral a chance to respond rather than using words first – which was what I always did before my reading. It was like a race – my throat or my sacral. Who would win?

Every time I responded, I could feel that the answer was coming from a place unknown to me. I knew that I had never lived from this place before. I knew that when eating something delicious or making love – that I made sounds. But never in answering a question. In the past, when I answered a question – it was often so wishy-washy. I was discovering that my sacral response was anything but wishy-washy!

It was important to me that I did not fall into the habit of words. I really wanted to experience this. I really wanted to see what happened. And I really wanted to be trusted! Yet beneath that was something even deeper. I wanted to be able to trust myself. Slowly different sounds started coming out. I began to experience something inside myself that was new and a little scary.

No Big Deal

A moment missed in a taxi

A simple question from the driver,

“Wanna business card?”

Answered from my throat

No big deal says my mind

Then why does it make me want to cry?

Many of my friends had gone to the introductory lecture with Ra a few days back, and they wanted to know about my reading. I told them pretty much what I told my husband. They were a little surprised that I wasn't supposed to “do” anything unless asked and my sacral responded. This was not who they knew me to be. I had spent my whole life offering, initiating, and going after whatever I wanted. I was known as a real “go-getter.” When I first began my experiment, I discovered right away that it was the easiest with

strangers, especially in service situations, like in stores and restaurants. It was the hardest with people I already had relationships with.

Over the next few days, I was asked to some parties and was totally shocked to hear my sacral respond “unun” to all but one. I was such a social person and I never said no to a party. I loved music, I loved to dance and I loved to hang out with my friends. Who was going unun?

I didn’t like staying home when all my friends were at a party. What was happening? What was going on? What was I missing? The one party I did go to was very revealing. I entered the room in a totally different way than I had entered any party in the past. I walked in and didn’t say a word. I did not initiate talking. Oh boy was I uncomfortable. These were all my friends and many I had known for a long time. It was very weird to behave like this.

I felt like a stranger even though I was in the middle of all my friends. I realized that all my outgoing behavior, the way I would enter a party and immediately say “hi everyone” and blah, blah, blah – was a way to protect myself and hide how vulnerable I really felt in these situations. I remembered as a young child having this exact feeling. I had learned over the years how to be outgoing in order to not feel so exposed.

I remembered Ra saying in my reading, *“So, one of the things to recognize is that despite the fact that there’s so much in you that is tribal, even the tribal aspects of you are very individual. So there’s always this essence of stranger in you.”* Something inside relaxed and I knew this was just who I was – it was natural for me to feel like a stranger and that I didn’t really fit in. I didn’t need to do anything, change anything about myself – just accept it and allow it.

The tension in the room was palpable. No one knew what to do with me. I didn’t know what to do with myself. Many people knew I was experimenting with what I had heard in my reading. We were sitting in a circle singing Osho songs and I couldn’t sing some of the words. They got caught in my throat. This was a peculiar experience. One of

my biggest joys in life was to sing. During my time in the ashram in India, we sang so many songs to Osho.

I had been surrendered to Osho. I said “yes” to whatever he asked me to do. From my reading with Ra, I understood that the only way I was ever going to feel fulfilled in this life was to allow my sacral to respond. There was only one true surrender – the surrender to my sacral response. This moment was a powerful shift – not only within myself but also in relationship to Osho. It was the first step to having no outer authority.

The Strong Wind of Truth

*My outer cloak violently ripped from my body
By the strong wind of truth*

*Intense gusts strip off my spiritual clothes
One by one each layer is taken by the wind
And I am left unprotected
Standing naked
My humanness is revealed to me
I am helpless
I am vulnerable
I am me*

A little later in this same party, someone said to me, “You’re just believing another dogma.” My mind froze in fear, yet my sacral responded strongly, “Unun.” This person started to argue with me saying, “Well, you’re believing this system aren’t you?” Again my mind was totally freaked – and again my sacral responded, “Unun” and I added, “I am accepting the premise of waiting to hear my response before acting – and I am experimenting with that to see what it brings. I neither believe nor do I disbelieve. I’m waiting to see if it works or not.”

My mind was totally shocked at this entire dialogue. It was so easy for me to be intimidated in the past. With an open mind, if I would get into an argument about something – I had nothing to back up what I was saying. I didn’t have a defined mind, I didn’t have a defined ego and I didn’t have an emotional system that could blast people if they messed with me.

I was floored. I had no idea that I could actually stand in myself in such a way. To confront someone like this was so new to me. The part I loved was that I hadn't chosen to confront them – it just came out from my sounds. I was just beginning to get a sense of the power of this sacral response. I started to think that maybe there really was something inside of me that I could trust. It had been so difficult in this life for me not to be manipulated, intimidated or controlled.

My friends were also a bit shocked. They had never seen me like this. I was always just easy going and pleasant. I never wanted to upset anyone so I always backed away from these kinds of intense situations. I was always the one trying to calm everyone else down.

I was not going towards anything and I could already feel a subtle shift in my body. I was containing myself. I was holding back my energy. I had never done that before. I had already planned to visit some friends in Tucson and while there I could really feel how uncomfortable I was with not initiating anything – not offering my help – just waiting to see if I was asked anything. They were uncomfortable too. I shared my reading with them and I could feel the anger from my girlfriend's husband. He was also a friend and he did not like me in a "waiting" mode. One of the things I noticed in this first week of experimenting was that my male friends had the most difficulty with my sounds. They had fun of me and even mimicked my responses back to me – in an angry kind of way. It was an interesting observation.

The next day after returning to Sedona, there was a Human Design course and Ra was teaching the Four Types. It would be the first time this would be taught in America. Before going to Tucson, he asked me if I would be taking the course. My sacral responded "nnnnnnn" – a sound that I knew meant that I didn't know. I did end up responding to giving him a ride to where the class would be and my body ended up walking with him into the room.

What happened next was fascinating for me to observe. It was a very small room filled with about 10 people. My friend who was organizing everything was there and there was so much talking going on. Since becoming less out-going and not falling into old patterns of talking – I had become more sensitive to energy. And boy – there were a lot of

under-currents in that room. My body stayed in that room for about three minutes – then it turned around and walked out without ever saying a word. I was walking to my car ready to drive home when my friend called out and asked me to come back. I responded “ahunh” and ended up back in the classroom.

The information was incredible. I remember the projection of slides on the screen providing very simple information about each type. Simple but deeply profound, it explained the perfect behavior to live in harmony. This information astounded me with its beauty. There were no channels, gates or lines. It was simply about type. Ra began with the Manifestor and then went to the Generator. I was just listening. I wasn’t taking notes or anything. I wasn’t there to learn it. I was there because I responded to being there. But I was listening intently to what he was saying and oh, did I take it into me. Deeply.

I don’t remember what Ra said about the Generator, but all of a sudden I knew that I had been living a lie my whole life. What had started out simply as a thought that bothered me in my reading – was now a sensation in my whole body. And I knew with every drop of my being – it was true. I didn’t really know who I was.

Fear engulfed me. What if I didn’t like who I really was? I liked who I had become – it worked. I was comfortable in it. Who would I be if I actually started responding to EVERYTHING? Would anyone like me? Would anyone love me? Would anyone call me if I didn’t pick up the telephone first? The fears became claustrophobic in that little room.

I was devastated and I felt physically sick. I couldn’t wait until it was time for lunch. I raced out the door and got into my car and drove as fast as I could down Highway 179 until I reached Interstate 17. Looking back, it is clear that I was trying to run away from the truth. I remember pulling over to the side of the road and just sobbing until there were no tears left. I then turned the car around and drove back.

There was a pool at the hotel where the course was happening. I sat at the pool with my pants rolled up and my feet dangling in the water. I leaned back and looked at the sky and breathed. It was clear to me that I had to die one more time. I couldn’t believe it. I had

thought I had died like this already when I took sannyas and began my inner journey with Osho. I had spent so many years already in that process. Now I realized, I had to die again. I had to die to everything I believed was true about me. I had to discover what was really true through my sacral sounds. I understood deeply “no choice” in this moment because I knew there was no choice for me. I realized I was more terrified of never discovering who I really was than of the changes living this could bring.

I was really worried about this unknown. I didn’t know who I would uncover if I really started living this. I had created a “me” that I liked and who moved easily in the world. What if the person I was underneath, in the nakedness of myself, was someone I didn’t like? I truly had no idea. I had never responded before. I had never waited before. I was always the one organizing things, initiating, making things happen. Not knowing who I would discover scared the hell out of me.

I realized in this moment that to really enter this experiment I had to give up all thoughts about who I was. I had to let go of all my ideas about my life and everything in it. I was going through a major freak out by that pool. I knew in this experiment there would be nobody there but myself. Nobody to tell me – do this – do that. There would be no outer master to guide me. I would be left totally alone. And my whole life relied on my sacral response. It would be my only protection. No matter how frightened I was by what I understood about this experiment, I knew I had no choice.

I left the pool and went into the restaurant where the whole class sat at a big table with Ra. They called me over and asked me to sit with them. I heard my sacral respond “Unun” and I went to a table and sat by myself. I remember sitting and looking over and wondering if the people in the course had any idea what this experiment was really asking for?

It was there at the pool when I began my Human Design experiment with every drop of my being. This poem came out the next day.

A Stranger Came to Town

*Thinking I knew, I embraced life
With words heard long ago
From the lips of my beloved Osho
I made me – covering these words
With the illusion of blood, bones and flesh*

*Life became full – Sharing became bliss
To give and give and give – To everyone
All of me, until there was no one left.*

*I didn't know!
I didn't know!*

*Until a stranger came to town
Dressed in black – And said to me:
'Who you are giving – Is not really you'
Words falling inside – Like heavy rain hitting parched earth
Words so true – They shook my bones
Words that went so deep – They rattled my soul*

*Torturous days
Endless nights
Total devastation
Nothing else would do
Nothing else would do*

*To lose all I knew
Filled me with the bile of fear
But to not risk
Filled me with the fear of eternity*

*Feet in a swimming pool
Eyes finding answers in the blue sky
And I knew . . .
I knew
I had no choice*

CHAPTER THREE

Surrender Has No Options

When I came home from this course, I looked at my life and all that I had gotten myself into. I realized that I had no idea if any of it was correct for me. My last act of doing was to basically “stop my life.” I quit my job (my husband was able to support us) and I called the friends I had initiated meetings with and cancelled everything. And then I waited. To stop all the action in my life and just wait was a horrible experience and very painful. It was like trying to quit an addiction cold turkey. But I knew if I didn’t do something this radical, I would continually slip back into my old patterns of behavior.

I was extreme in my experiment and it was correct for me. My Design Uranus is in Gate 15 line 3. Simply put, my form is unusual in its extremes. Line 3 – Ego inflation: The extremism of the Self as strategy to control the flow. This extreme radical entry into my experiment was a way to control the flow of my life. I didn’t understand it in that way at the time. I was so extreme that people were concerned for me. I didn’t feel extreme inside myself – but outside, I was told, it looked very bizarre. My reading with Ra lasted one hour. How could one hour totally turn one’s life so upside down?

I was reflecting on so many things inside of me – looking deeply into myself. I remember sharing with a good friend how with this understanding – I saw that I had never been respected in any lover relationship I had with anyone, including my husband. I realized that in these relationships – my lovers always considered my body to belong to them. I was never asked, “Can I kiss you?” “Can I touch you?” They just did it. I was touched all the time without ever hearing

my sacral response. Realizing this, I remember getting angry. My body belonged to me. No one else had a right to my body unless they asked and I responded.

This was the early days of de-conditioning. It was an important step for me to really draw the line in the sand. You don't ask me – you don't get anything from me. I had to. I had truly been a slave and offering myself my whole life to everyone who was in my life. This was a way for me to take back my inner power. It was not to have power over anyone else – but simply to take back my own.

It was time for Ra and my friend to leave Sedona. I was asked to drive them to Phoenix, where they had another workshop planned. I responded. It was about a three-hour trip to Phoenix from Sedona. I never liked driving back and forth in one day so I booked a room at the same hotel they were staying, and ended up staying the whole weekend.

By this time, I was deeply into my experiment. I did not start a conversation. I did not talk unless my sacral responded first. The things that Ra had said to me in my reading really went deep into me and one of the deepest was that I could not trust what came out of my own mouth as my truth. I had been searching for Truth. I thought it was out there somewhere – a universal truth that all who searched would reach. I had no idea that truth was so personal. The truth that lives in me is my truth. The truth that lives in you is your truth. When we each live out that individual expression of truth – then we get the truth of the whole. But I had no idea of any of this back then.

I wanted to know my truth more than anything else in the world. And from what I could tell so far, it seemed to be coming from my sacral response. I never had been so truthful in answering questions before. My sacral response was really honest. It shocked me over and over again. I asked Ra a few questions to get really clear about what this waiting to respond meant. We were in the restaurant and I asked, “What about my love of humanity?” Gate 15 – I had always felt such a deep love for humanity. His answer was “Only in response.” I remember saying “I can't even love humanity unless it's a response?” I burst out crying right then and there over my French fries.

After lunch, I went to my room and waited. And I mean waited. I rested on the bed and just waited. The sun went down and I waited. Hours passed and I just stayed in that one position. I felt like I was dissolving into the mattress. It was a weird experience. I didn't sleep. I just waited. For what, I had no idea. I never experienced anything like this before. I was always so busy doing something. To just lie there and wait was a phenomenal experience. Because I was so quiet and watchful in this waiting, I became aware of a very strange occurrence in my body. It seemed like there were these tiny pops like soap bubbles beneath the surface of my skin.

The phone rang and my friend was calling to ask me to dinner. I responded and joined her and Ra again for dinner. I asked Ra about this sensation and he said that it was my cells dying and being replaced by new cells. He then explained about the cellular transformation that happens when you live according to your strategy. I loved imagining that every moment that I lived as a Generator, the thousands of cells that were dying were passing that information on to the cells replacing them. I saw it as a changing of the guard. The cells going out were passing on the information that "Patipada waits to respond" to the new cells coming in. I was still going by the name Patipada back then.

I also understood in this moment that almost EVERY cell in my body was right now jumping up and down screaming, "Let's manifest! Let's get something going here!" This was the cellular information within them. And it was because of this, that waiting was so very difficult.

Yet I could see that each moment I responded, day-by-day, week-by-week, and month-by-month, this ongoing changing of the guard would continue and it would only get easier as time passed.

I saw so clearly why this Human Design experiment was so different from anything I had ever done before. It was not a mental change. I had done that so many times by reading books and then trying to live according to what I read. I tried to live my life and create a "me" from being with Osho and listening to what he said for years. This was totally different. This was actually working on my form itself. My body was changing inside. It was a cellular transformation that was

taking place and that is why it takes time – seven years for the de-conditioning process to take hold.

Just these few weeks in the experiment, I could see that my body was already behaving differently. It would just get up from a table without saying a word and leave. My body was moving me away and towards things faster than my mind could think. This was so disconcerting for others. And I wasn't in control. I was just "up and moving" before I had a thought.

My body would walk out the door and would get into the car and away we'd go. My body started walking very fast. One time I was at a café in Sedona with a few different people. This one woman was talking – and right in the middle of her sentence, my body got up from the table and walked away. No words. It just walked away. But man, I was burning – not angry burning – but energy burning

My body was doing so many things that it had never done quite in this way before. It was a very strange time. And it was clear that it wasn't my mind saying, "let's go." My mind was actually freaked out by my body's behavior. It was like it was always running after my body saying, "what's happening – where are we going?" Looking back, it is so funny – but then – Geez – it was not funny at all. It was a very freaky time.

To be in a different environment by staying at a hotel in Phoenix was very supportive to my experiment. It helped not to be in my home where all my old patterns of behavior were in every room of the house. It was also good not to be in Sedona where I had relationships with so many people. These three days in Phoenix were timeless. I didn't sleep for over 60 hours. I wasn't tired. I just stayed in my room and waited. I remember re-arranging the furniture and fabrics in the room. First, I took the bedding off the bed and put it away except for the white bottom sheet. The top sheet I draped over a big armchair. I had a white shawl that I wrapped around me in a toga fashion. My mind was not telling me to do any of this. It was simply watching my body and what it was doing. Once in awhile saying "you have truly gone crazy now." But my body didn't stop.

The room had two huge windows that faced the grassy pool area. These windows could be opened – rare for a hotel in America. So I opened them. I looked out this window and I wasn't seeing a hotel in Phoenix. It was an ancient place and I was in this ancient room and I was waiting. Just waiting.

I didn't go anywhere. I just stayed in this room waiting. By 2am, the energy just became too much for my body and I changed my clothes, got in my car with the music blasting and drove around Phoenix. I had no idea where I was or where I was going. I drove through some very strange neighborhoods and finally I stopped. It was a restaurant so I went inside and waited. That was what the sign said, "Please wait to be seated." So I did. No one came. I just kept waiting. Finally maybe an hour later someone came from the back and was so apologetic. I said it was fine – I was fine with waiting. I could almost hear them thinking they had a loony-tune on their hands.

I got back in the car and drove still not knowing where I was or where I was going. Somehow, I ended up back at the hotel. Parked the car, went in my room, put my toga back on and sat in the armchair by my open window.

The next morning, my friend asked me to breakfast and I again responded and joined her and Ra. I asked Ra, "What about my giving?" (Gate 27) Again he answered, "Only in response." I didn't cry this time. I think it was really starting to sink in.

One More Time

I swept everything viciously out the door

All the lies of who I had created

The love – kicked out

The compassion – swept away

The giving – crushed under my feet

The love for humanity – I ripped from my chest

With the scrutiny of a vulture

Nothing could remain from the past

Not even the bones

What was left?

Sacral knowledge and fear.

Trust found hiding in a corner – discovered and destroyed

*Then I waited . . . as dreams burned through the night
I waited . . . as longing turned bitter in my mouth
I waited . . . doing nothing to change anything
I waited*

*In desperation . . . I waited
As my life shattered like a rock through a glass window
Still I waited.
I waited.*

*Alertness entered first and each sacral sound
Heralded the silent ones behind.
One by one, through the back door, they had all returned
Whispering in my ear "we are part of you."*

*A tear falls . . . as I hear this . . . and I wait.
And I wait . . . not for anything anymore
Just to wait.*

It was time for me to leave. I said goodbye to Ra and thanked him for the incredible reading and said I didn't know if I would ever see him again. He said, "I know. You will. It's in the chart." I got in my car and drove back to Sedona. I was not the same woman who had left. Something had drastically shifted inside of me.

The Doorway to Myself

*It feels like I have searched for this doorway since before time
Forever getting lost in where I thought it was*

*Until this knowledge came with No Choice
Showing me with ruthless logic the lie –
I had been living and calling me*

*The volcano inside that had lain dormant for eternity erupted
And spewed ashes over my entire life*

*Hot molten lava burned everything in its path –
Until there was nothing left – nothing but waiting
It could only show me the doorway
But it could not enter with me*

*Aloneness engulfed me
Great fear filled my emptiness*

*And because I had No Choice
I walked towards the doorway*

*The clothes of ideas, dreams, desires and beliefs
Were ripped from my body*

*Leaving me naked – without protection
For there was no other way I was allowed to enter*

*Waiting – waiting – and more waiting
Surrendering to each response
Each response moves me further from the entrance
The door closes behind me*

*Only the echo of this sound reverberates
From the depthless depth of myself
A step taken on a journey with no end*

Returning to Sedona, I still could not sleep. In those days I needed music as much as I needed water. The music I had up until this point was mostly New Age – lots of meditation, relaxation, and gentle music. And my Sacral Center hated it.

I went through all my music responding to each CD and audiotape. My sacral didn't respond to keeping one thing! I was shocked. I had been listening to this music for over 15 years! It seemed that my sacral loved Tina Turner. I would blast her music while I was driving and so much energy poured out while I sang along. She has such sacral energy in her and it seemed to call to my Sacral Center in a way that is not easy to explain. I just felt it.

I then went into my closet and let my sacral respond to my clothes. I held up one piece after another and waited for the sound. More than half my clothes ended up in a heap on the floor. I then started going through the house. I put everything in the kitchen that my sacral responded "unun" to. My husband then had his chance to look through everything to see what he wanted to keep. He needed time to get clarity because of his emotional wave. The only rule was if he

wanted to keep something I had responded no to, he had to either put it in his bedroom or his office. We had a huge garage sale a month later.

It was a very crazy time. In those days, the strategy was a little different. It was “Wait to be asked” and it was very clear that the asking had to be in words. I was not talking unless I responded first with a sound. More than anything, I wanted to know what my truth was. So I waited. My family was concerned. Many of my friends thought I had gone mad. Michael and I were having problems. I was no longer the woman he fell in love with. My whole life was in upheaval. It was so much easier when I just said yes to everything and everyone. It was so much easier when I believed I was in control.

I was lying on the couch one day doing absolutely nothing – not even reading. My husband was working in the garden and came in the house and asked me to go to the hardware store and buy an item he needed for what he was doing. My sacral went “unun” and we both were shocked. Here he was working really hard in the garden, I was doing nothing but lying on the couch and I went no to helping him?

Oh my god – the emotions that penetrated me from his emotional wave in that moment. But I knew that I needed to honor my response and I also knew that what it was saying in that “unun” was that it was not correct and it was not healthy for me to do whatever was being asked of me. So, in spite of Michael being really angry with me, and in spite of my mind telling me what a lazy bum I was, I honored my response. Michael stormed outside after that exchange. Hours later when he returned, he was in a different mood. I was able to explain that I did not want to go against my sacral response. He told me that with the energy he was feeling inside he got all the work done that he had thought would take him a few days!

To stop all initiating and simply wait to respond was a torture. It was more like dying than living. I was no longer trying to make things happen and that made me feel powerless and scared. My biggest fear was “how the hell will anything happen in my life if I am not out there trying to make it happen?” My whole life was at stake including my marriage and I was afraid. But I had to do this. I had to do this for me even though I knew it meant risking everything that I held dear in my

life. Yet, I knew that nothing was more important to me than knowing myself.

In spite of my fears of where all of this was taking me, I did my best to stop initiating and to just wait and see what came towards me. I was very nervous and uptight. Yet I learned to keep my mouth shut as if it was zippered closed and just let life take me. But, man oh man, it was really hard and I was not comfortable in this experiment at all.

My mind didn't stop just because I stopped initiating. It was used to running the show and having the power. It didn't like losing this power and it was coming at me with a vengeance. It tried to get me to act on my desires and my ideas any chance it had. All of this mental chatter was still going on inside of me all the time. It was like having a screaming two year old living in my head.

But I was vigilant in my experiment of not moving towards anything and so much energy filled me. At times I felt ready to explode. The energy became so intense and that intensity burned me. What a fire that was. It was a strange combination of being burned and feeling cool.

The Bluest Flame

The fire of waiting is burning me

The hottest flame blue

Makes me so cool . . . like the blue waters of a mountain lake

Blue flames consuming me

In a passion that is almost cold

Sometimes I burn like a finger burns when it touches ice

Something pumps my heart

I wonder if I still bleed blood?

Or do millions of crystals

Reflecting light

Keep me alive and fill my veins with a thing called 'energy'

I am so grateful to the people who stayed with me during the early stages of my experiment. I know how weird I appeared and how hard it was for them. I changed from being a “nice” person who always wanted to make everyone happy into this grunting crazy extreme woman. It was a very difficult time for all of us.

I spent my whole life never saying “no” because I didn’t want to upset anyone. The only gate in my open Solar Plexus Center is the 49. And it is conscious. I was so aware of accepting or rejecting. I hated being rejected myself so I never wanted to reject anyone. So I went to the other extreme and accepted everyone into my life. Of course, I didn’t consciously know that before my reading.

In the beginning my sacral sounds were almost rude and there seemed to be a backlog of “no” inside of me. I had no idea how much power and force was behind these sounds. They would be so strong that it was upsetting to others as well as to myself. The whole experiment was very disturbing. I was shocked so often by my sounds. In the early days, I was more like a toddler learning to walk – clumsy and unsure. When I would respond “unun” to something and someone asked “why?” I had no answer except “I don’t know.” Which was true, I had no clue why my sacral responded the way it did.

It took time for me to really understand that my sacral response is only ever about me – about what is correct or not for me in the moment. And because my Sacral Center is connected to my Splenic Center – it is about what is healthy or not as well. But to the other, it can feel very personal – especially in the early days when “unun” had so much force behind it. Saying “no” was very new to me. But even back then, when my response would come out so strong, it was innocent. Whatever the response was – it was clear that I was not doing it. I would hear my response at the same time the other would hear it.

It was daunting because I had to live with whatever situation my response put me in. Yet, it all felt so natural and so free even though at times my mind was deeply uncomfortable and disturbed by my response. The person who asked me the question was also disturbed yet it felt so real to be responding. I had come in contact with a place

inside of me that knew something about me that I had not known before. It was this realness – this naturalness – that felt so incredible.

By responding to life, I no longer am moving through the filter of all the learned polite ways of being with another. When I overhear other people's conversations, I am so shocked at how much is covered up with a politeness that masks the truth of what is really going on. So often I hear someone ask a question that is a generator type question – needing only a response of “yes” or “no” and the intricate maneuvering is so exhausting to listen to. I wonder what is that person's real answer? At first it really is a little disconcerting for people to have a “real” response to a question. It is not the way it works out there. But in my own experience, I have found most people (not all!) find it more like a breath of fresh air.

I remember an incident that happened at an outside café in Sedona. I was sitting alone at a table enjoying a coffee. There were plenty of empty tables around me. A woman, who I did not know, came over and asked if she could join me. My response was “unun, I want to be alone right now.” I could tell she was startled by my response. She nervously left and went to another table. About five minutes later, she came back and asked if she could tell me something. No one had ever done that before. People just usually tell me whatever it is they want to say – never asking if I want to even hear it. I responded and this stranger told me that it was so refreshing to meet such honesty and how people are always covering up their real feelings and you never know what they really feel. She said that she wanted to try being more real herself.

What I noticed in the early days was that living this experiment was the most difficult with people who already knew me. We had developed certain patterns of relating and I was breaking all of them. What excited me was my contact with strangers. I was about one month into my process, when I noticed that strangers approached me in a totally different way than ever before.

Another instance, in another café, a man I didn't know came over and asked if he could join me. He stood there – waiting for my response. I was amazed. He just stood there waiting to see if it was okay with me. I responded and he sat down. We sat in silence. Remember, my

mouth was zippered and I was just waiting to see if there was anything else for me to respond to! He then asked me if he could tell me a story. I was shocked. Again, he asked first, he didn't just start talking. It was then that I realized that something was really changing inside of me and my aura was broadcasting this.

I also began to respond to being in the sun. For many years, I stayed out of the sun because of all the medical data about skin cancer. But my sacral responded to lying by the pool for almost one hour every day, even in the hot summer of Sedona. My body loved to get hot and then jump in the cool water. It was a delicious alone time for me. I listened to my music with headphones and let the sun pour into my cells.

My mind never would have let me do that and it was so healthy for me. I responded to when I went to the pool, how long I stayed in the sun and when I left. My body knew exactly what was correct for me. By allowing my body to guide me, my body was truly becoming my temple. My form has Gate 46 in Venus. It is a gate of sensuality and loving the body as a temple. My body seemed to "worship" two things: the sun and music.

As my skin got brown, people would get all upset with me. They would say, "Aren't you worried about cancer?" My sacral would respond "unun." Every one is so different. This is what thrilled me so much back then. Just by looking at people's charts, this uniqueness was visible. I didn't even know back then about Color, Tone and Base! And from my own experience, I saw how responding kept pulling me out of the normal way everyone else behaved and thought and brought me closer to myself. I was different and I was starting to live that difference.

There was something inside of me that had intelligence that was far beyond anything I could ever get from any outer source. To begin to glimpse this in my day-to-day life was remarkable.

No Name

If I don't name it – will it last?

If I leave it unknown – as it is this moment

Can it move into eternity?

*If I leave it alone – with its softness and sharpness . . .
curves and lines
Black and white . . . edges and roundness
Can it breathe forever?*

*If the sun shines on it and lightning strikes it?
If gusty winds thrash it and the rains drown it?
If the ocean pounds it and the rocks crush it?
And it still survives . . . Does it stand a chance?*

My sister was having foot surgery and asked if I could come and give her a hand when she first came home from the hospital. My response was very strong so I flew to New Jersey to be with her. It was the first time she had seen me since I started experimenting. I already felt the changes within me. She noticed it as well and commented on how different I felt. Over the days it was wonderful to share Human Design with her as well as talk to her about my experiment.

Long before Human Design, my husband would ask me from time-to-time, “If you could do anything in the world, what would it be?” I would always answer, “Work with musicians.” While I was in the Osho commune, I was sent to the music department “to clean them up.” I have to laugh now – because they cleaned me. I felt so passionate working with these musicians. It touched a deep place inside of me. Even though, I had no real training in music, I sensed that I had a knack for it. My hearing is acute and I listen intently yet without my mind. Music comes into my body. I could feel when more flute was needed, more bass, more percussion – and when silence was also needed in order to create a powerful experience for the listener.

So many times during my experiment, I longed to be able to magically turn my poems into song. Singing words has the potential to enter a person deeply. One dear friend who is a musician did turn one poem into a song and oh, how I love that song, *The Mystery of Waiting*.

Ever since my experience in the commune I had desired to work with some musician friends and whenever I was in India we would talk

about it. One day I was sitting in our home office, and a fax started coming in. It was from these very same musicians asking me if I would like to be part of their tour in America.

I read this fax and the only sound that came out was “unun.” It was a very clean, clear and simple “no.” I was stunned. I was very distressed. My mind was screaming “but this is your dream. This is what you have always wanted.” But there was this “unun” sitting in the middle of the room like a big elephant. No matter how much I tried, I could not ignore it.

This for me was the first real fire test in this experiment. Was I going to honor my response? Or was I going to say yes and fulfill my heart’s desire? It wasn’t that I actually thought that. It was more like all the questioning was happening silently in my body and it was extremely uncomfortable. I understood once again what it meant to “have no choice.” No matter how much I wanted to say “yes,” I could not do anything but honor the response.

It became clear to me in this moment that although waiting to be asked was a difficult strategy; the real killer was actually honoring my sacral response after I was asked. Realizing this had a strong effect on me. The real consequences of living this became apparent. I never knew what my response would be to anything! And if I was going to be in this experiment, I needed to live in this uncertainty.

After this, I had weeks of nothing coming towards me other than a coffee with a friend here and there. This was a very difficult time as part of me was internally still processing what had just happened. So much energy was accumulating and it was getting uncomfortable.

I was a vibrating, humming, sacral motor with nothing to do. I had turned down my very dream and nothing else came. Whew! That was a painful time. My mind had a field day. My thoughts would constantly attack me for saying “no” to the opportunity of a lifetime. My mind would constantly try to get me to do something. It was a time in which I felt very anxious.

I was so new to this experiment and didn't really have a solid foundation yet of living as a Generator and following my strategy. It was so hard to ignore my mind trying to talk me out of waiting. It was such a deeply ingrained habit to go out there and try to make something happen. This habit had been running my life for almost half a century! This was huge compared to just a few weeks of waiting and responding.

I knew that I wanted to stay in my experiment. I knew that the only way out of this was to move through it. I knew that I did not want to initiate anything to release this energy because I had done that my entire life and it never gave me what I longed for. By this time in my experiment, I had gotten to the point of accepting that acting like a Manifestor truly hadn't worked for me in my life.

Yet, as part of my experiment, I went ahead and initiated once in awhile and watched closely to see what happened inside of me. I made sure that these initiations were not important ones. Basically, I would simply offer my help to someone – something I had done hundreds of times before. This part of the experiment was a profound experience. The analogy that came to mind back then was that I was a bucket of water. The more I waited the more full the bucket became. Whenever I initiated, holes appeared immediately and all the water drained out. It was remarkable to experience this. I was the bucket and the water was my energy. When I was waiting and not initiating, I could feel this energy growing inside of me. When I initiated, it depleted itself.

It was the first time in my life, I sensed this so dramatically. Before I understood that I was a Generator, I was so busy initiating, offering and doing that I never had a reservoir of energy. When I first began my experiment, one of the things I noticed immediately was how exhausted I was. An incredible byproduct of waiting was that I now had so much energy. Whenever I would move from waiting and go towards something, my energy depleted itself. It was an actual physical experience. These times of initiating taught me so much. It became quite clear that it was not correct for me to initiate. No matter how much I wished I were a Manifestor, I was not. I simply had to “bite the bullet” and wait.

My sacral response cut through my mind like a Zen sword. Clean and quick it bypassed all my ideas and beliefs. To hear myself respond “ahunh” (yes) to something and hear my mind screaming “no” inside my head happened over and over again. And it didn’t just happen when I responded “no.” I realized in these early days that it did not matter how my sacral responded, my mind was almost never in agreement. It was very weird to know that it was this very mind that had been running my life for all those years.

All the ideas I had of myself flew out the window. I had wanted to be loving, compassionate, caring, understanding and available – especially to the people that I loved. Gone. All these ideas disappeared in the truth of my response. And I realized something that shocked me to my core. My mind had been disguising itself as my heart. The only thing I really had was my strategy and I felt very naked and vulnerable with waiting and responding as my only protection.

Very soon, I had to face another monster, boredom. Oh, how I hated to be bored. In fact, I hated it so much; I avoided it at all costs. In the past, whenever I was bored, I would call a friend to talk or meet, go shopping, go to the movies, plan a trip – anything but be bored. When I stopped initiating, and the excitement of experimenting with my strategy wore off, I had to face boredom. And because I was not doing anything without first hearing my response, I found myself bored to tears at times. Nothing was going on. And when I was bored and a friend called to ask me to do something and my sacral responded “unun” – it only made the boredom worse. There was no escape. In looking back, I see what a necessary stage this was to pass through. I needed to go beyond the boredom to see what was waiting there.

No one could believe that my sacral kept responding, “no” to being social. I think my husband was the most surprised because he was always the one saying “no” to going out. He’s a 2/4 profile. He actually went out a few times and I responded to staying home. This was a very different experience for us. What I got to see through response was that I really was what Ra told me in the reading. I was a hermit! My “2” of my 6/2 profile was alive and responding and it wanted to be left alone more than it wanted to be with others. There were those in my life who thought I was on an ego trip. Which was

really funny to me. If ever I was less on an ego trip – it was at that time. There was no “I” – just these weird sounds coming out of me that I was honoring!

By being alone and not being social, I started to vibrate in my own energy. It was a very peculiar experience. Over the years since that time, I’ve come to a place where I profoundly experience the Life Force that lives in the Sacral Center. It is very, very powerful. There appears to be abundant energy in this center, but only if it is being used correctly. The Sacral Center is a response mechanism – not an initiating one. This was what was happening to me. My form through each response was using my Sacral Center correctly. And the Life Force was growing inside of me because of this. I had never met this Life Force before – not like this.

I had so much energy. I still could not sleep more than a few hours if at all. It was impossible not to move my body. I would drive up the canyon from Sedona to Flagstaff with Tina Turner blasting in the middle of the night. Sometimes I would drive to Cottonwood. I became intimate with the Moon on these drives and the stars in the sky. The sky in Sedona is incredible. You feel you can just reach up and touch a star – the sky is that dark and the stars that bright.

When I wasn’t driving around like a mad woman, I spent most of my time in my bedroom with the door closed. One day, a girlfriend knocked on my door and asked to come in. She sat on the bed and looked at me and said, “Are you going to tell me what is going on with you?” And I responded “ahunh” – so I told her all about my experiment. She knocked on my bedroom door many times after that and became one of my closest friends in the experiment. Months later we would have incredible sessions with each other where we explored so many deep issues through response – just to discover our truth. Many years later, she helped organize all my journal entries, letters and emails for this book.

To live within my own flow – within my own rhythm – this is what I need. To spend so much time alone and to not initiate or do, but to relax and melt deeper and deeper into this waiting is incredible. I glimpsed so quickly as I wrote that – that this falling backwards into myself promises magic. As if as I was writing those words – magic

kissed me on the cheek. Waiting in this sacral space – I realize that I have never gone anywhere. Never done anything – never even moved from this moment. No matter what I felt, thought or acted upon – I have never left this. It is all an illusion.

Life continued to just unfold – one breath after another. One response brought me to the next one. I was getting a deeper understanding of how I worked. I didn't instantly become myself. It was a long and difficult de-conditioning process that could only happen inside of me. Nothing outside was going to transform my life. My whole system went into chaos. I could no longer compromise myself – not one iota – my sacral response would not let me. I no longer had any sense of security in my life. I often felt so fragile as if I would break.

These past couple of days I've been so deeply sad. Not wanting to go out – I found myself responding "no" to every one and everything. I just needed and wanted to be in the womb of myself. As this sadness deepened, I started to become afraid. Something was pulling me – sucking me into something I could not name. It was as if all the labels that I had for myself were being taken away – and I was not only naked, but also raw at the same time.

Last night I responded to going out to a place that had live music. With my eyes closed, the piano beckoned me further and further into this space. With music holding my hand, the fear and resistance to seeing what was inside disappeared. And I saw that I was shattering once again. Everything was being taken away and destroyed one more time – even the foundation.

All I have is a total helplessness and vulnerability and I find myself grateful for even that. With each breath I am taken deeper into this, very quiet and sensitive space. Tears seem to be always right there – ready to spill over – and it is all so right. Something unknown is happening as I fall deeper into the pool within. I know not what. I know not why. I know nothing. Only nothing. And I wait. Just wait.

I sit here feeling very uneasy about everything. Have I gone way out there with all of this? Oh how I wish someone would ask me some very real questions. Because no matter what is happening – with all the uncertainty – I know that my sacral response is true.

But there are so many hours in a day with nothing to respond to. It is this time that creates such trouble for me. If I can relax into this not knowing about anything in my life – and just wait for whatever truth my sacral response shows me – all will be fine. It is the not knowing that is killing me. Maybe it is time to open my hands and let all the ideas and illusions slip through my fingers – and just simply have empty hands.

It is true – I see it tonight. I've been clutching – at hopes and dreams and possibilities. Yet – this is not what I truly know life to be. I have known empty hands. Empty hands so that life can fill them or leave them empty. If they are clutched even with illusions – there is no place for anything. I cannot fly freely and existence cannot give to me whatever is there for me – because there is no receptacle for it to flow into. Empty – open hands. It really is the only way. I know that I cannot keep holding on to dreams and desires. It is hurting my spirit. I need to open and empty my hands and see what comes and what my sacral responds to. That is the only way I can know my truth and live what there is for me to live.

In the slowing down, I was able to really experience what it was like to be with different people and to see what I was taking in. I became very sensitive to people who were in my aura. I became aware of my head hurting or my stomach becoming knotted. I became aware of palpitations in my heart. It was a discovery I never would have made if I had still been running around trying to pretend I was a Manifestor.

It was becoming clear to me as well that I was open emotionally. I had originally thought it was a mistake in my reading because I was the most emotional person I knew. But I could see that it was not a mistake what Ra told me about my vulnerable emotional system. I became very sensitive to my husband's emotional wave. All the people who had defined emotional centers, I began to feel their emotions in me. In the beginning, I almost blamed them for all the turmoil I had experienced in my life and I avoided them – including

my husband. Yet it didn't take long to recognize that no one was at fault – it was just that I didn't understand.

I started to appreciate responding. I loved to hear my sounds when I heard a bird singing or when the wind would blow across my face. I loved the first sound that came out of me when the sun would shine on my face. Or when I was hot and I would put my whole body under the cool water of the pool. Hundreds of different sounds started to come out of me – just simply responding to life. I discovered that one sound said far more than 20 words ever could.

I loved caller ID on my telephone. Before my experiment, I would just pick up the ringing phone. Now, sometimes I didn't even go to the phone when it rang. There was no response in my body to move towards it. This amazed me. I NEVER let the phone just ring – I always answered it! Other times, when I did go to the phone, my sacral responded to the name on the caller ID. I realized that my response had nothing to do with loving or liking the person calling. It only had to do with me – and what was correct in that moment for my energy.

It really was an experiment. Taking the one premise of waiting to respond, and applying it to my life. And then observing what happens. I felt like I was the lab, the scientist and the experiment all in one. I didn't have to go anywhere or do anything. Just operate from that one premise. Having a sense of humor towards my mind only developed later in the process. In the early days, it was very serious business.

In the beginning, it was so difficult to have any distance to it. But once in awhile, I would have a great laugh at the antics of my mind. It was always telling me what I should eat – and my mind doesn't eat! My mind doesn't do physical work, it doesn't make love and it doesn't dance – yet it was always trying to tell me when, how, why or where I should do these things. My sacral response was from my body – this was clear from the very first day. My response was taking the power away from my mind, and my mind did not like this at all.

A Visit to My Daughter and Grandchildren

I had responded to visiting my daughter, Madhu and my two grandchildren. It was the girl's birthdays – they were both born in July. It was my first time with them since I had started my experiment. I was a little nervous because I didn't want them to think that Grandma was acting strange. I didn't want to upset them. I had nothing to worry about. They ended up teaching me something very important about my sacral response.

Children are amazing creatures. Their conception of time is so different from that of an adult. I would be sitting on the couch and Alexandara, who was seven-years old at the time, would ask me to read her a book. I would respond “unun – not now sweetie.” She would accept that and go away. But then she would come back 15 minutes later and ask the same question. Again, I responded “unun.”

Children keep asking! They don't stop – which was how I learned something new about my Sacral Center. At one point, maybe the third or fourth time, my sacral responded “ahunh.” Light bulbs went off in my head when that happened. I realized that because it is my Splenic Center connected directly to my Sacral Center – my response is only about the moment.

What an important lesson that was for me. After this experience, whenever I responded “no” to someone, I would add “not now” because I had learned that my response was only ever about the present moment. I also understood that if I was asked something and I responded – that response remained my truth until I was asked again about the same thing.

Before leaving for this visit, I already knew that my daughter and both grandchildren were pure Generators. After Ra gave me my reading, I responded (thanks to my husband asking) to getting readings for all of them. It was expensive but I didn't care, because I knew it would be worth every penny. What more could I, as a mother and grandmother, want to give to my child and to my grandchildren?

The readings were taped and I mailed them to Madhu and waited anxiously to hear what she had to say. When I received her phone call and listened to her share what it meant for her, to hear about herself and her children in this way – I felt so happy inside. It was such a rush for me as a mother. Madhu told me that she had never felt so okay about herself in her whole life. She had always felt that she was a bit strange, different from other people. Madhu is a pure individual with very little activation and a totally undefined throat. Her power can only come out in response – she has two channels the 51-25 and the channel 2-14. It was such a gift for me as a mother to hear such relief and freedom in her voice as she shared with me what that reading meant for her.

I was young, only 19 years old, when I had Madhu, raising her the best I could but with very little understanding. I had no idea that she was so different from me. All I ever wanted was for her to be healthy in all dimensions. I tried to guide her as she was growing up, not realizing that this was not correct at all. All the times she came home from school and would flop on the sofa and groan and moan and I would ask her “how was your day?” I would keep asking her so that she would tell me in words how her day. I was clueless that her very groan was telling me everything. She was a very quiet child and everyone was always trying to get her to talk, me included. She has a totally undefined throat and was always more comfortable being silent. Everyone put pressure on her talk.

How I wish I had this knowledge when she was growing up. How much more healthy it would have been for her and for me. In those times though, this information was not available. But it was now. And I was so grateful that my grandchildren would grow up with it. And at least my daughter had it now. Having this information made all the difference in our relating.

Before design, though Madhu was already an adult, it was difficult for me as a mother not to keep relating to her as my child. When she would tell me something, I would try to “gently” tell her what I would do. Now, I simply ask her so that she can hear her own response. I knew from my own experience that she also needed to be asked questions in order to get clarity in her life from her sacral response!

My whole approach to motherhood shifted 180 degrees. The weeks preceding my visit, we explored the sacral response together over the telephone. Madhu, through response, was able to tap into her natural power. Before this, she used to feel so weak when she would try to initiate conversation or any kind of action. She was now waiting for things to come to her and she began to move in her life according to her sacral sounds.

In many cases, how she was moving was not how I would have moved. I saw so clearly that although she was my daughter, she was a totally different human being than me. She had her own unique way of living and although I might not be able to understand why she responded a certain way, I respected her responses and encouraged her to honor them. And in all honesty, it also gave me great relief when I would hear her response. Whatever happened, whatever was her experience, I knew because of her response that it was correct for her. It was part of her life journey.

It was incredible to listen to all of their readings when I visited. Carolina was not even one-year old then and was already making sounds. They were her natural way of communicating. It was such a joy and a delight to hear her make all these primal sounds of grunts and groans. What I noticed first was that she definitely knew what she didn't want. If you put something in front of her and she didn't want it, she would push it away and loudly say "unun." She did this for months and months.

