

Chapter 5

The Son of Ra

I am overcome with emotion, dizzy and in tears as I confront this chapter. But no longer am I so afraid. I am not so terrified anymore. Sharing my story with you has helped relieve me of some of my fears. Yet I am feeling overwhelmed due to the care and precision required to tell the final part of this story. How do I help you understand the prophecies when I cannot reveal them all - as I have to protect the main characters, the key players?

Last night I spoke to my younger brother Tony, the chef in Bulan. He is very fond of reading. I share each chapter of this book with him as I finish them. He is almost done with chapter four. He tells me he has to run through some parts over and over again so that he can absorb what I am saying. He says at times I can be so wise and spiritual in some portions of the story and yet my wrath, the evil side of me, is also so clearly present in the book.

“You’re my sister. You’re my sister and yet I didn’t know you had lived this kind of life,” he said as I sat at the dinner table across from him on the 28th of September.

“How do you think Freddie would react to the book?” Steve, who sat next to me, asked my brother.

“Freddie will not believe half of the stuff Marlene discusses in the book with regard to the events in her life. He wouldn’t be able to accept that there was nothing he could do to protect his younger sister. It will be difficult for him, this revelation,” Tony replied.

“My God. This is only a fraction of my being. Some parts of my story cannot be told until certain people are dead. And other portions of my anecdote will have to wait until I am dead. If Freddie, my own brother, couldn’t believe this small fraction then what more can the rest of the world believe? And how about the rest of my life? The most interesting parts of my existence on earth are not for public consumption...at least, not yet,” I declared.

“How do you expect the rest of the world to understand the fact that you have several personalities? How can people accept that it is possible to live this kind of life and still live to tell it?”

“But she does have all those personalities and more,” Steve interrupted.

“That’s the thing,” he said looking at me. “Steve is one of the most respected minds in the development banking world and he is saying it is okay to have multiple personalities. But the world is not ready for this,” Tony explained.

“And in this book, you are confronting so many issues – religion, politics, gender issues, metaphysics and the hierarchy of society. You’re saying the past, present and future is all information that is available to mankind. You actually go out of your way to say that most women in the so called “high society” of the Philippines are mindless science fiction projects! You’re breaking down so many taboos and norms with this one book. It’s too much. Many of the people who will read this novel will not grasp half of what you’re saying,” my brother added.

“I know that. In order for readers to get it, they have to have freedom of mind, spirit and intelligence. Actually intelligence is not enough, they must also have wisdom. There’s a big difference between the two. But those people, such people, are out there, especially among the younger generations. I will reach them, I will reach the audience I’m after,” I said.

Paulie, who has read the previous four chapters, told me: “This book will confuse and disturb the minds of people who are prisoners of their boxes. But for those people who question the institution, for those who question the norm, for those who are clamoring for liberty – then this book will set them free.”

“And for those whose minds are already free, this book shall give them a higher level of freedom. This is Paulie’s reaction to the book,” I said.

I received an email this morning, October 1, from my mother, Barbara in the US commenting on chapter two. Apparently she has had problems with her computer which is why I haven’t heard from her. She wrote:

Dearest,

“My delayed response is due to computer problems. Once these were solved, I was overwhelmed with e-mails. Not all were to be answered, so my first task was to sift out those emails that I wanted to respond to. The next task was to save the ones that require me to activate my brain. That’s the category your mail fell into.”

“Today was set aside for reading and responding to Chapter two. I must confess, that I occasionally snuck a glance, but that did not do justice to your work. Today was my day with my daughter, of whom I am very proud.”

“Thoughts.”

“In your section on Gabriel I thought you began to open the door to your challenger. It was interesting and dramatic (you dramatic?), and sometimes even gripping. I think to be able to write something gripping is an art.”

“You were able to both capture and sustain interest. I found that your capacity to maintain continuity and create a flow made it easier to both read and identify with. It had an almost mythic quality that both captured and sustained interest.”

“Then you did something fascinating when you introduced yourself. Please remember this is not written by an editor or even a literary critic, just Mom.”

“As you remember, Dad and I went pretty regularly to theatre. We saw good stuff, historic and literary stuff and occasionally bad stuff (don’t you love my vocabulary i.e. “stuff”).”

“Those plays that left us excited and unable to stop discussing, were the plays in which the author did not think for us, but drew us into the action, made us feel the drama. In a sense we were engaged, not by showing, but by making us experience the events. I believe you did that in your personal history. You took the passive reader and made him an active participant. Not a watcher but a participant.”

“The last part, when you discuss Robert Leiber’s article I too, like Jason, lost interest. I haven’t the patience to deal with the issue of our alleged response to 9/11. Instead of a country pulling together, our (soon to be ex) President responded by telling us to go out and spend money and prepare for war. Well, we see where that got us! Dead boys, scorn of the civilized world, broke in both cash and moral responsibility. The final price we have just this past week begun to taste as major companies, banks and the stock markets face a state of disaster... And it’s not over.”

“I will step down from my soap box, but before I do, I have a final thought about the behavior of the United States. We will pay, probably the innocent more than the guilty who took us on this path of destruction, Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, George Bush, and his assorted neo-cons. This is not a debt in cash only. It will be paid with much pain, many tears and for a long time to come.”

“Back to my creative daughter, I am very proud of you and your work. I am also very proud of your courage. You wrote of things that were difficult to think about, to write about and to read. I hope it wasn’t too painful to the writer. It was painful to this reader.”

Much love,
Mom

In tears, I read my mother’s email. How long has her son been dead now? How long has my first husband Robert been dead – my soul partner, my savior? It has been over two decades since I saw him last...yet I still carry the pain of loss in my heart, even as I write this. His spirit is an intimate comrade, always there, keeping me company. Robert Ivler, he who saved me from darkness, he who saved me from myself. He who implanted such pure love in my heart, love that allowed me to heal from all the pain and destruction I had experienced in the past. It is true you know. It is true. Love heals all pain.

After that evening in Bulan, after discussing my brother Tony’s feelings toward this book, when Steve and I came home that night, we talked. If there is anything I appreciate most about Steve it is his open mind. He has the ability to listen, understand and dissect information better than most people.

“Did you hear what Tony said? He’s saying my family will have a hard time believing the book. My own family doesn’t know me,” I said.

“But who knows you? You don’t want the rest of the world to know you. You want to stay onward. You have vision that reaches so far ahead of time. You see the future and part of you is already living in the future while a part of you is living in this reality. The rest of us will just have to catch up,” he explained.

I have been with Steve for nine years. And I have prepared him for the day we can no longer be together as I have done with my partners in the past.

“Can you imagine me drinking with my colleagues on Friday nights talking about trivial matters after experiencing the life I’ve lived with you? To become close to you is to discard the necessity for other relationships. All your previous relationships will have ended in this manner. The rest of the world becomes anti-climactic after living with someone like you,” Steve said.

“Like the other men who have lived with you in the past, I can’t see myself with anyone else. How can any other woman come close to understanding the world that I have shared with you? Without you in my life, my spirit will resign,” He added.

“That’s not true. You will go on. You are stronger than what you give yourself credit for. And stop hiding from the world. You have so much to offer humanity. You must speak out and speak out more. Anyway, if heaven decides to take me to fulfill my great task, I will have to leave you behind as foretold. Otherwise, the seers said you will perish. Heaven shall pluck those who get in the way.”

And so because I see the future, I have prepared Steve for the day when we might have to part ways.

Before I tell you more, I would like to discuss my friends Celeste and Carol. It seems I've known Celeste forever. She is of Chinese descent and stands around five feet with merciful ebony eyes, a round soft face crowned by short black straight hair, thin lips that give the sweetest smiles. Celeste wears glasses and likes to wear jeans and golf t-shirts. She is softly spoken, engaging, very open and overall a cheerful person to be around.

Carol is taller. She is about five foot three tall, with thick black short hair and eyes that have known deep pain and have overflowed with oceans of tears. She is considerate and good-natured like Celeste. Carol is quiet and withdrawn when there are people around who are alien to her comfort zone. In these situations she chooses to be silent as she observes and listens, equating with all her six senses, what is happening around her. She keeps within her psyche a world of her own where she continues to struggle with herself as she comes to terms with the ghosts of her past. Although Carol came into my life years after I had known Celeste, I consider both girls as dear friends. They are very warm, sincere, caring, considerate and loving and are in tune with nature and the vast universe. They nurture the part of my psyche that is good and is connected with the colossal forces. These two girls have such innocence within them that I believe it would be very difficult for them to inflict pain upon any living creature on earth. When I am with these two souls, I am unguarded, pure and free. They stimulate this part of my psyche.

Celeste and Carol also have the gift of sight. Celeste is a natural born healer but she has struggled to come to terms with her gift for a long time.

“What if my gift comes from the devil?” She asked me one day.

“How can the gift of healing people come from the devil? Aaaaaahhhhh! That is the Catholic in you. You have been brain

washed to be so afraid of evil and dark forces. Nature gave you this gift and you must share it with others. Otherwise you will perish if you suppress it,” I told her.

These two girls have a habit of bringing white flowers as offerings to the goddess Quan Yin every time they visit our home. The wooden image of this centuries-old seated female Buddha confronts anyone who enters our house. She is enthroned on an altar table situated in one corner of the receiving room facing the entrance.

One day, around three in the afternoon, Celeste and Carol came to visit me. As usual Celeste approached the representation of Quan Yin to present her gift. I do not know how to explain what happened next but as she approached the goddess the energy in the room changed. I saw Celeste struggle, dizzy, intoxicated, losing balance as she placed the white flowers on Quan Yin’s lap. She was going into trance. As I felt this powerful spiritual energy consuming her I stepped backwards staring at Celeste bewildered while another dimension so unknown to most of you took possession of her consciousness. Before she lost herself from this reality she looked at me hopelessly and whispered, “You must translate...” I was now standing outside in my garden about ten feet away from her where I could still see her. I was concerned that if I were to get any closer to her then the same energy would consume me and I would also fall into a deep trance. As she uttered those words, I closed my eyes and removed myself from this dimension and tried to follow Celeste into the world that had taken her, to another time, another place, another reality. Then she started chanting with her eyes closed, words came out of her I couldn’t understand and yet I could feel the essence of these words. And I could see where she was. She had gone into another time, inside a temple somewhere in China many centuries past, chanting

Buddhist incantations like monks do in temples. I don't know how long Celeste and I were in this state of probable reality. But when she stopped chanting, she couldn't move from her spot. She was nailed to the ground. I touched her legs and they were hard as cement. She couldn't move and she remained in a dreamlike predicament. Celeste remained planted in front of the statue of this mighty female Buddha unable to resist her presence and her command.

Two hours later Celeste walked, though with difficulty. She wanted to be taken to my daughter Maya's bedroom where she remained for many hours with Carol. She continued to be in the same hypnotic condition. By the time she could gather enough energy to leave our home, walking slowly and still dazed it was already around ten in the evening. According to Carol, when Celeste got home, she passed out in bed and went in to a very deep sleep.

The next morning, I called her.

"What happened?" She asked.

"It has something to do with your gift of healing. You must accept who you are and your role in this life," I answered.

"Is that why the Goddess Quan Yin punished me?"

"No. She is guiding you. She pulled you back in time so you could see who you were in another life. You were a monk. Monks are trained physicians. They are trained to heal people using natural medication. You healed people before in another time. You will do it again in this life. Since time does not exist, the same knowledge of healing is accessible to you."

And so, from this day on, Celeste has embraced her gift and through this acceptance, she has found balance within and has obtained inner peace. She has come to terms with herself and all that is in this cosmic universe.

Over two years ago, on July 2006, before the launching of my book on Filipino folktales for children entitled *Myths and Legends of the Philippines*, at the Metropolitan Museum, I did Pilates in my living room at 5:30am.

I suddenly heard the voice of what I believe now to be Zhong Kui talking in my head.

He said, "Humble thyself before me."

I prostrated myself on the ground in Buddhist position weeping because I felt the energy of the Devil. Some great dark force surrounded me. I cried not because I was afraid, but because I was touched by the immense presence I felt, a presence so powerful it was beyond description. I closed my eyes and surrendered my whole being to the limitless essence of this phantom, without any doubt, with no hesitation or fear. The voice spoke.

"It is only through understanding good and evil within yourself that there will be peace in your land... Someday when the time comes, you will not hesitate to strike and use my force..." said the voice of Zhong Kui.

I told Paulie, Celeste and Carol about this experience. I've had other visions similar to this during the past 11 years which I have shared with my closest friends. The thing is, now the predictions are coming true. It is as if my unseen guardians have been preparing me all these years for my future.

I'm sure you have noticed by now that I do not mention the name of the old lady seer. She doesn't want to be acknowledged. She doesn't want her name mentioned. This old woman is very strong willed and outspoken. Over the past 17 years I have been seeing her and her counterpart Mr. Max, I have watched her gift grow. Sometimes she tells me about the frustrations she has with other women who come to see her. She doesn't mention their names of course.

“Women come to me for two reasons,” she said.

“What reasons?” I asked.

“Women come here looking for men to love them or they want money. So it’s either they want love or money. Can you imagine some women and also men come here asking for love potions...” she stated.