Because the whole family understood that Carolina was a Generator, no one tried to get her to say, "yes, please" and "no, thank you." No one tried to force her to use words. Her sounds were honored as her way of expressing what was true for her. It didn't mean that my daughter allowed her to run wild and only have her own way. My daughter also had her own responses and often they were not in agreement with something Carolina wanted to do especially regarding safety.

The older granddaughter, Alexandara, had already moved into speaking with words when she had her reading. She would answer questions and express herself with words. She was also into initiating what she wanted to do, whether it was taking ballet lessons or

gymnastics or simply going to a friend's house to play. Madhu understood that for Alex to know what was correct for her in this life, she needed to hear her sacral response. So even when Alex would say she wanted to do something, Madhu would turn it back around as a question. If Alex said, "I want to take dance lessons," Madhu would ask, "Is that something you really want to do?" Sometimes, Alex's response would be "unun" (no). When this happened, it was a deep revelation to Alex even at the young age of seven.

Alexandara caught on really quickly. She would catch herself answering in words and ask to be asked again. I loved watching this unfold. She became a little "Generator sheriff" in the household. Alex would ask Madhu "Mom, can you play with me?" Madhu would answer, "I'm too busy now." Alex would immediately say "that doesn't sound like a sacral response to me." This absolutely tickled me. Alex was having some difficulties with a friend in school and asked me if I would run her chart and help her understand the dynamics. It was a beautiful experience for both of us.

As a mother, Madhu got a lot of criticism from others. They would say to her "why do you ask your children?" "You should just tell them, you are the parent." Madhu knew that how she was being with her kids was correct, but it wasn't easy to deal with other people's opinions. Not many parents ask a child. Close friends started to ask questions and Madhu would share with them about the process she was experimenting with.

I spent a week with them and it was such an incredible experience for all of us. It was so easy to be together in this way. There was so much harmony and relaxation. No one was trying to please the other or talk the other into doing something. When the four of us would go out together, we always asked each other first. Do you want to do this? Are you hungry yet? Do you want to go to the movies? It is so wonderful as a family to have this knowledge. It has made such a difference in all of our lives.

Over the years, my appreciation for the sacral center grew. It is such an incredible center. It is so much more than a motor. The form gets to communicate directly without the mind interfering. The sounds from this center – all the grunts, groans, moans, sighs, roars – all

these primal sounds are such pure indicators. Each sound is like a gauge and it tells so much about what is going on for the sacral being. There is such a deep intelligence in these sounds. Although these sounds can give the illusion of being “dumb,” they are not. It is true, these sounds are not polished or very civilized in the way that we are accustomed, but they are profound answer from that person.

Experimenting with my own waiting and responding showed me so clearly how intelligent and honest my own sounds are. This discovery overflowed to my family and all the people in my life who are Generators. I paid and continue to pay close attention to their sounds. I respect their sounds deeply because I know it is their truth.

My Only Anchor is My Strategy

It is very hard to convey what it was like those first few months. Yes, there were times like this visit to my family that were deeply rewarding. Yet, most of the time, I was alone. I was alone with nothing to do. I was alone with my own mind. I was alone with all my fears and doubts and desires.

My body kept responding and doing things that felt almost crazy to me. My behavior changed so drastically that it was hard to believe I was the same person. What I understand now is that who I thought I was – was slowing dying. This was painful. Little things I was holding on to were continually being taken away by each response. In the beginning, it felt like one shattering after another because so many illusions had to be destroyed. Shattering always destroyed illusion.

Strange things were happening, especially in the night when I couldn't sleep. I remember one time I was driving back from a ride up the canyon and ended up at airport mesa in Sedona. It has the most incredible view of all of Sedona. The dark of the night was slowly giving way to the light of the day. The moon was still out. I parked my car and got out and walked slowly over to a rock to sit down. I sat there and waited for morning to come. It was a glorious scene with the red rocks, the blue sky and all the colors of sunrise. I had a shawl wrapped around my shoulders for there was a slight chill in the air. All of a sudden, I felt this shiver on my neck, so I pulled the shawl up and covered my head with only my face showing. My hands were

holding the shawl closed under my chin. In that movement, I was no longer in Sedona but was taken back to an ancient land – similar to the one that I had felt in Phoenix. It was really spooky. I didn't know what was happening to me and I didn't have any control over anything.

My only anchor in the midst of all of this seemingly mad behavior was my strategy. It kept me safe – even though it also turned my life upside down. But the pressure kept building and I needed an outlet otherwise I felt I would surely burst. I started writing. I filled many journals in those days. Most of it was repetitious – almost like a mantra reminding me over and over again in my own words to just wait. Wait to respond and see what happens.

As my process deepened the need to express myself in words became almost unbearable and had to be released. I bought one journal after another and the flow of words began and didn't stop for months. One day a torrent of poems happened, forty in less than 24 hours – full of passion and inner seeing. And I didn't feel like I wrote any of them! My hand must write and words keep pouring out – that is all I know.

Wild Nights and Wild Days

*Who wakes me in the
Middle of the night
Whispering softly in my ear
'It's time – wake up now'
While my body moves further into the covers of my bed
While sweet fantasies play with me in my half sleep*

*Who wakes me in the darkest
Deepest part of night?
Like an explosion in my brain
Bringing me ALERT in a millisecond
As my body sits up
As if awake for hours*

*Who makes me write like a demon?
Ready to kill for paper and pen*

*What makes me insane for music?
And attaches my Walkman like another arm*

*Is it the planets or the sun or the moon or the stars?
Or is it simply my own heart beating
'I am me'*

How Can I Love You – If I Don't Love Me?

People who had been friends for years thought I was a little crazy. Others were deeply concerned. My husband was often shaken by my very odd behavior. I had gone from being very outward going, being the first one to talk, offering my help to everyone, initiating anything and everything – to being much more quiet. I was more inside myself as I waited to see if there was anything to respond to.

I am an extremist. I either do it totally or not at all. My waiting was rather bizarre in those beginning days. Type had just been established. It was new to everyone. The different strategies had not yet been experimented with. I had no clue how to relate to others except to just keep my mouth shut. For someone who could previously spend hours on the phone chatting with a friend, this was not an easy task. But I knew no other way to stop the habit of talking as if I knew something about myself.

I truly wanted to wait to see what responses my sacral voice had to situations and questions. It was new for me to respond. It became clear right from the beginning that what I would have said was not how my sacral responded. That intrigued me and it also made me excited to discover more about myself in this way.

My husband is also a Generator who has the same strategy as me. But who was supposed to ask whom? It was a time of real upheaval in our lives. Since I was so extreme, I waited for him to ask me before I would move or do anything. One day he said to me “you know I need to be asked too!” In that moment, I saw that it was not healthy for him to be doing all the asking. I needed to also ask him things. It was a time for us of figuring out how to be two Generators together.

I remember responding “ahunh” to initiating asking him but I was adamant that he had to ask me back so that I could hear my sacral response. Otherwise, I wouldn’t do it. Nothing was more important for me – not even him. By this time, I was already discovering things about myself that previously I had no idea about. It became apparent every time I responded, what I would have said in the past in words. I saw how I always gave away my energy – indiscriminately. Often my new response and my old way of being were side-by-side. My response came out as a sound and my old behavior was inside my body wanting to play itself out. It was a deeply uncomfortable time.

The first time I tried initiating with my husband, I had been thinking that it might be fun to go to the movies. I would not have said anything but since my husband also needed to be asked, I asked him if he wanted to do that. He responded yes and then he asked me. My sacral responded “unun” and we both burst out laughing. If we hadn’t understood, it would have been an entirely different scenario. He would have gotten angry saying, “then why did you ask me?” But we both understood that I needed to hear my sacral response even though I was the one who suggested it.

We didn’t go to the movies. Later, I was reflecting on this and wondering how many times in my life had something like this happened? How many times did I suggest doing something with someone and go off doing it – when in truth it was never correct for me in the first place? How far away from living the life I was born to live had I gone?

It was with my husband that I understood how easy two Generators could live together. We realized that the only way to honor each other as a Generator was to always check back. We hadn’t been doing that before. I was locked into my own “waiting to be asked” and he was the one doing all the initiating.

Now, if he asked me “do you want to go out for dinner” and I responded “ahunh”; I would then ask him “do you?” He would do the same with me. If I asked him, “do you want to go for a swim” after he responded he would then ask me back. It became a perfect way for us to relate to each other.

But this period of time for us was not always easy. These were difficult times while we tried to adjust to this “new” person each of us were with each other. We almost broke up a few times. And then one day, we did. I had come home from one of my night drives and soon he woke up. We met each other in the living room and I could feel this huge shift inside of me as I looked at him. And I knew I didn’t want to be together anymore. I also knew that I could not initiate this.

Auras do talk – I was aware of this even back in those early days. He must have picked up what I was feeling because he asked me, “Do you still want to be together?” And my sacral responded “unun.” It was a shock for both of us. We had been together 16 years and had loved being together. But I was no longer the woman he fell in love with all those years before. I was not trying to please him anymore. Gone were the old ways of being nice and compromising.

We were both sitting on the sofa. There was a big picture window in front of the sofa and right out the window were the beautiful red rocks of Coffee Pot Mountain. We both were crying. Michael asked me “Do you want me to move out?” My sacral responded, “unun.” I asked him if he wanted me to move out, he responded “unun.” So there we were – two people who had broken up but neither one was going to move out. I remember thinking how odd this was – how unlike any other past relationship when it ended. I asked Michael “Can we be friends?” And he asked me “Do you want to?” I remember the sound I made then – it was deep and soft and it was saying “yes.”

We lived together in the same house as friends. I felt all the pressure leave me. I hadn’t realized how much pressure I was under before. You see, I was discovering who I was and I really didn’t know my own feelings about anything – including my husband. What was shocking for both of us was how much more fun we had together after this “breakup.” We really behaved like friends and we were less serious with each other.

I remember one time we went to Target in Flagstaff to buy some things for our separate bedrooms. We were like children whose parents gave them money to decorate their own rooms. We kept running into each other in the store. When we looked at what was in

each other's shopping cart, we'd crack up laughing. You could see how different we were just by that. He had creams and beiges and soft color bedding, lighting and accessories. My cart was filled with black, white and silver – with bright purple accessories.

I asked him years later if it was easier to live with me before I started responding. He told me that it was much easier the way I was in the past, yet he liked me more now. I was more alive and more real. Once we got used to this new way of being with each other, we actually grew closer. Once we each learned not to take the other's responses personally, we really got to know each other in a way that we never had before. Our responses were honest and true.

In friendship, we could relax. The tension was gone. Each of us could go our own way without feeling obligated that we had to tell each other all the time what we were doing. Looking back, I can see how important this was for me. Now my body was free to go wherever it wanted to go and I didn't feel this pressure to let Michael know all the time what was happening. Because I didn't know myself!

We started making dates with each other. And I found myself looking forward to these times and he as well. The old pattern of living together as husband and wife had broken. We could begin as friends and respond to each movement we made together. Neither one of us was compromising with the other – our responses wouldn't allow us to. An inner integrity and alignment was happening within each of us and it was from this place we lived with each other. A different kind of love flowered from this – one based on a deep respect for oneself and for the other.

Michael is emotional and I am not. Before, when I would “feel” him in me, I would put my hand on his shoulder while he sat at his desk and ask him if he wanted a cup of tea. I wanted to please him and help him to feel better. I now understood that what I was really trying to do was to change his wave – so that I felt better inside me! But I didn't know that then. He later told me that he hated when I did that. Funny, the things we do with each other because of not understanding what is really going on. In response, when he would be down in his wave, my body would just go out the kitchen door. I'd drive to the local café and later return home. I now could accept and

let him have his mood and his wave – but I didn't need to be around it and take it into me.

I could also stand up for myself through response. This was amazing for me and very new. In the past, if something unpleasant was happening and I was trying to get my point across, I would always end up crying. I never could get it out and the other, usually a mental or an emotional being, would have so much power over me.

One time I was in the kitchen, lost in my own world, wrapping little presents for my grandchildren that I was going to mail to them later that day. My husband came in from the garden with such intense energy that I felt my whole body being attacked by it. He was so angry because moles had destroyed some of his garden. He talked calmly about it – but I took in his whole wave. I remember my sacral making sounds while he was talking – almost like a hurt animal. They were just coming out of me. I wasn't making them. My whole world was shattered and I was almost physically ill from the energy. My body was shaking and I could barely speak. It was like a silent tornado had just come into the kitchen.

I finished what I was doing – and waited a while. I then asked Michael if he was aware of what happens inside of me when he comes into my space like that? My husband's emotional channel is unconscious – which means he is not aware of what he is feeling. Yet, Ra had told him in his reading that he just needed to look at me, and he'd know what was going on inside himself.

In response to what I asked, he got so angry saying he didn't want to have to tiptoe in his own home. My sacral immediately responded “UNUN” with so much power it shocked me. I continued adding to my response, “That is not what I am saying at all!” I explained that when I am reading or watching TV or simply looking out the window – that it is not okay with me that he simply starts talking to me. Everything got even more intense when I said that – and I could feel emotions flooding me. I could feel tears in my own eyes and I could hear tears in my voice. Oh how familiar this place was to me. I had lived it my whole life. But this time was different. I knew they were not my feelings. And no tears fell and I just waited.

I was able to continue what I needed to say without getting emotional. This was probably the first time in my life that I did not break into tears in confrontation. No matter how it started or how strong I may have been in the past, it always ended with me crying and not being able to speak anymore. More often than not, I would be the one to say I was sorry.

He was able to release his emotions and then tell me that he had not really been aware of the effect his emotional wave had on me. He was able to tell me that during these months, he only felt me pulling away from him every time he came near, and that made him angrier. I said that I felt like he didn't respect me – when he just came into my aura and started talking without even checking with me in that moment if it is correct or not for me to listen. I was also able to explain that when he talks his emotions are in his words when he speaks. They cannot be separated and sometimes that can become really intense for me – with my open mind and Solar Plexus Center. I could feel the shift in Michael's energy and that he understood what I was saying. Our whole relationship shifted again with each other. The old way of being was already replaced with a new energy.

How we were with each other from that moment on was like night and day. We became closer and it opened up a whole new avenue for our relating with each other. The days that followed were as if a breath of fresh air had moved through our home. When I was in a quiet space, he would ask me first if I wanted to hear what he had to say before he started talking. When I responded, I was completely available to him. It made such a difference. The mechanics of this system are remarkable. They give everything a person needs to live in harmony with another human being.

It is so easy to see with my Gate 12 – that if I am not in the mood – I can't do anything – including listen! The simplest strategies are invaluable. There is no end to the unfolding and refining process of learning about myself, and how to relate with others.

This experience showed me that I was no longer making nice. I was no longer afraid to confront. I was no longer trying to keep the peace. My sacral was responding now and because of that, it was running the show. It got me into all kinds of situations – some very pleasant –

some horrible. Yet, I loved my response because I knew it was the most honest I had ever been in my life and I was beginning to discover who I really was and to respect myself in such a new way.

Through response, Michael and I got together again but it took time. It was an amazing process to watch and be a part of our experiment together. Before my reading, we were a couple with deeply ingrained patterns of behavior. We broke up yet stayed friends and lived in the same house. We began relating to each other in a totally different way as friends and that brought us closer than we had ever been before.

What I understand now is that in this disintegrating and de-conditioning process that I was in, I had not yet gotten to the place of loving myself. And until that happened, there was no way that I could really love another. All the years with Michael, I had thought I loved him. I did not know if I still loved Michael and it was this that stared me in the face that morning when we broke up. This was a deep shattering for both of us. But it was necessary because I truly didn't even know at that point if I loved myself. How could I love Michael, how could I love anyone, if I had not yet learned to love myself?

Over all these years since we came back together in a more healthier and respectful way, we ask each other from time-to-time, "Do you still love me?" "Do you still want to be with me?" And we know that each other's response back will be honest, and it brings us closer together each time.

So intense these days. I don't know what is happening to me. Sometimes I just collapse to the floor sobbing, for absolutely no reason. No memories, no thoughts – nothing but the body dropping and buckets of water falling from my eyes. It feels like lifetimes are leaving me through these tears. I don't know what is going on. I don't know. I don't know anything. I don't know who I am, who I love, or what I want. I don't even know what music I like other than Tina Turner! Nothing from the past fits anymore: not my clothes or food or music or people. Everything feels so strange.

Mary Ann Winiger

So little sleep these days – so much energy waiting inside but nothing to do. My mind doesn't know what is going on – but it is too late. This waiting has taken seed and is growing inside of me. Is this the womb of myself? Everything but waiting is dying. It is so uncomfortable yet there is nowhere to go. So I wait. For what, I have no idea.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Fire of Waiting

I was three months into my experiment, when I got a newsletter saying that Ra Uru Hu would be back in America and would be teaching classes and giving two introductory evenings in California.

As I read the newsletter, I responded to going to California. First to the intro lecture in a bookstore in San Rafael in Marin County and then a week later to Los Angeles where there would be another one at the Bodhitree. I had sannyasin friends in California who I felt would love Human Design. I asked Michael if he could ask me some questions so that I could hear my sacral response before I called anyone – just to make sure calling was correct for me. My sacral was fully behind me contacting my friends and letting them know about these two evenings. They then invited me to come and visit – both in Marin and in LA. Responding to this, the next thing I knew, I was on an airplane heading to San Francisco.

I was so excited to see my friends in Marin. I shared with them about my experiment – about needing to be asked so that I could hear my response. They were great – they asked me all kinds of questions in a yes/no format so that my sacral could respond. As sannyasins, we were all so deeply involved in our search. I was beginning to feel that Human Design was a very real way to actually find what we had been searching for.

It was the night of the Intro lecture and a group of us went to the bookstore – about twelve of us sat together at a big table. Ra was on

the small stage ready to begin. It was so difficult to not go up to him and say “hi.” One of the things I understood deeply from the Four Types course that I had taken in Sedona was that Manifestors are the only type that can initiate. I knew that it was inherently incorrect for me to approach him. But my mind – oh, my mind – it did not give me a moment’s peace during that lecture.

“This is crazy, you’ve talked with him hundreds of times. He’s your friend, you’ve shared meals with him, you can just go say hello. He gave you the most precious gift of your strategy and now you’re not even going to go say hello?” My mind went on and on non-stop.

Mind versus Sacral – it was a battle to the end. My Sacral Center won and I just sat there and waited. At the end of the lecture, similar to what he had done also in Sedona, Ra was available for people to come to him. My body did not move. All my friends went up and talked to him and some booked readings. I sat at the table and just waited. I was getting more and more freaked out. This was so unfamiliar to me – I had never done anything like this in my life. My body felt like it would explode from the energy coursing through it. Finally, one of my friends looked at me and said “Aren’t you going to go say hello to Ra?” My sacral responded “unun” and I continued to sit. Hearing my sacral response helped to alleviate some of the pressure but not much. Finally another friend said “Are you ready to go?” I responded “ahunh” and got up, wrapped my shawl around me and started for the door.

In this very moment, Ra also got up and stood in the middle of the room. I looked at him, turned around and left the bookstore. I couldn’t wait to get into the car and just collapse. As we were driving away, I noticed Ra outside having a smoke.

When we arrived back at my friend’s home, my whole body relaxed. It was the strangest thing I had ever experienced. It felt like I had been in a battle – I was that tired. But I hadn’t done anything – hardly spoke a word. The battle was within me – my mind brought out the big guns and was doing everything it could to take back the power from my Sacral Center. It almost won but it didn’t.

The next morning, I went for a walk to town with my friend. He had been at the intro lecture the night before and asked me how did Ra get his name? I said I didn't know. He then went on to tell me that he felt it was from ancient Egypt and that Ra had been a high priest . . . my friend did not get much further as I started to feel a volcano erupt inside of me and my whole body started shaking and trembling. Right there in the street, I felt like I was going to faint. It was very strange. I love this friend of mine – he simply waited for me – held out his hand – and said, “Seems I may be right.” We then went for a coffee and neither one of us mentioned it again.

It was time for me to leave and go visit my friends in LA. It was the first time visiting them without staying at their apartment. I knew I needed to have my own space and still be close to them so I found a cute motel near the ocean in Santa Monica. It was perfect. I could be with them and also be alone with myself. My friends turned me on to Annie Lennox. My sacral loved her music and her songs. Her songs touched me deeply, *Walking on Broken Glass*, *Little Bird*, and *The Gift* were just some of my favorites. I was excited. Now I had Tina and Annie to listen to!

The night of the intro lecture, I was nervous. I didn't want to go. At the intro in Marin, I had such an inner battle to fight. I didn't know if I could survive another round like that. But my friend asked me and my sacral responded – so we piled into the car and drove to the Bodhitree bookstore. Other sannyasin friends were driving up from San Diego and we all met outside the entrance. As I was going in, Ra came right up to me and said “Hello Patipada. You doing good?” And my sacral responded, “Ahunh, I'm doing very good.” My whole body relaxed and I knew I wouldn't have to go through a similar experience as I did in Marin. I enjoyed sitting with my friends during the intro and afterwards they all wanted to hear about my experiment. I loved sharing with them what had been happening these past three months. (In those days, I was still using the name that Osho had given me when I became a sannyasin).

During the time in LA, I had another reading with Ra. I was so sick of hearing my voice in the first reading, trying to pretend that I was really okay. I couldn't bear to listen to it anymore! I had been using it to do research on myself. When I had my reading with Ra, along with my chart, he also gave me the printout of all my lines and gates and

the explanation of each. I copied these pages a few times and used them to create a binder for myself. I copied each of my gates from the Book of Letters and circled my line. I made copies of my chart so that I could draw all over them and write what I needed in order to understand my split definition and look deeply at what Ra had told me about it. My binder was full of pages of self-study. I remember after my reading, sitting on the floor in my bedroom, with all these pages spread out all around me. Michael walked in and was surprised to see me doing this. He never saw this side of me before. I don't think I had ever wanted to understand something as much as I wanted to understand what made me tick.

I felt so ready for this reading. Not just because of all the research I had done on my own chart but also because I had jumped totally into living as a Generator. I had already experienced how powerful this was and the effect it had on my life.

The reading was still a Rave Reading, the same kind that I a few months back. Only this time I kept my mouth shut. I felt open and available to hear whatever Ra had to say. It was an intense reading – almost more intense than the first time because he was really hammering me with the fact that everything in my life – every aspect of my design – every gate and every line and every channel was dependent on my sacral response. If I were not responding, I would never have my life. No matter what he told me, it came back to that – over and over again. It was almost like he was going in for the kill.

September – Los Angeles 10 PM

I had my second reading today with Ra. I talked so much through the first one that I couldn't stand to hear my own voice anymore. I know that I needed to talk – to release the nervous energy inside – because something in me knew that the information coming in was going to destroy me. To hear myself trying to convince myself that I had been living who I was before Human Design – was nauseating. What a lie it was! Oh this reading was so good. It was so good.

I saw already how much had shifted inside of me and he mentioned this shift – saying I had a very different look now than when he first met me. He said this is part of going through the process of beginning to integrate myself into my life. Everything he said to me –

he just kept hammering it in – that it was all part of my sacral response. There was not one little piece of me that could come out cleanly and correctly unless I was responding. Whew! It was intense to take it all in. He is such a powerful Manifestor.

And then he told me something I didn't know. When I was in Phoenix with him and my friend, he said that I was emotional as all hell and that I was totally caught up in the transits. I didn't know about transits – he showed me an ephemeris. I'm going to get one and see what was happening to me back then. And from what he said – still happening to me now, some long transits that define my Solar Plexus center. I truly thought that all I was experiencing inside was my sacral response to life and I was pretty freaked out at the intensity of it all.

Now . . . to find out that the planets had me so hooked up emotionally was such a relief. Also a little embarrassing because my god – I was so EMOTIONAL – and acting on it thinking it was all just my sacral response! So the planets were pumping me up and filling me with emotional energy even when I was alone! My god. I had no idea. No wonder I felt like I was going to explode so often. It wasn't just my Sacral Center – it was also the planets. I am so curious to go back and do my transits for that period of time . . .

2 AM – Los Angeles

My sacral is really cooking! It is so difficult to just wait with such energy. I guess this is part of being pumped up by the planets as well and this is adding more energy to the fire. It feels like my Generator is just turned up full blast and my stupid Walkman batteries are dead! Dead! I don't even have music to be able to listen to, so I could burn some of this energy. I feel like prowling – going outside, walking the streets in Santa Monica. But every time I open the door there is a definite "unun" within me – like an invisible wall was up so that I couldn't go outside into the night. I feel like a caged animal.

I am trapped inside this room . . . full of electricity . . . and no music! I've tried so many times, but each time there is a "unun" to going out the door.

God!! No Annie Lennox . . . no Tina Turner . . . they usually save my day when I have this much energy coursing through me!
I'm ready to explode.

5:30 AM – Los Angeles

Thank god! This time when I walked to the door – it was an "ahunh" and the invisible wall lifted. I could really WALK down the street . . . burning energy . . . burn. Burn baby burn! And what a delightful surprise! About a mile down the street, Star Bucks was open! Sacral Power is such incredible stuff. I have just never let it accumulate before. I just would dissipate it by pretending to be a Manifestor and doing, doing, doing . . . depleting my whole energy source! I don't know what it feels like for someone outside of me when this sacral is really cooking – but oh – inside it is pretty intense! It feels like an atomic explosion waiting to happen. That's why I have to walk – it releases some of the pressure.

And these days since discovering I even have a sacral response have been like no other days of this lifetime. So much energy and I have nothing to do. I don't even have a job. And I can't go out and get one. I have to wait for one to come to me. And then there is always the possibility my sacral could respond "no." Damn – this is one pressure cooker of an experiment.

Nothing to do.

Energy keeps growing. And the only release when I feel like I will explode is music, driving, walking and prowling. I have so much energy these days. When I am asked to do something and my sacral says "unun" my mind goes ballistic. My mind can't believe it. An opportunity to DO something – and my sacral is saying "no" – so the energy keeps building. And then Ra comes around again . . . and it's like throwing gasoline on an already raging fire.

Ah – the intensity of life. And the few times the sacral has said "ahunh" to something – how perfect those moments are. It becomes so clear when it is truly correct for me to do something. The sacral yes feels like it is hooked up to the universe by an invisible umbilical cord . . . feels like a continual energy supply when the yes is there from the sacral.

All that was just previously written, I wrote in my journal in one night. I was on fire. Oh, it was getting more intense and hearing that I was being pumped up by the planets didn't stop them from doing that to me! I had to live with all of that in my body. It was quite a time.

I had a very dramatic moment when I understood what Ra meant in my reading when he told me that I was not an emotional person. The friends that I was visiting loved the binder I had made for myself, to understand my chart and all the aspects in it. They told my other friend who was running Human Design in America about it and she wanted to see it. We were in my hotel room at the time. I showed it to her and as she looked at each page she started to get agitated. She had a defined Solar Plexus Center and was an emotional being.

She finally said to me that I had copied pages of the Book of Letters and I was not allowed to do that. I couldn't believe it. I said that I hadn't copied them to hand them out – I copied them so I could write all over them while trying to understand myself and that I didn't want to do that in the book itself. She said it didn't matter. She became very upset with me. I knew this friend was emotionally defined. My friend told me that what I was doing was not right. Her voice didn't even sound emotional, yet I could feel myself getting emotional. As the disagreement got more and more intense, my friend started showing her emotions more. I got even more emotional until we were literally screaming in each other's faces. My finger was actually pointing into her face like I was an old-fashioned school teacher as I was screaming.

In that moment, I had a very deep flash back to when I was a teenager. The same thing would happen with my father who I later discovered had a defined solar plexus center. Our fights would get so out of hand that he had to hit me to stop what was happening. This understanding permeated every cell of my body. And in that moment, I simply walked out of the room in the middle of the fight before it escalated any further.

As soon as I was far enough away from her physically, I noticed that there was an absolute calmness inside of me. I could not believe my own experience. There were no emotions! I was simply in a space

that I had always called “meditation” before. But it was simply “me” without an emotional wave in me!

All the lights went on inside of me and I realized that all those emotions, all those tears, all those wracking sobs were never mine. I couldn't believe it and yet I knew it was true in every bone of my body. I had been crying and sobbing everyone else's tears. Me being a “basket case” was the simple fact that I was taking in the emotions and feelings of all the people who were in my life – depending where they were in their wave. One moment I could be so blissful and the next in total despair.

I felt so grateful to my friend for getting pissed at me so that I could experience my open center at such a deep level. Right then, in a motel room in California, I recognized the truth of my open Solar Plexus Center.

It was from this realization that I started paying very close attention to my own body when I was with people. I realized I could actually feel inside of me the feelings and emotions of others. I had always thought they were mine when they were in my body! But in paying attention – I saw that they were coming from outside and filling me. I could feel what was coming and distinguish that it was from the low end of the wave because my body would get really heavy and it would feel like despair.

Ra had told me that the undefined Solar Plexus Center experiences the emotions that they take in amplified. I was feeling much more than the person who was actually having the feelings or emotions. I could feel this deeply when I was around emotional beings.

I remembered back to the days when I was in the ashram in India, living with Osho and being part of that community. We would gather every day in a huge hall – thousands of people. The musicians would play incredible music – the kind you can't keep still to and you just had to get up and dance. And then Osho would come out and talk. Everyone was feeling really high and full of celebration.

A REVOLUTION OF ONE

I understood now why I was called so often a “bliss ball.” I was taking in the high end of everyone’s emotional wave and feeling it amplified within my body! Wow! That was some experience. But the difficulty for me was that I became addicted to this bliss and I would think something was wrong with me when it would go away. Whenever I couldn’t be in this field, I was depressed. Now I was able to simply see that it was me taking in everyone’s emotions and riding them.

My whole life everyone told me how emotional I was. My mother would tell me that if I didn’t stop crying I was going to make myself sick. No matter whom I was with: family, friends, or lovers, they all told me I was too emotional and too sensitive. And it was NEVER me! My god, I couldn’t believe it, yet I had just had this experience with my friend that proved to me it was true!

I could now better understand Ra when he said that about the planets. The emotions – whether from a person or a planet – do pump me up. That was so clear with what just happened with my friend. I wanted to pay close attention to what the planets were doing from this moment on. I was able to purchase an Ephemeris and I went to Kinko’s and had my chart copied 100 times. I bought a red marker and every night for the next year, I colored on my chart what the planets were bringing to me the next day. I looked up all the gates and channels and lines and wrote brief descriptions of what was my weather for the next day. My charts ended up looking like some mad scientific or mathematic scribbling of someone trying to figure out how the universe worked!

I was still in Santa Monica at this time. One morning, I left my hotel room and went for a walk on the beach. It was such a beautiful morning. There was a homeless man struggling to get up from the place he had spent the night sleeping. Every drop of my being wanted to go and help him up. It took all my awareness to not do that. I walked along the beach crying – because I felt so sad that he never asked me for help. He didn’t even look at me. I knew that if I was going to truly be in this experiment, I needed to be strict with myself. I didn’t want to jump into things from my old ways of behaving. I wanted to discover what was truly correct for me. Sometimes offering my help may not be correct. The only way I would ever know is by hearing my response. But I still felt very sad.

I went to Starbucks after the walk on the beach. I was sitting outside having my coffee when another homeless man comes over to me and says, "M'am can you spare some change?" My sacral immediately responded "ahunh" and my hand started reaching for my bag. This man reached out and grabbed my hand and said, "No, it's okay. I don't need it that badly today." I asked him, "Are you sure, because I am happy to give you some money." He said he was very sure. He then started telling me about his life and how he ended up on the streets. I listened and responded to what he was saying. At one point, he stopped and looked me in the eyes and asked, "Who are you?" very intently. I replied, "I am me." He then said, "You are different." And all I could do was laugh. He then got ready to go – and I asked again "Are you sure you don't need any money?" He again told me "no" and then said good-bye and walked away.

After he left, I sat there forever, thinking, "What just happened?" Within a period of one hour these two incidences took place. One I had a chance to respond to and the other not. Later that day, I mentioned it to Ra and he said because I am waiting to respond, when I did respond – I responded to him rather than out of a feeling of charity. By responding to him – he felt seen and that gave him dignity. That was why he didn't want the money. The whole experience really taught me such a deep lesson about myself, my love of humanity and responding.

This trip to California brought me so much. I had my second reading with Ra, I learned how important transits are and I discovered that I truly was not emotional. And I had that amazing encounter with the man who did not have a home. Before leaving, Ra asked me if I was coming to Taos for the five-day course on the Nine Centers. I hadn't even thought of going and my sacral responded "ahunh" – it pissed off my mind so much. My mind DID NOT want to take any Human Design classes!

I returned to Sedona paying close attention to planets and people and what I was taking into me. When I walked into a room, I would immediately find my stomach getting "tight" around some people and not around others. I would move my body and my aura away and see what it felt like inside of me with each new move. What I started to recognize was whomever I was with determined what it felt like inside of me. It was not something constant. Emotions and feelings

came and went. Body sensations came and went depending on who I was with.

It was a wonderful observational experiment. Slowly I began to see that much of who I thought I was in the past was actually the other coming into me. To understand this was huge for me. I then saw that when I was taking in emotional energy from others and it was getting too much for me, I COULD SIMPLY WALK AWAY! Wow! This was a totally new concept for me: to move my body away from any energy that simply was not healthy for me in any given moment.

The way I dealt with this in the past was to “make nice.” I tried to soothe people. Since it was all happening unconsciously, I had no idea that all the turmoil I was feeling was actually the other person’s emotional wave. I would try to make people feel good, offer to make a cup of tea, change a “no” answer to “yes” – anything to stop that energy from coming into me. But I was never aware of what I was doing or why.

It was so easy to make me feel guilty and to make me feel that I had done something wrong. I could be manipulated and intimidated. If someone was upset with me, I always took it personally. I would then try to change so that they wouldn’t be upset anymore. I never just looked at the fact that they could simply be in their own emotional wave and it had nothing to do with me!

I sent a fax to sign up for the course in Taos only to receive a phone call that it wasn’t possible for me to attend unless I had done the Basic Training. My friend was teaching one in two weeks and I was asked if I wanted to attend. My sacral responded “unun” and my mind smiled at this turn of events.

For me, it didn’t matter. I didn’t really care if I took the course or not, the only thing I cared about was to honor my response. I had responded to Ra asking me – otherwise I would never have sent that fax. Now, it was not possible and as far as I was concerned – that was the end of the story.

Two days later, my friend called back and told me that Ra is personally teaching the Basic Training for the very last time in Las Vegas. Did I want to attend? “Ahunh” said my sacral and my mind lost one more time.

I drove to Las Vegas and stayed on the strip. I had never been there before. The course was in the suburbs. As I mentioned before, I’m not crazy about driving long distances so I arrived two days before the class started just to relax after the drive.

Again, I had difficulty sleeping. In the early morning hours, I would leave the hotel and walk down the strip. No one was about – as even the late night gamblers were gone. I looked at the transits and could see that not only was I being pumped up by the “19” and all my emotional wanting and needing were filling me – but the “60” was in Neptune – connecting to my “3” and then veiling the whole thing. I don’t remember the others – but there were two other planets creating emotional definition as well as the “51.” I looked at this and thought “mamma mia maybe I should just stay in bed today!”

But I didn’t and I drove to the suburbs to where the Basic Training was being held. I was very aware of the energy inside of me – pumping me up. I was aware of my body reacting emotionally even though I didn’t say a word. It was all very strange. Ra explained the simple elements of Human Design and especially the four types. This was new back then and no one in the room had been in the two-day class in Sedona.

After the class ended, I drove back to my hotel and relaxed on my bed. Again I couldn’t sleep and went out about 4 AM. This time my feet took me to the Luxor Hotel.

*Walking into the Luxor Hotel – I almost fainted
I made it to a chair just in time
Everything already known – entering my body physically*

*Looking at hieroglyphics – I knew what was written – but I didn’t!
Looking up high inside the pyramid –*

*I was no longer in Las Vegas
Yet I never reached the other place I was being taken to
Vibrations moving through my body – for hours*

*I had to leave – it was just too much for my body
It kept feeling like it was going to faint
Walking outside again – breathing in the air of the present moment
I walked along the path – lined with huge sphinx statues
People came by to take photos
I wanted to be alone so, I moved to the side
In the split second of seeing that sphinx close-up
I knew that the “lion”
From my childhood was actually a sphinx
I burst out laughing*

*It had visited me every night in my dreams for years and years
I was so afraid to go to sleep because of this silent lion
Watching me from behind a red chair in my parents living room
I hated this dream . . . it scared me . . . I was afraid of lions
In cartoons they ate people – and I was a very young child*

*With this memory, understanding came – releasing more –
Knowing things inside that I could not put into words*

Day Two – Basic Training

*I walked back from the Luxor and arrived at my hotel in time to
have breakfast and get ready to leave. I arrived early to class and
just sat in the garden. A few people came over and we talked but
inside I felt so still. This experience at the Luxor hotel really affected
me. My god, it was just a hotel in Las Vegas. It wasn't a pyramid in
Egypt.*

*There seemed to be some strange things happening since I started
this experiment, things that I could not explain. I was so glad that I
knew that I didn't need to even try to figure anything out. I was so
glad that there was nothing for me to do except wait and listen to my
sacral sounds. It helped me to allow all these bizarre experiences to
just move through me.*

While I was in Las Vegas, I had very strong manifesting energy in me from the transits. Even though I knew I was still a Generator, I could feel this drive to make something happen and definitely to stop waiting. It was a powerful transit.

It was time for lunch and I just let this energy take me. I didn't wait to hear any sacral response – I just decided to leave the class. I had had enough. I don't even remember now what I had enough of! So I left. I moved in this way that was so familiar to how I had lived all my life. I just did whatever I wanted to do. I let my mind run the show. It was an amazing experience.

I drove back to my hotel, went to my room, DECIDED I wanted to go for a swim, put on my bathing suit and went to the pool on the roof of the hotel. Marched over and got a towel from the attendant, told him I wanted a lounge chair, throwing my energy all over the place.

I put my things by my chair and went for a swim in the pool. When I came out of the water and sat in the sun, I saw clearly how I had been behaving and what I had been acting out. I also saw that this was no longer me. My body felt so uncomfortable in this movement. It felt awful. I felt like I was pushing my way through life – and it felt so incorrect to live like that. It was wrong for my energy to move in that way. I could feel I was going against my inner essence and I did not like it. I loved living in the space of waiting to respond and it was bringing me to my natural self – unaffected and real.

I went back to my room and rested on my bed and fell back into waiting. The phone rang and it was one of the class participants asking me I was going to the party that night. I responded “ahunh” so I got dressed and went. Many people were there – many more than were at the class. The couple that had helped organize the class knew Ra a long time and had a very sweet connection with him – I could feel it.

I could feel inside that I no longer wanted to go to Taos to take the next course with Ra – the Nine Centers. I had taken the Basic Training so that I could attend that particular course in Taos. But I had already come to the point where nothing since I started my experiment made sense – and this was just another one of those instances.

However, as I was walking out the door of the party, Ra called out the question, "See you in Taos, Patipada?" And my damn sacral responded "ahunh" and I was caught again.

I spent one more night in Las Vegas and drove home to Sedona. I was so happy to be back home and in my own room and far away from the Luxor Hotel!

September 23 – Back in Sedona

*Waiting has become an incredible mystery
No longer does it hold longing or frustration
It now has become who I am – I feel it to my core
The protection of doing has fallen away
Leaving me vulnerable & open
I sense a gentleness inside that has only been hinted at before*

Those days in Las Vegas – endless moments in timelessness revealed to me myself. For the very first time, as I felt the planets dressing me in the clothes of a "Manifestor" – it became so clear that I was wearing someone else's clothes. They no longer fit me. Not like this. Not to just do something . . . without waiting to be asked first to hear what my sacral response had to say.

*I was so full the past six months – so full of
Wanting . . . so much wanting.
Desiring . . . so much desiring.
A person . . . a project . . .
I wanted so much
It was almost painful.*

*Now . . . as I sit here today, I feel a deep relaxation happening.
Sinking into waiting – into the moment of now.
All the pressure of this wanting has disappeared into trust
I know in my cells that existence will only give me what is truly for me – so that I can respond and be myself.*

*What this is – I don't know.
I won't know until it comes and my sacral responds.
Until then – this moment – this life I am living*

*Is where I am supposed to be.
I have never felt such peace before.
My whole being sighs inside.*

September 26

*As more and more ideas, ideals, and desires fall away while I wait
I can feel a space growing inside
Is this the womb of myself?
I don't know
This is the most startling aspect of this sacral knowledge
I don't know anything
It is clear for me at this moment
That I don't know who I love
I don't know what I like
I don't even know what I want
I don't even know what music I like anymore
Other than Tina and Annie
Nothing from the past fits
Oh, my mind can tell you everything!
But it is not me telling you – for I don't know.*

*I can only know once it is presented to me in such a way
So my sacral can respond
Here I am
Waiting . . . waiting . . . waiting – in such an intense
and soft not knowing*

*Only in the present moment can I respond to anything
This blows my mind!
So many aspects shared by the masters –
Waiting – not knowing – present moment*

*But I never felt it like this before
I was still so outwardly reaching – trying – grasping – hoping
In those days I was doing anything to achieve something
Anything but simply waiting!*

September 29

*It has been very difficult these past five days since
returning from Las Vegas
I have become more and more aware of Michael's emotional wave
And how it affects me – I almost got physically sick one day
It all comes in – Sometimes going into my room is not enough –
So I must leave the house*

*Sixteen years we have been together – and I had no idea
It seems alien all that I am going through with this beautiful man
who has an emotional wave that sometimes fills my body with
unbearable discomfort and then my stomach gets so tight
As if there is a big knot inside of it*

*And when he is on the high of his wave,
it is so beautiful to be with him
I feel so cherished by his feelings and nourished
I wonder if being in the same house will work – it's not easy for me
And while I am wondering
I am deeply relieved knowing that there is nothing for me to do!
Existence will either give me an alternative
My sacral can respond to it – or not.*

*But it is not up to me to decide.
I really don't know what is right for me until asked.
I can only describe my experience . . . as I am doing now.
But I don't know anything for sure until asked.*

*It is so deeply revealing this process.
Before I would have tried to do something –
anything to change what is.*

*Now – it simply is – what is.
And I wait.*

October 1

*Sometimes I feel like my "self" is going to pop right out of my chest
There is so much inside there that wants to come out
Ra called it my Identity –*

*But I spent my whole life letting that part run the show
And now . . . well . . . it just has to wait.
It's not easy for my G to wait until my sacral responds.*

*And it can only respond when asked.
It is quite a pressure cooker that I am in.
My intuition picks up so much.
I know that someone wants to ask me something – but doesn't
And I know that I can't move on my intuition anymore
I must wait till I am asked first so that I can really know what is right
for me. I never respected myself like this before. It is not about the
other and what they need. It is about me – what is correct or not for
me in order to live out what I was born to live.*

CHAPTER FIVE

Clear, Crisp, Clean Logic

I was on my way to the Nine Centers Course. I finally arrived in Albuquerque and was able to find the shuttle to Taos. I had not known the ride would be so long. I was relieved when we pulled into a very charming town thinking we had arrived only to find out that we had only made it as far as Santa Fe. We were transferring to another shuttle here for the rest of our journey. I arrived in Taos in time to get the keys to a small apartment I was going to share with a good friend from California who is an emotional Manifestor. She would be arriving the next day.

The apartment was about two miles from the hotel where the class would take place. The first day of class, there was too much energy in me to wait for the ride to class that my friend had arranged and I had to leave and just walk. I walked all the way to class with Tina Turner and Annie Lennox in my ears. I don't know what I would have done those days in Taos if I hadn't had my music. It saved me.

Every break in class, I would put my music on and hang out on the small balcony as every one talked around me. I didn't want to hear what anyone was saying – it was just too much after class. I needed to burn what I had just taken in from Ra. The music helped me do that and it helped create more space inside of me so that I could go back after break and take in more Human Design knowledge.

The first night after class, a group of us went out to dinner. Everyone was sharing his or her Human Design experiences. Someone asked

me about my life and I shared about the 20 years of spiritual searching before I got to Human Design. I was asked, “Do you feel that your spiritual life gave you anything?” My response was “unun” (no) – I was totally shocked. I was speechless. Where did that come from? It was not a thought even in my head – ever!

Someone at the table got really upset with me for saying that. She jumped all over me. How could I say such a thing? How could I be so ungrateful? I couldn’t even speak because I was in as much shock as this person was. I had no idea that answer was inside of me. Finally, when she stopped yelling at me, I was able to say that I didn’t know why I had responded that way, but if that was my response than it was true for me even if in this moment I didn’t understand it. I added that my response did not mean it was right for anyone else – just true for me. That was all I could manage in that moment. I was reeling from my own response.

After dinner, we stayed longer to talk. The woman who yelled at me was amazed that people were actually using Human Design to understand themselves. Later while responding to another question, the words that had been locked in from shock before started to come out.