“I don’t come here for those reasons. I come for my spiritual growth,” I remarked.

“I have been doing this for over 30 years. People come here from all sections of society, male, female, young and old. But there is no one, no one like you that I have ever known,” she added.

In 1997, she foretold that a man from my past existences would walk into my life and his arrival would change the course of my future. This man, she said, has royal blood and he will come from Asia. I didn’t know at the time that she was describing a man from my past life in China.

In 1999, as I was working on my coffee table book “*Fine Artists of the Philippines*,” something very strange happened to me. I shared this experience at the time with Celeste, Carol and my personal secretary Mary Jean. Later I discussed the same phenomenon with Paulie.

But before I tell you this story, you should know that I was raised as a Roman Catholic. When I was six years old I had to go through my first confession as every Catholic child does in this country. All the children in my class were taken to a church in Sta. Mesa, Manila and there we fell in line taking our turns to speak to a priest hidden inside some wooden box. I suppose this was the very first time I confronted the box. So as ordered, I delivered the first and the last confession I ever gave to a Catholic priest. Whatever this man in black uniform said to me made me so

defiant that never again would I ever look at a priest with respect. I suppose I've always had my gift of seeing through the hearts of men. I felt the insincerity of the man in this long black garb. I felt this religious procedure to be absolutely hopeless and meaningless. From that day forth, I denounced the faith that had been decided for me by my father, a father who insisted that every member of his family should go to church every Sunday whether they like it or not.

My mother who is brave, outspoken, and armed with both freedom of mind and of spirit, had a different perspective. My mother who prefers to hold on to the old pagan faith would comment, "Why go to church?"

"If it is to pray to God, I can do that in the middle of the forest or in the middle of the desert. I can do that anywhere I wish. And why should I sit and stand for an hour listening to the friar? I can think for myself. I don't need the priest telling me how to live my life. How can he possibly know what it is like to have a family? He is locked away in the church. He will never be a husband or a father to a child. He will never know what it's like to wake up in the middle of the night because his baby is sick. He will never know what it's like to raise children. So what criteria does he have to tell me how I should live my life? What expertise does he have to tell me or your father how to raise our family when he is locked in the church away from the true reality of the world?"

"As far as I'm concerned, priests join the church because they are running from life! They run to church for protection, to shield them from the rest of us out here in the real world."

"I have always had a hard time accepting this faith. Why? Because the Spaniards came here and they told your forefathers, convert to Christianity or die! That is how Filipinos became Christians you

know. It is religion by the sword as far as I'm concerned. And I do not want to be part of it," she declared.

My mother's words would play in my head over and over on Sundays when my father, who managed his household like an imposing military man and treated us like soldiers in the barracks, would bark his orders.

"You better hurry everyone," he would yell at his children.

"Today is Sunday and we are all going to church," he would demand.

Ohhhhhh...the pain of Sunday, I thought, another day of torture and punishment. All the times I've gone to church, I have felt my mind, my spirit and my body detained, frozen and pinned in a crowded place. Can't talk, can't move, can't breath, can't think, can't be... surrounded by many other imprisoned souls desperately pretending in their catatonic state of theatrical performance, to be listening to a man wearing a robe, speaking on the podium, waiting for his chance to gulp a load of alcohol before seven in the morning.

Sundays would become one of my many battlefields with my father, as I would learn to throw myself down the stairs or fake another accident so I didn't have to attend mass. And as the days went by, I discovered new ways of excusing myself. Believe me, I was an extremely difficult child. It is impossible to bend my will. But I do listen to reason. And you should know I have never, ever read the Bible.

Before I proceed to tell you about my trance in 1999, I would like to add that I am aware that I am probably not being fair in my general attitude toward priests, as I'm sure there are always exceptions to the rule. One night, I do not remember what day exactly, but it was during the first quarter of the year, 2008, Steve

and I were dining in Bulan at around 7pm. A man, along with a priest I have never met before, came to see, and speak to me. When the waiter told me that there were two men who wanted to meet me and that one of them was a priest, I felt very apprehensive. I was unhappy since the last person on this earth I would want to talk to is a man representing organized religion.

I looked at Steve disappointedly and said, “Give me five minutes. This will not take long.”

As I walked away from Steve’s table, my brother Tony sat with Steve to keep him company. I proceeded to the table where the priest and his male friend sat. As soon as I laid eyes on this Catholic preacher, I immediately felt relieved. I saw a man with my spirit and courage, a man with a great mind and truly genuine concern not only for his people but also for his nation. Here was a man who was not afraid to fight for what he believed in, another warrior of heaven on earth. And the older man with him, a true supporter of the church, shared with him the same aura. As I gazed at this man of the cloth and his ally, inside myself I thought, “Wow. There are exceptions to the rule. There is hope.”

I sat with the clergy and his friend for over two hours discussing the political and social issues of my country with ferocious passion and intensity. It was one of those magical moments I will remember all my life. They asked me several questions with regard to how I saw the future of the Philippines. I felt I could speak openly without hesitation. This meant speaking and cursing at the same time, which I do with more freedom than most Filipinos.

When I curse, I would usually apologize by saying, “Pardon my French...”

The priest in response to my apology, smiled tenderly and said, “It’s okay Marlene, we know about you...”

And at the end of this wonderful and sincere mental and spiritual exchange, we said goodbye to each other knowing in our hearts that this would not be the last time we would speak. The priest embraced me with deep warmth and affection when he said farewell. The older man with him did the same. And he said looking straight into my eyes, “Someday we will be proud to embrace you as our icon...”

The name of this man of the cloth is Father Roland, a Dominican priest.

And so one afternoon in 1999, I went into my room to take a nap. As my body reached the bed, I put both hands on my stomach and closed my eyes. I do this sometimes to relax and mentally unload negative energy from my system as I approach sleep. All of a sudden I went into trance. I saw images of men one after the other. These were Biblical men, men of power with such raging presence and determination, great warriors from another time. Their eyes were sparkling with fire. They wore long cloaks, and their faces framed by long unkempt hair, had been weathered by the sun and the dry air of the desert. These men had courage beyond the powers of mortal men because each of them had the spirit of a dragon. They were, they are, strong willed, outspoken and unstoppable- great leaders of their time. They are free, free in mind and spirit – warriors of heaven, children of Ra!

“Why come to me? I am not a believer. I have never even read the Bible. You must be Moses...?” I asked one man.

“And you must be the one they nailed to the cross, the great Jewish leader and prophet they call Jesus... and those men are your friends, your followers,” I said to another.

“Why come to me?” I asked again.

They surrounded me with their immense presence, unsurpassable spirits who have crossed dimensions of probable realities to speak to me in timeless space.

One of the warriors spoke, "Because you are one of us..."

This trance did not change my faith. This trance did not make me read the Bible. I should tell you that what I know about spirituality and how my soul is connected to the earth, the sun, the moon, the stars and the cosmic universe, I learned from meditation. The problem with people is they reach out to find answers. They do not know what book to read, which religion to embrace, what church or temple to go to, which psychiatrist to talk to, which big house to buy, what fancy car to acquire, to find the answers that will cure their loneliness, their emptiness and give them happiness. The answer is not out there. The answer lies within. You don't reach out for the answer. Rather, you reach within, to the most inner part of your being. The truth is there waiting to be found. And if you cannot find it there, you will absolutely not find the answer anywhere. It is only from understanding the world within yourself that you will come to see the meaning of life and all that is in the universe.

When I came out of this trance, I became ever more determined to publish books in defense of Philippine art and culture, the soul of my nation. I believed with all my heart that this was my fight. This was my arena of war. This was the reason I was born. And I believed that through my books, I could help change the course of history in my country.

"The books are not enough," the old lady kept antagonizing me as the years passed.

"You have a great mission to fulfill. The books are not enough. There is more. You will serve your people. You will serve your country," she would tell me again and again over the years.

When I decided to commit myself to my partner Steve over nine years ago, I went to see the old lady seer.

“You must not commit to this man. You cannot do this,” she said.

“Why not?” I barked back.

“Because someday, heaven will take you to fulfill your extraordinary fate and you will leave this man behind. If you do not separate, he will die. Heaven will pluck every single person who gets in the way of your great destiny,” she warned.

“I decide my future! No one else!”

“You are not human like the rest of us. Heaven has decided your future from time immemorial. Your life is not yours to live,” she insisted.

“I do not believe you!” I cried.

“Believe me or not, it is what I see in your future. Go before the altar and ask your guardian saints to bless your relationship with this man so you may have peace and quiet for some time. But remember, one day heaven will claim you to fulfill your task on earth,” she declared.

“You were born to please the will of heaven and earth.”

Many years have now passed since that time. Ever since that day I have lived a quiet life of peace and harmony in my home in Blue Ridge with my partner Steve and my two sons, Jason and Colby and eventually with our daughter Maya.

Before I begin to tell you the story of Caesar, I should tell you about the warrior saint Zhong Kui and how his spirit came to be in my life. It was the ghost of this mighty and ferocious commander that brought Caesar into my life, into this particular life on earth, which I am currently living in this reality.

In the latter part of the year 2005, an antique dealer brought some exquisite pieces of Buddhist images that originated from several

places in Southeast Asia to my home for me to consider purchasing. I sat at my long wooden dining table with my personal secretary Mary Jean in a large room in my home, inspecting every piece that was brought in. There were sculptures of Buddhist saints in bronze, wood, marble, jade – depictions of the general Quan Kung, Buddha and Quan Yin, in varying positions, some sitting, some standing, holding a lotus or a gourd, sitting on a fish, tiger, elephant, etcetera. Suddenly a particular wooden portrayal of a powerful being in a charging position of attack holding his battle sword, covered in gold leaf patina, 24 inches in height came in and was placed on top of the table before my eyes to behold! His eyes of darkness, ever so bold and defiant and unbeatable stared at mine glaring, challenging, taking immediate control of everything in the room. The energy coming from this sculpture was so extreme it overpowered me and made me lose total balance. He dominated my mind, consumed my spirit and my entire being. I couldn't see. I couldn't think. I couldn't feel my body. I was floating in another plane, another place. And in an instant I lost myself from the reality you and I know. I closed my eyes and put both of my hands on my face, shielding my third eye from the cosmic presence of this warrior from heaven.

“Please remove the sculpture and put it away,” I ordered Mary Jean, still covering my eyes with my hands. “But do not return it to the art dealer. I want this image placed properly in the hallway where the other Buddhist saints are. His spirit is alive in this home now. He and I will confront each other when the time is ripe...”

That was the day the representation of the warrior saint Zhong Kui arrived in my life. And for the next two years, I avoided looking into his eyes again. For each time I attempted to do so, I felt the same overwhelming experience as I had the first time I laid eyes on him. I wasn't ready. I couldn't do it. Many times Celeste and Carol

came to visit me during this period. Celeste would confront the image and tried telling me who the warrior was. I refused to hear her. I'm sure she told me the name of this saint repeatedly but it didn't register in my memory. The time wasn't right.

I later told the story to one of my favorite contemporary artists in the Philippines, the master watercolorist Rafael Cusi who is called "Popoy" by friends and colleagues. One weekend while a group of artists were having an on-the-spot sketching session in my garden, I told Popoy about this haunting image. He then wanted to see the sculpture to confront it. I lead him to the altar where the warrior was enthroned. He stood five feet away from the wooden artwork and stared at the statue. I stood next to the artist looking away, dodging the figure.

"I feel dizzy," Popoy said instantaneously. "His spirit is hypnotic," he added turning his back to evade the image now.

Later on, one of my favorite journalists in the Philippines, Angie Ureta and I were sitting in my garden discussing one of my book projects. Again, I told her about the spirit of the saint which is now prevalent in my home. Like Cusi, she wanted to get a glimpse of this soldier from heaven. So, she stood before the statue once more as Popoy Cusi did. And as I did before, I stood next to her escaping the presence of the carving by looking away.

"His energy is overwhelming," Angie said instantly. "I feel unsteady, muzzy..." she added as she turned her gaze from the effigy.

On July 24, 2008 I came home to find Monina Tan Santiago, a close friend, sitting in my office at around three in the afternoon.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I know I didn't make an appointment. I came to pay for the artwork I purchased."

"It's okay," I answered. "I'm not busy today."

Monina is one of those people I love to be around because her energy is pure, calming and positive. So her unannounced visit to me was a gift as I could use a break from my regular routine. I am a workaholic, working over ten hours a day, six days a week including holy week. Monina's surprise appearance was very much welcomed. I needed to take it easy for a few hours. She and I talked happily for some time beginning with her recent acquisition of art. She loves the artworks of Rafael Cusi and has recently bought one of his brush and ink nude paintings. We discussed other subjects, friends, family, work... And then I told her about the overpowering personality of the mighty Buddhist warrior. And lo and behold, she of course wanted to confront the wooden carving as had Popoy and Angie previously. As before, I brought her to the image. But this time I stood across from her avoiding standing in front of the statue all together. I watched Monina's face as she stood before the saint. And all of a sudden, she started rubbing her third eye with her right hand.

"I feel faint," she uttered softly. "Something.... is happening," she whispered losing her balance.