I had many beautiful experiences in all those 20 years, but it hadn’t given me what I had been searching for. I didn’t even know what I was searching for, I just started calling it enlightenment because that seemed to be what brought peace. What I am seeing so clearly these days just from my Human Design experiment is the one thing I have wanted all my life was myself – my true self. I just didn’t know it. And I can feel that this is finally happening in a very mysterious way through responding. It is this I have searched for all these years. And now I seemed to have stopped searching.

It became clear to me as I listened to my own words, that this was why I was going deeply into this experiment, even though it felt like I had to die at least once a day! This sacral knowledge had proven to me over and over again that it was giving me myself, and the truth of myself. So even though it is the most difficult thing I had ever attempted in this life, it was worth every agonizing moment of waiting. In spite of feeling so frustrated because I couldn’t just go out

there and do anything that I wanted to do – it was worth it. All of it was worth me having myself. Nothing was more important than that.

The class itself was amazing. I had never been in a class like this before. It was learning and it wasn't. It is hard to explain. I was there only because my sacral had responded. I didn't take notes and most of the time I sat on the floor with my back against the wall – often just closing my eyes and letting it all come in. Some people had computers and others were taking notes. But it wasn't correct for me. So I just sat and absorbed what was being said.

Ra began with the gates of the Head Center and moved down to the other centers. It was a five-day course so it was a thorough exploration of each center. When he got to the G Center, I became alert because he started talking about love. My whole life had been a search for love mostly in relationship to the opposite sex.

Then my search for love turned into a search for enlightenment. I realized in that moment of thinking about this, that I didn't care at all about enlightenment anymore! What an amazing discovery for me. I was free of the torture of wanting to become enlightened. And that desire was truly a torture. What happened? Where did it go? It seemed to have burned along with so many of my other ideas and dreams over these past months.

In class, Ra said that personal love was not found in the G center. It is in the electromagnetic connections. I was surprised. I had spent so many hours in my bedroom with my chart trying to figure out and understand personal love and where it was inside of me. I had connected it to the G center because I thought all love was there. But now I was hearing that the G center was not personal love.

When I thought about it, G Center love felt more like the universal love or general love that was part of me that started pumping when I would think of Human Design and humanity. This was the part that was always pulling on me and trying to get me to stop waiting and do something for this planet. It was this G Center that I experienced as the part of me that felt like it was going to jump right out of my chest.

Unless my sacral responds, there is nothing to do – not even for humanity. It makes me wonder how many people out there are doing things to help humanity that are basically incorrect? It made me think of those two very different experiences I had in Santa Monica. If it is incorrect for me, how can that help humanity even if it looks like it does? It creates a ripple that does not have the right frequency that can really heal this planet. That was why when my sacral responded to the man who asked me if I had some change to spare, it was such an awesome experience for both of us. It was because the frequency of the Life Force of the Sacral Center went into him and that changed the gestalt of the situation. Now I understand why Ra said “only in response” when I asked him “what about my love of humanity?” It can’t be any other way if I really want to help humanity.

All the shackles of beliefs and ideas are falling away. What a freedom waiting to respond brings. It may be the most difficult thing I have ever done in my life – but it sure has made life so simple. It always felt so strange that life was so complicated to live. And it didn't seem like it should be.

Ra continued teaching that personal love is in the electromagnetic connections. Boy – that isn't how I have thought love was in my life. I had personal love more as the soul mate – not the intensity of opposites attracting. Yet, personal love is really like that. When I take away my fantasy of love – and just see my past relationships – it was often simply the attraction of opposites. And when I am totally honest with myself, I see that those I love I also cannot stand to be with at times. It is just the way it is. It all becomes quite a story.

*Where does love cross into hate?
Where does attraction become repulsion?
There must be an invisible line that is crossed.
Are there any signposts to be aware of?
There must be patterns.*

I can't help feeling that it might be like me . . . being undefined emotionally and when that wave comes towards me, I can simply move away from that energy. When love starts moving towards hate, if a shift can happen . . . in a millisecond . . . well, who knows?

I have just started to play with this to see if I can catch when my attraction starts moving to repulsion. It was quite an awareness game and a few times I was quick enough to leave before the line was crossed. Understanding the polarity of these electromagnetic connections helps me to see that it is really not personal. It is just a movement between two magnets. In the past, I used to get so devastated when I felt the person I love move away. I felt like a child not understanding – wondering what I had done wrong to bring this about. I was left feeling alone and bewildered – like I was being punished for something. And I would try to change my behavior to compensate. Oh what a mess one can make out of things when there is no understanding.

I see it now simply as the way of these connections – to move from one side to the other. To cling to one side destroys the very thing that made the connection in the first place. I always did that – not wanting the other side to surface. I suppressed my real feelings and covered them all with a smile. Perhaps now, understanding the polarity and the necessity of the movement between can help to not make it feel so personal. It is the rhythm of the dynamics of these intense connections.

Attraction and Repulsion

I have seen opposites connect in this world

My eyes hurt

I have listened to opposites share in this world

My ears ache

I have smelled opposites loving each other

There is no fragrance

Forced to be together – when they should have been apart

Misunderstanding killed mystery over time

Spiraling opposites into pain and resentment, hate and regrets

No tears or pleas or even songs – can revive

Dead is dead

And that's too late

A step that never should have been taken

Across a line that never should be crossed

A line that cannot be seen,

*A line that you can only be sensed,
The line from Love to Hate
From bringing the other close to pushing them away*

*Living in the illusion of moving towards it . . .
I can only say no
This line moves towards you . . .
For as soon as opposites Love . . .
Hate is always around the corner.*

*Silently when you are in the wonder of Love
Hate is creeping nearer.
A single guard – posted at the door of Love
Must warn of Hates approach . . . and even in the deepest embrace
Lovers must walk away from each other in a split second*

*Because out of nowhere it comes
And in a flash, total destruction.*

Being in class and taking in all this information for days was not easy for my body. It wasn't used to just sitting, especially now with so much energy pumping me. Sometimes at break, I had to leave everyone and go for a brisk walk with my music playing. Taking this knowledge in was a very intense experience. I knew it was not going into my mind, because I could feel it physically in my body. My body could not sit on a chair. It was impossible. That's why I was always sitting on the floor with my back against the wall. I'd start in a chair at the beginning of each class, but within 15 minutes, I'd end up on the floor.

Learning about each center that I had defined and each center that I had open in my chart was profound. It felt like it penetrated into my cells. When Ra got to the Solar Plexus Center, it was such a relief to understand more about my openness here.

Understanding what it means to not be emotionally defined is quite a process. I need to experience it – not just learn about it. I have not had one day without the planets defining me emotionally since my reading in June. I still don't have any idea what I feel like when I am alone and there is no emotionality in me. I am always pumped up by emotions from either people or the planets. And this is all

constantly moving in me. It's very intense. I have had a whole lifetime of believing I was a very emotional person and most of my doing in this life was in direct relationship to these emotions. To discover that those emotions were never mine to begin with was a relief. To realize that most of my past actions and decisions were most likely emotional ones, makes me wonder if I ever made a correct decision for myself? Or was I always being influenced by the emotions of others? It is a pretty scary thought.

These days in class, I can feel the emotions in me – not just the planets but of all the people. I haven't been around so many people day in and day out for a long time. I have spent so much time by myself since beginning this experiment four months ago, except for the time in Las Vegas. But it is good for me to see this – because I was never aware of it before.

To not make an emotional decision takes all the awareness that I have. To not act because of these emotions pumping through me is very difficult. I breathe the mantra "I do not make emotional decisions" and wait until the explosive emotional energy inside has passed. I've been paying attention to this since Ra explained the impact of transits to me.

The need to express is tremendous. Sitting in a class for five days is quite an experience. Especially the third day, I was totally defined emotionally. Forget about all the people in the room, my own Solar Plexus Center was being pumped up by three channels, thanks to the planets. Even when I was alone, there was no peace.

I have become so sensitive since I began waiting – so aware of how correct it is to just wait for something to come to me. But what about being in class and having a question? I waited and waited to see if it would get answered but it didn't. I didn't understand what Ra meant when he talked about Tribal and Collective. I know what the words meant – but what did it really mean within Human Design? It was this I wanted to ask. So I did.

It's not easy having a teacher who is a Manifestor. The rules between Manifestor and Generator are very clear. I had learned all about the four types a few days after my reading. The story of the Manifestor gunslinger and the Generator sheriff was one I carried

with me. It helped me understand how types can relate correctly with each other. If he would ask if anyone had a question, that would be different. But to approach him with one, oh man, that was not fun. I hate asking Ra questions. It is like meeting an energy field of resistance. Even though no word is said.

I know I have no business asking anything. I am a Generator and need to wait to be asked – even if it is in the classroom! But sometimes, it is just so damn hard to wait to be asked! Anyway, the tone of voice he used to answer my question triggered such an emotional reaction in me; I was full of emotional fury. To sit in class after that break, and not walk out the door and leave and never come back demanded every ounce of my awareness. It was like taming a wild tiger inside of me. I was so pissed off.

Yet, I also knew this energy was not me. But knowing doesn't help when the energy is pumping my blood and bringing it to a boil. There was so much rage demanding action. Energy is still energy and boy this was a potent force to deal with. It helped to know that I don't make emotional decisions. My body never moved, yet some invisible part of me got up and left that room a hundred times slamming the door behind me each time. It passed through me within a half hour, but what a half hour! Mamma mia! What a lesson.

This course was so different for me than the Basic Training in Las Vegas. Maybe it was because I was becoming more familiar with Human Design terminology or maybe it was because I was being absolutely rigid with waiting to respond so that my actions were correct for me – I don't know. But there was a discernible shift.

I really enjoyed the people in this class. I felt connected to some as if I had known them forever. Someone was always asking if I wanted to go for a coffee at a little café not too far from where the class was. Sometimes we'd even dash out during a break and get a latte. It always felt so good to leave that classroom – and just get out and breathe – what a pressure cooker that room was. Other times I was asked to join a group to go shopping or for dinner. I didn't always respond "ahunh" – but when I did I had such a great time.

I had been waiting and waiting for Ra to get to the Sacral Center. I really wanted to understand more about this one! The only thing I knew was that it was a response mechanism and that it responded in sounds. It was this that became the premise of my entire experiment. I knew a few personal things from my reading – but I wanted to dive deeper into the knowledge of this center. For the whole afternoon he talked about the Sacral Center. Oh my god was I penetrated by this information. It went so deep that I couldn't even sit on the floor with my back leaning against the wall anymore. I found myself lying under the table with my shawl underneath me. The tables had tablecloths on them and I found myself feeling so safe with the sides of these cloths coming almost all the way down so that I was protected from being seen. It was a very bizarre experience. I loved what I was hearing, but my body just had to lie down.

One of the most delightful chuckles I have had in all my years in classes was when one woman who I had responded to having a coffee with after class, came over when the class ended and lifted up the tablecloth, peaked her face in and asked “Patipada, do you still want to go for a coffee?” My sacral responded “ahunh” and my body immediately crawled out from under the table, got up and off we went. I realized that other people would have thought to just let me be, but because she knew all I needed to do was respond, she asked. And my energy was ready to go.

Sometimes during break, I would put my shawl on the floor near the window so the sun could shine on me while I lay there. I felt like a cat. I was getting more and more into my form. All the ideas that my mind had of what I should do or not do – especially in a classroom – didn't have any power over my form. My form did what it needed to do. It was really something to keep observing this. I knew I was in a Human Design classroom and although it might be considered a little strange to act like this, it would be accepted. And it was.

My open mind can almost hear readers wondering at this point, well what did Ra say in that class? I don't remember. It is in my body and has become part of me. But if you want the details of the knowledge, I am pretty sure this is the book, “The 9 Centers and their Gates” that is available at Human Design UK.

I never tried to remember Human Design. I didn't even want to learn it. The only reason I was sitting (or lying) in these classes was because my sacral put me there. Oh things went in and very deeply too, but not in a normal kind of way. I always felt penetrated by this knowledge and would often say to Ra that I felt like an old cow sitting in these classes absorbing through my body whatever was being said.

*I have fallen in love with Logic.
The clear crispness of it
Its certainty
Its patterns
Making such incredible sense out of chaos*

*Perfect formulas
Perfect equations
That can be proven
By experimenting moment by moment*

*Logic is incredible
But there is one place I wonder if logic can go . . .
Can it go through the door to myself?*

*It can go step by step to the door – but can it go inside?
Awareness can go in – but I think logic
Must be left behind.*

I was really enjoying sharing the apartment with my Manifestor friend. What a fireball she was! There is something so incredible about Manifestor energy – especially now that I am not trying to be one myself. We had incredible talks over those days as each of us was processing the information from the class through our own unique forms. We had made some friends, sometimes having someone come for dinner or just to hang out. There were a few sannyasins there (my Manifestor friend had been one) and it was so enlivening to share design through what we all had passed through with Osho. It gave it another flavor.

The woman who had jumped all over me that first night at dinner wanted to spend time together and I kept responding “ahunh” – so we did. I sensed major shifts happening for her in Taos. Her face at

the end and her eyes were so much softer – like something was opening up. She told me she had been afraid to love in this life because maybe the person wouldn't love her back or she would lose the love. She was like this even with her own children. Whew! That hit me so hard – how devastating for a mother to be afraid to love her own children. I felt her fear fall away in that moment like a mask. She was seeing that it was all coming from her mind. I felt like she was a tiny bud that could flower into a beautiful rose.

I remembered that these buds sometimes die without ever opening to release their fragrance. I felt there were possibilities for this woman to release her fragrance. She did talk too much for my taste but others liked it. We're all so different and that is what I love the most about design – allowing and accepting that difference.

It was the last day of class. I felt like months had gone by. How extraordinary time is. In these five days, I felt like I was mutated over and over again just by sitting there. I remember asking Ra in my reading when he talked about mutation “what is mutation?”

He explained it to me, “You know Osho’s story about the space between the fingers. Miles Davis did the same thing. He was once asked about music and he said, “Well, it’s in the space between the notes.” Think about how this works. We’re moving in space. So when a wave goes up it doesn’t come back to the same place. It can’t because we’re moving in space. So individuality operates in a pulse. It’s there and it’s not; it’s there and it’s not. So, when it’s there, it’s one thing. When it’s not – space is moving – when it comes back it’s in a different place.

Now, when it comes back, in between is always the possibility for mutation – something new out of nowhere. This is what keeps us alive as an evolutionary force. So it takes place – that’s the point – it’s in the space, it’s in the space in between. And when it comes back, it’s suddenly different.

This is a mutative force. And what mutation leads to is many things. It can be a biological mutation. I’m a mutative force. Everything about me is individual and individuality is mutative. So, what I’m

doing is I'm mutating the way people see the world, the way they see themselves.

It's a mutation. I bring a mutation. And if it really sets, then it becomes a living mutation. Everybody slowly – I call it a virus – gets a virus in their body and it takes over. This is how mutation works. So, there is always in you, the possibility of bringing mutation. As a mother for example, you always carried in you the possibility of bringing mutation to your children. In other words, that their genetic material is somehow different.”

That night a party was organized at our apartment. My Manifestor friend offered our space. She had first asked me if it was okay with me. She didn't always remember to ask and often would just tell me. Which was not easy for me take because I hated being told! The night of the party, everyone brought food or drink to share and we ordered pizzas. It felt like a celebration. We survived? Well, at least I was celebrating that I survived! Ra came with his guitar and it was a perfect way to end the course. I liked to listen to Ra sing his songs. And it was a nice shift in energy for the whole class. My Manifestor friend left the following morning. I stayed a few more days – just to be by myself and digest all that I had taken in.

October 13 – Taos

Ahhh – the peace of being by myself

It is calm – still – soft – sweet

I enjoyed sharing the space while the course happened

Yet I am happy to be alone again.

To be with an emotional Manifestor was quite an experience

To be told and not asked . . . out of habit

And it has nothing to do with love because I know she loves me

And I love her!

We have gotten so close over the past months

I saw how being told takes away all possibility for me to respond

It locks me in – freezes my sounds and nothing comes out

Yet it was great to have a Manifestor around.

I really enjoyed the energy exchange.

It is truly yin and yang.

Every cell in my body is full from these five days

A REVOLUTION OF ONE

*These transmissions from Ra – I am overflowing
I breathed in each word*

*Words pouring in – more and more
Each one deepening my understanding –
Now it is all inside of me –*

*Five days out of Time.
Relaxing me into becoming more of who I am
The pulse fascinated me
It's here and then it's not
When it comes back from wherever it goes
Everything can be different
I like this and I understand it.
This is now happening to me*

*Love – oh sweet love
To let attraction and repulsion just be
Knowing it's not personal
Just mechanical
Don't cling or both are destroyed together!*

*Understanding is like putting my feet in a swimming pool
It feels so good
Last night I couldn't sleep at all
I was up all night – as most of these nights in Taos
Perhaps I slept ten hours total since being here these five days
I like the electricity of being in class
I like the intensity . . . it burns me
And I am beginning to really like being burned*

*I don't know what happened
But I am different today than yesterday
My outward has not changed . . . yet something has.*

*I am ready to go back to my life in Sedona and live my design.
Oh – I love Human Design so much.
I am so thrilled in every cell of my body that such a system exists!*

*It doesn't matter what/how/where/how long – none of that
It has begun
And it is making its way into humanity
And it will unfold how it unfolds on this planet*

*We cannot imagine all the vast possibilities
It can move like water over a rock
Slowly – slowly – washing away
The rock until the rock disappears
Or it can move like fire – raging and burning
And everything in its path is consumed in the flames
The new can be born from the ashes*

*Oh we desperately need something new for humanity –
So much suffering –
The poor and the rich alike
Suffering has many different faces*

*Endless possibilities
My 41 gate of fantasy is so busy these days
I have so many fantasies about Human Design . . .
Sometimes I feel like it drives me crazy
There is so much I want to do
So much I want to contribute
But no one has asked me anything
So I must wait.*

Still in Taos

*When I close my eyes and lay on the bed these days –
there is so much buzzing and sounds and vibrations inside
I think Ra told me that this is from my “24”
Sometimes the body jumps at an outside sound
that resonates inside as a vibration
No words – just a peak intensity of sound*

*So many memories
Fall from my eyes
Wet huge drops
From deep within
Releasing the pain*

*Taos has been childhood –
All the tears held in my body
From when my grandfather died*

*Phoenix was a deep remembering of the men in my life . . .
beginning with my father . . .
Memories of when I was really young.
I cried lifetimes while there
In Marin it was the loss of my first true love.
Pain hiding in the memory of a broken heart
Disappeared in the tears.*

*Los Angeles and Las Vegas
Ancient memories surfaced
From where I don't know*

*Rushes of memories –
Surfacing from this life and times before
Tears fall – releasing them and freeing me
The space inside of me grows bigger*

*Light years seem to whiz by –
Yet I have never moved from this moment
Is it a line or is it a dot?
Hurling through space so fast
That it gives both the illusion of a line
And the illusion that it's going somewhere*

October 15 – Midnight

*Something woke me and I lay in bed . . .
It was childhood –it came for me tonight
Releasing me of memories and pain
Father, mother, grandfather, siblings, teachers, other kids
Oh it was not easy being such a vulnerable child*

*So much surfacing
Memories pour in so fast
Tears usher them all out the door*

*Is there a predetermined size of space available within?
Like a computer hard drive?
The space where memories are held
Is all this release making room for something else?
Memories – tears – memories – tears
How many more memories
Are waiting right behind these as if in a queue?*

*I must have been a strange little creature as a child
Prowling at night in Phoenix –
Moved by something so
Familiar and Strange at the same time –
I touched the child I had been born to live
Alone in the pool
Walking barefoot in the grass
In silence with the Moon*

*This creature of childhood had returned
A nymph, almost invisible
Or so it felt
Every moment held magic*

*Magic that must never be talked about
Mundane little things – coffee and newspapers
Must never be put into the words of a world
They do not belong in*

*Life was only magic – nothing else
And I was alone –
Totally alone with this magic
And when I needed to lie down and sleep
I knew I had to sleep in the grass
With the smell of it in my nose
So in the middle of the hotel courtyard
I laid down and slept
I knew I was safe*

On the Shuttle – Leaving Taos
*People are really getting worried
that they may miss their flights because the driver was late . . .*

*no one is saying anything . . . I can feel it all inside of me
the driver is going faster and faster
which only makes them become more anxious
my stomach can't get any tighter
Eight people in a tiny space . . . my undefined Solar Plexus Center
and undefined mind taking it all in!
Will it ever get easier to be confined in a small space with others?*

Albuquerque – Waiting for Amtrak Train

*A restaurant – ah – nourishment – it's so good
I haven't eaten in 1 or 2 days, I have lost track of time
Sleep was only about 1 hour last night . . .
I would really be freaked out right now
if I didn't know about my extremes and love them
I ride them from one end to the other
So now some coffee and eggs.
Mmmmm! Perfect!*

*I can't seem to stop writing . . .
I've already filled one journal in Taos*

*The future is such a mystery
I have no idea what will happen
And now I can no longer try to make anything happen
It is quite a switch from how I acted in the past
No matter how much I may want something
I can longer try to get it
Maybe I don't even want it?
Could just be an old conditioning . . .
I don't know anything until I'm asked
"Do you want this?"*

*A baby just went by in his mother's arms
And in that moment my eyes closed and in warp speed
I went somewhere and came back
With tears in my eyes . . . I "saw"*

*There will be a time
When this knowledge is going to be desperately needed
I saw it*

*The birds are chirping
Singing their song
Awakening all that is within me
That I have not yet uncovered
For a moment in time
All is known through the song of the bird*

Shopping Mall – Still waiting for Amtrak Train tonight

*I seem to be able to only take a few steps – find a bench
Stop – sit – and allow all these words to pour out
I took a nap on one a while ago
I needed it – so many people rushing by
They swish as they go by
The sound slowly disappearing
as I fall deeper into my well*

*Next year is a theme of need for me
I hope it doesn't kill me – needing and not trying to get it!
The 19 will define my 49 until February 1999!
My Solar Plexus Center will be defined for a long time!
When I first saw this I was so dreading this time period. But that was
before I started understanding the impact of the planets personally.
They are different than a person. It is not the same. It is almost like
you are given a taste of something – almost a homeopathic dosage if
you are living correctly. And you get exactly what you need for your
own healing! If you aren't living correctly – it can become a lethal
dose and things get severely worse.*

*I was so afraid of my needing and wanting because they had created
so much pain in this life. I see now it is only because I got all of it
mixed up. I didn't really know what I wanted (oh my mind did!) and
I didn't really know what I needed. So wants became needs and
needs became wants. It was such a mess when I wasn't responding*

*from my sacral and my mind was just going after whatever it thought
I wanted and needed.*

*Now these past 24 hours, so much clarity has come about this.
I actually feel ready to open my arms and welcome the
understanding that Jupiter will bring with Gate 19.
Awareness – that is always the key for me.
To stay aware of the feelings moving through me and continue my
mantra “I don’t make emotional decisions.”
At some point, I will not need to remember that any longer,
because it will simply have fallen away.
But for now – oh wow – I do need to stay aware.
Understanding this, I am no longer afraid of the lessons the
emotional gates will bring – especially knowing my transits for each
new day. Soon they will be familiar and I will be able to recognize
them as they walk through the door.*

*What a thing – to find out that I am not an emotional being
and to not even be able to experience that
because the planets define me for years!
Well, it is all about learning to wait – so I’ll just have to wait!
I’ve been looking closely at wanting and needing –
they are very different.
I’ve noticed it over and over again – if someone asks me “Do you
want to do this?” it is so different from “Do you need to do this?”*

*Wanting does not kill body or spirit if unfulfilled
Needs can*

*to burn in the sun
the grass under my feet
water to wash over me
to not feel cold – ever*

*coffee with sugar and cream
coca cola
to lay down immediately when I feel to*

*music
in the car . . .*

*in my room
and when I travel*

*silence
trees
the smell of flowers
to walk when I need to walk
to let the tears fall whenever they want to
to laugh
to feel comfortable wherever I am or leave
the color purple*

But most of all – I need to wait.

Amtrak Station

*My god, so much timeless time has flown by
I have filled so many pages in this journal since I left in the shuttle*

*Sitting here, waiting for the train,
I am reminded of an experience I had long ago
I had returned from India after being with Poonjaji – full of clarity
Yet I had no clue what had happened –
No way to understand – and no way to get it back when it left*

*At that time, something outside of me
Had altered something inside of me
It was the closest yet to finding what I was searching for
I needed to share it with my friends –
I took the Amtrak from New York to California and back
Stopping along the way to visit friends
And one of those stops was this very station*

*And here I sit – in this moment
A profound energy shift within
Yet, this time is so different than that time
Then I had no idea what had happened
It came from outside – and then disappeared
Leaving no footprints to find it again
This time it is all within myself*

A REVOLUTION OF ONE

*Yes, I had a reading
But only I take this journey
One step at a time
It cannot disappear – when it is your own precious footprints*

*Each moment I wait
Each moment I don't act
Each moment I respond from my sacral
The steps of this journey bring me closer to myself
This time – the shift is rooted inside me
It is rooted and grounded in my waiting*

*Six year later – at this exact Amtrak train station
I even stretched my legs on this very platform back then!
How absolutely perfect that I sit here now
Knowing that all I have been
Yearning for – searching for – hoping for
Really does live inside of me!
It has nothing – absolutely nothing to do with anyone else
If I wait to be asked and if I respond from my sacral
And live ONLY those responses
I will live my life – I will be me
This is all I have ever wanted in this life – just to be me
Such a long journey – to try to find this –
And it has always been inside*

*Now, with my sacral response
I get to discover who I am – slowly – slowly
In the now – spontaneous and true
Each response uncovers more of me
And I start seeing myself
It is so magical – and so not provable
A little sound and my whole life rests on it
It is as simple and profound as that*

*But oh – it's not so easy
I have to wait
And I have to wait
As friends fall away
I have to wait
As my life shatters all around me
I have to wait*

*As no one asks me any questions
I have to wait
And wait
And wait
Perhaps forever
And even then who knows if I will be asked what I need to be asked
to reveal to me what is hidden inside*

Later

*I am so sad – such a deep beautiful feeling
No tears this time –
It came out of nowhere – bottomless
Enveloping me in a cloud of gray
I am so relieved that I finally understand
Not to put a "because" at the end of "I am sad"
How I have tormented myself these past few months
And how I have tormented myself this whole life
Simply because the weather is changing – only I didn't know!
The wind can fly freely now
In the space of this sadness
With nothing locking it in
Such a treasure is the understanding how things work*

*I am finding that I don't like to listen to most people talking
It actually hurts my head
So much chatter all around
Sometimes I feel like I could just walk into nature
And never come back out
The silence of it beckons me – calls me
I long for it.*

*I'm so glad I have my Walkman and my music
It helps me to be in crowds without being so disturbed
After so much Human Design
I am ready to burn my whole binder of my personal study*

*But I think I'll just put it in the closet for now
I want to continue doing my transits and watch what happens
And watch the play unfold – the Leela
But other than that I just want to live my life now.
My life.*

Getting closer to Flagstaff

Michael is picking me up at the Amtrak Station in Flagstaff. I am so glad that he is such a quiet man who doesn't talk so much. Yes, he is serious sometimes – and yes when he talks from his logical mind – sometimes I am bored – and yes he has an emotional wave that can fill me with discomfort . . . but there is such beauty in him and such silence in the home we share together. We don't talk that much – even when we are home all day together. This companionship we have – it is so nourishing. Our “2”ness – we both like to be left alone but not all the time. So we meet and then we part to be alone again. It is a perfect dance. I am so grateful for this.

October 30, 1997

*I need music so much since my reading
This love affair with music
Strong powerful – pure sacral energy music
Only that will do
I need to put my headphones on or blast it while driving in the car
It pours into every cell – the perfect frequency for me
Music goes directly to my Life Force and takes me with it . . .
The power of music explodes in me like the light of a thousand suns
The joy inside needs to come out –
No words – only movement can express it*

Sedona – Two Days Later

*Michael and I went for breakfast this morning
Such a deep sharing of two people
Being asked and responding
Exposed my soul for both him and me to see –
An incredible revealing –
I had no idea what was inside of me
Just waiting to come out*

*Such magic and beauty in this waiting
We've been through so much together –
Sixteen years together and a one hour reading blew it all to bits
shattering everything that was not real*

*Now . . . slowly . . . we have built our new relationship
The foundation based on the truth of our sacral response
and his emotions
Not out of shoulds and ideas and wishes
It is honest – but not easy
A response can be as sharp as a sword and as brutal
Or it can be as soft and fragile as a rose petal*

*But slowly each response
Brings us to each other again . . . in a new way
More breath . . . more space
For each of us to live our truth*

Another Day

*When I am in the mood to be in the world
What an incredible time I have
And what a deep relief!
No ideas to
be loving
or caring
or kind
or understanding
or anything!!!!*

*I'm am being me and just waiting to respond
I am finding that waiting – and not initiating and pushing
Is so respectful to the other –
especially when this happens with strangers.
What comes back to me blows my mind*

*Taxi drivers treat me like a princess
Waiters cannot do enough – and then thank me for being graceful
Flight attendants want to make sure I am comfortable
And they ask if I have everything I need!
But I'm not being anything or doing anything*

*I just wait to respond
I've never felt so free
So alive
Or life so magical*

*Madhu, my sweet daughter
How precious she is
From the moment she was in my arms –
I knew I would love and care for her forever
Last night we had such a wonderful talk on the phone
Each about our life since our readings
She is also a sacral being and with deep respect and honor
For each other as a unique individual, we are able to tell each
Other how our journey is unfolding and share something so deep
How can I ever find the words to describe
As a mother, what this feels like inside of me?*

Sunday Morning – Sedona – Coffee Roasters

*I LOVE Human Design
It is as simple and as complicated as that!
How have I become so captivated by logic?
By formulas? Who is this person I have become?
I cannot believe it of myself
nor can anyone who has known me before*

*I sit on the floor late into the night surrounded by books and notes of
Human Design doing my transits . . . coloring in charts
The information goes into my cells
I don't know how it is going in
I don't know how I remember what I do
I don't know how my mouth opens and words come out sharing with
someone about their design*

*This is a gift for all of humanity
It is not about being spiritual
It is about being human
It is about living the life*

*I was born to live
in this human form
in the maya
in duality
what could be more spiritual than that?*

*These past five months I have been shaking off eons of dust
From the endless ideas of who I thought I should be . . .
Underneath, I am beginning to glimpse
The diamond I have been searching for!*

CHAPTER SIX

Breath, Pen & Paper

*Time slips away more and more
Each moment becomes eternity
Each day as I do my transits
I have to first try to figure out what the date is.
I can't even remember what month it is
This has never happened to me before*

*The planet transits are quite amazing
Little piece, little piece – understanding comes to me
In a few days, I will not be defined
In any of my open centers by the planets
The planets actually leave me as I am
Just for a small window but enough to glimpse myself!
The planets have defined my Solar Plexus Center all these months
Since my reading in June, I have NEVER had the chance to
experience my openness!*

*I have a few days before they return
And will define me again emotionally until February 1999!
Oh well, I can't hide under the covers till then
There are lessons to be learned about the emotional center.*

November 3, 1997

*So much has happened since I last wrote
It always feels like lifetimes are going by
Yet I am standing totally still*

Just before my "Design birthday" Michael knocked on my bedroom door and asked to come in. We were talking for a while and he pointed to all the Human Design transit stuff on the floor spread out all around me. He asked, "Do you ever have any doubts?" To which my sacral immediately responded "ahunh" and although I was a little surprised at the pure honesty of that answer I could feel it as my truth.

But I added that the one thing I had no doubt about was my sacral response. I had come to discover, it was the mystery of me. It was my truth. A truth that lived within me and at the same time was totally hidden from me except when it was called out through response. As I said these words such an incredible strength filled me.

That night I had an Osho dream. I hadn't had one since one month before my reading with Ra in June. In my dream, an old sannyas friend came to me and said that Osho wanted to see me. I flew to where Osho was living. I walked into a big room and towards Osho sitting in his chair. There were many familiar faces around me. The love within me for him just flew out of my chest. And his love for me was alive and bright in his eyes. He asked me to sit down. He told me I looked beautiful and then said to me: "Patipada, I would like you to help bring my people together again."

In that moment, everything went quiet except for the one sound from my sacral. "Unun" (no). No hesitation. It was immediate. Then these words followed: "I need to live my life now." Then I just sat there in silence. I was so calm inside, so still. I knew this was my answer – my truth. The frequency in the room changed as my response rippled through. It could be tasted. Osho's eyes penetrated me with an incredible force. It felt like all the stages from the Tibetan Book of the Dead were coming out of his eyes into me. It amazed me that I was totally calm!

Even in my dream I could not believe it. I thought to myself – "Boy, if I didn't know this was my truth, I would be really freaked out right now." In the dreamtime, about thirty minutes had passed. No word was spoken. I continued sitting there. Very quiet inside – I was just sitting in my truth. I did not waiver. No guilt. No fear. No shame. No doubt. No worry. The energy in the room got more and more intense. Osho's eyes became more and more intense. And I just sat there waiting without saying a word. Finally, Osho looked at me with a

huge grin – his Cheshire cat grin. He lovingly touched the top of my head and said, "Very good, Patipada – you go live your life."

This dream was so vivid and so intensely real – that when I woke up I was surprised to find myself in bed and not still with Osho. I had never stood inside myself before in such a way. In all the years with Osho, I had never said "no" to him before. It was in this dream that I understood a different kind of surrender. I feel this was the surrender Osho had been trying to get me to understand in all the time we had together. I had mistaken it to be surrendering to him and to his commune. It is clear the only true surrender is to the energy within. It was this that answered Osho. The "no" was not a thought – it came out of my very form. It came from the deepest part of me – and it was not from my mind. It was my sacral response showing me my truth and bypassing my mind. My mind would never have said "no" to Osho.

November 8, 1997

A friend came over who does psychic readings. We have a very similar design – Generators with no emotional definition. My mind had been disturbing me so much. It kept telling me that I was too involved with Human Design. Then it would bring in the big guns – that living my experiment was taking too much of a toll on me and on my life. And although I knew not to act on anything it was telling me, it was difficult for me to just let it go. My mind was tricky – it used the truth of my own experience and distorted it just enough to make me worry. She asked me if I would like a reading and I responded "ahunh".

The reading blew my mind's arguments to bits. She started by saying that she was walking into a huge empty space inside of me – it was a temple – and that no god lived there. It was sacred and that I needed to stop thinking I could do anything. I was not in control of anything and that the forces were working with me and that I kept trying to make it all personal and it was not personal at all – something else was going on

She then said that something huge was coming into focus until finally she said "oh my god – it's a gigantic sphinx and it's guarding the house of joy inside of you." She told me that its size was

daunting and that I needed to stop putting my joy outside of me. I needed to see it as the temple inside of me. It was important for me to know that the sphinx was not only guarding this joy but was also protecting and watching over me to which I gasped and said aloud: "just like it was protecting me as a child." I hadn't told her anything about my Las Vegas trip.

After she left – I just collapsed on my bed in stillness and in waiting. I had not felt this kind of surrender until that very moment. As if some small little piece of me that had been holding on – let go. I was truly alone and deeply peaceful. Just waiting. Totally waiting. The next day was my Design birthday and that feeling of silence and waiting permeated me all day – even when I was around other people.

It was easy to begin this experiment. But I had no idea what it was going to put me through. It was not easy to trust the process. It took time. Every time my sacral responded and I was able to see that it really did seem to know what was correct for me, a little bit more trust grew. I didn't enter this experiment trusting. I entered this experiment with wanting to see what happened if I lived my life from the premise "wait to be asked." I did not know that it was an experiment that would break down every pattern of behavior that I had developed over all the years I had been alive! I did not know that every aspect of my life would be touched and that all relationships would undergo a deep transformation. I realize now that I could not know what was coming because I had never lived from this place before. It was truly a new experience.

*Waiting is growing and deepening
I feel that this winter everything else may be gone
And only waiting will remain
Not doing – not hoping to do – not frustrated because I can't do
Just the purity of waiting
The inner strength in this waiting continues to develop*

*My energy is becoming crystallized
I can hardly remember the time before waiting
Was I really such a doer?
Did I really chase after things?
Was that me who always tried to get what I wanted?
It seems so long ago.*

November 11 – Tuesday – Coffee Roasters

*A grey day – cold weather passing through
Sun hidden from my eyes and my body
Coffee and the color purple keep me warm
Nothing is certain for me in this life
Nothing – Except this moment
I breathe. Quite incredible – just that!*

*It's funny as people walk by –
Say hello and make a comment
I feel something in my chest about this town Sedona
I feel close to them – even though I feel like a stranger too.
I feel a part of the Sedona tribe
Sometimes I do my transits for the day here at Coffee Roasters
So many people sniffing around – I just wait and watch
To see if anyone asks me anything I can respond to!
So different from the past when I used to offer myself all the time!*

*People I do not know ask to have their chart done – I respond
I explain I am not a licensed analyst but am happy to share what I
have come to understand. I'm in awe – these people come to me
correctly – they ask in a yes/no way so I can response!
I haven't said a word to them – but maybe my aura said it all?
They are strangers yet they seem to know*

*My whole life has changed since my reading.
I was given THE diamond key to myself.
To find the treasure within
I only share the diamond with people.
I have seen what it has brought me.
It can bring that for others as well.*

*One chart leads to the next – before long – I guess it really is a virus
My body has absorbed the simple part of this information
This is what flows so easily from my mouth.*

Wednesday – November 17

*Today IS the day!
I checked into a beautiful resort in town
I wanted to be totally alone.*

*I didn't want to come in contact with another human being.
I had checked out this place earlier this month to make sure that
I could reserve an end room so no one would be in my aura.*

*The care I took preparing this space reminded me of my past when a
lover was coming to visit me. But this was no outside lover I was
meeting. This was the one I had searched my whole life for. I was
meeting my inner lover. I was meeting me! Today is the first day the
planets do not define me emotionally. It is the very first day in five
and a half months since my reading that I could experience myself
without any of my open centers being defined!*

*I am cool!
I cannot believe it!
I am cool!
I really am cool!*

*To discover this about myself is a miracle.
No one else around and no planets playing with me,
I am actually cool and calm. I am filled with awe.
After a lifetime of being so emotional and thinking that was me
This now is like putting my feet in cool water. Absolutely delicious!*

*To experience my own inner coolness is profound
It is still happening now – today was like no other day in my life
It is like living in what I used to call meditation.
Maybe all those moments were just me being me
Without emotional definition or mental definition.
No feelings . . . no thoughts . . . just an incredible stillness inside*

*I have been so hot – so emotional all my life
And punished for it too – always told to stop being so emotional
Stop crying – stop getting hysterical
To discover it never was me – to actually taste that – right now
I am feeling my coolness all the time – and it is wonderful*

Ever since I took care of my sister after her surgery – she has become such a support by asking me questions. She was interested to know about herself through the eyes of Human Design. She wanted to have a reading with Ra and we talked of her flying out to California when he was there and me meeting her.

The weeks before Thanksgiving, she and I talked about how to take care of our father. He was no longer able to take care of himself. She asked me all kinds of questions and it was very clear that it was not correct for me to have him live with me. But I did respond to checking out some places around Sedona. Michael and I found a really nice place and we brought those brochures with us when we went to New Jersey for Thanksgiving.

He had already deteriorated so much since I last saw him over the summer when I was taking care of Chicca. It was so sad to see my father becoming frail and forgetful. He was always so strong. It is so clear he cannot live alone anymore – he cannot take care of himself or remember his medications or to eat. How difficult for such a pure individual who needed to do things on his own and be independent.

I tried to find the right moment to show him the brochures. Michael was great and kept asking me. My father is a very emotional and moody man so timing is important. After I had responded that it was now time, I asked my father if he would like to see some brochures of a retirement community near me in Sedona. Immediately he got intensely emotional – we wanted to put him in a home – how could we? He was fine and he could take care of himself. He didn't need any help from anyone. I didn't say anything – but I could feel how upset he was because of what I was feeling inside of me. I just waited.

Finally, after we sat there in silence for a while, he said, “You gonna show them to me or what?” And it was perfect because he asked me a yes/no question that brought out the truth of my response. I responded, “Unun – not if you don't want to see them. I am not forcing this on you – it was just a possibility to look at. I don't want you to do anything you don't feel good about.” And that was my truth and he felt it.

He just looked at me for a long time and finally said “I can't remember to take my pills anymore. And I can't find my car in parking lots.” He then opened up and starting telling me how difficult everything was for him. He finally asked again to see the brochures and after looking at them for a while, he even got excited about the different apartment floor plans he could chose from. I told him that they had a guest apartment that people can stay in to check the

place out. He liked that idea and said he would think about it. Which made me happy because I knew he was emotional and needed time.

We had a sweet time together. I did my best to help him organize things so that it might be easier for him while he was still by himself. But it was so clear to me that he couldn't live on his own anymore. And I am so grateful for having learned about my sacral response before this happened in our lives. For I know that the person I was before I started responding would have offered to him to come and live with us. And I know he would have accepted. Oh my god, that would have been so wrong for me and most likely would have made me physically ill.

When I returned to Sedona, my sister asked me if I could help remind Dad to take his pills. She was able to take care of the morning by going over on her way to work. Could I walk him through the procedure each night on the telephone? I responded and so I did. But it was one of these sad comedies where you don't know whether to laugh or cry. I would call him and he would answer the phone in one room – and have to go get his pills in the other room – but on his way to the other room he would forget that I was on the phone. I could hear him whistling in the other room – everything forgotten – pills and me. He loved to whistle. I would be calling out as loud as I could into the phone “Dad, Dad – pick up the phone.” Finally he would walk by the bedroom and hear me calling and it would dawn on him that I was on the phone. So then I would try to just get him to go into the other room and pick up the phone – not even mention pills. That seemed to work – sometimes.

He managed to make it through this rough period until he finally moved to Sedona that January. He liked all the ladies. At his age, the ratio of women to men gives really great odds for the men. And he was so romantic. My father is a pure individual – 12-22 and 39-55 defining his Solar Plexus Center. He ended up enjoying living there very much and found a girlfriend within a month.

December 1 – Sedona

*I think that is one of the things
I love about myself since Human Design
I have become "human" and it is so magical
With all its
 upheavals
 insights
 mistakes
 limitations
 everything!*

What I have come to understand about myself these past months has given me so much insight into my whole life. I feel the fears of past "mistakes" slipping away, yet the lessons learned are so deeply imbedded inside. It has been such an intense life – the exploration sometimes taking me into such dark and alone places that I never thought I would find my way back out.