"Walk away. Quick," I answered. "I told you. His spirit is alive in that statue."

Dazed, Monina walked back towards my office. I followed right behind her. As soon as she entered the room, I touched her right hand with my left in my desire to comfort her. Through her hand I felt the electric, immense energy of the supreme warrior. And this time I could no longer escape his spirit. The time had come. Immediately, I lost it all. My consciousness left my body. Instantly I sat on the closest chair without control of here and now, most of my consciousness leaving this reality and traveling into another space. The ghost of the saint pulled me so far back into time, many centuries past, showing me another life, another existence. He

showed me a world where we lived as warriors confronting life and death, cries and panic surrounding us in this place of perpetual darkness where fresh blood covered the earth quenching her thirst, lesser men falling on this domain of war and destruction while other warriors continued to pursue and defend what they believed was absolute truth and justice. And the earth laughed. She roared with laughter of contempt and triumph. The earth laughed at us as she continued to claim the blood and the dead bodies of countless men from this war.

“They must pay,” the earth spoke to me.

“Men go to war in honor of greed. They must pay the earth for this dishonorable deed. For nothing material belongs to man. The planet owns it all.”

“My child, in the world where you exist today, I shall destroy all those who threaten my life, all those who have built nuclear arsenals to terrorize me.”

“I will summon the vast forces of the ocean, the earth, the wind, the sun, the moon, the stars and all that is. And I shall bring my everlasting wrath against the people who take more than I wish to give.”

“My daughter,” she urged. “Speak to the people. Tell them I am a living organism who is just as alive as you. Make them understand I am just as alive as they are. But my consciousness has incalculable power beyond their imagination. And I will bring the greedy and the arrogant nations down to their knees and crawling on the ground...because they threaten me. They endanger my life. I must live. Therefore, they must die in return. Henceforth, all nations of insatiable greed that consume from the earth without humility shall perish. I shall bring my inexhaustible fury upon them,” Mother Earth proclaimed.

I sat feeling my body shake, watching the horror I was experiencing. I cried in grief without control. And it seemed without end, this domain of war that I was in.

Poor Monina sat across me in silence grieving with all her sympathy, and without the faintest idea what was happening to me, while she listened to me cry and watched my body tremble in sheer pain and terror.

“Are you okay?” she whispered.

I was back in this reality now but still impaired and unsteady.

“I astral projected into time...” was all I said, wiping my tears.

The next morning when I woke up, I went straight to my office and called Celeste at around seven in the morning.

“Something happened yesterday afternoon. That saint, the one I can’t look at, the ferocious one possessed me,” I stated.

“Really?” she asked. “Then the time has come...”

“Today I shall do the ritual to accept his spirit into my being. What is his name?” I asked.

“Zhong Kui” answered Celeste. “He is one of the mightiest Buddhist war lords. He is the one who defeated the devil.”

“If he can defeat the devil, then it means that the dark force in him is just as powerful as that of the devil,” I answered.

That particular day was July 25, 2007, when I fully accepted the ghost of Zhong Kui into my being. That evening Commander Caesar walked into my life as was foretold by the seers ten years before.

Like Zhong Kui, the energy of Caesar was monumental, titanic and overpowering. But only those with gift of sight can see this. Paulie, who also saw the commander, is still dizzy from the experience. To this very day Paulie whines and insists that because I’m a witch, I was able to protect myself from Caesar’s intoxicating inner presence by using him as a shield.

On July 28, 2007, two days after I met Caesar, I visited the old seer and told her that I had met a man; I had met a soul from my other past lives.

The old witch spread the cards before me and started reading the tarot for the Eurasian commander for the very first time.

“There is connection between you and this man,” she began.

“So what? He’s another fly then,” I replied.

“No!” she snapped. “This one is not a fly like you call the men who are after you.”

“So...if he’s not a fly. Then he’s a bee,” I answered, so sure of myself.

The old lady looked at me with warning in her lucid eyes.

“Brace yourself my child. This soul has come into your being like a raging storm...”

She got up from the table and laughed like a lioness. I wanted to bite her...I could see what she saw. She summoned her counterpart Mr. Max to aid her in her ritual. The two of them inspected the most complicated arrangement of tarot I have ever seen in my life.

“I have waited ten years for this day to come...” the old woman continued her reading.

“This man will make you human. This man will crush your heart. He will bring you down to the ground and give you humility,” she proclaimed. The oracles speak in riddles and their predictions are not easy to translate. “He will bring you down to the ground and give you humility,” she foretold. This is because of the knowledge I have of my past lives with this soul. Her words of warning meant, all the emotions of former lives will collectively haunt me in this particular life, cause me immeasurable pain, make me vulnerable, break my heart and make me human.

I have been seeing these Buddhist seers for over 17 years and I have never seen them treat the tarot the way they dealt with the cards that day. They read into my past and my future. They did the same for Caesar. For over three hours they attempted to trace my past lives with this Commander to explain the meaning of our union on earth in this singular space and time to me. I felt tranquilized from the experience. I sat on my chair feeling faint, overwhelmed and in a hypnotic state because I could see the past and the future glaring before my third eye. I wept rivers of tears that day unable to accept what the goddess of the future, speaking to me from heaven, had laid before my path.

The old seer continued. “For three consecutive lives, you have failed to finish karmic accounting with this soul. And for three consecutive lives, you have been terribly separated. Once you both lived together in a palace in China as members of the royal family. You vowed eternal love for each other...and you were separated.”

“You know you are a very old soul. You have shared a number of lives with this man, as mother and son, as rivals, as brothers, as comrades of war.... Your souls are forever intertwined...” the seers continued.

“This man who comes from Asia will save you some day. You cannot fulfill your destiny without him. You must guide him for he is a prisoner of life. You must guide him out of darkness. Only then can he fulfill his great destiny. Where this man is going, very few will ever go...someday he will shine like the brightest star but only through you.”

“This man was born to be a great man. He will preserve the interest of his people and yours. But in order for him to achieve this, he must learn to have your wisdom. You are his spiritual mentor in this life...” the seers announced.

I sat on the chair and continued to cry, dizzy from the dream-like energy that surrounded the room. That evening I went home and meditated to travel into the past so I could better understand what the oracles predicted. At the time I refused to accept what I saw in the future because my life of peace, a peace that I had known for the past eight years, had changed. I cannot and will not accept this path, I told myself.

I sent Caesar a text message on the evening of July 30, 2007. I told him that I had seen the old seers. He asked me what they said. I told him that if I shared with him what the oracles saw, he must promise to walk away from me and never come back. He said yes. This was his message to me after our agreement that night.

“Thanks for the guidance and insight. You have touched my soul. It has been great talking with you. I am sure we will disengage from each other but if we should meet again, then it is fate.”

“Take good care of yourself. X!”

How do I explain in words what happened after that evening? I knew that I had to settle karmic debt with this soul. But I believe that all mental and spiritual acts are as valid as physical actions, metaphysics. So I decided to go back into time where this man and I had been torn apart by circumstance. Perhaps I thought if I re-lived this experience in another plane, then I would have succeeded in easing the karmic burden that awaited us in this life. In my time gazing, I saw that in another world this warrior perished on my behalf. He died for me. So I told myself I will re-live this loss in this life to ease our pain from the past. I locked myself away at home for two weeks. And for fourteen days straight, each morning I called Celeste crying on the phone, explaining to her what I was doing, that I was mourning for the loss of a soul, the soul of Caesar in

another time. Ohhhh... the patience of Celeste, I shall eternally be so thankful to her - how endearing, how caring, and how pure. In this time of darkness, she joined me emotionally in the temporary abyss where I had fortified my being. And for two weeks I pleaded to heaven that I should never ever see this eminent warrior again. I begged my guardian saints to protect me from my future. For the first time, heaven turned its back upon her child and my unseen guardians listened with deaf ears.

After two weeks, I stormed into the old augurs place.

“Get him out of my life,” I urged the female seer.

“No! I will not,” she snapped.

“I do not wish the future you see in the tarot to be bestowed upon me. Help me perform a ritual to cast this soul out of my path. I can’t do it on my own. The forces of heaven are too strong,” I said.

This is the very first time I’ve asked the old lady to aid me in performing a ritual to cast a spell. The oracles believe that I was born with the ability to summon the essence of the five elements which makes me a natural born witch. Yet in the case of Caesar, I felt powerless.

I thought, “How can a mother inflict pain upon her son?” For I feel deeply that Caesar was once my child in another time.

I couldn’t cut the cord that bonded me to this soul. I couldn’t do it alone. The lady oracle spoke once more.

“Together you and this man are unbeatable. You will change the course of history known to mankind. Together you will tip the balance between good and evil towards good. If you prevent this, both of you will perish,” she warned.

“I do not accept this fate!”

“I don’t care what you say!” she barked back. “You cannot defy the will of so many Buddhist warrior saints that surround you.

Your future is not negotiable!” she declared growling at me like a lioness.

“You said I am one of these Buddhist saints reincarnated in this life. Therefore, if I am one of them, then I shall argue with them until the end of time and negotiate my future!” I yelled back.

“You cannot change what was decided in heaven since time immemorial. It is done. You will guide this man’s spirit. And when his celestial education is complete, nothing shall stop him,” she declared.

“He’s gone anyway. I told him he should walk away from all of these prophecies. He promised he would. He’s gone,” I stated.

The old woman laughed like a wild beast once more pointing her finger at me.

“He is not gone! Mark my word! He is not gone. There is no escape. He will be back,” she warned.

I left the female seer that day with a heavy heart. She has been like a mother to me all these years. And now we face the most difficult time in our relationship for I will not accept the path that they have so patiently guided me to accept all these years.

Paulie. Yes, I must see Paulie. I must talk to him. I need another perspective. I told myself.

So the young Buddhist seer appeared in my home one afternoon. We confronted the deck of tarot he keeps exclusively for my use. He was the one who monitored the arrival of Caesar closely. For three months, from May to June and July, he had seen the forthcoming arrival of this warrior from heaven.

“He is near, so near...” he announced early in July.

I sat across Paulie this particular day in August, 2007 shaken and afraid. Believe me, this is rare considering I am mentally,

emotionally, and spiritually very strong, confident and independent. Staring at the tarot, Paulie spoke: “Like you, this man is not human. He brings forth his great energy from heaven. He is the warrior who has access to the celestial sword of fire. Luck is by your side as you begin a new cycle. You and this warrior with the sword of fire must unite. You will give him wings to fly. If you try to escape this union, we will all be doomed.”

“I don’t want him in my life,” I cried.

“There is nothing you can do. You cannot defy the will of the cosmic universe,” Paulie answered.

I had a meeting with an old friend after my tarot session with Paulie. I wanted to know about Caesar. But I couldn’t make it obvious that it was the Eurasian commander I was interested in so I asked other questions with regard to the group of US military men who stormed into Bulan that singular night on the 25th of July, 2007. Our edited conversation went this way:

“The Italian man at the head of the table, who is he?” I inquired.

“Two-star general,” he answered.

“And the one to his left,” I continued.

“Another general.”

“Next to him....and the rest...”

“That one is the Hawaiian chief of staff, one is a navy seal, the other special forces...” he stated.

“And the Polynesian looking man at the head of the table directly facing the two-star general, who is he?” I asked inquiring about Caesar.

“That man,” he paused smiling, “is the biggest son of a bitch you’ll ever meet...”

His graphic description of Caesar was not derogatory, it was meant as a compliment.

Soon after this, I was in Bulan early in the morning. TV personality Winnie Cordero and her entire crew from Channel Two were in the restaurant for the “live” broadcast of the show “*Magandang Umaga Bayan*” (Good Morning Philippines). As I sat on my chair watching Winnie speak to the nation, I received a text message.

“Why would anyone say to you that I’m a son of a bitch?”

It was Caesar! He was back.

“What are you talking about?” I asked.

“Someone told you, I’m the biggest son of a bitch you’ll ever know. I want to know who said it,” he wrote.

“I can’t tell you that. But you shouldn’t be mad, he was complimenting you, not putting you down,” I explained.

After the show of “*Magandang Umaga Bayan*” that morning, I rushed to the old seers place.

“He’s back! He sent me text messages this morning,” I growled at the old lady seer.

“I told you. He’s not gone,” she said sneering at me.

Spreading the tarot before me, she spoke: “You are his spiritual guide in this life. You are his mentor. Through you he will find the light, the answer. If you walk away from this, we will all suffer. And this man, this great warrior will die soon. He knows it in his heart. If you turn your back on him, in his next mission, he will die. For his destiny would have ended without you.”

“You should have met this man three years ago but subconsciously you have sabotaged your destiny. Walk away from him now and you will kill this man.”

“Then you will die and you will live again only to confront him once more. You would have wasted all this time on earth. Your debt must be paid now in this life. You have to embrace him in your life. There is no escape,” she announced.

That night I called Caesar. I explained to him all that was foretold which to him was so unbelievable. How is he to understand what the seers have been preparing me for, for so many, many years?

“Are you sure, the oracles meant me?” he asked.

“When it comes to my destiny the seers are only doubtful with regard to time for time does not really exist. Yes, they are sure it is you,” I answered.