*But now – no matter how bizarre my life seems or I seem
The part of me that is always watching myself never leaves me.
It lets me go all the way – without the fear of going crazy
My outer actions can appear very strange and unsettling to many –
but I know that these bizarre actions, words, flights of fancy are
really uncovering me and bringing me to sanity.
Into my own true sanity – not somebody else's idea of what that is!
Each sacral response brings me one step closer
To that inner peace and true alignment with myself.
God, how I can ramble these days
Having pen and paper is as important to me as breathing!*

December 5

*The more I wait . . .
The more I don't seem to fit in the world around me
I find myself often at parties – gatherings – group situations . . .
Feeling so outside of what is happening
And this feels right – and surprisingly no longer matters.
Because I fit so perfectly inside of myself
I am experiencing the beauty of being me*

*My inner authority fills me with such an inner strength
I have NEVER had this before
It fills me with incredible joy
I feel like a bird flying high in the sky
I can relax so deeply
All the trying to understand – trying to figure out – trying to be right
trying . . . trying . . . all that trying – oh so DEEPLY exhausting!*

*How incredibly simple life is now.
To live in waiting – for a response to come
So my energy can move where it is right for it to move to
What happens – where I go – what I do – who I am with
It is all out of my hands*

December 9 – Coffee Roasters

*I am never exhausted anymore –
It is like a whole new life – a whole new me
Tired – yes! Deliciously tired after being really physical
And that incredible feeling of being in my bed!
But no exhaustion – no energy drain.
The reservoir is always full when I wait to respond.*

*I used to feel frustrated because I felt I had so much inside to give –
and to share and I wanted so much to be asked to do something . . .
Especially with Human Design
That too is now gone*

*I am filled with alive unknowing and freshness
The desire to know has disappeared in understanding my design
Knowing this sacral knowledge has stopped my mind churning!
Knowing this has stopped the needing to know anything else
An incredible wondering is there
About – oh – so many things
But the need to know that has haunted me this whole life
Is no longer there
As each month moves into the next
As I wait
All that I am fills me
Yet I cannot put it into words
Because I have no clue*

*Each response reveals something to me
Each yes
Each no
Says so much to me
It is a discovering of who I really am
Under the layers . . .
Naked . . .
God . . . it is so beautiful to be me*

*In this space
I watch people leave my life
I watch people enter my life
I feel pulls from around the planet
And knowing that there is nothing for me to do
Except in response fills me with the biggest sigh of relief*

Weeks have passed

*I had no idea this longing was still inside of me
I know it had to be destroyed – just like the other times
But oh the pain –
It never gets any easier*

*My dreams
Snatched out of my clutched hands
This devastation has shattered me totally
Yet in the same breath it is such a blessing
So much of my energy was caught up in the desire of this dream*

*I'm not sure even what it was all about –
I'm just deeply relieved the pain is finally over.
I feel released from something intensely imbedded in me
My energy could only be freed by total shattering*

*I thought I would die at first the pain was so great
Like a knife right through my heart
But the blade was sharp and clean
The thrust so perfect that the red-hot searing pain did its job
The wound was healed almost as soon as it was made
I have never passed through shattering in such lightning speed
I am no longer afraid when they come*

*And I am left alone
It always comes back to that.
I am left alone.*

February – California with My Sister

*I don't know why I haven't written for so long
Maybe I am just getting more and more comfortable with waiting
Writing released my energy when waiting was excruciating
It was a bit like loosening the radiator cap of an overheating car*

*I just got back from Los Angeles
My sister met me there
Being together with each other and Human Design
I had my Rave Return reading with Ra . . . amazing information
My first personal weather report for the coming year!
Ra explained the themes I'm going to have to face
And deal with next year
I'll take all the help I can get in this process.*

*I had brought with me the poster I made of my chart and personal
line information based on the Magic of Resonance class that I
transcribed. I am so in love with what I learned about lines. It
explained each line in such a way that I knew I could share deeper
information about the gates without ever having to look up each
individual line.
Powerful information and so simple!*

*I had to do another project on myself in regards to my lines. This
time it had to be visual as well, that's why it ended up being so big. I
needed to see my resonance and harmony as well as all the gates
grouped by each line. How amazing to see all my trial and error
together. It was incredible to look at myself like this. I had brought it
with me. I wanted to show it to Ra to see if I was on the right track –
and I also knew I couldn't. Something would have to happen for it to
come out in response. Otherwise I would just take it home with me.*

*When I went for my Rave Return reading, afterwards he asked if I
wanted a cup of coffee. I responded and we just sat talking for a
while. He said something and my hand reached for my poster and
pulled it out to ask him about it. He pulled it out of my hands and sat*

looking at it and reading it for what felt like a long time. I was a little nervous.

Then he said that I had understood it – but he suggested changing two words and that made all the difference. I understood myself better just from that small change.

My sister met me in Los Angeles. We had such a great time together. Chicca had her first reading with Ra and when she came back to our hotel room – she was so alive and excited by all that was said. It gave her a deep relief to know and understand about her emotions – she used to always feel something was wrong with her for not being able to make up her mind about things. She found out about her wave and why she felt the way she did. I loved sharing this with her. It brought us even closer together than we already were! It is hard to believe how much we fought and hated each other as kids. Now she is not just my sister but my friend too.

We also had a complete family reading with Ra. All the charts of everyone in our family were on the table. It was like he was a fly on the wall watching our whole family in action. It was incredible. How could all that information – and true information – be found in those charts? It was mind-blowing.

As Ra spoke – looking at the charts of our parents and our brothers and my sister and me – visions of childhood flew by . . . actual remembrances. One time, Ra was talking about our oldest brother who we both loved deeply. Ra was talking about him being a saint and other things that were so true – this brother had died of a heart attack a few years before. He had an open Heart Center. All of a sudden, I felt tears beginning in my toes moving up my body – filling me. They were all set to come out of my eyes – when I became totally aware that I was not feeling sad. It was not me! So the tears never came out. A few seconds later, my sister broke out in sobs. I put my arm around her. And I was able to be there for her. She stopped crying and Ra asked her if she was okay and when she said she was – he continued with the reading.

Later I realized how crazy it had been my whole life, not just with my sister, but with everyone else who was emotional in my life. I am

beginning to think that where we are open – because there are no set channels that information has to stream down – the open centers get the information faster. Like in this instance – my sister’s tears – flooded me and were ready to come out my eyes faster because there were no channels confining them. But for her – the feeling had to move through a set pathway and this took more time. I understood that this was why they always came out of me first and everyone ended up comforting me – and I was crying their tears! Oh how incredible it is to understand.

I also realized how many people didn’t look emotional and it was only when I ran their charts that I saw that they were. I always looked emotional. It’s interesting to think about that.

I flew back to Sedona and my sister flew back to New Jersey. We knew we’d be seeing each other again soon as she would be flying out in January with Dad when he moved into the retirement community in Sedona. A few days after being back, my friend who was with Ra in LA and organized everything for him, called and said that they were finished with the work there and were thinking of coming to Sedona and would I like to arrange a one day course for Ra as well as an intro evening and readings? My response was an immediate “ahunh.” Would I? Oh my god, every cell in my body was jumping up and down. I’ve been asked to help with Human Design. I was so excited. I had wanted this for so long.

I remember back to the beginning right after my reading. I was driving Ra back from the Four Types Course – in Sedona. It was the most difficult thing in the world for me not to offer my help. I wanted to help bring Human Design into the world so much. But I knew I had to wait to be asked. Now over 6 months later, I was finally asked.

You can imagine how much energy there was available to put into action! I was filled with so much joy organizing those events, finding them a place to stay, contacting people, finding a way to pick them up at the airport in Phoenix. I was one happy sacral being! It was not easy to work with my friend organizing Ra coming to Sedona. There were so many things that I had wanted to implement that she didn’t want. I saw that we worked so differently and although I was asked to do this, I had to do it within her control. It was not a comfortable

experience. I felt for sure my sacral would never respond again to working with her. But when I asked Ra about it, he said that my sacral will always just respond in the moment and it is ONLY based on what is correct and healthy for me in that moment. I was floored when I realized that my sacral could easily put me into another situation like this one. I knew that my mind would never allow me to work with her again and it would make sure I said “no” the next time. Allowing my sacral to guide me could really be a pain in the neck sometimes!

I had a strange experience the day before they arrived. I was doing something in my home and I said to an empty room, “Don’t pack the sugar.” It was an odd thing to say. When they arrived, Ra was talking about how my friend wanted him to take the sugar and the bag had broken in his suitcase and he had sugar over everything. I thought to myself – wow! It appeared that a by-product of my waiting was an intuitive clarity that I had never been aware of before. It was so covered over by all that I was taking into my open centers that it was never able to get through to me. These days it appeared to be coming in loud and clear.

The intro evening was packed. I think about 50 people came. I had fun organizing, but I didn’t like being controlled. I realized that in the past it was so easy to control me. I just said yes and obeyed. Not anymore! I was in my own private revolution. I had my own inner power and inner authority and thank you very much but I don’t need any outer authority to control me or tell me what to do. That is not to say that I am not open to possibilities. But it depends on how it is presented. I am not here to be controlled by anyone or anything – not even my own mind! Responding is another matter entirely.

*Ra came to Sedona and gave a one-day course on
“How to Find Authority in a Chart”*

*The depth of the information he imparted on this day was profound.
It is truly the diamond of Human Design*

*I took some notes this time but mostly just took it all into my body.
Incredible! It was only a one-day course but at the end of the day
I was so full. I couldn’t speak a word. I couldn’t even stay in the
room. As soon as it was over, I ran outside into the sun and wrapped*

my arms around a tree. Oh I am so weird these days. I love trees so much – first my peach tree as a child and then later climbing trees – and just watching the world from my place up on a high branch. I climbed trees long into my adult life. The last time was when I got back from a trip to Poona. I was thirty years old. I sat in a tree across the street from a boardwalk along a beach in California – watching all the people go by. I hugged trees all the time my first visit to Poona. Trees accepted me – just as I was – no questions asked – no judgment. They were my friends.

*When I got home from class – I still couldn't speak
I went into my room – closed the door
Let the shower run over me – I needed this water
And I lay down on my bed
Wide awake – and full of silence.*

*This experience was very different than previous ones.
I knew there was absolutely NOTHING for me to do
and NOTHING for me to know . . .
unless someone knocked on my door
and asked me and I responded.
I knew this to my bones*

*I knew with every fiber of my being
That existence knew where I lived
And that I didn't have to worry about not being asked
Because in this moment, I knew that whatever was for me
In this life, would come to me. I did not have to even leave my room!
It was a feeling I will never forget*

I wait. If something doesn't happen, I know it is not up to me to try to make it happen. I know that in this moment, it is just not meant to happen. There is a trust in the unfolding of life as it is. The importance that I put on something in the past diminishes until it disappears. I am not in charge of any of this.

I am not meditating to become silent. I am not using visualization to try to get what I want. I am not thinking positive thoughts to change my life. I'm not working on myself in any way at all. For me, that is all still a form of "doing." It would still be looking at my life with eyes that see this as "good" and this as "bad." I just want to wait and see

what life sends to me, brings to me and offers to me. I just want to be in my life as it is.

I can't stop my mind with its thoughts, its comparisons, its complaining and nagging. What I can do is not act on those thoughts. Not allow my mind to interfere with what is happening in my life. What I have come to see is that my mind hasn't a clue to what is really happening for me or what I really need. Because of this, my mind is always trying to pretend that it does know. It is always telling me to "do this," "say this" and on and on.

By not allowing my mind to interfere in my life, a whole new way of living has evolved. I wait to see what is coming to me that I can respond to. The people in my life know that they can come to me at any time and ask me anything without worry that they are taking advantage of me or that I am just being nice. I have been told that this has given them an incredible freedom to approach me whenever they want and they will get my honest response to whatever they are asking. They also know that I am not going to interfere in their lives. They know that if they come to me, especially if they are a Generator, I truly want to help them uncover what is correct for them by asking them questions they can respond to – rather than me telling them what I think they should do.

Another aspect of not interfering with my life is not interfering with what passes through me. If I am upset or angry, whatever, I just let it be. I don't try to help it go away, or "fix it," or "work on it." I simply let it be. This is new for me since Human Design. In the past, I was forever judging everything, as "good" or "bad" and all the various degrees in between. If something was "bad" or had any degree of "bad" in it, I would try to change it inside of me or get rid of it. Now, there is no "good" or bad." Now, it all simply becomes life moving through me.

I love allowing everything inside of me. I love it when I get really angry about something. I love it when I am filled with delight and joy. I love it when I feel caring. I love it when I don't care. It is so beautiful to just let all the windows to be open inside of me. To just let things blow in and blow out. And in the middle of all these things blowing through me, to truly know that I have an anchor in all of this. My

anchor is my strategy. As a Generator, I do not “act” on anything that I am experiencing or thinking. I simply wait for something to respond to. I know that to act without response only creates madness.

It was this madness that I lived most of my life. It was truly a cacophony. Now it is so different. The music of my life is no longer noise – it has become a symphony that unfolds moment by moment. It is an orchestra of so many things: sweetness and laughter, sorrow and pain, coolness and warmth. It is everything.

I tried to interfere and manipulate and manage my life at every turn. That only created more turmoil and craziness and exhausted me in the process. In allowing it all to just be without interfering, I have relaxed into all that passes through me. The notes of each moment strung together have become beautiful music. It has become the music of life itself. My life.

Sounds in the Night

What was that sound

I am instantly alert

In my bed

Many hours before Dawn

There it is again . . . and now again

I get up to investigate

Nothing . . .

No sounds anywhere

Back in bed . . .

There it is again . . .

It returns . . .

And then I laugh

It's the sound of my eyelash moving on the pillowcase

When the mind is quiet

And the night is still

You can hear even a leaf falling from a tree

Across the earth . . .

Another trip to Taos

Looks like I'm going to Taos again. I received the newsletter with all the information of the courses Ra will be teaching in March. I responded to the course on Sexuality. I would really like to understand THAT through the eyes of Human Design! And I responded to something called "The Gray Course." It looks way out there – but my sacral responded, so we'll go. Michael wants to drive and meet me for the Gray Course. So I'll fly earlier and we'll drive home together.

I flew to Albuquerque and again took the shuttle to Taos. I was happy that I was staying in the hotel for the first few days because my flight was delayed and it was dark by the time I arrived in Taos – and cold. I checked into the hotel and went for a quick dinner and came back to my room – it is so much colder than the last time I was here. Tomorrow the Sexuality course begins.

In the course, Ra said something that intrigued me. He said to look at only the red in our charts to see what the unconscious definition was alone and then what the conscious definition was alone. I couldn't wait to do this, so during the break, I used a blank chart and colored in the red by hand. I was so shocked to discover that this unconscious part was a reflector. I remember staring at this chart feeling bewildered by what I was seeing. And yet at the same time, I could feel the truth in seeing my form in this way. I had always felt so open. I had always felt so penetrated by others – more so than just what my open centers seemed to explain. When I colored in the conscious part of me – my personality, I discovered that this part was a projector. The only channel defined was the 7-31. I was always very aware of myself as "the leader." It was something I had access to this whole life beginning with grade school when I was elected class president.

I can't say that I understood in that moment what this all meant – but just looking at myself in this way had a deep impact on me. Later Ra talked about these two aspects as "the passenger" and "the vehicle." The passenger was the conscious part of who we are – in a sense "who we think we are." The vehicle is the unconscious part. The vehicle is what takes us on our life journey – regardless of what the passenger in the back seat thinks, desires, and tries to control. It was revealing to look at it all like this. Something seemed to click inside.

Sometimes, I really hate to hear the truth. To find out that my sexuality was all about caring was appalling. I didn't want that! But there it was – the logic of it all staring me in the face. I could see how I tried so hard in this life to be “hot.” And I'm not – I am cool and there is no escape from that. I would not have believed that I was cool, if I hadn't experienced it for myself. Oh, I had such a difficult time accepting that I was cool and not passionate. It took years to finally relax in the truth of this and to actually enjoy that this was who I really was. During this course, my only relief seemed to be break time. I don't know why it affected me so much. I guess I had some deep illusions about myself that were shattering.

I put my glasses in my pocket. I wanted to feel the snow falling on my face. I love that feeling. Music in my ears and snow on my face helps. Why is this class bothering me so much? It is only during break that I can breath. I don't want to hear everyone talking. There is no room in me. Isn't anyone else being destroyed – am I the only basket case? My mind is so hot and angry. So how the hell can “cool” ever be sexy? Caring? How boring. It feels so good for my face to feel so cold. Ah! Cooling off for a cool person. Shit. Why is this affecting me so much? And why am I so angry? I can almost smell another shattering coming. I never hold on so tight unless it is to an illusion.

After the Gray Course

My god . . .

*This time I am really ready to burn all my Human Design stuff
I am so full – like I have eaten way too much of a good meal
Almost nauseous*

*I can't stand to hear anything about anything
and I don't want to talk*

*I just want to be left alone
and don't mention anything to me about Human Design
except living it! That is all I want to do. Live this knowledge!*

CHAPTER SEVEN

I Love this Experiment

I was getting close to having been in my experiment for one year. I no longer felt like I was trying to swim upstream. I realized during these past months, that I was actually swimming upstream my whole life before Human Design. I was just used to it. It had become normal. This, I understood, was the reason why I was so exhausted when I stopped initiating. Initiating for a Generator is like trying to swim upstream. It takes a lot of energy to do that – it takes a lot of energy to deal with all the resistance. Generators have enormous amounts of energy but the wear and tear on both body and psyche takes its toll eventually if the energy is not used correctly.

I also realized that my mind had been in control of my life before Human Design. My mind was a master of disguise and could trick me all the time before my Sacral Center came on the scene. My mind had a wardrobe full of costumes that rivaled any major Broadway production. It could pull out a costume and change clothes in a blink of an eye – forever fooling me into believing this new presentation. I never knew how clever my mind was until these past months when it so clearly revealed itself by getting so angry at my sacral response.

I spent almost twenty years learning to witness as part of my meditation. This was an incredible tool, but without knowing what in me made decisions, it was so easy to give my power away to someone outside of me or even to my mind itself. I noticed a few times how my mind would use words to try to get me to go against my sacral response in regards to a decision. And how those very words sounded similar to what I had followed all these years thinking

it was my heart! That was truly shocking. Over these ten months, I honored my sacral response for even the smallest decision. “Do you want a cup of coffee?” To the Sacral Center, there is no difference between a big or small decision. It simply responds. It is a response mechanism. As a mechanism, it was a little rusty in the beginning because it hadn’t been used for a long time. The Sacral Center opens or closes to what is coming towards it. It’s the hinges to this opening and closing that had rusted. That’s why each response – no matter how small – helps. It gets the mechanism working again. Once it is working, the hinges stays well oiled by themselves, and the sacral just keeps responding. In response, what the Sacral is saying is that it is either open or closed to something. The Sacral Center is always available to be asked, but not always available for its energy to be used. This I learned deeply from my experiment.

After awhile, responding became the pattern for me living my life. I no longer had to think about it, try to keep my mouth shut, or resist the temptation of trying to make something happen. Responding was firmly rooted within. What was difficult at this point was facing the illusions I had believed to be real. These were the moments of shattering and were painful. Because illusion or not, it was still a part of who I thought I was that was dying. Shattering stopped for me by the beginning of the eighth year.

During these months, I have seen clearly that my mind is powerless in front of my sacral response. I’ve watched it try every trick in the book (it still does!) to get its power back. But it has not been able to succeed. Even when my life was falling apart all around me, I didn’t want to go against my sacral response no matter how much my mind wanted me to. This kind of vigilance will be needed until the day I die. The mind never goes away. Oh it takes naps and maybe hibernates for a long time – but it never leaves.

It is very important that I state here clearly that I never got what I wanted from living this experiment. All the shatterings prevented that. Which kind of makes me laugh because why would anyone enter this experiment if they end up not getting what they want? I can explain why I said that. In the early stages, I was always aware of what I wanted to have happen and gauging everything by the fact that I was not getting those things. It has become clear to me now that it was this that caused all the suffering. The suffering lasted for

years. The suffering lasted as long as I still wanted things to happen the way I wanted them to happen.

But even during the years where I was still being shattered, I kept seeing over and over again the perfection of how my life WAS unfolding. Even when I was not getting what I desired, or hoped for, or thought should happen, I could often see the beauty of what was happening and how it was happening. This filled me with awe. I used to feel awe at spectacular events. This kind of awe was so different. It was about the simple ordinary everyday events that unfold so perfectly, if I do not interfere. I could not always see this in the moment of unfolding in those first years. But in reflection, I always saw that my life was happening perfectly.

At some point, I think it was around my fifth year, this changed into wanting what I have. And it no longer was just in reflection, but it was in the moment of living it. This wasn't settling or simply accepting the way things were – this was the thrill of realizing that what I had in my life was exactly what I wanted. What life had brought to me – through each sacral response was perfect for me. And this was a huge shift. It was also when I discovered that pure magic existed in my ordinary life.

But let's get back to where I am in the story. I'm ten months into my experiment and I'm still writing furiously!

April 1 – in Bed

These past few weeks

my diving deeply into Human Design

seems to have fallen away

and I don't think it has

anything to do with April Fools.

I don't know if this is temporary or not. It is just what is happening.

I'll just have to wait and see what unfolds. There is no way to know

from here about the future. Ever. I can only live this moment and

then see what is brought to me.

I am so extreme. I'm either full on or full off. I remember a friend asking me, "Don't you have a middle?" as a joke and my sacral answered "unun" and we both cracked up laughing.

That is another thing I have learned about my sacral – it responds to everything. It does not distinguish between something serious being said and a joke being told. It just responds. It even responds to other people's conversations in restaurants that I have overheard!

*Sometimes I feel like a monster has been unleashed.
A powerful monster.*

*Some kind of shifting is happening
I can feel it. People still come wanting me to see their charts or talk about Human Design, yet something else is going on inside of me.*

*My exploration into Human Design has always been very personal and selfish. It has never been about me becoming an analyst.
It was always about me becoming myself.
Diving into the clear cold waters of logic has so much beauty in it.
It has left me in awe of the whole universe in such a logical way*

*I used to be in awe of the mystery of the universe
And now with all this understanding inside – based in formulas and physics and mathematics, it has added to that awe even more!*

*It feels like I had to go deeply into the whole Human Design System until I understood for myself how Ra got to my first reading –
How he got to the information he gave me. I didn't know I needed to do this or that was even what I was doing. I just kept honoring each response and I ended up sitting in all these classes.*

*I was totally absorbed in being taken by my sacral response.
I just let it take me to classes and to buying books and tapes.
Listening and absorbing deeply all this incredible knowledge
I had almost my whole reading . . . almost.*

But there was still a missing piece. In my reading, Ra talked about the genetic role of line 5 in gate 59 and its seduction – how all of it was a theme out of my Sacral Center. Until the Sexuality Course in

Taos, this was a mystery I didn't even know I was trying to solve. Then a few minutes about different lines and I saw, superficially, what he meant and how he got there. Seduction is a theme of any fifth line in a chart.

The same understanding came when he mentioned in class that some lines were individual, some tribal and some collective. He had said to me in my reading that even my tribal gates were very individual. Another piece of the puzzle fell into place.

I never knew I was doing all this. It was all happening unconsciously in me, yet happening just the same. I never knew how important it was for me – to see in the formulas of this knowledge – how Ra got to what he said to me in my reading. It was VERY important. Only in looking back do I understand that.

I COULD NOT take another person outside of me telling me who I was. He could not be a "soothsayer" – even though the information itself was already proving to be true day by day through my own experience. I dived totally into this experiment without having any idea how deep the water really was!

*I had to.
I couldn't take Ra's word for it.
I couldn't.
I had to see for myself.
I had to find out for myself.*

The words about strategy and authority were proving true . . . Yet, I had to continue delving into my own private study of Human Design until I got to the formulas he used. And all of this, I was not even aware of. I had to get to the formulas that my reading was based on. Only then could I really know for myself that it is the system – and not the man. It was very important that it was not the man. I did not want to do that again in this life. It was almost fatal to my spirit the last time I did that with Osho.

I had to see for myself that it was a system based in logic! And that it was this that could help a person see and be who they are. It was based in this and not in a person. I had to see that it was not something that Ra personally saw in me, and then telling me what

he saw. The foundation had to be rooted in the formulas of the system. The system itself teaches inner authority so there CANNOT be an outer authority that is telling people what they should do. It had to be the system that indicates how a person could get to his or her own inner authority. Otherwise the very system would be a lie.

Knowing that it is the system itself allows me to sink even deeper into my experiment. I can just live this life in waiting and responding. It is like discovering the truth of the formula has given me a huge breath moving me more and more into myself. Maybe unconsciously there was some part of me holding on – because it could not let go until this discovery? Maybe it would have been a dangerous risk for my survival? I don't know. I just know that now I can totally let go.

The other aspect of my unconscious investigation that was equally important was that I did not accept anything that Ra said to me, personally about myself, as truth. I accepted the premise of the experiment that was all. After that I relied only on my sacral response. If my sacral response went "unun" while Ra was telling me something, I listened to my sacral response. If there was a misunderstanding on my part, I trusted that it would return to me again at another time in another way. But for each moment – there was not a drop of me giving away my inner authority to any one and especially not to him. This was VERY important.

The real test of this system, for me, was when my sacral did respond "unun" to something Ra was saying – and I trusted that sound more than I did to what Ra was telling me. This was not something I would have ever done in the past. In the past I have always doubted myself in the face of the person who was my guide or teacher.

To not have this with Ra, to have this system take me beyond that – My god . . . I felt like a bird soaring in the sky to freedom.

I knew that my response had been on trial and I didn't even know it. And now the jury was out and the verdict was setting me free. It was then that I knew that I could stand strong within my truth of response no matter what the circumstances.

Other instances – deep ones – touching places in me that have not seen the light of day . . . ever – now brought to the surface. I cannot believe that this simple strategy has brought me to this place. If it weren't so profound, its simplicity would be ridiculous.

*Revealed after years of misunderstanding and lifetimes in the prison of my own mind – I am finally released and allowed to go free and become who I am
in my power
in my truth
in my waiting
It is this that has marked the beginning of my life.*

April 10 – in the skies

*Somewhere between Phoenix and New York
Watching every single thing that has come to me – and then honoring whatever my response was –
I know that my direction in life is always correct.
After these ten months of waiting – I know now – without a doubt that there is nothing I need to know that doesn't eventually come to me in the correct moment in Time.*

To really get that I am not in charge, that I have no choice, and that the only thing I can do is wait, is like taking a wand and spreading magic over my life. Living "me" is truly magical. I never know anything – except in a moment of response and what a surprise and delight discovering who I am – when the fear is gone.

All pre-conceived ideas about anything fly out the window in the moment of that truth. I am often shocked to hear what response comes out of my mouth – I never know what it will be. NEVER!

There are not so many people in my life these days, such a contrast to my life before. It was so packed with people before this experiment. Now, my life has a lot more space in it and not initiating keeps it pretty empty. Not the kind of empty where you feel that something is missing. No this empty feels so right. I'm not so busy trying to act on all my ideas anymore. God! That alone leaves SO MUCH ROOM!

With the 31 and 12 as my only true voices, well it doesn't really leave a lot of choices! It's funny to keep seeing how I am not in the mood for so many things that used to occupy so much of my life energy.

There's not a whole lot that pulls me – or that I'm drawn to. Waiting has claimed my life. And the wild part is; I have no idea anymore if I am waiting for anything or I'm just waiting. I feel so right inside myself when I live in this space called waiting. Like all the bits and pieces are shifting and moving into their right places – just like a puzzle. There is a great quote by Lewis Carroll from Alice in Wonderland, "Who in the world am I? Ah, that is the great puzzle." That's the puzzle that is being solved these days!

When I think of my life before this – I had covered myself with who I thought I was. And yes, I enjoyed. I had a good time – all of that was true, but underneath I never stopped searching and longing for something more. I could FEEL something missing in my life. All those years, I was searching for this. Now, there is nothing missing. And I am no longer searching.

I spent almost 50 years trying to do what was right according to outside ideas. Nothing can compare to moving in life from a place within that is stripped of all ideas and ideals, whether esoteric or mundane. It is allowing the pure life force energy to live through me.

When I respond, it is very raw and alive, unburdened of all the concepts and emotions that were there in the past. My responses come from my body and at the same time are both ancient and new – yet I can feel that they also come from somewhere else not in my body but not from my mind either.

When I let this pour out of me . . . unedited . . . unchanged . . . I get a smile on my face . . . and the feeling "oh boy . . . you are really mad as a hatter now!" Yet, I know it is all so right . . . how I am . . . no matter how it appears.

I love this experiment! Everyday situations just help me to fall more and more in love with waiting, for there is nothing that I want anymore other than to wait and see what comes.

I truly see now that I don't want what I want! I see now that getting what I want will never satisfy me. I'll just want something more – an endless cycle until death. Wanting seems to come and go through the doors of my mind. This wanting has nothing to do with my sacral response and has nothing to do with the life I was born to live. It is my mind never letting me off the wanting merry-go-round.

I really want only what comes to me . . . and then what my sacral has responded yes to. Only that! I really want to see what my life is like in seven years. Almost one year is completed. It felt like it went by in a flash! These months have been so full of shatterings and rebirths – cleaning my eyes so I can truly see.

There is something growing so big inside of me. It is as if I am pregnant. I am pregnant with the birth of myself – but this big feeling is not just that. There is this taste of exuberance for my life – like I have never had before. I have had many tastes when I was with others – especially the ashram days in Poona. But never just within myself.

A sannyasin from the past asked me to do a reading the other day. It was quite an experience for it was highly unlikely that who I used to be would have ever connected with this person. Yet someone in California had told her to get a reading from me. It was an amazing session . . . a ripple always goes through me when I sense someone actually receiving this information in their cells

I could feel this happening for her. I could feel the shift in her already beginning. I don't know why . . . but so far my sacral has consistently responded "no" to charging for these readings that I do. I'm still such a beginner in this knowledge. There is so much I do not know. Afterwards, she wanted to give me something and I responded "ahunh" to a psychic palm reading, surprising both of us. We had both thought since I was so into my experiment that I wouldn't want such a thing. Well, my sacral told us something else. I love moments that surprise me.

She started telling me what she saw in my palm. It was fascinating because it related so totally with my Human Design experiment! She said that right now there is a gap in my life and then she gasped and very strongly said that if anyone else looked at my palm – that I

should not let them tell me that I was going to die or get seriously ill. There was an actual end to one lifeline and a fraction of an inch over another line begins.

This gap she went on is a very strong period of my life where I am between two. Which is what I have been feeling since my reading. I am between the old me, and the me that was being uncovered from my sacral response. She continued saying that it is a major shift and will take some time. (Seven years???) And then the transition will be made and I will be living a completely different life.

I felt that I already knew this process was happening inside of me all these months . . . living in waiting . . . I could feel the shifting happening. I knew I was dying and that I was also I being born –both were happening together at the same time. But to see it actually written in my palm blew my mind. I hadn't really talked to many people about what had been going on all these months. I was waiting to be asked – and not many people asked anything! That's why I have to write.

She went on to say that the new line goes all the way down to my wrist and that I will live for a very long time and that I will be an extremely old lady and there will be a lot of joy in me. Ah! That is the word – Joy. That is what is growing bigger and bigger inside of me. I called it exuberance but it is really joy. It is this that is being released from the Life Force energy of my sacral center. Even when I am alone – doing nothing – it is present.

My 50th birthday is next year. And ever since my reading with Ra, I have felt that at 50 my life will just begin. Almost like it is the turning point of my whole life.

Another thing that she said was that it was very important that I never differentiate between light and darkness. To which I burst out laughing. This is what Human Design has taught me – that everything is a binary and all my illusions about light and dark disappeared in this understanding. Deeper than that, I have learned that my sacral response has no vocabulary and words like light and dark do not even exist. It just meets what is in front of me and responds to that. It is single-pointed.

In order for life to exist both sides are always needed. If one disappears so does the other. The polarity is what keeps them both alive. I used to cling and strive for the light – totally one-sided. Now, I must say that I have fallen in love with the dark, for the depth is in the dark. Can anything really stay divided in two? Even yin and yang, something in me feels it becomes "one" somewhere out of space and out of time. Is there a place – beyond Duality? Is it within my very form?

Someday in May

I feel like I am a beginner scientist in a lab doing my experiment Recording all my observations as I continue moving forward Such a freedom has come these past months; once I understood why I had become the person I was before sacral knowledge. The "old" me was someone most people liked (except for the mess after the ranch when people actually hated me) I was so accommodating – just fitting in easily with everyone else's plans. I was always acting friendly, caring, understanding and considerate of the other – and putting others before myself.

I thought I was this way because I was a loving person. I hadn't realized that it was my mind motivating my behavior. My mind thought a loving person should act a certain way – and mostly had based those ideas on what I had absorbed from others my whole life. It was also shocking to discover that a lot of this "loving" behavior was simply my way of protecting myself. By being so easy-going, I wouldn't have to experience the emotional energy from someone being upset with me. To look at this honestly was an eye-opener. It wasn't that there was no real love and caring inside of me, but not as a set pattern of behavior. Over these eleven months, I've seen how unreal I was; yet all the time I was actually thinking I was genuine.

It took awhile to reach this place but now it is okay with me if someone doesn't like me or doesn't like my response. It's okay with me if they even get emotionally angry with me. I don't like the emotions I may take into me in that moment – but it is okay if that is the outcome of me not doing something the other wants me to do. This often happens with Michael. Oh, can I feel his wave. But it doesn't make me change or even want to change my correctness with myself in the moment to avoid this.

When someone gives me an emotional blast I no longer change who I am or my decision. I can just walk away. I've also seen deeply that emotional people are not to blame for getting upset at me because of my response. It is their inner mechanism at work, just like my response is.

It is so deeply freeing that I can hardly believe it myself. I have spent my whole life trying to be someone that doesn't upset anyone simply because I did not understand. This whole process takes seven years yet I am so excited to where I am now after not even one year. I cannot imagine what it will be like inside of me after seven years!

I have seen in this past year that it is not easy to wait. I have seen that I was not born to be a Manifestor. The life force energy within is responding energy, not initiating energy. This is amazing to actually experience inside of me. It is no longer what I learned in class. It is what I have discovered as my true nature.

I used to get really upset especially with people who are in Human Design for not asking me questions so that I could respond and know myself. I didn't understand why that wasn't happening because we had both learned the same information. It seemed that the framework had been laid out so simply and I couldn't understand why everyone wasn't doing it. I guess I have grown up a little over these months. Just a little. My mind still judges – and I watch it doing that. But I am beginning to understand . . . slowly . . . ever so slowly – that it just isn't that simple.

How each person has been conditioned is such a big factor. I remember Ra talking about Hitler and how thousands were born with the same design yet only one became Hitler. I have been so foolish and naïve. Yes, Human Design is simple, but it is also very deep with many layers. This understanding has helped me to not expect people to ask me anything. Yet, I trust that someone will always be there to ask me what I really need to know about myself, because, the forces will send a person into my life to ask me. It truly is that simple.

It is so clear that the forces use all of us. I am used by the life force. Every time I respond, I know it is coming from that place. Who life sends to me – what they ask – how I respond, none of this can I

know. It is unbelievable that I used to think that my life was up to me. That there was something I could do to change how it was unfolding. If I could add up all the energy I used to try to change my life over these 48 years, I think I could light up New York City with it. How much energy I wasted because I did not understand. I see it now. It becomes clear that there is a reservoir inside that just keeps accumulating more. This reservoir began when I stopped going after things and stopped trying to change my life.

I still find myself in situations where the words are all in my mouth – to offer my help, to tell someone what I think, to initiate an action, to tell someone how I feel about what is happening. And to have them stay just in my mouth is quite an experience. It is like trying to put an invisible hand over it so that they don't all pour out. It is an amazing experiment to observe all this. But oh, it is not always easy. In the early days, it was almost impossible.

I remember Ra telling me in my second reading that if I was upset with someone, I could not just go and tell them. I had to wait for them to come to me and ask me if I was upset with them. This happened soon after my reading. I was so upset with a friend. But I tried the experiment. I waited and didn't say anything. One day I ran into her in the store and I could feel I was still upset with her. She started talking to me and then actually asked me if I was upset with her. Damn if my sacral didn't respond "unun." That floored me. My mind was upset with her, but I wasn't! It made me think of all the times I got into such long intense discussions with a person (and often a lover) about why I was upset with them. Was I? Or was it just my mind telling me I should be and feeding that? How much energy have I wasted in these kinds of "talks?"

June 2 – Coffee Roasters

My meditation as a sannyasin was easy compared to this. It was to celebrate life – to love, to sing, to dance and to follow my heart. I have never been so disciplined as I am now. To wait to be asked is such a discipline in itself. And then to honor my sacral response – that one can be really hard. This experiment is the most disciplined thing I have ever done. I have never focused so deeply before on anything. Nothing mattered this much. But now, after one year – I can say with every drop of my being – it is TRULY worth it. What an experiment!

June 6 – A Cafe in Sedona

I am being so tested by the planets these days. I am so hooked up emotionally that I feel like I will just burst. The energy coursing through me – demanding me to go out and do something – especially something different with the 35-36 in. Do something outrageous – something wild, do anything, but stop this waiting! What a feeling this creates in my body! Like it is going to break into tiny pieces if I don't act on these impulses. My mind is bringing out the big guns again – it does this once in a while and now the transits seem to give it extra ammunition. To continually listen to my mind telling me my life is worthless, I am of no value, I'm lazy . . . and the big one: is this all my life has become after almost 50 years!

Stop this stupid waiting it shouts! Go to India! Go to Europe! Go to Australia! Just go somewhere. Get a job. Do something! Be adventurous and risk everything! Oh how I used to jump when my mind said to go ahead and risk, almost like it was daring me and how often I jumped at that bait! Whew! So intense.

What to say . . . here I sit . . . letting it all pass through and perhaps for the very first time in my life, I am not acting on this pumped up emotional energy. I know deep inside that what I want more than anything in this life will not happen if I give in to these impulses. It will not happen by me making emotional decisions or by giving my mind the authority to tell me what to do. If it could – it would have happened a long time ago because I was acting on these kinds of impulses my whole life.

It is so uncomfortable – like shedding a skin – the one underneath is so raw and fragile. But the waiting burns inside of me and I know I can't move towards anything. I live endlessly in not knowing and sometimes it's heaven and sometimes it's hell. But it's real and it's true. There is nothing to do but wait.

July 23 – Afternoon

My daughter and youngest granddaughter are visiting from Asheville. My oldest granddaughter is visiting her other grandparents in Austria. We found Madhu a sweet little space in uptown so she can have a break from being “mom” all the time. Since Michael and I sleep apart – we don't have a guest room anymore. But Carolina is

going to sleep in the living room – we have a blowup bed. This way, we'll all be out of each other's auras. And Madhu can have some time alone to just be Madhu.

Carolina is a Generator. She has the 25-51 and the 34-57. What a little powerhouse! Ra did her reading when she was one-year old and she's been treated as a Generator since then. All of us have asked her since that time in yes/no questions – she might not have always understood what we were saying, but the energy of being asked went in deeply as a frequency. She has been making sounds from the beginning. All these past months it has mostly been "unun" as she really knows what she doesn't want! She also has Gate 21 in a defined ego.

On this visit, she started to respond in yes sounds to things. I asked her one time when she was sitting at the kitchen table if she wanted some juice to drink. She responded in the sweetest sacral sound I have ever heard. It was so precious it almost broke my heart. Tears filled my eyes from this response. She spent a week with us and it was pure joy to be around her because all she did was respond. Her sacral response always tickled my sacral and I would end up laughing in pure delight! She is very strong in her response. She knows what she wants and what she doesn't want . . . when asked! She really knows inside. This was so clear during this visit.

It is so wonderful to watch my whole family live with this understanding from Human Design. I love watching my daughter treat her children according to their type – to see her respect them and to know that whatever life brings them – this is the foundation they will meet it from. I am so deeply relieved as a mother and a grandmother to watch all this unfold. It was the most precious thing I could have given to each of them. And to watch each one's true nature shine through – welcomed and supported – is far beyond anything I had ever hoped for.

Now that my father is living in Sedona it is so easy to see how deeply he conditioned me. Spending so much time with him – not long visits but many short visits – is perfect for me. I get to see all that comes into me when I am with him and not have to stay around

it too long. It is an incredible discovery. Whew! And how angry he gets because I am no longer being the way I used to be with him. I don't try to accommodate and appease him, which is what I've done most of my adult life. I always put him before me even when he was healthy. Whatever Dad wanted, I went along with. Other than those few years as a teenager, I never said no. I always went along with what he wanted. I did anything – so that his wave would not come into me.

Now, when his emotions are rocking the earth, I don't take it personally. I know that now. It is just his mechanics. So instead of trying to "make him feel better" I simply give him a reason why I have to leave right away. The next time we meet he is in another place in his wave. This understanding unchains me from so many past hooks. And so many childhood memories get washed away.

Just yesterday on the telephone, he was telling me things he wanted me to do for him and my sacral made "no" sounds in response. All of a sudden he got so angry at my sounds. Telling me what the hell is wrong with me making all these stupid sounds and to "just stop this stupid nonsense!" I was shocked. To that demand that I stop this nonsense, my sacral went "unun" and then I also told him that those sounds were an important part of me and that they were not going to stop. If he didn't like them – we were going to have a problem. Whew! The rod of strength within me was an incredible experience. He immediately said "no, no – it's okay dear."

Lightning understanding happened in that instant. I saw what happens to sacral children – generators. It made me think of myself as a child. I had the same connection to my sounds just like Carolina has. Then it was covered over. Then it was no longer okay to make sounds. I was taught to use words and I lost the connection to this powerful response mechanism that could have guided me my whole life. I am not complaining about how my life unfolded for I am so grateful to have this now. I feel really lucky to even have a taste of this in my life. It was just a flash of knowing that came in that moment for me.

I already had felt this when I was watching Carolina, knowing that asking a child so young was rare. And that it was even more rare to allow the sounds she made not just be her response, but be respected for being her truth. It wasn't just cute – it was profound. No

*one was trying to get her to say, "no, thank you" and "yes, please."
To allow her to feel and to stay connected to the power of her own
response.*

*To see all this within me – made me so aware of how important that
sacral sound is. And why it is so difficult for some generators to re-
connect to it once they learn about it. The sound of the sacral for a
generator is the source of life itself for them. Without it they are not
fully alive – they can't be. Because without honoring the sacral
response, they are denying the life force energy that lives within
them. Even emotional beings – even though for them the Sacral
Center is not their inner authority – it STILL is their life force energy.
They still need to hear their sounds while they are feeling out their
wave. Whatever gates are around the Sacral Center have a very
deep contribution to make to their final decision and that
contribution cannot be vocalized in any other way but sounds.*

*Witnessing my father with me and how my life was because he did
not have this kind of information back then – I see that this is the
end of a line. Now with Madhu having it for herself and having it
also for her children – we can all move into the future correctly – the
sacral sound is being honored now and lifetimes fall away.*

July 25 – Before dawn

*The gears have shifted again – I noticed it last night.
To know I have no control over anything doesn't scare me anymore,
it actually helps me to relax deeper into this experiment*

*To surrender to this process
To understand this process
To honor this process
Is still so new for me – I've just passed one year.*

*There is still so much energy inside . . . and the planets are still
defining my emotions, so all that is there – on top of just my own
sacral energy – it's always vibrating – vroom – vroom – always on
and always ready to go. All it waits for is the go ahead sound!
And sometimes, I feel so stuck and I have to wait for the gears to
shift, because there is nothing in me that can shift them myself. In
the past, I would place all responsibility for me being stuck on my*

own shoulders. As if I was to blame and then wondering why I couldn't do something to change what was happening. This understanding that I am not able to shift my own gears makes me laugh in pure delight. It also makes me wonder who is driving this car and shifting the gears?

Michael asked me if I was in overdrive yet. "Unun – perhaps third gear" – I replied and laughed. He said he couldn't imagine what I would be like in overdrive. Sometimes, I can feel how my energy is just too much for him. My spleen is so quick. I am like lightning – I know this and it only becomes more so the longer I live this experiment. We have to find our way with each other. He asks me if I want to go for lunch. I respond and ask him. He responds. I stand up and walk out the door. He needs to do all the things he needs to do to feel comfortable before he can walk out the door. I'm in the car – just waiting. Not in a hurry – not impatient – just waiting. But it drives him crazy. He feels under so much pressure and that makes him angry.

So I am learning. When we both respond to going for lunch, I then ask him if he knows how much time he needs till he is ready to walk out the door. He then tells me and I just keep doing what I am doing until that time comes. I am finding ways to respect both of us. It just takes a little creativity and time. There is nothing more precious than understanding!

July 27 . . . Coffee Roasters

Thirteen months since receiving this sacral knowledge. They literally have flown by. I used to have the experience of myself in those first months of how different I was from who I used to be. Now, as I live my life more and more in waiting and responding, the sacral person is uncovered and I cannot remember what it was like to be the person before I started this experiment. That person feels so far away. It is so natural to live in this. With no concept of who I am, with no ideas of what I should say or what I should do or how I should act. All of that – gone . . . Such freedom!

Middle of the Night

Can't sleep much these days . . .

But I did for a bit tonight. I noticed I am also responding with sacral sounds in my dreams! I was so excited when I realized that after I woke up a little while ago. There is also an awareness in my dreams of waiting . . . Waiting to be asked. It is interesting that this understanding has now carried into my dream world too!

July 29 – late night

I did not really understand before, how difficult it was for people in my life to ask. Some friends said that in the beginning, there was a feeling of rejection if I would respond "unun." But now after all these months have gone by, they have been able to see that the "unun" is not personal and that it is more about me than about them. Oh this was so good to hear. My friends also saw that a "unun" can be an "ahunh" the next time – even for the exact same thing! So they don't have any trouble asking me anymore! It was the same thing my grandkids had shown me about myself!

Reflections on these past months

I have been experimenting with the mechanics of me for over a year now. I have been learning with each baby step I have taken – what waiting and responding really means to me. What is for me will come to me. This is etched in my very cells. And with this, all impatience seems to have evaporated into thin air. I can wait and wait and wait. It doesn't matter anymore. I'm no longer worried that nothing will come. I know it will – but I don't know what and I don't know when! And this I love! It is what makes life juicy.

I like Time with a capital "T." Time with a small "t" is the timing of my mind. It is always in a hurry – wants everything right away – and is never satisfied. The capital "T" Time is the Timing of existence. It is the movement of life to the perfect place – so that what is supposed to happen just happens. It is the unfolding story – and we are all connected, involved and part of this story.