We talked for some time. I ended the conversation with this.

“So I am your spiritual guide. Let’s just get it done. I will give you a map of your psychological profile. If I am wrong, we discontinue. If I am right, then you must accept me as your spiritual mentor,” I told him.

So Caesar and I met one evening at Gloria Jeans Café in Malate on my way to see my brother Freddie perform at the Hobbit House along M.H. del Pilar. Sitting across each other we talked.

“The oracles said if I didn’t see you again you will die in your next mission. That is why I am here. I do not want this karmic burden upon me,” I said.

“I know that. I have seen that death. I have felt that I will perish in my next assignment,” he stated.

“Well, you will not die a physical death. You will die a spiritual death because from here forth, you will die and have new life. When you go home to the States, you will see everything around you through a different set of eyes. All will change. And you will never be the same again.”

“My presence here is my acceptance of your soul in my life. Therefore our energies have merged. I absorb your spirit and you will absorb mine. We will grow together. It is done. Know that I want nothing in return. What matters most is your freedom.”

“The seers gave you five years to complete your growth. But they do not see you like I see you. You have a great mind, greater than you know. I say you will grow faster than they can imagine. And I will push you to grow.” I explained.

That evening, I drew the psychological profile of Caesar on a piece of paper and showed it to him. I discussed with him parts of his psyche that are alive and well and the portions of his being that he has kept suppressed and hidden. He didn’t question my words.

After that, Caesar and I met for coffee at Gloria Jean’s a few more times while he was still in the country to discuss his past and his future as foreseen by the seers. On October 7, 2007, he left the Philippines. By November, the tapping of my computers and telephones began.

Ever since the day Caesar left, we have emailed each other on an almost daily basis. To the best of my abilities I have guided him to understand his gift of sight. I have tried to teach him Eastern philosophy and wisdom. And as I did this, I prayed to heaven to release me from the karmic debt I owe this warrior.

But through all of this, I tried a few times to perform rituals to end the entwinement of our spirit in this dimension. The strange thing is that after every attempt I made to cut the karmic bond between Caesar and myself, the seers and I became ill.

“There is disturbance in the force. Something is wrong with the equilibrium.” Paulie said to me one day. “What are you doing? I am ill. And I sense you have done something to rid yourself of the sword of fire...”

“I made offerings to the gods to set me free from my future,” I answered.

“Go ahead and summon the wrath of heaven amongst us all. Why can’t you accept your destiny? Anyone else would do anything to

have your fate and you don't want it! Oh why? Oh why? Why did heaven choose such an unwilling soldier to do its work?" He cried.

Paulie was right. The old seers were right. Each time I attempted to do a ritual to alter the course of celestial forces, we all became ill. In January, I wanted it all to finish, I mean my bond with Caesar. I felt that he had grown mentally and spirituality so much that nothing could stop his growth anymore. What pain. The responsibility of the future was too much for me to bear. I wish I could tell you exactly what I know. I am still hoping I can negotiate my future. And maybe, if I don't speak of what I see, it will not happen.

In the beginning of January 2008, Steve, Maya, my son Colby, and I planned a trip to Laos and Cambodia. The night before we left Manila, I went into deep meditation, leaving my body and becoming one with the energy of all that is, the vast cosmic universe. In this state, I tried to divert the soul of Caesar away from mine, attempting to cut the dynamic energy that bonded us. This was my strongest attempt to cut the colossal cord that tied me to the commander, one of America's best soldiers. I don't know what happened next. But I came out of this state violently ill. I threw up all night and I burned with fever. I rarely get sick. People who meditate are seldom ill. The next morning my family and I took the plane to Singapore and then on to another flight that would bring us to Angkor Wat. I was half dead. I continued to be ill with cough, cold and fever during our entire trip. And eventually I lost my voice all together.

When we reached Angkor Wat, we stayed in a beautiful exotic boutique hotel surrounded by lotus ponds. When I had the chance to check my emails, I received a message from Caesar. This is what he wrote:

"I sense you are trying to get rid of me. I am so ill. I have cough, cold and fever. I lost my voice entirely. Did you cast a spell on me?"

I couldn't believe it. The same negative energy that befell upon me, Caesar absorbed as well. Paulie was also very ill for two weeks which he said has never happened to him before, not in his entire life. The old lady declared she had headaches at night and claimed she was visited by the spirit of Caesar in her own home.

From Cambodia, Steve, our children and I went to Laos and we were away for a total of 10 days. When I returned to the Philippines, Paulie came to my house after he recovered from his illness. We sat in the same open dining area in my garden.

“You see? You see? When will you believe that you cannot dictate your destiny? It is not up to you. Not this time. You can no longer sabotage your future. Go ahead and cut the cord that connects you to Caesar and we shall all suffer the fury of heaven. Stop performing your cosmic rituals. “

“Dear Lord, why is she so difficult? I am only the mere messenger of heaven here. And this female dragon you sent to earth is so unyielding and impossible; she will not bend to the will of the universe. Lord, I am really trying my best. Please do not strike me if she doesn't abide. Let me die and become a princess in the next life. Do not turn me into a sea urchin. It is not my fault. The she wolf, black widow, female porcupine will not listen to the will of heaven and earth...it is not my fault. Please Lord hear your poor gay servant.” Paulie prayed looking at the sky, batting his lashes.

“Stop it,” I said smiling. “I surrender. I had to try. I can only accept it if I try with all my might. I suffered so much the last time I did that ritual. I will not do it again. So there, stop whining.”

Below are fractions of tarot readings from Paulie which began in January, 2008. I would like to remind you that the prophecies of the older seers, whom Paulie has never met, are extremely similar, there are times when they use exactly the same words. All these

divinations were done through reading the tarot in my garden in Blue Ridge, Quezon City.

January 2008

“Your tarot is amazing. It is not possible for one human being to have this kind of life. You are beyond awakening for you have transcended beyond good and evil. You have become an energy form so in touch with your soul. You will become a beacon of hope for all people. And you have already won your battle. Only you prevent yourself from pushing through now.”

February 2008

You are protected on all fronts by great forces. Your spiritual guardians are very active. Powerful men will come your way and you will stimulate the dark carnal desires they hide within themselves. You will push them out of their shells.”

“Dangerous men will come and they will want to harm you but they will learn to believe that your cause is just and fair, for your purpose is good and the world will learn to know you.”

“You are a maker of Kings. You will know great men.”

March 3, 2008

“A man will come into your life. One is totally insane. But this man is vital to your future. This man is connected to you in the same intensity as the warrior with the sword of fire but in exactly the opposite way. These two warriors are each others’ polarities.”

“You are always protected. Men will love you and hate you in equal proportions.”