*I can feel what this waiting is creating in me.
There is a real fire cooking inside and it grows and grows.
The sacral feels like it has an umbilical cord to the universe and
when it responds it is connected to the Life Force energy of the
universe. If I don't wait for my sacral response and go into action
without it, I get disconnected from that energy source. It's not a
permanent disconnect – but I need to always come back to waiting
and responding to re-connect again to it.*

*I am thrilled with this first year – it has been so simple . . . in
concept but not so easy in reality. Actually, waiting was hell at first. I
really felt like I was dying – my doing had been my whole life.
To stop doing
To stop initiating was killing me
Only now I know that it was not killing me – it was killing the
imposter trying to pretend to be me.
Because here I am! And I have just begun!*

No More Because

The Bird of Sad

*Sings the most beautiful bittersweet song
These ears have ever heard
As tears fall from these eyes
It is so beautiful . . . it hurts*

The Bird of Happy

*Soars so high in the blue sky
Past the clouds and into the Heavens
Taking me with it under its wing
As the rush takes my breath away*

*Free they both live
Free of the chains of 'Because'*

*And the singing vibrates into eternity
As the soaring leaves an invisible path to the stars*

Songs without Music

*Words flat on a page
One dimension
No sounds to express
All that words cannot say
No roundness
No edges
No sweetness
No sword
Only words that
Come from a place
As old as the beginning
From an endless source
They pour and pour
From before time
And before that*

CHAPTER EIGHT

Standing on my own Sweet Holy Ground

I can hardly believe it is just a little over one year since I had my Human Design reading with Ra. The strategy is so simple. It seems so easy. But to actually follow it? It was hell to follow it. I thought I would die from not doing and not initiating. Now? The sweetness is like nothing I have ever tasted. And discovering that I actually have an inner authority that I can rely on has saved my life. I am so looking forward to having my Chiron reading with Ra. I responded to going to Taos for the marathon 384 lines and having my reading then. I didn't know about Chiron before. It is an important piece for me. I am so curious what will be revealed.

As I watch myself emerging from the cobwebs of conditioning, I find so many things out about myself that shock me. I think the biggest one is that I no longer care what people think of me. This is huge for me! Another one is that after living for 49 years, I discover that I am not in the mood for very much. I used to just jump into anything and everything. Now? It has to call something in me – or I would rather be alone. It is all so amazing to me – I can hardly believe the me that is being born in front of my very eyes.

By surrendering to my sacral response and allowing it to guide every decision in my life, I have found something truly remarkable. It knows! It truly knows what I need in any given moment. It knows what I should do in any given moment. It knows who I should be with in any given moment. It is so perfectly attuned to what is inherently correct for me that it is mind-boggling. I like that – my sacral response truly has boggled my mind! Nothing is as fine-tuned as this sacral response. And it tunes the instrument of me. The more

I respond – the more attuned I become. And I am not doing anything. Nothing. My sacral response is my protection so I need not protect myself any other way. This has created this dynamic duo – the strength within me that is holding hands with my vulnerability. I never would have believed such a thing could exist within myself.

Eyes in the Mirror

*I look in the mirror
My eyes look back
Filled with something
I cannot name
As if all of Forever
Is rushing towards Now
The hated glasses
Become a gift
I am not always
In the mood
For my eyes to be seen
They speak too loudly
Of something that is secret
Even to me*

I didn't know at this time, that my life was going to drastically change again because of my sacral response. I was very excited about going to Taos for the 384 Lines Course. Ra would be returning in the fall and he would be moving to Taos with his family. And although I was a little concerned about sitting for days going line by line around the wheel, I was secretly looking forward to it. I had created a binder as a workbook for myself. I knew I needed to get organized if I was going to be able to take all this in. I made a page for each of the lines in order of the hexagram movement around the wheel, so I could take notes.

Now that I was so deeply in my process, I found that I actually liked taking notes during class. Not trying to get every word, but simply making a note when something really touched me inside. I still was not trying to learn it and was continuously responding "unun" to becoming an analyst. It was just not correct for me.

My friend who was organizing everything for Ra's courses and readings, called me on the telephone. Our relationship had gotten a bit strained ever since I started responding. She wanted to make an appointment for me with Ra for my Chiron reading. She was chatting and saying how sad it was that I didn't want to become an analyst because I would be really good giving readings to people. Then she asked me "Don't you want to give people readings?" My sacral responded, "Ahunh" and these words followed, "I am doing that if I am asked and I respond. But I am also very clear to let people know that I am not a licensed analyst." I had added this because first it was true and second I knew she was not going to like hearing this.

"What do you mean?" she asked with an angry voice. So I simply explained that I don't offer to give anyone a reading, yet some people ask me and then I just let my sacral respond and honor that response. She then told me that I can't do that and that it was not allowed. I then said, but I am simply following the strategy that I was taught through the Human Design System. I am not going after anything but if someone comes to me and asks me for a reading, and I respond, I am definitely going to honor that response.

She then said that she would have to talk to Ra about this because he was the final authority. My sacral roared, "UNUN – NO ONE has authority over me!" I could not believe the ferocity of my response. I could not believe this situation I had gotten myself into. Oh my god. All hell broke loose on the telephone. I was so shaken by this phone call I couldn't even talk when I got off the phone. I was at the desk in our home office and it has an archway to our living room. Michael was sitting in the living room watching TV and listening to this. As I put down the phone and started walking to my bedroom, he asked, "What happened?" and I couldn't talk. All I could do was shake my head and hand as a gesture to say that I couldn't say a word right then. He then asked, "Are you still going to Taos?" To which my sacral responded, "Ahunh."

I went straight into my room and got into bed. I was exhausted on so many levels. I was leaving for Taos the next day. This time I was going to drive and my car was already packed and I was ready to go. There was a phone next to my bed and it rang in the morning and woke me up. It was my sister and she casually asked, "Are you leaving for Taos today?" My sacral responded "unun" shocking both

of us. She knew what that sound meant. She said, “Are you kidding?” and again my sacral responded, “Unun – I’m not going.” I love my sister. She really gets Human Design and deeply understands what I need. She said that she was going to call me a little later and ask me again. All my friends knew I was going to another Human Design course so as I ran into people during the day, all of them made reference to my trip to Taos – almost identical to what my sister first asked, “So, you’re leaving for your Human Design course today?” My sacral kept responding all day “unun” as well as to when my sister called back and asked me again if I was going.

What made this time even worse was that Michael and I had planned for him to go to New Jersey for business while I was in Taos. So he left for two weeks. Not only was I not going to Taos but also I was alone in the house. This was not easy.

I was stunned. I hadn’t expected this. I was so disappointed because I really had wanted to do this course. All those times I was wishing my sacral would respond no to doing courses, it always responded yes. And now that I wanted to go, it was responding no. But I knew that the inner intelligence of my sacral connected to my spleen was saying at the deepest level that it was not healthy for me to go.

I had made some beautiful connections with other Human Design people and I was so sad that I wouldn’t be seeing them. I unpacked my car and put everything away. I then sent my friend a fax telling her that I wouldn’t be coming and canceling my reading with Ra. This fax began some fast and furious exchanges for a couple of days. The class began in Taos and I was sitting in my home in Sedona.

It was the most difficult response so far. To honor this almost killed me. It was even worse than the time my sacral responded no to my musician friends. Michael was away. I was alone. Many of my HD friends who were there were calling me at night and telling me about what was happening. Which was beautiful and painful at the same time. There was so much sadness in me – it was devastating. I cried so much these past days. Deep, deep sadness filled me.

I haven't been in the mood for anything these past few days. I haven't even responded to going out of the house. It is so hard to be here when I thought I was going to be sitting in class in Taos. My binder just sits on my desk – empty. I am not a part of what is happening. It is so hard to be alone. I cannot believe how much pain is inside of me. Tears don't release it. I haven't cried so much since the first months of my experiment. So many tears and it doesn't release any of the pain. Nothing seems to help free me of it. All I can do is breath and let it be.

Tonight is full moon. The deck off my bedroom called to me and I went outside and just let the Moon touch me. It penetrated all my cells and filled me with its beauty. Something shifted in this moon light and my body felt freed. I ran a hot bath – shut off the lights – opened the blinds and laid in the water with the Moon shining on me. The water and the Moon together were a softly powerful combination.

The Moon was flooding my whole bedroom as I rested on my bed all night – drinking it in. I am now so happy to be alone. It turned out to be perfect to have no one else in the house. I relaxed deeper and deeper into me. I relaxed deeper into not knowing.

Honoring my response to not go to Taos took every drop of me. It felt so painful to not go. Yet I knew it was the correct decision because of my “unun” and I was asked so many times during the day and it never wavered. There was so much pain with this decision – more than any other decision in all these months. Now, it feels like I am on the other side. The Moon has helped me through this one. It's energy so soft yet so strong.

The pain has gone. It was so present before my time with the Moon. It was only afterwards that I realized it was no longer there. In an instant it can just disappear? Where does it go? How can in one moment I feel like I am dying and the next feel so alive and full of peaceful joy? What a mystery this sacral is. I think if I could live a thousand years, I still would not uncover all that is there. I feel ready to follow my sacral sounds to my death.

How powerful to have this pure answer inside of me – especially guiding me through this experience. Whew! Shattering – it has to happen – there is no other way – but after each shattering the space within gets bigger. I was so full of so many illusions inside pushing away the truth of who I am. I was really worried that I would not survive this shattering. I love Human Design so much. I love to be in courses with Ra and the HD people. But if this is not correct for me, I have no choice. No matter how much it hurts, I need to honor the truth of my sacral.

So here I am, lying on my couch looking at the Red Rocks, once again in waiting. Waiting is my resting place when nothing is happening. I am very comfortable with waiting now. It is no longer the torture it was in the beginning. It feels so right and so natural. I cannot believe how I continually wore myself out with all the running around I did. I love this place called “Waiting.”

The Mystery of Waiting

*The Mystery of Waiting slowly reveals itself to me
As I surrender to the truth of myself
And as I breathe in the nectar of just this*

*All the years of misunderstanding melt
Into the present Moment and disappear
Longing and frustration become acceptance and trust*

*And this trust spreads its wings over my life
And I feel held while I am waiting
The universe sings a song to welcome me to myself*

*Every moment carries magic
Every breath carries the unknown
As I listen to the calling from within
When I hear the secret whisper of this hidden sound
I know I'm truly standing on my own sweet holy ground*

*Not wanting to change, not wanting to move
Not wanting to rearrange or disapprove
Of the patterns of fate that have been laid out in front of my eyes*

A REVOLUTION OF ONE

*Just as it is, just as it is
And the ravishing wonder is tearing down the foundation
Of the madness of always wanting more
And the veil is falling from my eyes, what a gift it is to be alive
Held and sustained in the hands of the secret one*

*Every moment carries magic
Every breath carries the unknown
As I listen to the calling from within
When I hear the secret whisper of this hidden sound
I know I'm truly standing on my own sweet holy ground*

*Write a thousand luminous secrets
Into the book of truth
Holy ground, holy ground*

Not going to Taos was a shattering experience but it was a real turning point for me in my experiment. It became crystal clear that I do not have any outer authority anymore nor will I accept any. I was so shocked to hear the power of my sacral on the telephone responding to being told that someone outside of me has the final authority. It became obvious that this inner authority was the only thing that I would ultimately listen to for the rest of my life.

It is not possible anymore to tell me what to do and expect me to follow it. That is what I love so much about Human Design – it doesn't say to me "look, this is what is right" or "this is what is wrong for you" it tells me how to know that for myself. It tells me what to trust within myself to guide me. Some people have such an attitude about "systems." I also did before I started experimenting for myself. But if I had not at least given this experiment a try, I would have missed the incredible gift it gave me. I would never have discovered this powerful inner authority.

I don't know if I will ever sit in a Human Design class again. Letting things that I love slip away is like falling into an abyss. The only comfort at this time is to know that my decision was correct for me. I trust this process with my life. I trust that if something is for me – it will come to me. I live in waiting and in not knowing. After all this time, I am coming to love both places within me.

Christmas with the Girls

Michael and I both flew to Asheville to spend Christmas with Madhu, Alex and Carolina. We had suitcases full of presents that got lost! Luckily they were delivered to Madhu's doorstep Christmas Eve. What a sweet time being together with the whole family. I am so relaxed these days. Now that I am not participating in any Human Design classes, I seem to have fallen into my life in a new way. I like it. We baked cookies – cutting out all kinds of Christmas shapes – and the girls and I spent hours decorating them. I love the girls so much. There is so much joy to be around them and hear them responding. To know that every little sound they make is telling me their truth. How amazing! To watch Madhu interact with them, guide them, help them come to the place of making a decision correctly – just thrills me. How lucky we all are!

When we returned, Michael and I were asked to get involved in a business. It was a serious decision and we both wanted to be correct in making it. Over the months, I had been aware that Michael's response was mostly coming from his throat and not from his sacral. I never wanted to say anything because that often only makes things worse. I also know that this experiment takes time and is different for everybody. But because of the enormity of the decision we were faced with, and knowing how important it was to respond correctly, it drove Michael into himself in a deep way and he touched the place inside that makes sounds. They started coming out. I was so happy.

We spent hours asking each other all kinds of questions regarding this decision and listening to our responses. And because he is emotional and a triple split, he needed time to get to his clarity. His sacral responses in the moment were just pieces of his truth but not his final clarity. And after waiting for his clarity, the final “unun” came out. It was clear this would not be correct for him. He was very sweet. He looked at me and said, “Is this what it is always like for you? Once you respond, then you have to live with your answer?” I responded, “ahunh – that’s exactly how it is.” In that moment, he saw what responding and waiting out his wave really meant for him. He saw that it wasn’t easy especially if the mind liked the idea and was getting excited about it. He later told me that if he hadn’t been with me, he doubted he would have ever gotten into his own response mechanism.

It's an incredible thing to live with another human being with this understanding. I am splenic. Michael is emotional. It became clear over the years that if I had a spontaneous "ahunh" to something and if after waiting out his wave, he had a "unun" – we didn't do it. It was so simple. His emotions were the final answer to what we did together. Of course, if I had an immediate "unun," he didn't even need to go through his emotional process. But sometimes, he really wanted to do something and so he went through his process, got clarity and from that clarity asked me again in a different way. And many times my response changed.

For me as a Generator, it has become so clear that it is how the question is worded that triggers the response mechanism. My husband and I started witnessing this in our day-to-day lives. He asked me once if I wanted to go to the movies with him. I responded "unun." I could see he was disappointed and I knew from my response that I didn't *want* to go. I suggested we play with different ways to ask the question – just to see what might change. One of the ways he worded it was, "I really would like you to come to the movies with me, will you come?" I had an immediate "ahunh." Amazing huh?

I started to see that if I were asked, "Do you want to do this?" would bring a totally different response than being asked. "Do you need to do this?" Little nuances changed everything. And then try another way of asking almost the same question; "Is it okay for you to do this?" again brought a different response. There is so much discovery waiting for each Generator. It is such a journey and in spite of all the pain and shattering, all the fear and doubts – it is the most remarkable adventure a sacral being can ever go on. It is a journey within. And it is an endless exploration and discovery process.

But more importantly, it is a deep relief to know that there is something within me that I can trust. To say without a doubt that "I trust myself" is a profound thing to be able to do.

Relaxing into who I am does not mean my life has become free of conflict, chaos and upheaval. In fact, it seems like the more I live by responding, the more intense my life gets. The other night, my husband and I got into a huge confrontation. I could feel his energy moving through me; and it was telling me how he felt about

everything we were discussing and it was intense. Yet there was my sacral, like a warrior going “unun” in the midst of it all. We really got into it – my sacral telling its truth – his emotions being returned.

After about 20 minutes, it was over. I sat there with such a smile on my face. I was in awe of what happened. How human and natural it was to confront my husband through response. And no matter what energy was coming into me, it didn’t matter. My truth was my truth and I was not going to deny it simply to keep peace. The energy that moved inside of me was so clean.

It was so hard for my mind to grasp. It had played a different game for so long that it had convinced me that to confront was not right and it was not loving. Wow! What a revelation and what a freedom. After a while of smiling, I looked over at my husband and said “that was really good and healthy.” He agreed with me.

I can think of so many people in my life that it would have been so healthy for me to have had confronted. Not from my mind or from my ideas of what is right or wrong – but to confront simply by my energy going “no.” How clean. How pure.

As a 6/2, I really do love harmony. If my energy responds and that creates harmony, how beautiful that is. But if it doesn’t, I no longer care! Every time I say that – it makes me feel so damn good. After almost 50 years of caring – it just delights me each time I write, “I don’t care!”

When someone asks me to do something and my sacral responds “ahunh”– wow – this is really something. We both feel the energy that is in that “yes.” When there is natural harmony and the energies merge because it is in the flow of life – this is true harmony and it has so much life energy flowing in it. But what I used to call harmony was simply me avoiding confrontation and often going against my very nature. I don’t do that any more.

But when my energy goes ‘no’ and it ends up confronting something – I don’t run away from that confrontation like I used to. I don’t run towards it either! But I don’t try to run from it. I see it now as part of

life itself. Nature has incredible storms: tornadoes, hurricanes and tidal waves. Every day is not sunny and calm. Why should the same energy that moves through nature not move through human beings? Now, I don't like being in the middle of a hurricane. Nor do I like being in the middle of confrontation. But it is part of life. I see that now.

I look at emotionally defined people and see that they have no problem confronting. I watch this closely. They just say what they think and feel. I watch my sister buy her coffee – telling the person exactly how she likes it. I can feel the energy of that person towards my sister. But my sister just stands there – protected by her emotional center – not phased one bit – while her husband and I (both undefined emotionally) used to back away from the whole exchange.

I watch my husband and other people move through life. It is quite a different story for them than it is for me. But I am learning and I am no longer afraid of the emotions of others who get upset with me. I cannot be made to feel guilty because I say “no” to something that is not correct for me to say “yes” to. I don't try to make ‘nice nice’ and soothe things over. If it is correct, I will always try for harmony. If it is not correct, then I can confront.

To be part of, or to observe, two people with undefined Solar Plexus Centers confronting each other is quite a show. It is so fast and so furious and so full of energy and then it is all over. Gone. One of the most delightful experiences I have had was being in the car with my two grandchildren. Both of them are pure splenic generators. They were arguing in the back seat for almost 15 minutes while I was driving: “unun” said one girl – “ahunh” said the other . . . and only these two sounds could be heard for the whole confrontation – these two sounds going back and forth – back and forth. Finally, I burst out laughing – the energy was so incredibly pure and so powerful. I asked the girls “do you both agree that you disagree?” And they both went “ahunh” and it was all over.

For almost 50 years, I would do anything to avoid any confrontation to maintain peace. Now, I let my sacral run the show. Sometimes it is smooth sailing and sometimes it is stormy. If my energy goes ‘no’ to

something, and it causes someone to really get upset – that is okay now. I cannot go against my own energy to avoid someone getting pissed off at me.

I have seen what allowing my sacral to guide me in my life has brought me. Nothing is more precious than that. The more I live who I am – the more confrontation is in my life. Before living my design – my life was more like smooth water. But it was almost unreal – perhaps even stagnant. It did not have the full life force flowing through it that it does now. Even though my life is not a bowl of cherries, I would not trade it for anything. I would not trade who I am, to be anyone else in the whole world. I wouldn't trade drinking one cup of coffee as myself for all the satoris I experienced in India added together!

For even though there is outer confrontation and disturbance, and sometimes things get really chaotic and I don't understand what is happening and why it is happening – there is a trust inside me for the process that is unfolding. I trust my sacral response even though it gets me into the most uncomfortable situations. I see so clearly that it is this sacral of mine that is taking me on my journey – a journey that is sometimes more like a roller coaster ride than anything else!

When I go to sleep each night, no matter what the day has brought, I don't fret or worry about what is happening or not happening. I lie on my bed – and fall asleep. There is a peace beneath the chaos. I used to think that my outer life needed to be peaceful so that I would feel inside peace. I had that outside peace for so many years by avoiding confrontation – but inside there was no peace.

I had another intense confrontation with my father around this time. I mentioned before that he now had a girlfriend and was very happy in his retirement community. I was visiting him about 3-4 times a week often taking them both for lunch or dinner. It was wonderful to see him so happy. He was enjoying having his peers around and often would tell me how when he played poker with the “boys” they would ask him, “So how old are you John?” And when he told them he was 88 years old they would tease him telling him he was just a baby. He enjoyed the evenings when a musician from town would come and the residents would get together and sing the songs from their era.

One morning, he called me and asked me to take his girlfriend to the doctor. My sacral went “unun.” He yelled at me, “What do you mean, unun?” as if it was unbelievable that I would even consider saying no to him. I just answered that no – it was not correct for me to take her to the doctor. I then suggested he contact reception in their community who organized these things – that’s why most of the people were living there. He got so angry and ended up saying, “Well, if you won’t help me, then I have nothing more to say to you.” And with that he slammed the phone down on me. I was not upset. I was not angry. I just looked at the phone and placed it back on the receiver and giggled. Wow! I had giggled rather than getting sick to my stomach!

It was an amazing thing for me to really take in what happened. I won’t go into the story of my life with my father, but I can easily say that I was always there for him my whole life. I flew from Switzerland when he needed me after surgery. I moved him from house to house. I took care of him whenever he needed me in any way. I am sure this was a shock for him – my saying no. But it also made me realize how he expected me to always drop my life and be there for him because I had always done just that.

My husband was in the other room. He called out, “Did you father just hang up on you?” I responded, “ahunh.” He then said, “Are you going to let him get away with that?” I responded, “unun” and found myself picking up the phone and dialing his number. When he answered, I think he thought I had changed my mind. But I hadn’t. I needed to tell him what I needed to tell him and I was able to do it in a very cool and calm way. I was so surprised to hear my own voice and how I spoke to him. I would never have been able to do that without the power of my sacral behind me. I explained that sometimes it is right for me to be there and help him out and sometimes it isn’t. I told him that I have a life too and if he couldn’t understand that – then we really didn’t have anything to say to each other.

And then I waited. I had nothing more to say. His whole attitude towards me changed. He said he was sorry and that he was going to go to the reception to see if they could bring his girlfriend to the doctor. I told him that there was nothing to be sorry about – we just needed to understand each other. That night, the telephone rang,

and it was my father. He was crying and telling me how sorry he was that he had gotten so angry with me. I was so grateful to understand him through the eyes of Human Design. I was also grateful that this whole exchange took place over the telephone! I let him cry – he is emotional. There was not really anything to say after that except that I loved him. He told me that he loved me too.

From this moment on, our entire relationship changed. I am talking about a very set pattern of relating between a father and a daughter that lasted over 49 years changing totally. That one phone call shifted everything. He treated me with respect. I always thought my father respected me. But I realized during this experience that he never really had. Oh, he respected my achievements and what I had done in my life but not me personally. I didn't know this until he actually started treating me with respect. It was a totally different experience. He started asking me if I could do things for him rather than telling me or demanding that I do them. And he actually waited to hear my response. He no longer assumed that I was always going to say yes.

Our bond grew so deep from this point on. Often he would call me and be so upset with something that happened with his girlfriend. With his 12-22 and 39-55, he is deeply romantic and his ride is quite an intense one. I would listen to him – let him get it all out and because I knew he was emotional – I'd always say the same thing. "Dad, why don't you just relax – get a good night's sleep and I am sure things will feel different in the morning." He'd say, "Do you really think so, honey?" And I'd respond, "ahunh."

Sure enough, the next morning he would call me and say, "You were so right. Everything is different this morning and we're going out together now. I'll call you later, dear." This happened at least three times a week. Thank god I understood otherwise I'd be going up and down on his roller coaster with him, which I had done for most of my life.

I was concerned for his girlfriend, wondering how she was handling all the ups and downs of my father's emotional wave. I asked her for her birth information. She didn't know the time, but I ran about 20 charts for the whole day. In all of them she was an emotional being

and had the 39-55 as well. This and the other aspects that were consistent through all the charts I ran showed me, that she could easily hold her own with my father. I could see that they enjoyed riling each other up emotionally.

I noticed something else that started happening around this time. My father began to make muttering sacral sounds as he walked in the halls – a sound every time he put one foot in front of the other. He would make them when he got up from sitting. He would make them when he moved in any way. When I first started hearing them, they took me by surprise – they were definitely sacral sounds and coming out all the time. But they were very different than my sacral sounds. His were needed to move. The sacral sounds actually gave him energy. The sacral sound responds to life, but here I saw that it was actually the life force giving him energy to move. He needed those sounds to move! The Sacral Center is the place of life and death. It is the center of regeneration or degeneration.

It was clear that my father was on his way out of “life” and he needed those sounds to just keep “alive”. Even when he would sit quietly, the sounds would come but the loudest sounds were when he would walk. It was as if the motor needed to be continually “re-generated” and engaged – and the sounds helped that to happen.

CHAPTER NINE

The Fates Step In

I am constantly in awe of watching my life unfold since I started this experiment. I could never in a million years have written the script for the story that has become my life. How strange that something so straightforward as “wait for life to come to you” could bring all that has happened to me in these past 18 months. My life has truly become a beautiful mystery I am living and it is all a result of my sacral response. The Sacral Center is such an awesome place within. I am so grateful that this knowledge came to me. I am so grateful that I could enter this experiment. It has changed everything for me. I am almost 50 years old and I feel like my life is only just beginning.

At this point in my experiment, I received a newsletter from the Human Design organization stating that Ra would be teaching a course the end of December in Taos. I was happy that my sacral had an immediate response because I really loved Human Design. I sent a fax to sign up for class and received an answer back saying that the only way I would be allowed to attend was if I agreed to a number of conditions. I read this list and my sacral went “unun” to each one. I faxed back saying that I would not be attending.

I wasn't so devastated this time. It was clear for me that more important than anything – including learning this incredible knowledge was for me to honor my sacral response. And if it meant no longer being in classes with Ra – then so be it. Because of this last fax I doubted very much I would ever be allowed in another class with Ra again.

I was enjoying my life in Sedona. It was a perfect place for Michael and I to live at that time. The red rocks were such deep silent friends during my experiment. How often I would just look at them and “be” with them especially in the early stages of my experiment. I felt held by them as I went through my entire seven-year process.

It was January and the Cross of the Unexpected – only I didn’t know about Incarnation Crosses back then! I opened my morning emails and there was one from Ra. He said that he would like to bring his family for a visit to Sedona and could I organize an intro evening, readings and a two-day workshop for him while he was there? And could I find a place for them to stay for ten days? My sacral had very strong “ahunhs” to all of these questions and I responded immediately. I was in shock to say the least. I had accepted and surrendered to having no more Human Design courses with Ra. And now he was coming to Sedona and I was going to be taking another Human Design class! I was so happy. It was easy to find a sweet little home for Ra and his family and to organize the rest. Through a friend who had a radio talk show, an interview with Ra was planned before his intro evening.

I knew one person who was going to be thrilled with this news. I had met him at a party. He had introduced himself and asked me to tell him about Human Design. A friend of his had a reading with me and was nagging him to have one too. I started telling him about neutrinos. I never started with neutrinos when someone wanted to know about design!

It was so strange to listen to what was coming out of my mouth. He got so excited – saying that he loved neutrinos and would I give him a reading. I responded and we set an appointment. I went to his home and told him all I could about his chart. Now mind you, I was not an analyst and could only tell him what I knew. But he was insatiable, and wanted to know “and what does this mean?” and “what does that mean?” and all I could say was “I don’t know.” I think it was exasperating for him – but I was able to tell him where he could get Human Design material. I think he ordered everything right off the bat.

In the meantime, we would meet for a coffee once in awhile while he absorbed all the Human Design information that he could from me. He would also show up at my kitchen door occasionally with his arms outstretched saying, “Piggy wants more.” And of course, he was so adorable, my sacral was delighted to go “ahunh” and share with him all that I had.

He was the first person I called and took the first appointment for a reading with Ra. There were others in town as well who wanted readings. I also was able to have my Chiron reading, the one I had to cancel because of not going to Taos. My Chiron return was the following year and I was looking forward to this information. Ra and his family arrived in Sedona and settled in. I picked up Ra the next morning to bring him to my home, where all the readings would happen. One of the first things he said was that he was in big trouble. His partner had fallen in love with Sedona and he was afraid she would not want to leave. Oh the fates! They do mess with people’s lives.

And that is exactly what happened. The family ended up staying for a little over two years in Sedona. During that time there was a lot of Human Design going on in Sedona. Many different courses were offered and now I was able to attend because the fates stepped in and all of a sudden Human Design was happening in Sedona! How incredible it was to be able to just drive from my own home and be in class! My sacral responded to every single class Ra offered and no longer was my mind complaining – I think secretly it started to like learning this information.

Ra also started having Thursday evening transit previews on the first Thursday of each new month. This was so much fun and there were about twenty of us who gathered for them. Not just did we receive the information of the weather for that month we also had a chance to be together as a group on a regular basis. It was wonderful to feel the community of Human Design.

My good friends from LA (who I had visited way back at the beginning of my experiment) ended up moving to Sedona. They began working for Jovian Archive, which became incorporated at this time. An old friend from New York City contacted me while he was

going through a rough period in his life and asked for some advice. I shared that the Human Design system had worked for me and he was interested to hear more. I ran his chart; his was the first reflector that I had coming out of my printer! He and his partner came for readings with Ra and also ended up moving to Sedona.

I transcribed quite a bit back in those days and learned so much while doing so! There were medical tapes, and mammalian tapes and tapes from Ra's encounter.

While transcribing the tape on mammals, it triggered a deep reflection on how I felt after my reading as well as in the early courses I took with Ra. I always felt more mammalian than human – and it was very strange for my mind to grasp. But something intrinsic in my nature – in my cells felt it so deeply. I would joke about feeling like an old cow in the classroom – yet with each response – each sacral sound – this feeling just grew inside of me.

As I typed the mammalian information – it would sing through me as the recognition became so strong. I felt like I related even more to my gates in a mammalian way than to the human way. The animal aspects are quite strong. Looking at other people's charts and seeing their gates in this way was profound. It was an extraordinary experience transcribing these tapes.

I told Ra about this feeling inside and he told me: "It's your 50-27, this is the prime mammalian sacral channel. It is the key to their survival, bonding and sexuality. Once you became tuned to your sacral, you touched a deep ancestral pool."

I also had my Chiron return reading. It is amazing for me now – as this book is happening – to re-visit my Chiron reading with Ra. Everything he said to me in that reading is happening now – right now in the writing of this book.

I loved having readings – but I never took them at face value. I couldn't. I listened to what was said and took it all into my body and just lived my life as a sacral being. If I didn't do that, it would have driven me crazy. My mind would have constantly been gauging and

comparing and checking out my life to see if any of these things were happening yet. My life would not have unfolded the same way, if my mind constantly watched over my shoulder to compare my life to my reading.

Looking at the transcript from my Chiron reading now, at this point in my life, is perfect, as it is the theme for me until I die and is so relevant to this story being told! I deeply feel that this book could not have happened until I moved to Ibiza. It could not have happened in any other place. Trusting the unfolding of my life has been one of the most important by-products of living my strategy. Re-visiting my Chiron reading now makes what he said to me over 8 years ago even more magical, because of what is unfolding right now. This is an excerpt from that reading:

In order for you to be healthy in this phase of your life, and this is the last phase of your life, then living out the nature of what is brought to you in this return is very important. The first thing to see is that this is a complete sphinx configuration. Not only is this a sphinx configuration, but; it's the whole thing. There is nothing else but this sphinx; you have the 31-7, the 8-1, the 33-13 and the 2-14.

You have the whole power focus of this and you have three different ways in which that can be expressed through the sphinx gates to the throat. You must release what's inside of you. There is a clear responsibility in all of that in which you must communicate all of the three possibilities of the sphinx: The individual says, "I know where you are right now." The logical says, "This is where you can go from here"; and the abstract says, "I know where you've come from." Remember, all three of those are at work.

You have to get it out. So much of you getting this out, is about the reflection on human experience – to be able to put that into perspective for yourself, to be able to concretize that and then to live out your influence because it can be of value for others. The guidance that's there for you to bring to others, this whole sphinx configuration, you really have to see so much of that is about being able to articulate from different perspectives. The individual need in you for expression – that's what drives you underneath to try to get these things out and save these things.

The only way in which you're going to be healthy for the rest of your life is if you live out your capacity to influence and give direction. You've entered now the most powerful time of your life, even though you've gone through all kinds of things before. But again, it's talking about making a contribution. It's saying the uniqueness in you has to be there to make that contribution. Remember that you have been holding things inside all of your life that's why writing happens to you because it's a way to empty yourself out and you have no other choice.

At the time of this reading, I did not know about the 6/2 profile and its three stages. Nor did I know how important the Chiron Return was for me as a 6/2. I remember the first time I heard about the three stages of the 6/2 profile. Ra had asked me to transcribe what he was recording on the 12 Profiles. This was knowledge that had not been released yet, so as I was typing, I was also seeing it for the first time.

The information was very revealing. I had to keep stopping and look up my friends and family and see what profiles applied to them. What I was listening to and what I was typing was uncannily spot-on. I was just getting to the last profiles – the 6/2 and the 6/3. I was excited to be getting to my own profile – the 6/2 – as well as getting close to completing the project. It was nighttime by the time I got to the 6/2. I remember it so well – sitting at my desk with my headphones on. The foot pedal on the floor, so useful for controlling the tape recording and being able to go back over the sentence without taking my fingers off the keyboard until I got it all down.

I was listening intently and all I could do was cry as I typed. To listen to Ra explain about the three stages of my life, as a 6/2, was incredible. I know that everyone's life is intense and each one of us is built to live the life we live. But for me to hear about my first two stages was like a release from so many painful memories that I had misunderstood and misidentified while living those stages. It was as if Ra had been there, watching what I lived through. Oh, not the exact details – but the themes that were there.

When I got to the third stage of a 6/2's life, in the silence of the room with my husband working quietly at his desk behind me – the

keyboard clicking away as the only sound in the room – I screamed, “No! I am not coming down from the roof!”

And then I read that this coming off the roof happens at my Chiron return! That was less than three months away! I was terrified to even think of getting involved in life again. On the roof I was aloof, uninvolved and most importantly, safe. I knew nothing could ever make me want to risk living a life that was even remotely similar to the first thirty years of my life. It took forever to transcribe the 6/2. I had to keep stopping and sob what I thought was my horrible fate. I hadn't cried like that since the early stages of my experiment. I was a mess. I was scared and I felt very, very vulnerable.

I never understand anything while I am going through it. No matter how intense or painful – there is nothing in me that knows in the moment what is happening to me. All I can ever do is hold on and hope I survive. It is only when I come out the other side of the experience that any understanding is possible.

I remember seeing Ra the next day to give him the diskette with the transcript and telling him how terrified I was. What he said helped to relieve my anxiety. He said that it would not be like my first thirty years. This would be totally different because now I will be coming off the roof as myself. One of the things I had learned about coming off the roof, is that I was going to meet similar forces and themes with people and situations that were there in my first 28 years – when life was just one disaster after another. I knew I could not survive that again – once was even pushing it! But now I understood. This would be different – that this time I had the sacral knowledge and was living it.

I reflected on this and realized that I did have a strong base to stand on now even if I did get totally involved in the world again. I looked back on my childhood and the pain of not understanding that all the emotions I was taking in were my father's, my sister's and one of my brother's. I saw that the deep mental anxiety of always feeling like I did not know and that everyone else did, was from having an open Head Center and Ajna Center. I understood why I always felt so vulnerable and unprotected – that there was no Ego Center to "defend" me.

I saw that one of the biggest reasons that I had such an intense and painful life was because I could not say "yes" or "no" and feel secure in it. I always doubted myself and could so easily be made to feel stupid, guilty or ashamed. In looking at my past objectively, I saw so clearly that this simply could not happen again because I was now standing in myself. I relaxed deeply and secretly started getting excited about my own Chiron return.

November 22

In about three hours Chiron returns to the exact position at the moment I was born! What excitement I feel inside anticipating this next phase of my life. There is so much energy. It is like the well inside of me is overflowing with the pure joy of being alive. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever expect life to be like this. I feel like I am just now being born. Whatever happened in the past is really gone – not just from my memory – but from my very body – for the burden of the weight I was carrying is also gone. I think my sacral response swept everything out the door! I feel so clean and so new.

I was already starting to feel the intensity of “coming off the roof.” I no longer had my aloof vantage point – being uninvolved and just watching. People were more in my face – eyeball to eyeball. There was also much more sexual energy within me and towards me. I was no longer “removed,” I was back in the thick of life. And oh, boy was I ever grateful to have my sacral response. I don’t know how I would have survived without it.

Ramblings in the Night

*So easy on the roof to keep life away from me
An automatic protection of that special place inside where
No one and no thing could get at me
And although my door was always open
There was an invisible shield around me
People could come and go
Without ever ‘touching’ me*

*Now – for the last few months
Everything is different
And I have hurled back in time into a new future
To the infant, the child, the young girl, the woman
All are alive inside of me*

*Just hiding so no one could find them
Waiting until it was safe to come out again*

*The Sun shines
And beckons them all back into the light of day
They are hesitant – so many memories of the past
Yet they cannot help but turn their face once again to the Sun
Into the Joy of being alive
And into the incredible experience of being human*

*There are no promises
Except for the silent song
“If I wait to respond, I will live what I am
Here to live, whatever that may be”
It does not mean that what I yearn for or long for will happen
It does not mean that dreams will become reality
It does not mean that all that is in me will ever be expressed
It does not mean that what waits inside will ever be called out
It simply means that I will live what I am here to live
Nothing more – nothing less
And in that knowing – Trust and Surrender cannot be just words*

*They need to be deep
Offerings from my very body, from my very cells
Offerings that have blood, sweat and tears in them
Offerings that have my whole life in them
Offerings that carry my love for something I cannot explain
Until Surrender to what is, becomes my very breath
And Trust my very heartbeat.*

So many of my friends tried to convince me to have a big party for my 50th birthday, but my sacral kept responding "unun." I turned 50 in January 1999. It passed uneventfully. I had my Chiron reading when Ra moved to Sedona in February. I transcribed the profile tapes for Ra in the summer of 1999. My Chiron return was in November 1999. What perfect timing!

I was so grateful to have understood the process of the 6 profile, before I was "pulled" by existence off my cozy and safe roof. Understanding my profile had a profound effect on me. I was able to make sense of so many things that disturbed me. And it helped me to celebrate coming off the roof rather than resist it. And I must say that

life has been incredible since my Chiron return. I never thought I could live life like this – to be so totally involved and not afraid. I don't think I would have survived if I hadn't been so deeply in my experiment the years before. Coming off the roof is a very intense time for people with a "6" in their profile.

I was so afraid to come off the roof – now I am just luxuriating in the great pool of life . . . swimming, diving. It is like a bath in an ancient pool – cleaning me of the past pain, hurt, disappointment, fears and misunderstanding . . .

And even though at times it gets real intense with people being so close to me again – the kinds of things I never had to deal with on the roof – it is all okay – because my sacral is there to guide me through the maze of coming back into the world after being on the roof for so long!

I had asked a friend to help me see what I wanted to do to celebrate coming off the roof. She asked me many questions so I could get clear on how I wanted to celebrate this event and my Sacral Center wanted a big party! Ra was going to be doing a five-day "Mystical Course" in December. And I felt this would be a perfect time for this party, because then all my Human Design friends could be there to celebrate it with me!

I had never given myself a party before – I never had a birthday party when I was a child nor did I have a big wedding. My sacral responded to every little detail for this party, including hiring a local band that played great Motown music. It felt like I was truly celebrating a whole new beginning and I was very excited wondering what life had in store for me rather than being terrified!

The Osho restaurant did the catering and a sannyasin friend did all the decorating. A big room was rented in the public library. I made a list of everyone I knew and my sacral responded to each name "ahunh" or "unun." It was quite a process to watch. I was amazed at some of the people that I went "ahunh" to, because I knew they didn't even like me! But I honored my sacral and invited them anyway. And there were a few people that I liked that I went "unun" to. It was really something to witness my sacral putting together this invitation list!

A REVOLUTION OF ONE

I had a favorite postcard that symbolized my experiment. It was a fantasy painting of a huge Egyptian statue. The statue was open in the middle – like an archway into another painting. This other painting was of a lake and a tiny boat was out on the lake with one solitary person in it. This boat was moving away from the shore and disappearing into the mist. Whenever I looked at this postcard, I saw myself in this tiny boat – all alone – moving away from what I knew into the unknown of my sacral response.

My friend found a way to have this enlarged to over 4 feet high, had several made and hung them from the ceiling of the library. The whole entrance and the room itself were swathed in fabric: all shades of orange, bright yellow and purple. Hanging also from the ceiling were huge ornaments and hundreds of balloons in the same colors. The decorations were incredible. It felt like you were walking into a temple. I loved what she and those who helped her created. It was a perfect space for this celebration.

It was a great party – my sannyasin friends, my Human Design friends and other friends from Sedona were all there. The band was so much fun to dance to. The lead singer and the drummer were so full of life! I had a great time. I danced all night long – celebrating my Chiron return!

I never expected to feel so alive and excited about life again. I was so full of joy. How deeply I had associated going on the roof with what had happened on the ranch. It was truly my past there at my Chiron party. And I could embrace it and let go of it. There was no shame left, no guilt left, no sadness left – only a kind of gratefulness for all I had lived through . . . and survived.

I had so many fantasies about what this night would be like – but I never once thought it would feel like my prom! My god – that was shocking and a little disconcerting. It felt like we were all so young – just having a good time together and dancing the night away. I had written on the invitations that this was my Chiron celebration – the true beginning of my life and the time of my flowering as a 6/2. Friends said to me, “We’re going to be watching you to see if it’s really true.” It made me laugh.

I know that if I hadn't been waiting for my sacral to respond – Chiron would not be the healing that it is for me. But it is my experience – it is the true healing of my past! It is the celebration of who I am now and the joy that is becoming more and more each day! And it is this joy that will take me into the future.

Chiron Returns

*A flash –
Through the darkness
And light of life*

*All years disintegrate into Now
I only stand at the threshold
Waiting . . .
In the invisible womb of the universe*

*Waiting to be released
Totally into life
And 50 years becomes newborn*

CHAPTER TEN

The Sacral Growls and Howls

I had such a fire burning in me in those days after my Chiron return. I remember having a very innocent conversation with a friend, talking about a mountain in Flagstaff and the ski lift that you can ride to the top. Michael and I had gone there a few weeks before and as soon as I saw the lift, I responded “unun” to riding it. My husband asked me in all kinds of ways, but my response never changed. The friend who I was with told me that maybe someday I will overcome whatever it was inside of me and I would go on the ski-lift. He kept persisting and his angle was that there must be something wrong with me that I wouldn’t do this and that I needed to get past it.

My sacral was growling by this point. I said, “Why can’t it simply be that it is not correct for me to go on it?” “Who says that if I am saying “no” there is something stuck in me?” It became very heated and my sacral became more and more furious. I was amazed at its ferocity and I loved it. What I realized was who I was before I started responding would have agreed with my friend, felt bad that I couldn’t get past this and either push myself to have the courage and do it (which was often my way) or start exploring what it could be about me that I was not able to do this. I would always think there must be something wrong with me.

This was what had my sacral growling. How dare someone else think they know what is good or bad for me! They are not me. They can only see me from the outside and even that is deeply filtered by their own definition. What an incredible inner strength my sacral response

had given me. An inner strength that enabled me to “stand in myself” no matter what I am faced with including this heated discussion with a friend.

I loved that my sacral was growling during this. And this incredible “why” resurfaced. My sacral would no allow me to accept anyone telling me I should be something other than myself.

As a child, I used to ask “why” all the time. It drove my father crazy. Anything anyone said I asked “why?” I didn’t accept anything at face value as a child. Looking back I see it was a very healthy approach for having an open mind. I was into questioning every thing I was told. When I started school, this was not accepted. I remember getting into so much trouble for asking a teacher “why?” As I got older, I stopped asking and just started accepting what other people told me as true. I think it had more to do with being self-conscious and not letting on that I didn’t know. With both an undefined Head Center and an undefined Ajna Center, I just thought at some point I should know – especially as an adult. I didn’t want anyone to find out that I didn’t!

Over this lifetime I have accumulated so much information that I believed was true. Especially if it was told by someone I considered intelligent or later on in life, enlightened. My Human Design reading was the last thing that I actually received in that way. I didn’t believe what I was told – although so much of it rang true. But I took the one premise and based my whole experiment on it. “I need to wait for things to come towards me, and respond in sounds.” I didn’t see this as the same thing as blindly believing what I was told as truth. In fact, this was the very first step to finding my inner authority and putting an end to a life giving it away to others.

I have had similar intense moments over these years. I remember one time, a friend telling me, “You don’t want to throw the baby out with the bath water!” My sacral responded “ahunh – that is precisely what I want to do. I want to get rid of everything that I have ever been told. I want to get rid of all that I have believed since I was a child. And I want to start new. I want to hear what my sacral response has to say about who I am, what I feel, what I think.” I wanted to have a chance to discover who I was from the guidance and authority within myself.

I know I cannot just “throw away” 50 years. That is ridiculous. But what I have found out is that with each response something inside comes to life. I can't accept anymore what is told to me simply because the person saying it is intelligent, an expert or enlightened. I need to hear my own response to what is being said and then I know if it is true for me or not.

I went to a gathering last night. There was an Osho video and the whole time Osho talked, my sacral was responding. To each statement he made, my sacral went “unun” or “ahunh.” So much laughter arose inside of me as I realized I was doing this! I wasn't trying to do this – it was happening. It was my truth – my inner truth in that moment responding to his truth. And for many things he said, it was simply not true for me.

Instead of accepting everything he said as true, as I had always done in the past, I was able to discern for myself. This was really something for me to celebrate. And this has nothing to do with loving him. That is something I have confused since I was a young child with my father. If I loved him, I would say yes. With Osho, because I loved him, I said yes. That was what I thought being surrendered was.

There is no outer authority for me anymore. There is simply no one outside of me that I trust over my sacral response. This has been such a new experience for me. Up until I started my experiment, I was so easily influenced by others. Now it does not matter “who” says something to me or how wise it may sound – if my sacral does not respond to it – it is simply not my truth. It can be the other person's truth; it just isn't mine.

I have watched as my body shook as my sacral responded to someone forcing a truth on me. The sounds coming out revealed just how powerful my sacral was in defending me. One time I was in a group and everyone present accepted what was said as truth. My sacral did not agree. I took in all the auras around me as I stood in my truth. And although my body trembled, I saw that I could stand in myself.

What a process of reflection got started over a ski lift. But this incident brought up so many memories for me. Like the time my daughter called me from the emergency room telling me she was in terrible pain and didn't know what was wrong with her. They found a tumor inside that needed surgery as soon as possible. I was deeply concerned and disturbed. I was so worried about her. I asked her if she wanted me to come to Asheville, she kept responding "unun" but she would like the kids to come out to me in Sedona. For days, my husband would ask me "Are you okay?" I could only reply "unun." I had no other response. It was sincerely my truth. I was not okay. My daughter was having surgery and I was afraid she might die.

Even though I was so upset, I appreciated the simple truth of my response. In the past, either someone or even myself would have tried to "work me through it." My husband did not try to placate me with "it's going to be okay." I didn't want to cover over my fear and I loved how my responses did not allow me to do this. No one around me told me "don't worry." I felt deeply respected in this way. My daughter had surgery and all was fine.

Another memory that surfaced at this time was when I was going through a personal shattering. I was with a friend and she asked me "can you feel grateful for this experience?" My instantaneous response was "unun" and it was a strong response as well. Part of my belief system included being grateful for everything life brings. In that moment with my friend, I felt so damn good to respond "unun." It was my deepest truth in that moment. I was shattering and I did not feel grateful that another illusion was being ripped from me.

If I cannot find anything to be grateful for in that moment, I want to know and live that truth! I want to allow all aspects of life to freely move in and out of me, without judging. Without clinging to one side because I think it is better. Without knowing my own truth, I cannot know myself. It is not possible.

When I started my experiment, I was given the key to unlock the door to my own truth. I had to stop going towards things and wait for things to come to me. Now I can understand how important that was

as a technique. What was it in me that WAS moving towards things before I had my reading? Where was that movement coming from? Was it coming from the conditioning in my open centers? Was it coming from a desire from my Root Center? Was it coming from my identity, my G center wanting to live out something? Until the outer movement stopped, there was no way to discover what part of me was my true guide within.

Only from that point, could the real experiment begin. Once something was at my doorstep, then my sacral could respond. It was only then that all the other places inside that had been impulsively going towards things could be replaced by what was the correct decision maker within me. That was why waiting was so difficult. It was like trying to block all the holes of a strainer so that water won't go through while the water is running!

That is why I had to stop my life – and in a sense “throw the baby out with the bath water.” It was needed for the re-alignment within to actually take place. It was needed so that my Sacral Center could respond. If the Sacral Center is rushing towards things it is as destructive as any of the other places that were doing that. The Sacral Center is a response mechanism and it has to be given the chance to respond in order to function correctly. I had no choice but to stop all initiating, to give it that chance.

Once this happened and true inner alignment took place, nothing could take that power away again. But the Sacral Center first had to be firmly in place AS the inner power. And it was this that takes time. Now, there are only half my cells jumping up and down saying – “let's go make something happen today.” The odds are getting better – but those cells wanting to push me into action are still there.

What I noticed even in the first few weeks of this experiment was how incredibly intelligent my sacral response was in regards to me. I'm not saying it knew what anyone else should do. This sacral mechanism knew what I should do – it knew me! With each response, the trust inside grew. And now today, I can say that I trust my sacral response totally. It has showed me over and over again what my

truth is. And it has guided me in every decision I have made since all these years.

To have this kind of trust in my own being is a miracle for me. I never had anything close to this before. I was always giving it away to someone outside of me. I know I had no choice back then. Until I found this inside of me, I had to put my trust in others. Trust never belonged on the outside. It never belonged with leaders, teachers or gurus. Now, well, it's a whole different story for me.

It is not that I don't trust others, it's that I don't trust them to be an authority over me – that's the difference. No matter who the person is or how much I value them, I never trust anyone over my own sacred sound. This is quite an incredible space to live in. And I am sure I have said it a hundred times already – I am in awe that I have gotten to this place within myself and I am so grateful for Human Design for this. For me, it is truly a miracle.

There is also great fun in the discovery. Like the time a few months back when I saw in a rather strange way that I really was clueless about myself. A friend who smokes started to light up a cigarette and then stopped and looked at me and said, "Do you want one?" Well, let me tell you, my "ahunh" shocked the hell out of me. I don't smoke. I've never smoked. But there I was in that moment responding to having a cigarette. And as I took one from her and leaned in while she lit it for me with her lighter, I couldn't believe I was doing this. And you know what? I enjoyed that cigarette immensely. Over the years since that incident, once in awhile someone will ask me if I want a cigarette and most of the time I respond "unun" but once in awhile ...

There are so many things that I've been told – do this because it's good for you. Or don't do that – it's bad for you. It is so much healthier for me to have a response mechanism that can respond to things that everyone says are bad or that are good. My sacred may agree that it is true for me as well – or it may not. But I can no longer blindly follow any outer authority. It would be like playing Russian roulette with my life.

I had a very bad toothache during this period – it was a few weeks after Christmas. I went to the dentist and it needed to be pulled. I responded and it was taken out. But at the next visit, the dentist was telling me what I should do about my teeth. My sacral responded “unun” to what he was telling me. I asked for other options. And he gave them to me! I didn’t have to just say yes to what the dentist first recommended. I did the same thing with doctors. I allowed my sacral to respond to whatever treatment they were telling me I needed.

My sacral response had gotten much more powerful by this time as well. I no longer only could respond to questions – I could also respond to being told. In the early days, my sacral response needed to be coerced from its powerless state. Being told in those early days would freeze my sacral. As it gained more and more strength with each response and as the months became years, I saw that it began responding to being told. Witnessing that was really something. I was amazed at the power of the response in relation to being told.

Some of my friends, especially male friends, seemed to have more difficulty with their response than my girlfriends. One friend asked me to help him one day and we got together at my house on the deck overlooking the red rocks. I started by asking him to close his eyes. I felt it might be easier for him if he tried it this way because there would be less for his mind to look at. I also told him that each question would be presented in a yes/no format so that it would help his sacral to respond. He was having some problems with his girlfriend that he had been telling me about – so I already knew some of his concerns. But I didn’t start there. I started with very simple and fun questions, where the answer carried no weight. I asked him if he liked chocolate ice cream. The “mmm” that came out of him along with the smile on his face tickled me.

I went on asking him all kinds of questions in a yes/no format about food. His sacral responded to each one. Then we went on to colors, movies, and weather . . . and then I slipped in a question about his girlfriend. The sacral was in a flow and was able to respond to that too! This one response literally blew his mind because it was directly opposite to what his mind had been talking about for days. We continued exploring all kinds of things for over an hour – and his sacral was totally in gear. At the end, he just opened his eyes and looked at me in awe at what he had discovered about himself.

He then asked if I wanted him to ask me some questions and my sacral had what I have named my triple “ahunh.” It is when I am so excited about something and my yes sound comes out three times in a row. That was the first time I took this sacral journey and I shall never forget my experience. My friend was a sannyasin therapist and he could really zero in for the kill (so to say). He asked me some very intense and revealing questions about myself. My response to each question was like a Zen sword cutting straight through so many of my accumulated beliefs, ideas, teachings and conditionings in one go! My sacral sounds in response penetrated directly to the depth of who I was. I was amazed, shocked, delighted, touched and joyously freed by all that I had discovered.

Since that time, I have played what I have called the “sacral game” with both friends and strangers. It is what professionally I call a “Sacral Session.” I’ve often recorded these sessions, which is very important for people with emotional authority who need to respond a number of times to be able to get to their clarity. The sacral responses are a feed supply to the final answer that ultimately comes from their emotions. I also realized how important it was for me to do this with someone I trusted – where I felt safe so that any answer could come out of me – because I knew it would. My sacral response doesn’t care who hears it and it never cares if it totally exposes me. It is ruthlessly honest in that way!

I think what surprised me the most about these sacral games is that my mind loved them! I noticed that in my very first session with my friend. While I was responding, my mind was going “oh, I didn’t know that” and then became so involved in the process. My mind started to get tickled discovering all these things about “us”.

It is such a clean, clear and simple way to discover myself without any preconceived notions getting in the way. No matter how many times I play this game, I am always astonished by some of my sacral responses to questions. It is an endless source of discovery and delight. I love the times when I respond to something and my sound surprises me so much that I can’t stop laughing. There is so much joy in these moments of self-discovery.

*In the Dark – so much Light
Duality and Creativity live there
Songs without Music
Never Could Have Beens
All disappear in the Truth of Now
The Hand of Awake touches my Shoulder
Words spill out
Overflowing on paper
Invisible ink
That no one can see except me
Acceptance visited a long time ago
Surrender came because it had no choice
Illusions vanish as if they never lived
Understanding arrived tonight
It came in dancing on the back of Loving Myself*

At one time I explored “what did I need” with a friend. That was an illuminating process. I had no idea that I didn’t need some things that my mind really thought I needed. And other things that seemed ridiculous to my mind – were absolute needs as indicated by my sacral response. I think what I love the most about my Human Design experiment is that there are no right or wrong answers to anything! There are only ‘my’ answers.

Knowing this has given me so much breath in my life – it has given me room to simply just be me. Because of knowing this about myself, I know that people who are in my life will have different answers than mine. They will see things differently, because, they are a different human being from me. This for me is the beauty of design, I’m able to see so clearly that each person is unique and then I can honor and respect their differences rather than wanting them to be like me. Oh, how boring it would be if I met myself!

February 2000

*Open mind pollution – and they think smoking pollutes?
A pristine room – white carpet – walls and furniture
The barnyard animals wander in all the time
Silence cleans the room after they leave
Music closes the door and protects the space
So nothing can enter at all
Until the next time*

As a child, I was constantly absorbing not just the emotions of three people and the minds of four people but I was also absorbing the individuality of all my family members. I do not have any individual definition in my chart so sadness and melancholy are not consistent themes nor am I equipped to handle them. Growing up in my family with both my parents being pure individuals and each of my siblings having at least one channel of individuality was intense. I started at a very young age trying to make everyone happy. Understanding now that I was not just taking in the sadness of everyone but that it was amplified inside of me, helped me to make sense out of my childhood. Trying to make people happy became a pattern not just for my childhood but for my adult life as well.

I find it interesting that the daughter born to me is also a pure individual, that my oldest granddaughter carries individuality and my youngest granddaughter is also a pure individual. I watch my mind wanting them to only be happy – it is such an ingrained pattern. Yet, I know that their movement in life includes sadness and there is no getting away from that.

I have six individual gates that are open to the other side: 24, 1, 12, 57, 28 and 3. The most intense electromagnetic connections for me are the 60 and the 61. The 61 keeps me awake for days on end – and puts me under so much pressure to know what I need to know. Over all these years, I know when a planet is defining this gate because I recognize what is happening within me. In the beginning, it would drive me crazy. The usual looping of my 24 is altered dramatically when the 61 comes around. It reminds me of balloon. You start getting nervous as the balloon gets bigger and bigger because you know at some point it is going to pop. When the 61 comes around it is that kind of pressure and the only release is the pop of mutation. It took me a long time to relax and just wait for mutation to come, rather than feed the pressure by trying to think my way out and trying to push to find out what I needed to know. When mutation finally comes, I see things in such a new way – it is like a light has been switched on inside my mind. I love these moments. I love that spark that comes unexpectedly where I see everything in a totally new way.

Gate 60 – oh this one is the real killer for me. It puts me under so much physical pressure to mutate that it is almost painful at times. Similar to the 61 and the balloon, the 60 is like filling your gas tank at the same time you are lighting a cigarette. You know at any time there could be an explosion. It is a highly explosive force for me. At any moment the explosion can happen. At any moment a radical change can alter me totally. I can't do anything to make it happen nor can I do anything to stop it. The pressure can be very uncomfortable because it is the pressure to mutate. And like the 61, there is nothing I can do but wait for this mutation to happen. Yet, in spite of the physical discomfort and melancholy this brings, I love this energy because with it comes the possibility of a huge leap into something new.

I know the feeling of Gate 60 very well. My cells start doing a little dance – almost in anticipation for the leap. My cells love mutation. My mind hates it. The most difficult aspect of the 60 is the sadness that it brings – it is a physical sadness that can be almost painful. Over the years, I've come to recognize this sadness and have allowed myself to fall into it – rather than fight it. Sometimes it changes the whole experience – sometimes not. But the one thing I have discovered is that sadness has so much beauty to it. It has a depth to it that happiness can never have. It pushes me down deep into myself.

I can feel it – which planet is bringing the 60 today? What a change from when I went to sleep last night. It is like night and day. I usually love to sing in the shower – this morning is so different. I look deeper and deeper inside – the deeper I go – the less I try to bring back yesterday. The more I sink into this “black velvet” space – it is soft, it is dark and deep. No light is there – just pure darkness. Not even a little moonbeam. In this exploration, I understand something about individuality – it is the price you pay for the pure clear joy of something new. This space at some point shifts to elation – after mutation comes. Not one moment before – and oh the moments can feel so long when you live in this place of deep sadness. The pure joy of something totally new – the bubbling up of such incredible energy – makes my cells sing. Flying so high into the sky that I think for sure I've lost my way back to earth. But I am not allowed to fly too high – I am pulled back because anything new must be rooted in the earth – or it cannot take hold. Just like a new seedling needs roots in the soil or it will not survive

so it is for mutation. Pulled back to earth with a thud, I can only look around and wonder, "What happened." But I can hear it in my body "that's far enough," I'm told.

I never understood this sadness before. I always thought I had done something wrong and that was why I was feeling this way. It is unpredictable in me – it comes and goes – and I don't have anything inside of me except for my ability to hold on no matter what I am going through. Only now, because of design, I understand that there is no reason for this feeling inside. It is just the chemistry that a planet or person brings me. And I can relax. And like this morning, when I relax so much is revealed.

The preciousness of "sad" – the dark hole that wants to consume me
– if I surrender to it – turns into a womb – and I see it is the place
where existence prepares me for the next flight
So now I rest in that place
I am nourished in that place

Sometimes it is not easy –
For holding hands with this are my extremes
And sometimes the black velvet feels too black
And the flight too high
And my mind becomes afraid – will I make it this time?
The balance between earth and sky is precarious
I hold on tight to my "waiting to be asked"
At the same time letting go of everything else
Life takes me one more time
What a ride!

February – in the middle of the night

I feel so bewildered with everything that is happening inside of me since coming off the roof. I feel like I am 12 or 13 years old again – vulnerable and unsure. The only safe place I have is "waiting." I want to run out and do things that I did when I was a teenager – crazy wild things. There is so much joy inside. These past few days it is almost like going crazy – but it is not. It is not mental – it is a body full of life.

*There is so much laughter – from the pure delight of being alive.
I feel like a flame has been lit and it is burning bright and strong.
I am either going to explode or implode – there is no middle
A flower is blooming in my chest
Only breathing and music will keep me alive through this one!*

March – Sitting at Coffee Roasters with my latte

*I have passed through another dark night of the soul
How can a body survive so many shatterings?
How can I die so many times and feel more alive after each one?
The thing with shattering is that there is no choice
Illusions create a glass house – reality smashes it into little pieces
Lights a fire that melts all the shattered pieces into liquid
Excruciating to pass through –
But the other side?
The Sun shines and I am singing
Purified in the fire – not destroyed!*

A night like no other

*Last night in my car – alone
I never heard such primal sacral sounds before
Like an animal dying – severely wounded
Howling in pain
I think all the coyotes in Sedona were awakened
Yet, I witnessed it all – and it was me*

*My shattering this time was like no other –
I could tell from my sounds
No emotional definition in my aloneness
Just me – and illusion
Until it was ripped from my chest*

*Oh the pain
I could barely breath
I did not expect to survive
This one was the worst of all
Hopes and dreams do not leave easily
If they have melted into expectation*

Mary Ann Winiger

*No matter how many times
It never gets easier to pass through
Each time is like it never happened before
Shattering – pain – devastation
To express myself with pen on paper
Is my only hope for survival*

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Future is Within the Past

I could not move towards my future without understanding my past. All that I learned in Human Design helped me to do that. From the very beginning of taking classes, I was never there to learn this system. I wanted to understand myself as well as shed some light on all the things that I had gone through. Although I had passed my Saturn Return and my Uranus Opposition – two phases of life – the first happens around 28 years old and the second around 40, I responded to having both of these readings.

I was now getting close to beginning my fourth year of my experiment. I could really feel the shift around this time. The river of life was simply taking me – and each tributary was navigated perfectly by my sacral. Now there were more cells in me that were living as a Sacral Being, than there were left in me of the pretend Manifestor. From here on, it was so much easier. There were still times of shattering – for there were still illusions about myself and life that needed to be destroyed. But although, shattering is painful, by this time I understood how necessary it was to my process. Illusions are invisible but they take up so much space. For the new to come, each and every illusion has to go. There is no other way. I understand this now. I started to also understand that the hopes and dreams that had been destroyed over the past years belonged to who I was, not to who I was becoming.

I had my Saturn and Uranus readings back-to-back, with Ra. They were amazing. This system is amazing! What was told to me was so

accurate to the actual incidents that happened in my life during these two phases that it again felt like he had been a fly on the wall. All the suffering that was so personal, was just simply the playing out of themes, that was necessary for me to pass through. It is not like our lives are helter-skelter. The following quote of Albert Einstein, which is at the beginning of this book, is what I have come to understand deeply in my own unfolding process

*Everything is determined by forces over which we have no control.
It is determined for the insect as well as for the star.
Human beings, vegetables or cosmic dust –
We all dance to a mysterious tune,
Intoned in the distance by an invisible piper.*

Albert Einstein

The trick is how do we dance? Do we step on everyone else's toes? Do we lead when we should follow? Do we even hear the music at all? For me, waiting to respond enabled me to be moved by this mysterious tune. And step-by-step it turned into an incredible dance of joy.

My Saturn Return period began in 1978 – the year I took sannyas – on the Left Angle Cross of Migration with a 5/1 profile. It was a nine-year cycle and everything Ra told me was a very accurate description of what transpired in those years. My mind filled in the details – what Ra could do was outline the plot – the story line.

The whole thing about having the idealized community, it was all a conditioned force for you. You were a young woman; it was a great idea and it was a place where your ideas finally had a way out. At the core is the 37.5, which is a beautiful line, it's the only line that's called love: Natural and unaffected devotion to the family – natural harmony and perfected sharing. There's your ideal. But look at the other side, emotional dependency that often turns love into hatred. You were part of a whole generation with this transit – with the possibility of turning against the love itself. In other words, beginning to hate it, beginning to rebel against the very rebellion.

Emotional dependency – what that meant was that the moment you depended on that emotional wave in order for you to be whole, that’s the moment that the love started to turn to hate. This is the process that was built into that whole structure.

You’re looking at basically a nine year period, but if you look at the first 4 ½ years, that would take you to 1983. Now, 1983 would have been a breaking point – the theme would have changed. This is when you started moving away from the inexperience into intimacy – into personal intimacy. It was very important for you, this movement away from the heavy conditioning of the tribal sharing experience.

It’s still in the tribe, that hasn’t changed, but the transitory field, the collective impersonal field is gone now. Now it’s going back in. Of course, this is your prana; you’re going back in towards yourself as you move towards your Uranus opposition because after all you couldn’t stay conditioned. At some point you had to move away. So in moving into the personal you were changing the dynamic, in that sense.

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. It was almost spooky as I listened to Ra tell me about this time in my life. It described my sannyas years perfectly. The shift in 1983 he spoke of correlated exactly to the time that I knew I needed to leave the ranch. To understand that all of this was Saturnian’s themes moving me was absolutely mind blowing! All those experiences, the pain and the bliss, were just the personal courses I was taking in the school of life.

Harmony furthered through the avoidance of direct conflict. In other words, emotionally you would not have felt good if there had not been harmony. This is the point in which the idealism didn’t matter anymore. The moment that the 36 cuts this idealistic theme, that’s the moment you can begin to get grounded, and in that moment of getting grounded you’re looking around and saying, “Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute, what about me? Who am I in all of this; why am I doing this anymore?” All of those things, all of sudden they take on a different perspective.

You can see that in the composite, if you follow geometry in the design, composites are fascinating. There is no direct access from the spleen to the throat. So, the ego and the sacral are controlling everything here. They really are. So there's enormous pressure on that system. Now, of course, the pressure that's on your ego is tremendous. This whole elevated status – you get this whole pumping up, you get all of that stuff. And of course, if you didn't have the channel of leadership you would have known something was wrong. You're intelligent, you've got an open mind, you would have known that something's wrong. But because you do have the leadership, and because it was all interconnected through that, you didn't know.

You're lucky that you didn't get totally carried away. That's why these nodes at the other end were so important for you. It brought you back down into your individual integrity. It wasn't about you being responsible. After all, that's your whole trip in life. The forces that you meet in this life want you to take responsibility. You have the channel of Preservation.

Thank god we took a coffee break before we went directly into my Uranus Opposition. What a story our lives are. But just like a book that we cannot put down, we can get so lost in the drama of our own life. If we don't have anything we can hang on to, it is so easy to become unstable. That is what happened to me throughout my life before I started to experiment with my strategy. And as a 6/2 with an open mind, open emotions and open ego – I became severely destabilized. I feel very lucky to have my strategy as an anchor now – because I honestly do not know what would have happened to me if I came off the roof without it. I don't know how I would have been affected by the themes of my Chiron return, if I didn't know how to move correctly.

My Uranus opposition began in 1987, which was two years after I left the ranch – on the Right Angle Cross of the Vessel of Love with a 2/4 profile. I was living with Michael in Switzerland. I was working for an American company at their international headquarters in Zurich. I withdrew deeply into myself at this time. I had thought it was because the sannyas community rejected me in a very deep way, but with this reading, I saw that it was a necessary step towards the theme of my Uranus cycle lasting for 12 years until my Chiron Return.

So, the Uranus Opposition brings you the 10.2, it brings you the hermit as the theme of your behavior and survival. It's connecting to your 57 and the moment that the 10/57 is there for you the whole theme of survival is to become a hermit and become withdrawn. Your survival demanded your withdrawal.

The whole thing about the 6/2 is that in the mid-phase of it's life – and of course, the Uranus Opposition is right in the middle of that – it does not want to be involved, it's natural for it to be aloof. Yet, at the same time, you can't forget what it's looking for. It's looking for perfection. And yet, it's not going to come down and go looking for that perfection, it's not a 3rd line any more, it's tried that already. It's going to wait for that to be called to it.

So the theme for your Uranus Opposition is waiting to be called and to be the survivor. 10.2 is exalted and it's that mental functions enrich aloneness. You see, your mind – it's lost. As cruel as the gods are, they're kind. They say, "Well, look, if you're alone then you can find something for your mind to do. And then you can feel that you haven't lost your mind, because you haven't." I mean, you lost your mind, that's the whole thing about coming to that point. What everybody comes to grips with in this life are those moments when they realize that their mind cannot help them, cannot do it for them, cannot solve it for them, whatever the case may be.

So, that's a real theme for you. Yet, at the same time it's saying, "Wait a minute, if you're alone you'll see your mind will have something to do." So it was good for you at the mental plane. In other words, you had to occupy your mind somehow. Aloneness requires that. Otherwise, you go nuts. You can't just sit alone and meditate; you'd go crazy.

All of what he said was so true. I withdraw totally from the whole world that I knew for over 10 years. I didn't know if I would survive back then. I really didn't. I was so lost. I didn't know how I had gotten myself into such a mess. I had taken everything personally as if I could have done something to change the outcome. I had no clue that I was being moved through all of this; because there were lessons for me to learn in order to finally reach a place of wisdom. I felt so lucky to have had this job in Zurich. It was a physical anchor but even more important was that it was a mental anchor. I was busy using my mind to fulfill the business role I had.

The 58, from Neptune, it's the judgment of the spiritual way. That was your theme, your post-Uranus theme – judge the spiritual way, judge to see if it's of any value. And you have to see how individual this is, which means that this is a time of sadness for you. It's not a time of joy and happiness; it's a time of sadness, it's a time of melancholy, it's a time of all of that individual chemistry impacting on you to bring about mutation.

1993 is going to approximately be your midpoint. So, that 6.6 is operating as a major theme emotionally for you in those first six years. By the time you get to 1993 the emotions, the way you live out emotions in your life is beginning to change. It was preparation for your understanding about the nature of how they actually operate as well as a disengagement coming from the emotional plane. What's so important for you in all of that is that conflict has to come to an end. So, by the time you get to 1993 that's when you're saying, "It's enough now. I don't want to suffer anymore. I'm tired of suffering."

And then you had the 5th line theme – Gate 5 – again the theme of joy – waiting as an aspect of enlightenment. To remain calm as the ultimate aesthetic and thus recognize the inner meaning of being; or, joy dismissed as an illusion, waiting as a failure. But you can really see that waiting for enlightenment was your theme at your Saturn Return. It was a theme at your Uranus Opposition; it was saying, "Not yet, not yet, not yet, stay with your pattern, not yet."

The 25.5 is fascinating. It is the only line of the 384 lines that is about healing. It's part of the Cross of Healing, this 5th line of the 25. It says when innocence is sapped of its vitality, healing is the first priority.

But interesting to note that that 32.6 is there, this time with the Mercury – the need to calmly face impermanence; the underlying acceptance of change. That's the point in your life where you got to – the point where you could say to yourself, "I may never know, and I'll survive it." That was one of the deepest things that you had come to in that period. Out of melancholy, out of this sense of maybe it just doesn't work, or maybe it didn't work, all of those things that you could think about is this beginning of the acceptance that it may never happen.

Of course, that's when the gods start listening. "Did you notice; did you notice?" That when they start paying attention, that's when things begin to change because that's you changing. It's not like you come to that conscious moment, that moment comes to you and you're consciously present in that moment and all of a sudden there is this realized, "Well it may never happen, I may never get any of this, this is my life." It's the beginning of this acceptance that it's not up to me; I'm not going to be able to do it.

Remember, that's the theme here. The theme here is that you have to be healed. In your north node phase you got to find out how. And you got to find out from an initiator, from somebody who carries all of that. That's part of what that is for you. But it's really saying you've also got to get to that moment where you say, "I'm not going to be able to do that. I'm not going to do that myself; it's not going to happen, this is who I am." Even though it was the not-self, it's still that acceptance at that point. And that's the real initiation. Because out of that comes the right form. That's always the key for you.

I started crying when Ra talked about this healing. I didn't knowingly get involved the way I did on the ranch. I felt innocent in a sense – perhaps naïve is a better word? But when Ra talked about this one line – I could feel the truth deeply in me. I was totally sapped of my vitality. I didn't even know if I would ever laugh again. Any form of joy was something I never expected to experience again in this life. I remember saying over and over again during this part of my life, "I need to heal, I need to heal." I just didn't know how – until I was told in my very first reading with Ra, to "stop going towards life and let life come to you – and allow your sacral sounds to respond." It was this moment, that true healing began for me.

The part about accepting that what I was looking for may never happen was a moment that I will never forget. I had been searching and searching – looking everywhere for the answer. After Osho died, I went to see Poonjaji, U.G. Krishnamurti, Gangagi, Shantimayi and Robert Adams. Michael and I were living in Sedona at this time and I had returned from an evening satsang. I had never felt so exhausted in my life – every drop of my body and my being was filled with this. I remember collapsing on the living room floor and I started crying. I said, "I can't do this anymore. I can't look anymore. I can't search anymore. I am too tired." I was so deeply drained that Michael had to help me to bed. I stayed awake a long time that night – and simply

accepted the fact that I may die and never find what I have been searching for. I knew that I had done everything I possibly could and there was nothing else I could do. That night Osho was in my dream. In that dream, there was a rock and no earth – it was very strange. He was standing there and saying to me "Look Patipada – look under that rock. There is the answer." I looked at him and I looked at the rock – and I just couldn't look under the rock. I had no energy. I looked in his eyes and I told him "I love you" and then I woke up.

A few months after this was when Ra came to Sedona and I had my very first reading. All of this took place during the period he was telling me about, my Uranus Opposition. How incredible to be given all the pieces to understand why my life unfolded as it did. I had done nothing wrong. I was not a failure. I was not a bad person. I was not any of those things. I simply did not know.

How lucky I was that Ra's partner fell in love with Sedona. It was all part of the divine plan. It was wonderful to have Ra and his family living there. I felt like they were part of my family and I became like an aunt to the boys. I became friends with Ra's partner and we would meet for coffee or go to Flagstaff shopping. His daughter was also there for quite awhile and we became friends too. Those times when we all lived in Sedona were very special. And then the fates stepped in again.

It was time for them to leave America and return to Ibiza. The last courses were planned at a wonderful place called "Lizard's Head" – which was a Sedona type disco where we would all go dancing in the evening. It had a sweet little courtyard that was perfect for breaks before and after class. It was the first time I learned about Color and Tone – at a very deep level. This course was powerful. People flew in from all over the states and it was a huge class. Human Design information is so alive. It is not dead knowledge. It goes deeper and deeper inside each time – penetrating all my cells with a new pattern for looking at life and myself. It unravels one misunderstanding after another.

These last classes with Ra before he left for Ibiza were very special. Even my friend who had first introduced me to Human Design came. It was the first time we had seen each other in a long time. It was

good to see her – to say hello – to let the past dissolve. I remember the weather. The storms were incredibly intense: thunder, lightning, heavy rain and wind – as if all of that came to push us all into our correct movement into the future.

The last morning there was a brunch at Lizard's Head. All the Human Design people and other friends from town came to say good-bye to Ra. It was a sad time – and it was May. The transits of the Sun/Earth in May always bring such powerful individuality. One week brings the 23/43 and another week brings the 20/34 – so the whole setup of the program was to feel sad. And I think each one of us there felt this strongly.

That night, Michael and I went over to visit Ra and his family and say our personal good-byes. They were in the midst of last minute packing – but stopped when we came. We didn't stay long – but as we drove off – we both felt strongly that one chapter had ended but the next one had not yet begun. We were all moving towards the future; and none of us knew what it would bring.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Secret of Waiting

The next few months were a quiet and peaceful time. I was really enjoying my life and responding to whatever came. One morning my hands pulled down all the purple fabric that was previously draped over my bed and around the windows. I hadn't thought about doing that, I just reached up and took it all down. I looked around me at all the fabric at my feet and knew it was time for a change. I ended up painting my bedroom yellow and orange. After these changes, I could not walk into my room without a big smile immediately lighting my face. The yellow and the orange had that kind of effect.

I also took every piece of Human Design material that I possessed and filled 3 huge boxes with books, tapes, CD's, workbooks and two binders full of the charts of people in my life. I put these boxes in my garage and felt ready to just live my life. My husband and I visited his family in Switzerland and I then visited the girls in Asheville. It was a sweet time.

*I am so in my life
It is juicy and easy and so full
There is such a deep peace within me, and a lot of laughter
I never dreamed such a place existed inside of me
There is no fear – no worry – nothing
Just me in the Now – my Sacral Center humming along
No need to protect myself – Life is taking care of everything
No need to plan – the big Plan is already happening
I just need to wait to see what comes to respond to*

It was much easier these days to not have anything to do. I was past the halfway point and it felt more like sliding easily downhill to the seven-year mark of my experiment. A few months after Ra and his family left, a friend asked me if I would help him in his business. My sacral responded and I was so happy to have something on a regular basis that I could put all my energy into. It was an absolute joy to be so involved and working. I loved my job and it was the first time I ever entered a job correctly.

I did this work in my bedroom and it became apparent very soon that this was not healthy for me. My bedroom was my sanctuary and to work there disturbed that space. My husband and I discussed the possibility of me finding an outside space to work from. My friend's business did not have the money to pay for an office space at this time, so through responding and getting to clarity, it became correct for me to pay for this office space myself. I found an ad in the newspaper and went to look at the space the next day. It was perfect. I loved it immediately and knew I would enjoy working there. Plus it was right next to the Osho Café – another place in town that I enjoyed going to.

The realtor was going on holiday for two weeks and she said she would contact me as soon as she got back to sign the lease. Within those two weeks, it became clear to both my friend and I that we had different ways of doing business. It was wonderful that we both understood Human Design because we understood simply from our charts that it was not healthy for either one of us to continue. So, I ended up leaving as correctly as I entered. What an amazing experience for me. I could hardly believe it. There was no residue leftover – it was clean and correct.

My mind thought that I would tell the realtor “no” when she returned from her vacation. But my sacral responded “Ahunh” when the realtor called and asked me “Do you still want the office?” I was flabbergasted! My mind kept asking me, “But what are we going to do there?”

It was kind of cute how my mind changed its tune after we had played the sacral games a few times. It became part of this process and now – most of the time – it was saying “we” rather than telling

me “you should” – however, it still was a tricky devil and I always needed to be alert because even though it was more accepting of the whole process, it never stopped looking for its chance to take back the power from the Sacral Center.

I signed the lease and spent days deep cleaning the space. Doing that felt so good. It really needed it. It also shifted the energy. I have always found that cleaning something – takes away the old energy and replaces it with new energy. The office was very sweet. There was a small reception area and two other rooms. The walls were all white and color was definitely needed. From home, I brought the left over yellow and orange paint from my bedroom and had a great time painting the rooms.

I moved my desk and computer to this space and bought some inexpensive furniture for the other rooms. I felt so good to be in this space. It was isolated from other offices. I was alone and in my own aura whenever I was in this space. I spent the next weeks sinking deeply into my own aura. I would go to the office every morning and come home at night. Just like most other people on the planet except I had nothing to do at the office. I had no job – no function. It was a little bizarre. Outside the office building there was the typical directory of all the businesses in the building. Next to the number of my suite, there was just the glue from the last nameplate! The people from the other offices stopped by to say “hello” and they all asked me, “So what do you do?” My only response was “I wait.” I could feel how strange they thought I was and I felt uncomfortable.

I remember spending one full day looking at the tree outside my office window – feeling that I needed to be “doing” something. No one had an office and did nothing in it. But I knew I couldn’t just start doing something. My whole experiment was about not doing that. By the end of the day, I relaxed into knowing I needed a name that reflected what I was doing there. That was when “The Secret of Waiting” came to me. I was so delighted with this name. It fit me. It fit what I did so perfectly.

As long as I want things to happen a certain way – there will always be shattering. The end of illusion comes with just simply being with what is – as it is – and wanting that. Anything else causes suffering. It is an amazing place to live from but I wasn't there yet. I was still only four years into my experiment and a lot more shatterings were still happening.

October – before dawn

*Sadness with an ice-cold fist grips
The place in my chest I call my heart
It squeezes until all the joy and laughter are gone
And only tears that cannot fall – remain*

*It is so physical in my body
I cannot imagine how I can survive
It takes every drop of my awareness
To let it move through without putting a reason on it*

I continued going to my office every day. This time was a very important part of my whole experiment. I had passed through enough to have a sense of myself and who I was when a person or a planet was not defining me. This time alone – with no one else around was a small step towards loving myself. How could I have loved myself before I had enough time alone to meet myself?

This time in aloneness gave me the opportunity to really distinguish between what was me and what was not me. At home, I was constantly moving in and out of my husband's aura. His defined Ajna Center and Solar Plexus Center continually entered me. Together we defined the Heart Center. Alone, I really got not just days but weeks that eventually became two years of mostly being in my own aura. It was a very important place for this stage of my experiment. I found myself sighing as soon as I entered my office. I walked into an energy field that was purely mine. It was like bathing in my own aura and meeting myself each time.

I had gotten a nameplate for the Directory to the building as well as a big sign to put outside my door. I still have the big sign today. “The Secret of Waiting.” I spent every day in this office alone. Sometimes, friends would stop by – I think it delighted and tickled them how this whole office set-up had happened. And they liked being able to drop by. What I loved was that each and every person who entered that office – asked me if it was okay if they visited so that I could respond. I also worked on small projects for friends. My background was graphic design and so once in awhile a friend would ask me to design a flier or a brochure. I loved helping my friends get their businesses going. But the best part of all this time was that I was alone with myself for long periods every day. My office was my sanctuary – even more so than my bedroom at home.

I cannot believe it has been almost four years! When I first started, it was like putting myself into a straight jacket. Restraining all my energy and not moving towards anything was so confining and so restrictive. And now? It is definitely not a straightjacket anymore! My sacral is so expansive with only one boundary – it must be correct for me. Other than that – it is limitless and anything is possible. It is my Sacral Center that is totally in touch with the unknown and with what moves everything.

I am a beautiful part in the play of life – and the sacral moves each step I take. The incredible fragrance that slowly starts to come forth – the essence within me – the role I am to play! Ah, I surrender to this with every drop of my being. All the words of the past – so many beautiful words – I am just beginning to taste within my own sweet human form. Precious moments of deep intimacy with myself – I have waited a long time for this. Lifetimes – eons – before that even! The rose is within – the sword is within – all is within me.

Another powerful shift happened for me at this time. I would often go for a swim at a resort that Michael and I belonged to. One day, some sannyasin friends were in the pool and they called out, “Hi Patipada.” This greeting went right passed me. It did not even register that they were talking to me. It was in this moment that I realized that the vibration of Patipada no longer fit me.

After this, I responded to using Mary Ann again. It felt so wonderful to welcome Mary Ann back. I had rejected her totally when I took sannyas – almost blaming her for the first 28 years of my life. I had no idea it was just the 6/2 profile and me going through the first phase that was very intense. How right it was to be able to bring back Mary Ann while I spent all this time alone in my office. It was like coming full circle – but in another place in the spiral similar but not the same. I think we spiral until we die. There is no end to our unfolding. It is what life is all about.

*It is quite a magical thing to witness my own birth
It is as if I am being created right before my very eyes
And I have nothing to do with it!
I find that I am so very happy alone and not only happy
But most of the time, I prefer it!
It is so strange to watch this unfolding when most of my life has been
about the other. And I am never bored! This is fascinating to me.
The boredom left a long time ago – replaced with the mystery of
each moment. All the everyday stuff – that before could so easily be
boring isn't – because I am "new"
I don't long for anything – that is so freeing!
If it wasn't a man I was longing for – it was enlightenment
But always projecting into the future with "if only's"
There are no more "if only's" in my life
I find I am strong – standing in myself – in my own power
And yet so open and available at the same time
My God – to just be me!
To be so deeply rooted in this very form . . . as I am
The simple every day moments lived as myself
There is nothing more holy than this*

My sacral response has taught me so many things about myself. It has taught me that my energy is precious. It has taught me that it is not okay to waste this energy. It has taught me discernment. It has taught me to trust myself and to respect myself. It has revealed to me a razor sharp awareness in the moment. It has taught me to stand in myself – perfectly aligned within. It has taught me to see how unique I am. It has taught me to love myself.

It has taught me all these things by never saying a word. It has only ever made sounds in response to what was coming towards me and

by honoring those sounds I learned so much that I otherwise would have never learned in this life.

Life unfolds perfectly. No matter what pain it brings or what shattering is around the corner. After four years in this experiment I cannot do anything but trust the unfolding of the program of life in its own inexplicable way. Responding has taken me on such a journey – and more often than not – made absolute no sense to me in the moment. But step-by-step through the days, weeks, months and now years – the perfection is continually revealed to me

Over the past three years, I have had a Rave Return reading from Ra each year. It helped me to see what the themes were for me in the coming year. One year especially, it was crucial for me to stay alert and not to make emotional decisions. It became my mantra for that year. It was in this fourth year, after I requested this type of reading that Ra sent an email saying, “I consider this inappropriate. You are 6/2 off the roof with true sacral authority. You don’t need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows.” When I read his email, I knew it was true. I was standing in myself in a completely different way. I knew without a doubt that my sacral response could navigate me through any storm no matter how high the seas rose or how strong the wind blew.

The beauty of living Human Design is that it never is about the outside; it is always about the inside. At this halfway point in my process, I know that I am cool. I am not emotional. I am in a space of waiting – the Secret of Waiting – to see what comes, what shows up and who shows up. Just to see what existence sends and what I respond to.

At this point, I know from my own experience that nothing is in my hands and that it never was. I know this to my bones. The unfolding sometimes is like ripping layers of false skin off – not at all pleasant but needed in order for the new skin underneath to breath. So much has been taken away over these years – painfully part of the process because they never did belong to me – not who I really am. All that I am sits inside pulsing and alive. I am filled with genuine gratefulness.

A Sunday

*Now the thunder is so low it vibrates inside of me
And the sound of the wind thrills me
The Life Force outside calls the Life Force within*

*I am being pulled to something I have no clue about
I doubt I would willingly go
But each sacral sound brings me closer to it
My cells know – they are vibrating to a different frequency
They send out a different signal these days
Calling something
It has not yet arrived*

*So attuned to my inner sound
That comes from the place before Time
I know that nothing I do
Can happen from any other place*

I was very excited when I responded to going to the Biversity in Diessen, Germany. It was the first time I met the international Human Design community. I loved it. The courses were varied and it was the first time I learned about the Solar Plexus mutation in 2027. It was powerful information. Another course was about the Seven Gates of Love and Hate – and that was deeply revealing. Ra began by saying:

I've dealt with Love at many different levels so far. I've talked about the way in which human beings meet in an electromagnetic connection that carries with it this frequency that we can call love and hate. I've talked about love in specific places within the body graph. There is love in the G center – there lies the Vessel of Love and four of the dynamic themes of love as direction in life.

However, it's more complex than that because, as I once said in a gray course long ago, we are the breath of love and so it permeates every aspect of our nature. One of the things that you'll discover is that if you bring it to your personal level (what does love mean for me, or why do I fall in love, and so forth), you'll see that each of these seven gates of love act as triggers, as initiators of what is going

to be either a love or hate experience, and you cannot separate the two. You cannot. You can never be without hate if you are in love and you can never be without love if you are in hate.

I had three of the seven gates and I listened intently to what Ra had to say. My sacral responded to everything he was saying about those gates of Love that I personally had in my chart and I was able to recognize myself. Love was something that consumed me in this life and any help I could have in understanding it, I welcomed.

In the middle of the Biversity, I could feel something in my body that felt strange and uncomfortable. This is always a sign for me that something is going on. I asked two good friends of mine if they could help me get clarity. They asked me some questions and my sacral responded to leaving. But it also responded to not spend a lot of money by changing my airlines ticket. When I got to my hotel room after class and called the airlines, they could accommodate me with a flight the very next morning and there would be no charge. Did I want to do that? My sacral responded “ahunh” and I found myself packing my suitcase and leaving at 5 AM for the airport. I was stunned as I drove away in the taxi. What had just happened? I had no idea. I just knew it was correct. When I checked in at the ticket counter, I was upgraded to a business class seat – complimentary! That shocked me – and I thought to myself – life is so magical when I honor my response.

It is an amazing thing to let my life take me even if I didn’t know why or even where I was going! I was still deeply in my experiment and it did not matter that I was thousands of miles away from home – my sacral was still running the show.

*A rubber band
Stretches across a razor’s edge
A high wire balancing act
Between intensity and letting go
Trust is my only net*

The following month, Ra asked me if I would like to be part of the Jovian Archive newsletter. I responded and it was pure joy to be able to write these articles. I was still going to my office every day in Sedona. These articles became a way for me to share my experience of being a Generator with the Human Design community. I was in my fourth year of my experiment when I started writing and it lasted for three years. At that time my sacral responded to stop writing these articles, it was my seventh year!

A few months later I responded to going to Vienna to participate in Human Design courses there. Oh, I fell in love with Vienna on my very first visit. I made so many wonderful friends from the community there and I knew it would always be one of my favorite places on this earth. There is something about Vienna – the feeling – the architecture – the cafes. It is so steeped in a history of art and music – you can feel it everywhere you go. My one dream before going was to hear live violins while I was there. I love the sound of violins – they touch a place deep within.

I couldn't believe when one night I found myself in a café that was famous for being a haven for artists and musicians in the past century – and there was a live string quartet performing. I sat down – ordered a coffee and closed my eyes. It was heaven. I shall never forget that moment as long as I live.

Soon after returning from Vienna, my father's health started to decline rapidly. It was so sad to see my father like this.

He is not able to communicate clearly in words anymore. His words get all jumbled up and his comprehension of time is non-existent. Yet, I can almost know what he is trying to say. What he is thinking. What he is feeling. I am taking in his aura deeply. And the only word that comes up for me to clearly describe what is happening for him these days is "suffering". He is suffering. I am taking in his mental anguish, his deep melancholy and his low emotional wave. I understand that I am taking this in amplified compared to what he is actually experiencing, but it has also given me a very deep understanding of what he is going through.

A REVOLUTION OF ONE

I love my father. He was a real tough guy to have as a father and it was not always easy to be so open around him and not understand what I understand now with Human Design. I feel deeply responsible for him right now. It is my 27-50. I responded to this when he moved to Sedona. To be with my father right now is a deep part of me living who I am. It is an incredible time to witness the pull of past habits. It is also a beautiful time to reflect on what he and I shared in this life. I can still be with him physically – and I can feel my aura soothes him. There is something in him that knows.

I was relieved when he actually slipped totally into Alzheimer because it was less disturbing to him. The agitation was gone. He was much more relaxed when this happened. I could feel how this was actually easier for him because I was no longer taking in his mental and emotional pain as I had before. He needed to be moved to the Alzheimer section of the retirement community.

*Sometimes you think
You just can't take anymore
And then life gives you more
The last couple of days have been so intense
My body takes everything in so deeply
And there is no way around that
If I respond – it is correct*

*But oh – my poor body feels like a Mack truck
Has driven over it a couple of times
My father took a turn for the worse
Not physically but mentally
He doesn't remember me
All I can do is sit with him in silence
Hold his hand – and let my aura talk
I know his aura recognizes me even if his mind does not*

Visiting my father there was very difficult for me. With my openness, walking into the Alzheimer section was almost physically and mentally painful. It wasn't from my father that I felt this, but from all the other patients that lived there, as well as from the staff that worked there. I remember standing at the locked door before each visit – waiting for my sacral to respond – because I knew if I didn't wait to hear my sound, going in would be deeply unhealthy for me.

So I always waited – and only once did it respond “unun.” That time, I turned away from the door, walked down the long corridor and back to my car and drove home.

*We need the darkest dark
To see the lightest light
As the shadow cannot be seen
Without the Sun
And the sharpest edges of glass
Reflect the brightest colors of the rainbow*

I never fully understood what helpless really meant until this time with my father. There was absolutely nothing I could do for him but be there. I noticed my mind was really working overtime trying to hook me back. It took out the big gun of guilt. Telling me I should do this or that – and asking what kind of a daughter are you? It really knew how vulnerable I was. It thought I was susceptible as well – but it was wrong. I was vigilant because I knew how vulnerable I was and how easy it would be to slip into old patterns of behavior with my father because I knew he was dying. I never went to see my father unless my sacral responded first. But it responded often and I was visiting him almost every day. Michael was such a support and he asked me all the time – so many questions regarding my father and my relationship and what was correct for me to do during this time.

My office became more of a sanctuary than ever before. I would visit my father from the office and return to the office after the visit. It was like a bath for me every time I walked in that door. Alone in this space with no other auras, I was able to come back to myself.

One weekend, Michael and I drove to Flagstaff to the Office Max store for some supplies. When we were there, I wandered over to the furniture section and my whole body responded to this huge L-shaped desk with great file drawers that was on sale. Michael came over and asked me if I needed to buy that desk and I responded “ahunh”. My mind was telling me how absurd this was because I wasn’t even doing anything in my office – what did I need a big desk for? We bought the desk, put it in the truck and Michael put it together for me that weekend. On Monday, I sat at this desk

wondering what was going on. I remember feeling so ready – but for what? All week I sat at this desk looking out the window and laughing inside at how crazy my life had become since honoring my sacral response!

That very next weekend, sitting at this new desk, I opened my emails. One of them was an email asking me if I would like to run the Human Design organization in the United States. Reading this email, my sacral sound froze. It was that shocked! Nothing came out – absolutely nothing. Not even a sound for “I don’t know.”

I called my husband and asked him to meet me for a coffee. He drove to the office and we walked together to the Osho café. I had printed out the email and brought it with me. I gave it to him to read. He looked at me with a grin on his face and asked if I was ready for such a thing. I responded “ahunh.” But I was cautious as well – which was a good sign. I have Gate 12, which is about being cautious. I think this was the first time I actually saw it working in this way. He asked me many questions – all kinds of questions – and finally I was clear enough to send an email with some questions that I needed clarifying before I could respond. It was quite a process to get to this place.

All my questions were answered and my sacral had a very powerful “ahunh” to doing this job. I had about six months to organize everything and to have a website up and running by July 1. I also needed to have a name and Human Design America felt so right to my sacral. In that moment, it was born. I was very excited. I couldn’t believe that all this was happening.

In the winter, I traveled to both the UK and Vienna again for more courses with Ra. For someone who never wanted to learn this knowledge, my sacral was responding to an awful lot of courses! It definitely knew something more than I did.

In March, I responded to going to Madrid for two courses: The Love Course and a Generator Course. The courses were held in a monastery – we all slept and ate there. It was outside of Madrid in a

small town. Looking back, it seems ironic that I learned so much about love and sex in a monastery!

It was the Love Course that did me in. I had thought that this kind of shattering could not happen to me so late in my process, but I was wrong. I was shattered and shattered deeply. I couldn't sleep – I felt like I was breaking apart. My whole past was coming up before me – all my love relationships and sexual relationships for over 52 years! It was a time of deep inner processing, looking for my truth in all of it.

The shattering that happened at the Love Course in Madrid can only be described as existence turning me upside down and shaking everything out of my open centers about Love. Then when that was done, surgically scrapping the rest! How much mental stuff I had taken in about Love. How much emotional stuff I had taken in about Love. How much inspiration had filled me about Love. How much has been willed on me about Love. Shattering is so painful – again and again – it never gets easier. But after, I always see what a gift shattering is. How can I ever get to who I really am without the shattering?

What is so beautiful in all of this – is that this shattering in Madrid actually was the real beginning of me living the new Mary Ann. For the old one had been so deeply conditioned about what Love was – especially those first 28 years – when my heart physically broke. Patipada had been conditioned in an entirely different way.

Now Love feels like it is a clean slate within me – I can see if anything ever gets written on it. I am not sure what Love is anymore. And I am very happy to live in that place.

I am realizing I have no clue who I am in relationship to the opposite sex. No clue at all. My friends asked me many questions so my sacral could respond, but none of my responses were what I thought. All my ideas and thoughts about love and sex had nothing to do with me – this is what I discovered through my sacral response. It was so shocking. To think that I have lived my whole life by what I had taken in from others about love and sex is a little disconcerting. I shattered deeply about love. With sex and attraction, it is much more light and I am laughing so much. It is like bursting out of

chains – to stand so free and alive as myself and to know that my truth about these two things is not going to be like anyone else's. That is the beauty of Human Design. That is the richness of each of us being unique.

Yet, to really see how much I had bought about love and sex all my life was an eye-opener. I am acoustic and I love music. I have an open mind and take all that in. The words of a song – enter me as deeply as the music does. Yet, before design – those words STAYED in me and gave me so many ideas about what Love is and what it is not.

With an open emotional center – to watch a movie or listen to a song that is full of feelings and emotions – was a very powerful experience for me. I have no individual definition, but I have 6 gates that are individual gates and I have been so attracted to romance because of that openness. Oh man – has that ever been true! Whew. One of those gates is the 12th gate – it is so deeply romantic and acoustic. Give me a romantic novel or movie and I was a goner. Lost. All of this has impacted me deeply and has colored all of my relationships with the opposite sex.

This whole discovery of myself in relation to the opposite sex has been a profound cleaning of my open centers. I had no idea how much stuff was in there. To respond to questions that truly penetrate the conditioning was a gift beyond compare. To cut through so many of my ideas about men and women has left me feeling free in a way I have never dreamed of.

During the course, I became friends with a Manifestor/Generator couple and they invited me to their home in Madrid to spend the night before flying back to America. The Manifestor was also Italian and he started calling me “Mariuccia” like my grandfather did – with the same accent and all. It touched that place so deep inside of me where my grandfather had lived. I had such a sweet time with them both. And I also really liked Madrid. There was something about the Spanish people that touched me. I felt very connected to them – their strength of spirit and their passion for life. I loved listening to the Spanish language – almost like listening to a song being sung. I remember when I was on the plane thinking how glad I was that no one asked me to stay! I don't know what my sacral would have responded to that question.

I responded to going to Mill Valley in California for a celebration. My favorite sannyas musicians would be there and I was looking forward to being with them and their music so much. The night before the celebration, we were all having dinner and started talking about aging – almost all of us were 50 years old or older. The men were saying how they enjoyed their gray hair and the women were saying that for men it always looked distinguished. I then added that for women it was different and how our society judges a woman as old if she has gray hair. At this time, my hair was short and very gray!

My one musician friend, who is like a brother, turned to me and asked, “So, do you want to become a blonde?” I responded loudly and clearly, “Ahunh!” shocking myself totally! Blonde? Me? I had never ever thought of dying my hair blonde. But this response never changed – even after I returned to Sedona and was sitting in the chair at the salon and the colorist asked me, “Are you sure you want to bleach your hair blonde?” So, I am now a blonde and my sacral has never responded to going back to gray – not yet anyway!

After this dinner with my friends, we all went to the celebration. We got there early because they needed to do a sound check and prepare before everyone came. I had such a wonderful time that night. I had not seen so many familiar faces in one room for a very long time. I danced and sang and by the time I got back to my hotel room, I was deliciously tired. I immediately fell asleep but at 4 AM I woke up and couldn't fall back to sleep. So, I took out the novel I was reading and started reading. It was a romance book – being so open to individuality, I was deeply attracted to these kinds of stories almost devouring them. In the story, the heroine was in pain because she was losing the one she loved. I started to have a few tears roll down my face but then that changed and all of a sudden deep sobs were racking my body – releasing so much. I knew this had nothing to do with the book! I just let the sobbing take me over – witnessing myself at the same time. Finally spent, no more tears were coming.

These intense experiences always reveal so much. I saw that when I lost someone I loved for whatever reason, it was the fear of living my life without that person that created so much pain and suffering. It was the fear of losing the part of me that I experienced being with

that person. I had fallen in love with the “me” that I became when I was with the person I loved. And it was that which I wanted to keep and not let go of. In a sense, I had fallen in love with the two of us combined. Loving the other was really me loving the me I discovered, felt, touched and tasted when I was with this person. Together we had become something more and I didn’t want that to go.

So much was triggered by this realization. When the person was gone, it was my experience of myself that changed. And it was THAT experience I longed for and called love. And because I had no idea of who I was back then – I had no idea that it was all based on what I had been taking into my openness – not just centers, but channels and gates as well. The other was filling me and I liked that feeling and didn’t want that to leave. I thought I lost the love. What I lost was having my openness filled. When I was alone, because I had no experience of who I was, that was always experienced as a loss of love. When I was alone, I was always missing the one I loved. When in reality what I was missing was myself.

*I am still reverberating with this latest experience within
It is like all the love that ever went outwards – toward anyone
Just turned around . . . and came rushing back inside of me*

*I look the same
I feel the same
And yet everything is different*

*There is such a lightness of being!
Such an incredibly sweet and joyful lightness
Like a bird singing its first song*

*I never realized before why it was so painful to love so deeply
It was moving it outside of me –
Moving it outwards that caused the pain –
It then became all tied up and mixed up with the other
I looked in the mirror and the eyes in the mirror looked back
All I had searched for this whole life – was right there in the mirror
My soul mate was me*

My musician friend from California has a beautiful song with the following lines that describe what I was experiencing back then in my hotel room in Mill Valley. Funny, because it was this friend who was one of the musicians that night! “And you’ll see the day will come when with elation you will greet Your Self at your own door – to give your heart back to the stranger, who has loved you all your life.”

I had fallen in love with myself that night in that hotel room! It was never the same for me after that. I later found a wonderful quote by Oscar Wilde that I loved so much: “To love oneself is the beginning of a life-long romance.”

In April, my father turned 91. It was so sad to celebrate his birthday in the Alzheimer section. Michael and I went to spend time with him – and for a little while – he smiled and there was a flash of the man I remembered. He was present for a little while and then disappeared again. I could feel that time was definitely slipping away. I knew he was leaving. Dying is so much more than a medical event. It almost felt like he was gathering all his energy to go within himself for the process of death. He became even more withdrawn. Almost like he was getting his house in order. It did not matter that he was in dementia. His unconscious was doing what it needed to do, no matter what was happening on the conscious level.

I met the precariousness of life face to face. Death became a reality. I knew from being with my father that he was meeting death in his own way. Those last days, I spent every day with him, sometimes for hours. I felt like I was imbibing the whole death process in my own body. Because of my openness, I was taking in all my father’s emotions, despair, mental doubt, confusion and fear. It was very intense for me to be there, but I kept responding and I honored that response. The last stages were very intense. He had withdrawn deeply into himself. He stopped talking and eating. The caregivers told me one day when I came to visit, about a week before he died, that he was very agitated and disturbed and in total fear of going to hell. When I saw him, his face reflected all his fear. He couldn’t move and was just lying on the bed. He had no idea who I was. I don’t even know if he was aware that anyone was even in the room with him. He was deep inside his own death process.

I rested on the bed next to him, took his hand, and kept saying over and over again, into his ear, “You have nothing to worry about. You did the best you could. You are not going to go to hell.” The more I said this, the more he relaxed. After about an hour, he finally fell asleep and he looked relaxed and peaceful. The fear had left his face.

The last week with my father happened mostly in silence. I realized that there is no right way or wrong way to be when a loved one dies. We can only hope to be correct with ourselves and be there in that way. When I responded to being with my father these last days, a deep connection happened. I would walk into his room and from that moment until I left the room, I was totally present. I wasn't there because my mind thought I should be there. I wasn't there because I didn't want to feel guilty. I was there because my sacral – my energy – responded to be there. And that made all the difference in the world. I was supposed to be there for his transition – that was what my sacral response told me. And no matter how painful – it was correct. I would lie next to him on the bed and just hold his hand. I rarely talked. Once in a while I would say “I love you” or “it's okay to go, Dad” but most of the time it was just silent communication – aura to aura.

His body was departing and everything was shutting down in order for that to happen. In witnessing the body dying, I saw the miracle of death. It was an amazing thing to behold. For over 91 years, an incredible life force was keeping my father alive. It was his breathing; it was his heart beating and his blood pumping. All of these things, my father was not doing. They were happening.

The life force that keeps each of us alive is something to truly respect. I had witnessed the miracle of life with the birth of my granddaughters, but I had never thought of dying as a miracle. Over the last couple of weeks, I have discovered it is. The same life force that creates life also has to take life. All the different aspects that kept him alive, had to close down in their own perfect timing. Everything was preparing for this – all the functions of the body.

Touch and wordlessness became very important. Just laying next to him and holding his hand and being there was all that was needed. I could feel that with every cell of my being. There was nothing left to

say. There was nothing left to do. I felt complete. I felt that together we were waiting for Death to come.

Existence provides a synchronicity that is beyond anything I can understand. I trust this totally in my life and in the death of my father. Everything is always exactly as it should be. Life unfolds according to the program. Death unfolds according to the same program. Death comes in its own time, in its own way, just as everything in life comes in its own time, in its own way.

Meeting death like this has gone deep inside of me. I am in awe of the beauty of it. I never thought of death as being beautiful until now. But it is. I see so clearly so many things since I have been living as myself. In the stark realness of being me, the illusions fall away. The old systems of belief and ideals are shattered. What is left is me, an innocent me. I watch myself in each new situation and notice that so many of my pre-conceived ideas are no longer there. It allows me to meet whatever is there in such a new space. That is what happened with meeting Death with my father. I had so many ideas about death. So many ideals on how one should die. It was beautiful to have everything about death stripped from me and to see it purely for what it is. Death is a miracle.

I was grateful that hospice was involved because I was able to give my father the 72-hour time period so that his personality could complete its process after the body died. When my father's death was imminent, I made arrangements with the local funeral parlor telling them of the care the body needed, including no embalming. What a journey it had been these last five years with my father and I. I could not have asked for a more beautiful leaving. From him moving from New Jersey to Sedona, each and every decision I made concerning me with him was a sacral response. It was a deep honoring of myself as well as my father.

*This beautiful completion with my father
Is what it is because of the knowledge of Human Design
That is a precious gift
I feel so clean inside
There is no guilt, no blame – no should have's
Just the perfection of it all*

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Beginning of the End

I had entered the sixth year of my experiment. What a startling part of my experiment it was, to be in the role of Director of Human Design America. For most of my experiment, I was protected and on the roof as a 6/2. After my Chiron, I could feel the forces pulling me down from the roof. I could feel that I was becoming more involved with life.

I entered this new experience correctly and while in that role I continued to wait for my sacral to respond before doing anything. That was still the most important thing in my life. I remember one person, who knew I was a Generator living according to my strategy, asking me back then, “What is your business plan?” I think my mouth must have dropped open. “Plan? I am going to wait to respond.” I couldn’t imagine that just because I had started this business, I would not continue the way I had been all these years. Nothing had changed!

I remember feeling in those days that the forces were either going to kill me or mutate me – but there was absolutely no room for anything else. There was so much to respond to – and because I am splenic – my response is instantaneous. I felt like a small snowball that started at the top of mountain and with each response, it rolled down the hill gaining more momentum and snow as it went. Each response moving it further and it went faster and faster and got bigger and bigger. That’s how I felt. I could not believe that my sacral really had the energy for all that I was responding to and sometimes it felt like it was going to roll right over me!

There is so much energy that a fifteen-hour day does not tire me. This is crazy (my mind says). You should not work so much (my mind says). But I am flying. I love every moment. There is an energy within that is pumping me. My sacral responded. And now it is ready to work. But because there is so much joy, it doesn't feel like work. It is an incredible dance.

The joy that fills me is so immense that I can hardly stand it. I am in awe of watching myself unfold in this way. I had no idea. I am alone. I am working. There is so much creating and producing coming out. And that is all so orgasmic in a way that I never experienced before. It is about caring and it is about taking responsibility. The energy that is pouring through me, I have no idea where it is coming from. I know I am a Generator and that the sacral is a powerful motor. I just never experienced it quite like this before.

It is the center of regeneration and degeneration. It is the center of sexuality. I always thought that sexuality had to do with being sexy. It does not. It is something else entirely and that is what I am experiencing right now. It is all that I hated hearing about in that sexuality course years ago. I can only laugh now. Because the reaction to what I heard was from who I was then – still filled with so many illusions about love and sex and myself! This energy coursing through me is pretty amazing and so powerful. And no one else is around. It's just me with whatever is moving me.

This is the first time that I am really working and I know for sure that I am not being a slave. Ra has talked so much about freeing the slaves. The energy of Generators has been used forever. We are incredible work beings. Yet, how much of what we have done in the past in the name of 'work' was correct for us? I remember Ra talking about once a Generator is free and is responding they stop being slaves and become builders. I heard the words but I had no idea what was meant. Now I do. Something is being built here. I am not building it. It is very clear to me that I am not 'doing' anything. It is not in my control. My response was not in my control and what is happening is not in my control.

All those months in preparation for Human Design America to officially begin, was pure joy for me. I was in my own world, filled with all the creativity of the life force. I could not believe how much energy I had. I loved working on the website and creating products.

One of my heart's desires was to have two small booklets that explained the Four Types and the 9 Centers in an easy to understand way. I wanted this information to be available for everyone. I was thinking of mothers who had very tight budgets and who could not afford a reading. I wanted them to be able to afford to buy these two booklets to help them understand not only their children but themselves as well. One weekend, they just poured out. They became the KISS booklets.

I was so excited about all that could unfold in America. Because I had to use my own money to finance the business, I needed to do as much as I could myself without having to pay for outside resources. This was not a hardship for me at all because this was the part that I loved the best, creating and producing.

As a 6/2 off the roof, the most difficult aspect for me in this role was having so many people up close and personal. I had just spent over twenty years aloof and uninvolved up on the roof – and now I was eyeball to eyeball with everyone. It was a shock especially in this role. I have the channel of the Alpha – the 31/7 – and one of the important things I tried to remember with this channel was, that half the people were going to like me as the leader and the other half would not.

Human Design America was not a typical business in that all the teachers and analysts in the United States were affected by it. But it was still a business and not an organization. I was offered the business, I responded to the business and I signed a contract for this business. The one half of the people that liked me as a leader were really happy that there was an effort being made to get the Human Design System out to the general public. The other half that did not like me being a leader were always trying to tell me how I should do it or just send out a vibe that they didn't like how I was running it – and no matter what I did – they were never happy.

What a way to come off the roof! Boy, talk about a crash course of being back in the world. The one saving grace was my sacral response. I had learned from having already passed through six years in my experiment that I could not give a reason to my sacral response. The only answer I can ever give is, "In this moment, it is

not correct for me” or “ in this moment it is not healthy for me.” Any other answer would simply be from the mind, and the mind has no business giving reasons to my sacral response. It had no clue what is ever going on in my Sacral Center.

Not giving reasons in this position of authority can often appear cold and harsh – especially in emails. If the person were in the office, they would get my tone of voice, or my body gestures and facial expressions. I remember one time, right after the Human Design America website went live, many emails came in from analysts and teachers. One email asked me if I wanted feedback. My response was “unun”. All I knew was that in that moment it was unhealthy for me to receive any feedback. And that is basically what I emailed back. The person got really angry with me even though I added that it just was not correct for me in that moment to listen to any feedback but if they wanted to ask again in another moment in time, I was available.

Now I am aware that my response can appear that I am closed and that I do not want to know what someone else thinks, feels, sees or judges. But the truth was none of those things – it was just not correct or healthy for me. But oh my – does that ever stir the pot. I know it is very strange behavior in a business – but it is me as a Generator in the business. The Generator will always come first – not the business. I was comfortable with that – because it was my truth and I know how wise my sacral response is for guiding me in my life and keeping me healthy.

So for me in those days, the physical work was pure joy. The people stuff was not. I often was wishing for the ladder so I could climb back up on the roof. Having my sacral response run Human Design America did not sit well with many people. To think that an “ahunh” or a “unun” was going to be guiding the whole business in the United States made some people nervous and others very angry. My sacral response was running the show – not just for me now but for Human Design America as well.

*It is only 8:35 AM and already they're at me
I tell you – it is really something
No one leaves me alone
I had no idea*

*People stuff can be so draining and tiring
I am invincibly vulnerable to it all
My sacral responded to this role
So I know it is correct
But man, I had no idea what doors I was opening
Towards myself from the outside
I just can't believe people
And HD people too
Generators acting like Manifestors
I'm so pissed off
Was there really a time
All I had to do was write update articles?
But in spite of the people stuff,
Which can be a real bag of worms
I LOVE the work and I feel so alive
I am very very grounded – and it feels like my Sacral Center
Has an umbilical cord connected to the center of the earth*

What I found out about myself in this role was how strong I was within myself. After being a people pleaser for almost 50 years, I was without a doubt not doing that anymore. I was responding all the time. Sometimes there was confrontation and I was comfortable with that. It was astonishing to have to deal with so many people and not be afraid of the emotional wave that came towards me because someone did not like what was happening. With my open mind it was amazing to know what someone was thinking about me and not care. If there was any validation for the Human Design system, it was right there. I could never have even dreamed of standing in myself in this way, in this role, before I started living as a sacral being. I would have done anything to avoid confrontation. I would have done anything to keep the peace.

Nothing was more important than living as myself. Being in this role only pushed me deeper into my experiment. I became even more vigilant that each action was happening directly from a response. I was being tested daily to see if I could stand in my strategy and run a business from it. I was being tested to see if I could deal with all the people according to who I am, and not who they want me to be. It was intense. But the more I was able to stand as a sacral being and keep honoring my response, in spite of whether people liked me or not, the more something inside got aligned. It was magical and it was a real test by fire.

I was so excited about all the creation that was happening. I loved being able to play like this. I felt like I had been given the candy store. There was all this material available, in one form or another, just waiting to be created into something. It was such a juicy, alive and fertile time. I wrote this almost five years ago when I was in my role.

I feel like something is in a hurry. I can feel it in my body. There is a huge pressure yet I am comfortable with it. Not that I can make anything happen. But something is 'moving me' and pressuring me. It is not my mind because I am never thinking that I have to do this or that. I just 'do' it. It is very weird. In a course over four years ago called "Global Cycles", Ra talked about the lock and keys of each epoch. We are in an epoch now which began in 1615 and ends in 2027. One of the keys to one of the locks from this period is Gate 61, which is the gate of Inner Truth. In 2027 Gate 61 leaves as a key. NOW is the time for Inner Truth to get out. This period of 25 years that we have until 2027 is very important. Twenty-five years may seem like a long time, but it is actually very short in terms of human life on earth.

The archive of Human Design knowledge that has been stored in one form or another for the past fifteen years needs to get out before 2027. This knowledge is so important to the planet. I don't want this to sound trite – because I sincerely mean it. For me, Human Design is the hope for humanity. I don't know anything else that really works that doesn't hook you into something outside of yourself. Human Design frees you from all the hooks! I know this deeply from my own experience.

Being given a role that allows me to produce this knowledge in written form is an incredible joy. I love things to look beautiful. I love things to be free of typos and grammar or punctuation errors. But if people had to wait until everything could all be edited and corrected, it could take years. And this information is simply too important to wait for the perfect form. As I was creating the product catalog – or better to say that the product catalog was being created! I watched myself type the words UNEDITED. It was very strange. But it fit so well with what I had been sensing. I wanted to have publications go out to the public that were edited and correct, yet the pressure of time was making me feel uncomfortable inside.

When I saw this word, I realized YES, we could produce unedited versions so that the knowledge is out there. That is the most important thing. Then, in the time it takes, while the unedited versions are being released, all the editing and correcting can be happening. This alone could take years and years for the amount of work that this entails. Meanwhile the material will be available for all who want it.

However, no one should have to wait before this knowledge is available. I have such a 'unun' every time I think of waiting to 'perfect' everything. We simply don't have the time. I sense we are at a critical point in humanity's history. Not that the world is going to end, but that people truly need something. With the world situation and terrorism, people know that they cannot trust the 'outside'. This has been shattered on a very deep level. People need something that they can trust; otherwise it is impossible to live life without being deeply afraid.

My two friends who had been working for Jovian Archive, one worked part-time for Human Design America and the other produced CD's – something he did at Jovian Archive. This friend was the same person who I went on a blind date with, when I first began my search and who had asked me “So what's your reality?” We had stayed friends all these years. He also helped me so much with my father. They got along great – both of them had an emotional wave and my father had always loved him like a son. My father had died May 2002 Human Design America officially began in July 2002 and my friend died August 2002.

My dear friend died with a deep acceptance that Death had come. I think he was secretly excited to have this experience – that was the feeling I got from him. I was taking in his emotional wave and I felt it in my body when I was with him. The last moments we had together, he took my hand, looked me square in the eye, and asked, “You'll make sure that my body is not disturbed for 72 hours?” I responded, “ahunh” and he smiled said thank you and closed his eyes.

I invested all the money that I could into Human Design America and to supplement this was able to get two business credit cards. In the beginning of starting a business, you have to spend money in order to make money. So much needed to be bought just for the

production aspect, and then there was advertising and marketing. I remember responding to spending this amount or that amount and my mind totally freaking out – saying, “Where are you going to get this money from?” This was part of the snowball effect I mentioned earlier. I just kept responding and things kept happening and the more that happened the more there was to respond to. The more I responded the more space was in me for more life force energy.

Yet, I always knew that at some point my role would end. I wrote this in January of 2003, just before Ra came for his last tour in America.

*Human Design America will get every drop of me – my totality.
Until it is time for me to go into the world and live me
No role – no representation of anything other than myself
It is unknown territory and I have no fear
At that point
My slate will be clean
I don't know why I keep feeling that so strongly
Or even why I say it
But there is this sense that there will be a clean slate
With me and the forces
The forces have given me the greatest gift of my life
They gave me the way that I could discover who I am –
And when my role here is over
I will have paid my dues
And the slate will be clean*

*My whole life has been a journey
And I have been used much along the way
And given much*

*But something about this moment in Time
When I am no longer in this role
That feels like it will truly be my birth
Clean slate and all*

*I have no idea what I will do then
Where I will go
Who will be in my life
I just feel that this is true
Like I have peaked into the future*

*But it is not in my hands
I responded to this
And I am waiting to be released from the program
I know the day will come when I go “unun”
To being in this role
And that day will change the course of my life
I find it ironic that I responded to HD America
And then my father died
I was tied to Sedona for five years caring for my father
And now I am tied to Sedona caring for this*

I always felt it would be around three or four years. I knew that all the sacral energy within me was needed to get Human Design off the ground in America. It was this energy that worked thousands of hours, creating and producing all the material, including the unedited versions. The joy within was huge. I was truly like a whirling dervish. I remembered that from my reading many times as I was printing and collating and binding books. It felt like I was twirling and it was an incredible feeling. I finally was able to pour all my love for Human Design and all my gratefulness for what it had brought me into THIS!

The last American tour was organized for February and March. As was everyone else on the planet, I was deeply affected by September 11. It pushed me into becoming a licensed analyst and a teacher of Human Design – two things that before, my sacral always responded no to. This changed with the attack on the World Trade Center. Humanity needed Human Design and the people of New York really needed it. My sacral knew that I needed to contribute whatever I could to help bring inner peace and inner trust to as many people as possible. So when Ra and I were organizing his tour, I said that I wanted him to begin and end in New York City. He agreed.

Ads were placed in the magazines that I was able to afford. The phone calls started pouring in. I learned quickly that New Yorkers like to pick up the phone and talk to a person. And I loved it. I loved their no nonsense attitude. And I knew that they would love Ra’s cynical nature. From New York, Ra would then be in Sedona to offer advanced training for analysts and a teachers training. There would also be a course on Generators. In addition to this, there was also a long weekend in San Diego planned.

I have a terrible mind for remembering details. Organizing details is another thing entirely. This is so natural for me and creates such an easy flow that just takes me. Organizing is a great joy for me. What needs to be done just seems to come when I need to deal with it. By the time the event happens, everything has been taken care of with no effort. And the best part is that I then get to totally enjoy the events myself. Which I did!

It was wonderful to travel to New York City, meet Ra at the airport and then have two full days with New Yorkers. Many people showed up and we had a full conference room. So many of those people are still involved today with Human Design. We flew to Sedona and for two weeks there was one course after another. It was wonderful to see so many old friends from Human Design gathered together again.

During this time, I had a very intense encounter with a good friend. Human Design America had been placing ads in a local magazine for Ra's coming to Sedona. The editor wanted to interview Ra and that was arranged. At the last minute, she told my friend to do it instead. My friend was an analyst and teacher. When my friend told me this, my sacral responded "unun and that it was not correct for me that this happened." I had responded to the editor doing the interview not someone else. And with it changing, my response also changed. My friend stormed out of the class and we never really renewed our friendship again after that. That was one of the tough things about being in this role – I had to deal with so many friends and what had just been friendship had now become business. It is a different vibe altogether and can be very confusing for everyone.

*There is such a beautiful trust
There is no worry as I am taken on this journey
No worry about who is in my life or who is not in my life
No longer is there doubting – "where are we going now?"
No longer is there suffering – "why isn't this happening?"
No longer is there fighting what is – "but I wanted that!"
No longer afraid – "What will happen to me now?"
There have been so many experiences that have shown me
Over and over again – that my life is unfolding just as it should be
And I am sharply aligning with each breath of response
To the person I was born to be*

In New York City, Ra for the first time talked exclusively to the Manifesting Generator. Due to someone in California wanting to change the Human Design System, much confusion had been created about the Manifesting Generator. This took place towards the end of March. Ra flew back to Ibiza. I returned to Sedona.

A short time later, I was on my way to Ibiza for the Annual Human Design April Event. As part of this event, all the directors from the national organizations would meet with Ra for two days. I was looking forward to this meeting and at the same time I was a little nervous. I knew my sacral and I knew I had no control over it.

Yet, I was also looking forward to hearing what other countries were doing and how they were doing it. I was very new as a director and I felt this interchange could be valuable. We gathered around the table, Ra walked in and informed us that he was no longer going to be in charge of the board but had passed it on to someone else. He introduced this person – said a few things and left. I was a little surprised but still open to this meeting.

The only thing I knew beforehand was that we were all going to be presented with a new education program. In America, the school part of Human Design had not yet been established and I was looking forward to having some guidelines in how to do this. I knew I could not run the school, and when Ra was there he helped me find someone who could.

At the beginning of the meeting each of us was handed an agenda. We were all told to look at the agenda and that we would discuss it and then vote on the more important items the next day. I was not informed or even asked if I had any input to this agenda before the meeting. As a director that felt very strange. This was not really an open meeting of an exchange between directors of each country, but a strategic business plan that required major decisions. Whose agenda was this? My body started to get very uncomfortable. This was always a sign for me that something happening was not correct for me. This discomfort grew the more I sat in this room. I was expected to make major decisions the next day yet nothing was

presented in a way that my sacral could respond to. For me the very premise, that I had been living from for the last six years, was missing in this room. I could have been sitting in a meeting for the international company in Zurich that I had worked for many years ago prior to Human Design.

I remember saying at one point, “What about the emotional people. Don’t they need time before they can vote? One night doesn’t seem like enough time for every emotional person to have clarity.” I knew this deeply because of living with my husband. He needed two years to get clarity about buying a new car! My comment was kind of washed over.

I was still disturbed about this voting that we were expected to do the next day. I asked “What if my sacral goes “unun” to something?” I was told that it was a vote and democracy ruled. That was when I really freaked out inside. I couldn’t imagine having my sacral respond “unun” to something and then being expected to implement it in America. I couldn’t go against my sacral center – I knew that. That was what all the six years of my experiment were about: Getting to this place where nothing but my sacral made decisions for me.

I was overwhelmed not knowing how to operate in this meeting. At one point I tried to voice my concerns, and I was actually told to stop being negative and that only positive comments were wanted. My body had become very sensitive during the years of my experiment. Sitting in this room, much was coming into me that had nothing to do with what was being said. Auras were talking. And my body was very disturbed by what was coming into my open centers. So much non-verbal communication was happening. My intuition was picking it all up and my body became even more uncomfortable.

I was an absolute mess by that first night. I called Michael from my hotel room. It was probably the most expensive phone call of my life. I poured out to him everything that I felt. At this moment in time, he was the only person I trusted and could talk to. He asked me so many questions and my sacral was finally able to convey its truth and I was able to find out what was correct for me to do. I knew I had to resign as director of Human Design America. My sacral was adamant about this. It was not correct for me to stay in this role nor was it healthy.

I was actually calm after I got to this clarity. The next day I told the board of my clarity. I was asked if I still wanted to stay in the meeting – it was the first question I had been asked in a yes/no format since the meeting began the day before. I responded “ahunh” and so I stayed. It didn’t make any sense to my mind because it thought we just resigned. But the sacral never makes logical sense. So we stayed.

During breaks and in the evening, some ideas about what could happen with Human Design America were discussed but nothing was decided. My sacral was very much in “not knowing”. I would just have to wait and see how things unfolded.

I returned to America, sent out a very politically correct email to all the analysts there and started to look at the situation of passing HDA to someone else. I received a phone call from a Human Design person wanting to know what was really going on because the email I sent out smelled fishy. Oh you cannot fool the tribe. This person asked me so many questions and I was able to get clarity about my truth concerning everything that had happened at the board meeting.

Thanks to my sacral response and my corporate business experience, I now became aware of the scenario that had unfolded. Whenever there used to be a meeting that included an agenda, all managers and directors were asked for their input prior to the meeting unless someone was trying to usurp all the power. Clearly, in the meeting I had attended, a take-over was being attempted. Nothing was openly said – it was what I felt inside of me. Sitting there I had felt so powerless and without rights. My sacral, which is my only power, was not responding because nothing was said overtly in such a way that it could respond. But my intuition was picking up what was not being said.

Once I got this clarity, I became furious. I experienced an energy I can only describe as Kali. It surfaces once every few years and always feels the same. Inside of me it is as if some primal energy comes out of the center of the earth and fills me with a ferocity that does not care what is destroyed. No thinking accompanies this. It begins with a sacral response that starts as a growl but turns into a primal roar. I then wrote a very private email to the director Ra had appointed as well as Ra himself. All that I could not articulate in the board

meeting, I expressed in this email. The email was made public and the shit literally hit the fan. There is no nicer way to put it. It was not my intention and there was no turning back from the chaos it caused.

Two things were present at this time. There was the correct action from my sacral response and there was the blame from my mind. I knew that my form was correct in all that it did because it was always guided by my sacral response. It was this that saved my spirit. If my form had not been correct, my spirit would have been destroyed in the intensity of this experience. It was not. There was no residue after this experience was over. I could look myself in the mirror and I was at peace inside.

But my mind was another story. I realized that during the time when my sacral had no clarity, my mind was able to take revenge for all the years that I had not let it have power. In the letter, I blamed some of the people in that meeting. To blame was something I had not done throughout my whole experiment. I had been vigilant when my father died – to be aware not to allow guilt to take over. But here, I had lost my vigilance. My mind took over. It was a profound lesson to learn and I paid the price of friendship for it.

These things – blame, guilt and shame – do not go away. They just become dormant. The mind is always waiting for an opportunity to take the power away from my sacral response. It will wait for the right moment and try. It succeeded in helping me write that letter. It was a profound lesson to learn but a necessary one for my continuing cleaning out process.

I was still in my sixth year and I realized that it was almost more difficult than the first year. Once I realized that my mind had blamed people – I apologized to all of the people on the board in a letter.

During this entire experience, there was calm inside of me even though there was so much fury and chaos outside. I knew I was correct in my own form and within myself. This did not mean that it was correct for anyone else, just correct for me.

A REVOLUTION OF ONE

My sacral responses represent my truth. They align me to my correct movement in life. I stand alone by myself when I do that. No one else is there to support or defend me. This is the real fire of living this experiment.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Life is Not a Straight Line

My seventh year began with Michael and I treating Alexandara (Alex) and Carolina with a trip to San Diego to celebrate their birthdays in July. We had a wonderful time.

Both grandchildren flew to San Diego and met my husband and I. We spent one week together – doing all those kinds of kid things: San Diego Zoo, Sea World, Wild Animal Park, and swimming. We had such a great time. Neither girl was responding much the first day. I didn't say anything. But every time they asked me if I would do this or that with them, or if they could do this or that, I responded. Which was the only thing I knew how to do. With kids, you can end up responding hundreds of times in one day. They are always asking you something – and most of the time in the “yes-no” framework that is so important for a Generator.

By the second day, they were both responding more and more. I don't even think they were aware of it. It is something I have seen over and over again – the sacral response is “caught”. One person told me it was like a piano tuner – the strings get tuned from hearing the vibration and frequency of a functioning Generator. I know how hard it is sometimes for them to respond from their sacral. The peer pressure at school is enormous for kids. I also knew that they needed to find their own way through life. I was so delighted when they did respond because then I knew it was really their truth.

It was the beginning of the summer and I was still in my role as director for HDA. It was still correct for me to resign and Jovian Archive Corporation was in the process of selecting a new director –

one that would be correct for all parties concerned. There was one potential candidate and it looked like it was going to happen, I had even packed 25 cartons of products. But during the final negotiations it became clear that the conditions were not correct. I had no idea how long the process of finding another potential director and then the passing on the business would take. We needed all the products to fulfill the orders coming in so I needed to unpack everything and restock the shelves.

I knew that I wouldn't be in this role forever – but had no idea that the end would come so quickly. I had responded to being director less than two years ago. And I came to understand so much about being in a role from this experience. It wasn't so difficult when I was just me living as myself. But as soon as I stepped into this role and lived in this role as a sacral being responding, the projections became overwhelming – especially as the “2” was the form part of my 6/2. The projections of how I should be, what I should do, how I should do it were great. The only thing I could hold onto was my strategy – which has been my anchor throughout this entire experiment.

What Human Design gave me was the strategy of a Generator and this has brought me to my core. I had touched this core in the past – especially during my years with Osho. Singing, I would fall into my core. Dancing, I would fall into my core. Sitting silently listening to the wind and the birds, I would fall into my core. Lying in the sun, I would fall into my core. But then it would go and I was left always wondering what happened that made the core disappear. I always thought I lost it and then I was back searching again.

I reached the core by surrendering to “wait for things to come to you and respond”. And there is no back and forth anymore. I never leave this place because it is where I live. The chaos of my mind and my open centers whirls around this. They never go away. But my sacral is my core – and I am not what whirls around this.

I was still working at the office and still putting in 15-hour days to maintain the inventory. I only felt secure with a good stock of material and it was a delight to look at the shelves full of products. It always made me smile. I was still so in love with Human Design.

A REVOLUTION OF ONE

I was still giving Sacral Sessions and had come up with a question that absolutely tickled me. With some people I would ask, "Do you love yourself?" Almost everyone responds, "unun". Then I ask, "Do you have the feeling that it is your ideas about who you think you should be, that actually keep you from loving yourself?" The response is always delicious for me because there has always been an "ahunh". The person then just collapses with laughter because in that moment – it is so clear that it is all the ideas that keep us from loving ourselves! It is always a joy for me to help people really see themselves like this. Seeing is the beginning of being free.

*I have almost completed seven years and I am amazed
That I finally understand that nothing is personal
This is not a mental understanding
It is a deep relaxation within my own form that tells me
That it is true*

*The other day I was thinking of how ancient I feel
And how at the same time like a child – new – alive – in wonder
Like an "ancient child" ready to meet life for the first time
Yet having lived eons and eons
Without a trace except for this cellular memory*

*But in the "now"
All is new
No baggage
No residue
Nothing but "now"*

*And then there are fractals
Continually meeting – again and again
From the beginning of time
To the end of no-time*

*I welcome it all
As myself
Because as myself – no matter what happens
It is only ever the perfection of the unfolding
Again and again and again
The master program of the mechanics*

*My eyes shine
No longer from tears of dreams shattered or hopes smashed*

*No longer from tears of illusions pulverized
By the heavy stone of life as the not-self*

*My eyes shine from understanding
That all that ever was
And all that is to be
Is taking me*

*No more questions inside
Where?
Why?
When?
What?*

*For it has never been personal
From the beginning to now to eternity
This human form – just another costume
For life to dance in
A play
A taste
A delight
If you can enjoy the ride
And be taken*

*Truly an incredible breath of truth
A song sung in the key of “it”*

*Released from it all
And held captive by it all
It is the same*

*Freedom is in knowing the truth
Not in being free*

By the end of the summer, the new director was found, Genoa Bliven. It was correct for everyone – Jovian Archive, Genoa and me. I loved how Genoa and I related to each other in this passing-on stage. There was deep respect for what had happened while Human Design America was in my hands. Taking into consideration the equipment, office furniture and large inventory – we found a financial settlement that was correct for both of us. It was a beautiful way to pass this incredible “entity” into new hands. He came one day with a big rental truck and we loaded everything into it. I wished him well – we hugged

good-bye. Genoa drove off and I looked around this empty office amazed at how it had all began – when I sat in this very same office years ago with nothing to do and called it “The Secret of Waiting”.

I no longer had the office. I no longer had Human Design America. I was back to doing nothing. It was a similar place that I was in at the beginning of my experiment – but with one big difference. I was totally at peace with it. I was not waiting to be asked anything. I was not waiting to do anything. I simply rested in “nothing”. Quite a place that nothing! In nothing – breathing is like music. It sends a frequency to every cell – and everything just relaxes more deeply into being.

These past years almost seem like lifetimes. I always knew that I would not do HDA for a long time – but I never thought in a million years that it would be as short as it was! Trusting my sacral, I was not worried about having “nothing” – because now I had everything. I had me.

I have finally matured. Such a great word – it has “true” in it. I feel I have grown up these past seven years. My sacral response to the “this and that” of life – often took me further and further away from what I thought I wanted. I got to see that life is not about getting what the mind wants. When this lesson penetrated to my core, something deeply shifted inside of me. There was a newfound peace and contentment with life as it “is”. To live like this is a true gift.

I am available in a way I have never been before. Ease. That is the perfect word to sum it up. There is this ease with everything as if I am flowing like water through my life. Ease is not easy – I am not saying my life is easy. Life is life and it will always have its bumps and snags. This is different. Ease is something else. I am at ease even when life is not easy!

I went to visit Madhu and my granddaughters for Thanksgiving. It was so good to be with them. It was the first time in over six years that I had no responsibility back in Sedona that was pulling on me no matter where I was. First it was my father and then it was Human Design America. It was a totally different trip because I was present in a way that I hadn't been before. It was a deep connection with the family. While there, I remembered about my 27-50 in the mammalian

keynotes. This was an ancient bonding with my family. I could feel it in every cell while I was with them. It was time for them to be nurtured and protected in the way that only the 27-50 can do. It was while I was there, that I responded to looking at moving there. I needed to first see how Michael felt about it.

Before leaving Human Design America, Ra asked me to organize some courses in Sedona when he came for a visit for the month of December with his family. I responded. Genoa was fine that I completed this final act.

Also at this time, my daughter and grandchildren had come to Sedona to spend the holidays with us.

When they arrived, Alex was pretty sick. My 27-50 responded immediately to taking care of her. As I was soothing her fever and making her comfy in bed, she said to me "I needed this Grandma. Mom doesn't do this with me." How amazing an understanding of Human Design is at such times. I said to her, "Oh sweetie, Mommy can't do this – she doesn't have it in her." To which Alex started to ask me questions. She knows her chart and knows some things at the simplest level – but I was able to explain about her mother being a pure individual with an undefined throat and spleen. It was one of the most beautiful sharings we have had together at this level. Alex understood what I was saying and immediately started asking me if this person and that person had it in their chart. She felt that they might.

We started talking some more about her being a 6/2 and being in her first phase of this process. I shared with her how important responding is for her in this phase. How important it is for her to not let her mind guide her but instead let her energy guide her. We talked quite a bit about the mind and how it wants to run the show and have us follow. I could actually see the light bulb go off in her head. She looked at me and said, "Grandma, is that when you end up in bed at night and don't feel good about your day?" I responded "ahunh". She looked at me a long time and then said "this is really an amazing system" and again I responded "ahunh". She closed her eyes and I caressed her face until she fell asleep.

The next time she woke up, she was responding to everything. She was also feeling much better. There are no words to express the joy I felt inside to hear her response to even the smallest of things. And to watch her surprise when her response was so different than what her mind thought. She even commented a couple of times about how different it was.

A couple of days ago, her mother and I were talking about responding and how it is the little responses that don't seem important that can really mess up your life when you add a few of them together. You know, someone says "do you want to go to the movies" and you say back "sure, why not?" rather than responding. And you end up being somewhere your energy really doesn't want to be. How these things add up and before you know it – you're really living a life that isn't yours.

Alex was listening and even sharing her experience with us. It was such a great time for me. Because I knew that something had really shifted with Alex. She may have known about it before – but now responding was coming from within her in a natural way as if something had been turned on.

Yesterday I said to Alex, "Wow – you are really responding all the time. I'm so surprised." She said to me, "that's because I can see that it works". For me this was my Christmas gift this year. My first grandchild who I love so much is now responding from within herself and she is conscious of it. Sometimes blessings come in so many different disguises. If she had not been sick, this might not have ever happened.

The younger granddaughter looks up to her sister. I have been watching her while her sister has gone through this transition from answering in words to responding to everything. The younger one is still using words a lot – but you can almost feel that something inside her unconsciously has gotten that something has changed. It's almost like she senses that she is no longer in tune with what is happening around her. I am looking forward to watching the story unfold and being a part of its unfolding.

At this time, I could also feel that a chapter closed for me here in Sedona and I had no idea what my future would bring. These beautiful red rocks had held me through my first seven years. I could feel them releasing me. It was a physical feeling inside of me. It was time to go.

There was no way I could have planned for my life to unfold the way that it did. I never wanted to be anything. I never wanted to be an analyst or a teacher or even a director. I only ever wanted to be myself. Yet by being myself and by responding, I was moved into all of these things. I can see where I have been, I know where I am right now, but I never have any idea about the future. I remember thinking about what Ra had told me in my reading – about Gate 9 in Line 6 – he used the words “step-by-step” and with each sacral response it would build the world of me. I remembered Osho giving me my sannyas name of Prem Patipada meaning step-by-step with love. It truly was my journey these past 7 years – step by step with love for myself. That is what my Sacral Center was bringing me to, with each response – love for myself.

In February, I went to spend a month with the girls in Asheville. The four of us went on a cruise together and that was a nice break for me as well as for them. I lived with them in their home and became part of their life. I sometimes drove the kids to school and picked them up. I cooked and cleaned and had great fun helping them paint their bedrooms and the furniture in their rooms. It was the normal every day life but it felt so different for me. I loved it and I was so at peace in it as myself. I no longer worried about them. I could just ask them questions, especially my daughter, and listen for their sacral response. Madhu is a wonderful mother and is great with the girls. I was happy to be able to support her while I was there and just give her a hand – so that she could have some time for herself.

Michael and I spent the month of April in a wonderful cabin up in the trees in Asheville. It felt like we were living in a tree house. During that time, Michael felt out the possibility of living in Asheville and at the end of the month, we knew. We would be moving to Asheville as soon as we sold our home in Sedona.

In May, Michael needed to go to New Jersey for work and I stayed back. I started to pack some boxes that I wanted to ship when we moved. I had also put all my Human Design books, CD's and other material in a big box and asked my friend who used to come to my door if he wanted them. I made him an offer I hoped he couldn't refuse. He didn't. While I was bringing boxes into the garage, our next-door neighbor asked if we were moving. I responded, "ahunh" and he told me he knew of someone who might be interested.

It turned out she was. We were going to use a friend as a realtor but things happened so fast that we never needed to do that. When this woman wanted to know how much we were selling it for, I said I needed to get back to her on that because I didn't know.

I knew how much the houses were going for in our neighborhood but it never felt correct to ask so much. Michael and I asked each other questions till we were both comfortable with the amount. It was much less than the going market price, which was really high in Sedona back then. But it was correct for both Michael and I. This blew people's mind even more so than me giving up Human Design America. It became clear to both my husband and I, how often people want to get the most money for something – but doing so may be totally incorrect for them. The mind would never be able to understand taking less money than what one could get. But in this case, the old adage is true: Money isn't everything. Being correct is!

Within two months from returning in April from Asheville, our home was sold, a friend drove our truck cross country for us and Michael and I were on our way to Asheville, driving the car he had bought after taking two years for emotional clarity! Ah life! I am still always in awe of how life unfolds.

We had found a home to rent while visiting in April. We had also bought beds and furniture at that time and had everything delivered in June when I had gone back for a week. We also arranged to have telephone, Internet and cable installed during that time. We settled in easily and our home became a real family home. The first month living there showed me clearly that each response had brought me to that very moment. It was clear that this was a very important phase of my life and I was needed here now. I felt that if I had come any

later, it would have been too late. THIS was the time I needed to be with them.

I can't believe the transformation within me. I didn't do anything! How hard I tried for 25 years to find this place inside of me – but I didn't even know what I was looking for. I was just longing for something that I could feel was missing. And here it is! Within me – no big deal – nothing spectacular – truly ordinary and so amazingly relaxed.

As I live my life now – there is nothing going on under the surface that I am wanting, longing for or desiring. I seem to have fallen into what is – and not just accepting it – but ENJOYING it. Which is a big difference. Since I can remember, there has always been something under the surface – from material things, to a person, to a career, to enlightenment – always something. Now, there is nothing beneath the surface. No wishing for anything – just living what is.

I LOVED being Grandma. We had a three-bedroom house and turned one of the rooms into the “sleepover” room for the girls. We bought a dresser just for them so that they could keep clothes at our home. I had toothbrushes, hairbrushes and anything else they might need for spending the night. In the first year, they each spent one night a week at our home. Sometimes more – depending on what was going on. I had a great time making a real family home. I painted unfinished wood furniture in all different colors: red, black, purple, pink, aqua, lavender and white. I sewed curtains. It was a fun place to live – homey and colorful. We had so many trees around us and there was so much grass everywhere. It was very soothing after the dryness of the desert and the intensity of the red rocks in Sedona.

I helped with homework, sewed Halloween costumes, cooked, baked, and drove them to school and picked them up whenever needed. I loved my Grandma time with them. That was the only reason I was there – to be with Madhu and the girls. They turned me on to beading and we spent hours making beautiful hangings and jewelry. We loved being creative together – it always brought each of us so much joy. Sometimes it was a sewing project or baking cookies or painting more furniture for their bedrooms – we always had so much fun. We played games together, went to the movies, went bowling and shopping. It was a joy to be in their world and in their life.

It was so important for me to be there for those two years. Not just for them but for me. I could feel deeply how correct this time with them was for me. I had responded to having my name removed from the Human Design list of analysts and teachers. I had really pulled away from doing any courses. They were happening online now and I always responded “unun”. Once in a while, I would receive an email from Ra asking me if I wanted to do a specific thing. My response was always “unun” until I responded to Rave Psychology. I really enjoyed delving deeply into this and it was wonderful to not have to travel anywhere. I could sit in my bedroom in my own aura and be in class.

We had a super large kitchen with a table that could easily seat 12, which was perfect for Thanksgiving with the girls and our very close friends who had also moved there. I loved having every one at this table. I loved being the nurturer in this way – cooking and baking and making the table look beautiful. There was so much to be thankful for. My sister flew down from New Jersey to celebrate together a week before Christmas. We bought a tree and we all decorated it together. I went a little crazy with gifts because I just love to give gifts to people and my sacral just kept responding. It was a feeling of abundance and family, connecting deeply through simple every day life. I was nourishing myself by being with them.

Michael and I really enjoyed driving the 10 minutes from our home to downtown. Asheville is a great place for families and it has a very sweet and alive downtown area with lots of cafes, restaurants, music and art. It is surrounded by the Blue Ridge and Smokey Mountains and you always have a great view of them as you drive around Asheville. We were enjoying our life there. When the leaves changed in the fall – both of us were astounded by the colors. Our home was a few minutes to an entrance to the Blue Ridge Parkway and we would just go for drives up into the mountains during this time – it was absolutely breathtaking.

After we had been there for about a year, I could feel a change happening with the girls. Not in our relationship in anyway, but that the need that I felt when I first arrived was no longer there. I could feel that they didn’t need me. I knew they loved having me around and me living close to them, but something had subtly shifted.

Around this time, Ra emailed me and asked me if I would like to contribute to Jovian Archive radio. I couldn't believe my sacral responded "ahunh". Now I needed to learn how to record and transmit the recordings via email. I am not very bright when it comes to technology so this was a huge undertaking! Then to get comfortable talking to the wall – finally I found a tree that I liked and I talked to this tree. I had written update articles for three years – but using my voice was new. It was wonderful to use my voice and I loved doing it. I am still enjoying the experience. I had no idea what I would talk about and didn't want to feel restricted. Ra asked me to name the segments and the only thing I could come up with was "Spontaneous Somethings". It left me a lot of space to just be me.

A few years earlier my 6/2 niece had to go to India on business. She fell in love with India and then also with an Indian man. She asked me to come and visit her and I responded. I hadn't been to India in almost 9 years. I asked Alex if she wanted to go with me – she responded and we flew to Mumbai during Alex's spring break. My niece met us at the airport and we spent 10 days in India. Alex really wanted to see the Taj Mahal so we did a side trip to Delhi. I am so glad that we were able to take this trip together. India had a deep impact on Alex. She also loved Bollywood movies and the music and got some of the dance steps down perfectly. What a journey for me as well, having gone there almost 30 years ago to take sannyas and be with Osho. And this time I was returning with my granddaughter.

On the way back, we had to change planes in Paris. We had already planned that she would return to Asheville and I would fly to Ibiza for the April Ibiza Event. I had responded to going. I hadn't been there for two years – the last time was for the board meeting. I spent the night in Paris and then flew to Ibiza the next day. It was so good to meet the international community again. I felt like no time had gone by. I loved being in classes and drinking in the knowledge, live in the aura of Ra and the others. I do love to be in the aura of it – it goes in differently for me. I enjoy online courses but it is not the same. Online it goes more into my mind – in the aura the knowledge penetrates my body – I become an old cow again!

I had been to Ibiza many times over the years but this was the first time I felt sad leaving when the plane took off. It was a different leaving than any other time. When I arrived back in Asheville, there

were just a few weeks to settle back in, before Michael and I embarked on a cruise to celebrate his 50th birthday. He had responded to it and planned every detail. I was very excited as he reserved us a verandah suite – a perfect place for two “2” people. It was a ten-day cruise of the western Caribbean. We celebrated his 50th birthday as well as our relationship with each other. We had passed through so much together.

I’ll never forget what happened when we returned home. We were in the kitchen talking and out of the blue Michael asked me, “Would you ever consider living on Ibiza?” My sacral strongly responded, “Ahunh”. I was totally shocked. I had never thought once of living on Ibiza. I loved visiting for the Human Design courses and I loved the island and felt very connected to it. But live there? It never even entered my mind.

I then asked Michael if he would consider living there. He responded that he didn’t know because he had never been there. So first he would have to visit the island and see how it felt. Michael has an open G-Center and so for him place is every thing. Where he lives is the most important thing for him. He started researching Ibiza after that. And the more he researched, the more excited he got. He organized a trip for October, which was only five months away.

I talked to the girls and asked them questions that they could respond to. All of them had “ahunhs” for being fine if we moved to Ibiza. In fact, the “ahunhs” had a lot of excitement with it. They were already talking about visiting us there! But we knew we had to wait and see how Michael felt about the place.

By the time I got to this point in my journey, there were no more journals and hardly any emails. I was beginning my eighth year since my first Human Design reading, and now I was simply living my life. There was no more drama – no more illusions that had to be shattered. I still needed to be vigilant with the mind – it was always there in the shadows waiting for an opportunity to grab the power back. For years now I’ve watched my mind trying to get me hooked back into an old pattern.

It is mind-boggling to think that my whole life became what it did simply from waiting. The only thing I did was to stop going towards things and wait for things to come towards me. That alone created so much space inside of me. Before my experiment, so much of the stress and being so busy was because I was initiating too much and planning all the time. I never waited for anything to come to me. If by chance something did come towards me, I didn't respond from my sacral. I'd say, "Oh, that sounds like a good idea – let's do it!" Or, "Sure, why not. I don't have any plans for that day." It was with those kinds of answers that I made my decisions.

What I had come to understand deeply at the beginning of my ninth year was that I really did have a purpose to live out in this life. I had no idea what that was – but I knew there was something and my whole life had been trying to get me to that. What I can feel in my body is that I am now on course – perfectly on course.

I have no idea where I am going to be in the future, but right now I can feel that I am exactly where I am supposed to be with the life I am supposed to be living. It is a cellular experience. There is no longing for something else, there is no wishing this or that could be different – I am now in love with what "is" – just as it is. And my mind doesn't even try anymore with "if only we had this – then everything would be perfect". It knows that battle has been lost. Oh, it is still there waiting to take the power back the next time I am in a vulnerable space. I know it is going to try and that's why I always need to stay aware. But my mind doesn't tell me anymore that my life needs to be changed, that I need more of this and less of that. And that is such a relief because without the mind constantly nagging – Life is full of so much joy!

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Existence Knows Where I Live

At this time, I was in my ninth year and Michael and I were still living in Asheville. We had made our reservations for the fall to visit Ibiza. I was still participating in the online Rave Psychology course with Ra. I loved understanding the mind in this way. During one class, Ra was talking about the Heart Center and about those who have this center open and how it permeates everything in their life. I was taking it all in – deeply – and then it hit me. I hadn't been shocked like this in a class since my first year in design. I couldn't talk, couldn't even move from my chair when the class was over. I just sat there with the information I had heard moving through every cell in my body. And I knew it was true. I could feel it inside of me.

The open Heart Center does not have a sense of it's own worth. I remember actually going “unun” to Ra very strongly about this very thing in the early days of my experiment. I realized now I hadn't really understood it back then. I thought it was more my value as a human being – which I felt I had inside of me. This open Heart Center was very different than how I perceived it. What I saw now was that I had been making decisions in order to prove my worth my whole life before I started my experiment. In this class, in my ninth year, I saw the truth of this. It was a shock because I had thought it was my open Solar Plexus Center that had caused me all the pain in this life – taking in other people's emotions and feeling guilty if I didn't say yes to someone.

What I saw clearly was that being open emotionally made me not want to confront people and just be nice and easy going so no one

got upset with me. But it was the open Heart Center that had caused the deepest pain within me. I cried after this class. I didn't even know I had tears left inside of me like that. I hadn't cried since my father died. I had thought that this kind of thing was over but it was clear it was not. The crying was releasing all those memories of not feeling worthy and continually trying to prove that I was.

The strange thing is that I was never even aware of it. It was so deep in the unconscious that I had no clue this was going on. I spent the afternoon reflecting on my life. It was clear that so many of my decisions were made so I could prove myself and prove how worthy I was and how important I was to the other person! I would say yes to my parents to prove that I was a good daughter. I would say yes to a teacher to prove I was a good student in school. To prove I was a good friend to my friends. To prove I was a good lover to my lovers. To prove I was a good mother to my daughter and to the rest of my family. The list appeared to be endless and I never was even aware that this was happening beneath the surface with every decision I made. I also remembered clearly the times as a child when I would mutter under my breath as I walked away feeling down on myself, "I'll show you."

By waiting for life to come to me and allowing my sacral to respond in sounds, this behavior was no longer running the show. Looking back, I was able to see that this was what worried me so much in the beginning when I would respond "unun" to my husband. What kind of a wife are you? You're not a good wife! Or when I would respond "unun" to a friend who asked for my help. What kind of a friend are you? My mind had created these patterns of behavior to compensate for me not feeling worthy and then used them to prove that I was. And I was no longer listening to my mind so it had a lot to say to me in those early days.

Now, after all these years of allowing my Sacral Center to take charge of my life, my mind is no longer trying to prove anything! This is so freeing because I don't have anything to prove to anyone – not even to myself. I don't have a defined ego – how can I prove anything? There is no willpower to stand behind me and push me to do that. What I found so interesting was that I had stopped trying to prove myself and it was a direct result of me living my experiment. What I had not known until this very moment was that I had been trying to

prove myself in the past! It was wonderful to let the pain of those memories leave me.

I was in my ninth year when this behavior from my open Heart Center was revealed. What an amazing system of knowledge Human Design is – explaining so clearly what it is to be human and how to stop suffering. My mind had thought that after seven years we would be finished. The truth is not quite what my mind expected. The experiment is over – yes – this is true. I am no longer experimenting. What had started as an experiment has simply become my life. But discovering and understanding will happen until the day I die.

When Michael and I first moved to Sedona, many of the people we knew were having lasik eye surgery. I had worn glasses since I was five years old and have terrible eyesight – very close to being considered legally blind. I wanted to have this surgery back then, but then I had my reading and my sacral kept responding “unun” to doing this.

Finally, over seven years later, it responded “ahunh” and so I had this surgery. I could not imagine what it would be like to wake up in the morning and be able to see the tree outside my bedroom window without having to put my glasses on first. This surgery was such a gift for me. To be able to see when I was in the pool or when I was in the shower or when I first woke up in the morning – brought so much enjoyment to little things every day. When it rained, I could now look up and let the rain fall right on my face. There is nothing worse than wearing glasses and having raindrops all over them! I also really loved being able to be with people now without anything in between us. I didn't need that protection anymore.

I was still delighted being with my daughter and grandchildren. We'd get together a few times a week – the girls sleeping over and going out together. I kept asking them if it would be okay if we moved to Ibiza because I knew if it wasn't okay for them, I could not move. They never changed their response. It was always “ahunh” from all three of them. They added that they would miss us – but it would be great fun for them to come and visit and they would love that. And it

would be fun for me to come and visit them and stay at their home like I used to do when I would visit from Sedona. We were all excited about this change that moving to Ibiza could bring to each of us. And I was really happy that the kids were as excited about it as we were.

In October, Michael and I flew to Ibiza and spent two weeks there. Michael is emotional and I am very sensitive to his emotions. I am always aware of what he is feeling. With his open G Center, place is everything and we had lived in some beautiful places together. We'd been together for over 25 years by the time we arrived on Ibiza. In all those years, I had never experienced Michael the way I did when he was on Ibiza. He loved it. It was like something had clicked within him. He had found "his place" and for a person with an open G – this is everything.

Even when his emotions went down in the wave, it was different than ever before. I remember those two weeks continually thinking, "Who is this man?" It was like he had become someone else – more open – more carefree – more alive – and more relaxed within his own being. It was during this period that I really understood how important the right place is for people who have an open G center. I was seeing the result right before my very eyes. I was also delighted because I knew this meant we would be moving to Ibiza!

We asked each other many questions to get clarity about when to move, Michael's retirement, finances, where to live, all kinds of things that pertained to us leaving America and moving to Spain. It was clear that I needed more time with the girls – and we both responded to moving September of the next year, which would give us a little less than one more year in Asheville.

Michael retired from his job. I responded to being the one responsible now for financially providing for us. I kept responding "ahunh" even though I had no idea how that would happen – yet I trusted it would.

The last year in Asheville was even sweeter because we all knew that our time there was coming to a close. We planned to give Alex our truck when we left, as she had just gotten her learner's permit and

was learning how to drive. I took her out once to the big parking lot of the mall on a Sunday morning – just like my father took me out over 40 years ago – so she could get the feel of sitting behind the wheel and driving. Soon after, she started Driver's Ed at school. I also enjoyed picking Carolina up from school and just being with her. She has an undefined throat with only one gate – the 8th gate. She was always under so much pressure to talk, especially after being in school all day. So as soon as she would get in the car, she would just release it all. I would often giggle because I understood her need to express. What was beautiful is that she also understood what was happening. It was very sweet. And the whole family understood her makeup and it made it so much easier.

As Carolina matured, she and Alex started to get along much easier with each other. Alex has Gate 45 and Carolina has Gate 21 – not a very easy electro-magnetic connection for sisters! My sister and I would tell them how much we hated each other when we were growing up and that now we were actually very close and not just sisters but friends as well. They looked at us as if we had grown two heads! We had a beautiful Thanksgiving together again at our home with our friends coming as well as Madhu and the girls. In December, my sister came for a visit so we could have our pre-Christmas Christmas with her. These times were such family times, we all hung out in the kitchen either eating, baking, cooking or playing board games.

I visited my Reflector friend and his wife in Colorado soon after and responded to doing a workshop together with him in NYC. It was wonderful to spend a week with them. Since he had been living as a Reflector for seven years, it was fascinating to really take in the vibe of a Reflector.

I responded to an email from a woman in NYC who had been asking me for many years to come and offer Human Design there. So in February I flew to New York and offered an introductory evening as well as a workshop for Generators. I was so nervous during the intro evening, especially since the room was packed and it was hot and stuffy and everyone was physically uncomfortable – oh man – what a way to begin! It was my first time introducing Human Design in public to strangers and my mind was absolutely freaked out the whole time. It was almost like a comedy inside of me – I was standing there

talking and while I was talking my mind was telling me how bad a job I was doing. I was very glad when that evening was over! The next day was the Generator's workshop and here my mind just kept quiet. It knew it had no ammunition in this area because I knew what it was to live as a Generator. I loved offering this workshop. I felt that there was something that could be transferred from my Sacral Center to the Sacral Center of the people in the room. It was much deeper than what I said – it was the frequency that was transmitted.

After all these years in my experiment, and learning Human Design, I was being asked to offer workshops in many places. My sacral kept responding "ahunh" to every request and a travel itinerary was starting to be formed. There were a few workshops in Asheville, and then back to New York City again with my friend, as well as at the Human Design Ibiza Event in April. I was very excited about this new chapter beginning in my life and was so happy to be able to share Human Design. I had responded to offering a workshop in Zurich when Michael and I went to visit his family in May. I responded to going on to Kiev after Zurich to do the same there.

Time flew by and the next thing I knew I was on the plane to Ibiza again for the April Event. I had brought two huge suitcases with me that a friend on Ibiza was going to hold for me until we moved in the fall. During this trip, more workshop possibilities were discussed with people from other countries and I was beginning to feel that I would be spending most of my time on the road. My Sacral Center was enthusiastically responding to it all and I was soaring. After all these years, I was going to be able to share my experience of this experiment with people all over the world. At this time, it was almost ten years and for all those years, every decision – no matter how big or how small – had been made by my Sacral Center. From the smallest question, "Do you want a cup of coffee?" to the most extreme, "Do you want to resign?" each and every one was a sacral response.

To look back and reflect on the whole process and how my life unfolded from each and every response filled me with awe. I could never have gotten to this place any other way. My mind would never have planned such a journey. It would never have made the decisions my sacral had made. Each step has brought me to this place!

A REVOLUTION OF ONE

I returned to Asheville after the Ibiza Event and settled back into my life. There was so much happening on a personal level with my family. Not just with my daughter and grandchildren but with my sister and my niece as well. The one thing that could not happen in Asheville was writing. It was so easy in Sedona – but in Asheville no writing was possible. I had felt for years that a book was inside of me about my experiment and that the perfect place would be Asheville when we moved there. But it was not the time or the place. It was truly a time only to be with my family and a few close friends.

*How important it has been for me to be here for these years
Just being grandma and mom – nothing else
It was the foundation that I needed
I came at the perfect moment
Another year would have been too late*

*How amazing that life created situations in order for that to happen
If the board meeting had gone any other way
I would still be in Sedona right now doing Human Design America
How perfectly it all unfolded – my sacral bringing me to
Exactly where I need to be – each and every moment
I am filled with awe*

*Never in a million years did I expect to find this within me
Every response takes me to where I am supposed to be
It has really become a journey in the Now
Living my life
No longer trying to get somewhere or to something or someone*

*Always before this experiment
I would see something I wanted and make a beeline for it
And it all blew up in my face – eventually
Now even if there is something I would like
I trust that if it is meant for me in this life
It will come to me – I don't have to go towards anything anymore*

*I am so grateful for every little step of this journey
So grateful for every response that has brought me to this moment*

Michael and I flew to Zurich. We had rented a small holiday apartment in Brunnen on the Lake of Lucerne so his father could be with us. It was a beautiful time together and extra sweet because this was where Alex was born and where we lived over 15 years ago. There were so many precious memories of walking along the lake pushing her in her baby carriage and of her spending the night with us up in our little farmhouse in the mountains. It was wonderful to spend time with Michael's sister and her son. Family is such an important part of life for me.

We had come to Switzerland to be with Michael's father to celebrate his 80th birthday. We had the holiday apartment for one week and then we were checking into a hotel in Zurich for the weekend. His father's birthday was on that Sunday. The Generator Workshop was scheduled for that Saturday in the hotel where we would be staying. I was able to book the conference room. I had responded to taking an early train by myself into Zurich on Saturday morning. There was no need for Michael to leave so early.

I arrived in Zurich – and it was a funny thing – I had a feeling that something was a little strange. I couldn't put my finger on it. There was just this feeling as I made my way to the hotel that something was off. It was as if I could feel what was coming towards me, except I had never had this particular experience before, so I had nothing to compare it to.

I checked in and was taken to the conference room where I began preparing for the workshop. I was ready so I went down to the small café bar near the reception for a coffee. Gathered there were all the people who had come for the workshop. There were about ten from the Zurich area. It was exciting and I could feel the high end of the emotional wave. One of the women was with her husband but they didn't know what type he was. I responded to running his chart so I left the group to return to the conference room where my computer was. I had some papers in my hand along with this man's information. The elevator was just around the corner from reception and where the café was. There were three steps down to the floor that was right in front of the elevator. I thought my feet were on the floor and my hand reached out to press the elevator button and I fell as I tripped on the last step. But I fell in a weird angle because my weight pushed down on both my feet as they were trapped beneath

me. As I was lying there, I knew this was not good. I thought maybe I had sprained my ankle. The strange part is that I was in no pain. I tried to get up and couldn't. I could not move from being sprawled out in front of the elevator.

My mind was thinking the whole time, if we can just get up to the conference room, you can do the workshop. That was the only thing it was concerned about. In those first moments, it became clear in a very visual way – the difference between my body and my mind. There was my body – absolutely stopped. Not able to move. Not able to do anything. And my mind is talking up a blue streak about all the “if only’s” imaginable. But it stopped. It stopped talking after about 2 minutes – it just kind of mumbled “but what about Kiev?” before it gave up totally. I noticed all this in those few seconds. I had a crystal clear realization that the body truly does run the show and in this situation – my mind gave up totally. From that moment on, there was total peace about this accident. I was shocked how I felt – sitting on the floor – not able to move and I was fine with it. It was just what was happening.

I had to call out for the receptionist and she called to the workshop participants who then came over and tried to help me. But I couldn't get up. One man asked me if he could do some Reiki on me. I responded “ahunh”. But nothing seemed to help. The receptionist asked if she should call a doctor and again my sacral went, “ahunh”. The receptionist returned and said that an ambulance was on the way. They arrived quickly to check my ankle. It did not look good – it could swivel and ankles are NOT supposed to swivel. Thank god for the people who had come for the workshop because they could translate between the German-speaking medics and me. The medics said I should have x-rays taken and my sacral agreed. They put me on a stretcher and moved me into the ambulance. Two workshop participants asked me if I would like them to come and again my sacral went “ahunh”. My body was in trouble and my sacral was in full power and taking control. I hardly talked at all except to respond.

At the hospital they took x-rays of both feet. The doctor came back and said that I had broken my left ankle severely in three places and that it would require surgery. I asked, “How long will it be till I can walk?” The answer was a minimum of 3-4 months but that it wouldn't be completely healed for a year. In that moment, I was shocked

because in four months Michael and I were supposed to move to Ibiza. Sitting in the emergency room in a hospital in Zurich, my life just stopped. There was truly nothing but the moment. All future plans had to be erased even though I had responded to all of them – in this new moment nothing applied.

I was told that they needed to wait to see when the surgery could happen and because I had eaten in the morning – it would have to be later that night. The workshop participants came to visit and gathered around this narrow hospital bed in ER and we talked a little about being a Generator. It was almost surreal. They couldn't believe how relaxed I was about the whole thing and how at peace I was about it. They asked me some questions and I was able to respond and tell them a little about my experiment and the journey that got me to that space inside. I almost couldn't believe it myself. I had just had this accident, I couldn't walk, my whole life had basically stopped and I was fine with it. How did that happen? How did I get to this place inside by just experimenting with my strategy?

Soon, the hospital staff came back and informed me that they needed to try to put the ankle temporarily back in place with a cast until the surgery could be done. My foot was about four times the size it normally is. I was wheeled down to the room where they do that. I thought I would pass out from the pain of them trying to align my ankle back into place before having the cast put on. They asked if I was in pain and obviously my sacral response told them clearly how much, because at this point they injected me with morphine.

After being wheeled back upstairs, the doctor came to tell me that he had bad news for me. The fifth metatarsal bone on my other foot was broken as well and although it did not need surgery, it needed a cast for protection while it healed. I was wheeled back down to where I had just left and a cast was put on my right foot as well. The hospital staff kept asking me “are you sure you are okay?” and my sacral kept responding “ahunh”. They said they couldn't believe that I was okay with such severe fractures. Later they started asking me how I got to this place because they could feel that I was reacting differently to this situation than most people would have. Over the days in the hospital, one of the doctors ran his chart and I was able to tell him a bit about himself.

My husband arrived while I had my second cast put on. I was so glad to see him. There were so many things to take care of. The most important was for him to contact my friends in Kiev to let them know what happened. They needed to cancel all the workshops and I wanted them to have as much time as possible. The next thing was to find out if our insurance back in the states would cover our expenses. I was concerned about this. One time, a woman came in from the business offices and wanted my credit card. My sacral responded “unun” and I was so happy it did. The old me would never have been able to say “no”. I said that first we needed to wait to see what our insurance policy might cover. It was definitely not correct to hand over my credit card!

The surgeon came to visit to tell me that I actually needed two surgeries. The first one would stabilize the ankle by surgically placing two rods up through the heel of my foot. But for the second surgery I would need to wait one week until the swelling was reduced and two screws and a plate could be fitted in permanently to hold my ankle together. He asked me if I wanted to go back to the states for the second surgery and I heard my sacral respond very strongly, “ahunh”. I looked at my two feet in casts and just whispered to my sacral, “but how?”

It was during this time that I understood what suffering was and the difference between pain and suffering. Pain, whether emotional or physical is part of being human. A loved one dies – there is pain. You burn yourself while cooking – there is pain. An illusion shatters – there is pain. You pull your back – there is pain. You give birth to a child – there is pain. Pain is part of being in human form. There is no getting away from pain. Suffering is when the mind gets hold of the pain and talks nonstop about it and adds its own opinions about the whole situation that caused the pain. Suffering is when the joy is sucked out of life by the mind.

I caught my mind trying to do this once while I was in the emergency room. It started by saying, “If only you hadn’t come down from the conference room to begin with” – but I was so alert in spite of the medication. I was able to catch this in the moment and it stopped the mind from going any further. If I had not, the mind would have been running every scenario about what could have prevented this accident from happening. And in doing so, I would have been in the

hospital miserable, bemoaning my horrible fate, freaked out about the future and completely lost in suffering. What I experienced was not exactly joy sitting in the hospital – but a peace with what was happening. It was more than just accepting it – I was deeply relaxed and my mind was not able to take control and make me feel miserable. It was this that the doctors and nurses reacted to. I felt very connected to so many of them – and I felt totally taken care of.

It is not that the mind is bad. I know that my sharing my story can give that impression. The mind is a wonderful instrument and tool for us to use as humans. It is the best computer there is. But it was never the place of the mind to be in charge. It probably took control as soon as I was born as a defense to all I was taking into me through my openness. Then it just stayed in power.

This is what this whole journey for me was really about. How to get the power back where it belongs? For me, it was to stop going towards things and waiting for them to come towards me. This in itself was totally against the mind – because the mind continually pushes to do this, do that, try this and try that – waiting was an antithesis to the mind.

The accident happened on Saturday morning and by 6 AM Wednesday morning, I was in a wheel chair leaving the hospital to get into a waiting taxi to go to the airport with my husband. I don't know how he did it all but he just took care of one thing after another. It was amazing that we could leave so quickly. My daughter met us at the airport in Asheville as my husband wheeled me out in the wheel chair. I could not stand – not even to rest. All I could do was lift myself up and swivel. I never knew how important feet were until this accident! Arriving at our home, it dawned on all of us at the same time. How was I going to get from the car into the house? We didn't have a wheelchair yet. I was going to the hospital the next morning for the final surgery. I then remembered my office chair – it had wheels. Michael got that and wheeled me in through the garage.

The next day I had the second surgery, which was very painful, and I was so glad that I didn't have to get on an airplane after this and fly back home! I had pain medication and I was in my own home – this was wonderful.

Madhu kept checking with me to see if it was still okay that Carolina spent the month with us while she and Alex went to the World Cup in Europe. They both are crazy about soccer. I kept responding “ahunh” and I had to keep asking Michael as well because so much responsibility would end up with him. The only time I really felt bad was when I realized that we had to cancel our trip to Florida with Carolina. We were taking her there for her birthday because she loves the ocean so much. But Carolina was so sweet and I knew she was really disappointed. She just said, “It’s okay Grandma, I understand”. Carolina moved into our home and Madhu flew to meet Alex in Europe. Alex had left earlier to spend time with her other grandparents in Austria. Madhu was going to meet her there.

All the day-to-day normal things that one does – had to be totally rethought. How do I manage to get out of bed and into a wheel chair without standing? How do I take a shower with both casts out of the bathtub so they wouldn’t get wet? I realized how resilient we are as humans. I also realized that I needed to ask for help with every little thing. Wow! This was not easy. I have always been very independent and would only ask for help if it was absolutely necessary. This situation put me in a position where it was absolutely necessary to ask for help for everything I did.

During this month with Carolina staying with us, I got to see the beauty of the Sacral Center’s response being on the other side. I hadn’t had that experience before – not in such a dramatic way. Asking Carolina for help and hearing her enthusiastic sacral response was incredible. To be on the receiving end of that “ahunh” and to actually hear in the sound – that not only was it okay but she was really happy to help me. That blew me away. I felt I could ask her to help me with anything and she would respond and I wouldn’t feel like I was a burden because of her response.

The entire month she was with us – her response was always “ahunh” to me. Because I couldn’t do anything, we had a very sweet and simple way of being together – we’d do puzzles or play cards or games. Sometimes we would bead together. I taught her how to do the laundry from the wheelchair because I couldn’t go down the step to get to the washing machine. She loved helping and I could feel it inside of me.

I spent all of June and all of July in a wheelchair. A friend built a small ramp for our front door so I could go out in the car. I was getting really good at swiveling! We started to go out to eat and one time Michael dropped Carolina and me off at the mall and we spent the whole day shopping with her pushing me in the wheel chair. I could also get around by myself in the wheelchair – but not for a long time. My arms got so tired. We had a great day together and she had a ball trying on clothes and responding to what she would like as birthday gifts.

During this time, my sister’s husband died. He had leukemia for many years and it was time for his body to be free of the suffering. He died in the hospital and my sister was with him. She called me right after it happened. I felt so helpless in Asheville. I wanted so much to be with her but with the wheelchair and how much help I needed – I knew this would only add more burden on her than she already had at this time. But it was difficult to not just get on a plane to see her. My sacral even responded to going – but my husband asked if it was going to be too much for my sister to have to handle the wheel chair and help me all the time. My sacral responded “ahunh” to that too. So I didn’t go.

My sister and I talked several times a day. My sister knew about allowing her husband’s body not to be disturbed for 72 hours. We had talked about it when our father died and she asked about it again during this period to make sure she had the correct details. After this period was over, she called to ask if she could come visit us in Asheville. I responded immediately with joy “ahunh”. It had been so painful for me not to physically be with her. It was about a week after her husband died when she came. Again, I was amazed at how life unfolds – it was so perfect for her to have come to us than it would have been for me to go to her. To be with Michael, Carolina and me helped her to be comforted and loved. I could feel my sister’s pain inside of me – and I was so happy she had come to be with us. We just sat together talking and sharing. Sometimes an emotional release would be triggered in her and I would just hold her or her hand. There are no words in these moments – just the closeness of the deep bond between two people. She stayed through the weekend. I could see when she left that she had started a healing process that needed time.

In the beginning of August, the cast on my right foot came off and was replaced by a big black boot. I called it my Darth Vader boot. Now, I could start to put a little weight on this foot and pivot to get in and out of positions. The girls had come back from their World Cup tour and Carolina went back home. Michael and I had talked about still going to Ibiza on September 1. I kept responding “ahunh” but for the life of me I couldn’t see how I would be able to. Yet, I knew if my sacral was responding, it was saying it had the energy to make it.

By mid-August the other cast had come off and I now had two Darth Vader boots. I was able to begin to use a walker to take baby steps. I was not allowed to put full weight on my left foot with the broken ankle so my arms really held up most of my weight with using the walker. Until I could bear more weight on this foot, I couldn’t start using crutches yet.

Every year in August, my daughter has a garden party. It is a time to celebrate the birth of both girls and a chance for all her friends to come together. I responded “ahunh” to going to this party but had no idea how I was going to manage the two steps into her home. It took me a long time to get up those two steps – it was quite an experience to be able to finally manage them and go into the house.

We still had a whole house full of furniture and things to go through before the move. I was so happy that I had already started sorting through things months before we even left for our Zurich trip. But there was so much more to do. A friend had been contacted by someone in California who wanted to move to Asheville and was looking for a place to rent. This friend thought of our place. When the person arrived from California – not only did she want to rent our place – she also wanted almost all our furniture! The rest of the furniture another friend wanted. I couldn’t believe our good luck. It made it so much easier like this.

The girls helped me organize a garage sale – it’s amazing what you can do from a wheel chair! From this wheel chair, I was able to pack boxes for shipping, pack suitcases, mop floors – and I was able to do all these things because my sacral just kept responding “ahunh”. Most of the time, I was shocked at what it was saying I could do! We were down to the last few days in our home in Asheville and now I

was finally able to use crutches. It was difficult at first – especially not being able to put all my weight on the one foot without pain. I was only able to put 50% weight on the foot with the broken ankle. But I was now able to go up and down those two steps to visit my daughter and that felt like a huge accomplishment.

We spent the last couple of days in a hotel and the last night we had a sweet dinner with Madhu and the girls before we flew out the next morning. It was an exciting time but sad as well. I knew I would be coming back in November to spend Thanksgiving with them. I was so glad that I had responded to that – it would have been so much harder to leave if I didn't know I would be seeing them again so soon.

My husband had found us a holiday home to rent on the Internet for the month of September on Ibiza. We felt we would be able to find a permanent home within that time. After quite a journey of wheel chairs, airplanes and rental cars, we pulled up in front of our holiday apartment. There were at least ten stairs down to a little stone platform and another six up to the front entrance. Seeing so many stairs my mind freaked out. It threw a tantrum inside my head that only I could hear. “No way are we going down and up all those stairs. Don't you know we just started using crutches? I can't manage that. We'll just spend the night in the car.”

Michael came to my side of the car door and asked if he could help me out. My sacral responded, “ahunh” so I got out of the car using my crutches. We walked to the top of the stairs and my husband asked, “Do you think you can manage them?” And my sacral again responded, “ahunh” and with my husband moving in front of me in case I lost my balance, I was able to make it into the house. My mind didn't have a word to say after that!

This home is perfect for us and we fell in love with it immediately. It is small and simple and has a beautiful terrace that overlooks the Mediterranean Sea in the distance. We are up in the hills with an extraordinary combination of pine and palm trees. I spent so much time on the terrace the first month as it was not easy to go up and down the stairs to the house very often. Because I was not able to walk or move easily – I rested even deeper inside myself. Rather than exploring the island, I was forced to move so much slower. My

journey is only deepening since being here. I begin to see how very important it was for me to come here to live. My body is relaxed in a totally different way than ever before, in spite of having some trouble walking or my foot hurting some times. But this doesn't affect what I am experiencing. The relaxation I feel comes from deep inside of me. Each cell vibrates differently. All the cells have stopped initiating. It is as if they are now filled with serenity. When I started my experiment, I never expected to experience anything like this.

Ever since arriving, I am having this strong feeling that my whole life was a journey to get me to this very place. We've been here for five months and already I feel as if I have lived here forever. I find it amazing that it was my sacral response that brought me here. I had nothing to do with it. I never once thought of living here during all the trips I made to Ibiza over the years.

I trust that existence knows where I live. Whatever is meant for me will come and then my sacral can respond. If something comes or nothing comes, it doesn't matter – I love living life as myself. There is so much joy inside and I am so deeply satisfied with my life as it is. There is not one thing I would change about my life or myself.

Reflecting on my accident, I see what an incredible gift it was. It stopped my life totally and when it began again, everything was different and I was no longer moving in the direction I was before my accident.

In a way it was like coming to a dead-end street and rather than trying to retrace my steps back, I was forced to stop and wait for the new street to be built. What I am finding remarkable is that the street is built as I place each foot. I have no idea where this street is going and it delights me that I don't care. I'm just in life for the adventure of it now. I've already found the treasure and it's me. The rest is just the sheer joy of being on this journey called life.

Covered in Eternity's Dust

*fear freezing all
but a tiny voice
beckoning me
to enter*

*the veil
lifted*

*free-falling
into
Nothing
Nowhere
Nobody*

*only the breath
sustains me
till
the sounds come*

*the sounds
loud
and
true
but – oh god
they only take
me deeper
into
the dark*

*where
is all i know?*

*where
is who i thought i was?*

*where
is my life?*

*where
is everyone?*

*alone
so alone
not even
myself
to give me
comfort*

*a vortex
sucking
me
deeper and
deeper
until
only
dark
exists*

*suffocation
nothing is left
barely breathing
nothing is left*

*deeper
deeper
it gets tighter*

*dreams
fall away*

*hopes
fall away*

*there is no room
for them*

*darker
darker*

*delusion / illusion
fantasy as reality
cannot come
left behind
nothing
left*

*shouldn't i
be concerned?*

*breathing
in
the moment
of now
only now*

WHAT IS THIS?!

*what happened?
when?
how?*

I wasn't expecting anything

*dark
holds me
embraces
me*

*i relax
i melt
i surrender
i trust*

this

*out of
nowhere*

*free falling
deliciously
free falling*

*laughing
so loud
it shakes the stars
from the sky*

*singing
so sweet
tears
fall from the sun*

*dancing
so wild
the earth
rumbles and quakes*

*out of nowhere
a flame
can't be
where did it come from?*

*it calls me
beckons me
lights the way
deeper still*

*love moves me
deeper into the dark
I can't see it
yet
it whispers to me
covered by dust
gathered in the eons of forever*

*a gust
of wind
blows
eternity away*

*mirror
revealed*

*no voice
can come out
in the magic
of this moment*

*but with words
unspoken*

*"It is you"
"It is you I have searched forever for"
"It is you I have longed for"
"It is you I love"*

*in the mirror
eyes shine back
familiar yet new
blinding me in love*

*in the mirror
a face gazes back
full of untold joy*

*in the mirror
is the key*

*in the mirror
is "me"*



Mary Ann's websites:

www.key-to-you.com