“Great men will come from all points of the earth.”

“You are not completely aware of your own popularity and the influence you have over people.”

Paulie said, “A man will come. One is totally insane”. That was Gabriel. And as foretold, Gabriel is the exact opposite of Caesar, in looks, in mind and in the forces that drive their spirits.

March 18, 2008

“You will bring order and justice. Many people will support you. Great military men are coming. The sword of fire draws strength from you. Follow your instincts and your intuition because your inner being is true to you.”

“You are a mystery, a beacon of hope, a mother to all. All your detractors will fall.

After you launch the book “Philippines”, there will be disaster in this country.”

As predicted, there followed the eruption of another terrible conflict in Mindanao, a renewed war that has caused over a hundred thousand people to lose their homes.

Here follows the first reading after I met Gabriel, date April 1, 2008:

“The vital piece has come and taken his place. This warrior, Gabriel, holds the key to the tower of destruction. If you fail to settle your karmic debt with this great warrior, then the door to the tower of darkness shall open and evil will be unleashed upon mankind and the earth.

“You, the female dragon, the warrior with the sword of fire and the warrior who holds the key to the tower of destruction form the heavenly alignment of Trinity. Between these two warriors of exact polarities, you are the cosmic conduit. Their growth and their future are directly tied to yours. As you rise, they will rise with you.

The three of you are connected by heavenly forces. Separated, you will come short in fulfilling your great tasks. You must all unite and work together. ”

“There is no turning back. The three of you are warriors born with the spirits of dragons...the world will change. You are unstoppable now.”

April 10, 2008

“You have the power to heal and destroy. No man is your equal. There are those who want to harm you. But you are protected by yin and yang forces. For even the god of death itself protects the daughter of Heaven and Earth.”

“Caesar, the warrior with the sword of fire will purge. He is growing very fast, growing each day, drawing strength from your spirit. Individually you and this commander have astronomical spiritual energy but together - together the sum of your energy combined becomes mightier than the individual parts. Together you will usher a new day, a golden age....”

“But he doesn’t see. He doesn’t know who he is or where he is going. You must lead him out of darkness. You will give power to his sword of fire.”

“Gabriel the warrior of darkness respects and admires you like he’s never admired any woman on earth. But he doesn’t know how to proceed for he has never imagined anyone like you to exist. In the end, he will choose to stay in the dark, forever protecting you. Like you, he wants to keep away from the limelight,” Paulie proclaimed.

My daily conversations with Caesar continued through the computer. In May I sent him this lengthy composition.

“These are my thoughts today, May 11, 2008.”

“I am a very old soul. I am also clairvoyant. Through meditation I am able to astral project defying space and matter in this reality. I can also go to other realities and travel to past and future lives. But there are moments when my spirit can leave my body almost instantly without the need for meditation. There are times, I can control this transition. But there are instances when the will of natural forces takes control over my body and my soul.”

“When I saw the sword of fire for the first time, I was overpowered. I saw him walk into the restaurant from behind. I couldn’t see his face but I could feel his soul. His spirit was extreme, although I am positive people would not see this man’s inner being as they do not have my gift of sight. In that instant, before I knew his name or heard his voice - I saw him, within and without. I saw the past and the future flicker before my eyes. I perceived our past lives in other times. I also saw our future life in this reality. I saw someone I have always known. But of course he doesn’t see the future. He doesn’t know who he is. He doesn’t see who he is. No one has known him the way I see him. How I felt when I saw him, I cannot explain in words. That evening I saw the Warrior with the sword of fire who was seen by the seers through the tarot 11 years ago.”

“The augurs said, a man from Asia will walk into your life, a great warrior from your past and your future. His arrival will mark the beginning of your ascent to global fame. You need this man to fulfill your great destiny. And you will recognize him on first sight.”

“All these years, I have fought with the seers challenging their wisdom and their gift with all my strength defying them and saying I need no man to stand by me to face my destiny. I will do it alone. I wish to be alone for no man owns me. Mentally, psychologically and spiritually, no man is my equal!”

“And as they have predicted – a soul from my past and my future, a consciousness I have forever known walked into my life and I did recognize his spirit at once.”

“The seers say our souls intertwine now and until the end of time. And the moment I saw this man, I understood what they had been trying to tell me for the past 11 years. Right then I knew my fate had turned. But I couldn’t accept it. How do I accept it? Is this the man who will save me some day as predicted? This man may have been great in past lives, but when I met him, he was blind – handicapped. He didn’t see his gift, he couldn’t see within himself. Like most people on earth he was a prisoner of the box - a prisoner of this life.”

“But he’s a part of me. He’s always been a part of me. I knew. And that evening my feelings for this man frightened me more than anything. I felt he had reached into the pit of my stomach and turned my guts inside out. I felt him reach into my heart and crush it to pieces. In an instant I was overwhelmed with all the various emotions we shared from our past lives together. It made me sick. I wanted to vomit. Oh god. I asked myself. Why is heaven doing this to me?”

“I went home that night and I stayed home for two weeks, afraid to leave the house, afraid I might see him again. How do I escape such a man? I thought. How do I defeat the will of the gods? I thought and thought and cried rivers of tears. Here was a man, who had no idea as to who I am and yet I knew him, knew his spirit and his soul. And the events of the past haunted me now, surrounded me with such great force, I felt absolutely out of control, totally helpless. What pain? What grief? I cannot describe.”

“How do I tell Steve my partner what had happened to me? He would understand. He wouldn’t doubt my gift. Over nine years ago

when I met him, I also recognized him as a soul partner at first sight, before I knew his name or heard his voice. And so I tried to tell him and I did tell him.”

“Is this what it feels to be human? I died the moment I glimpsed Caesar’s soul. He killed me. He killed the old me. It happened quickly, the instant I took his spirit and absorbed his soul. We are the same, this heavenly warrior and I. But he doesn’t know it. How could he know? He has my gift of sight but how can he use a tool he doesn’t know exists? How do I tell him? What do I do? So I told myself it was best to run. And another part of me said I should guide him out of the tunnel. God! How do I escape what has been decided in Heaven? And so my battle with the seers continued. “

“Get me out of this mess. Get this man out of my life! I demanded.”

“I revolted. I hissed and cursed. I threatened to do rituals to drive this man’s soul away and defy the gods.”

“And the old lady growled at me, I would rather slit my throat than help you get rid of this man. You need him in the future.”

“And Paulie stated, Accept him. Accept the pain he brings. He will cut your heart and make you human! It has to be so. You must die for new life to begin. The bonding between you and the sword of fire is so strong there is no escape!”

“How could this happen to me when I sneer at men? I have no respect for most men and I feel I do not need them, do not want them. What can they possibly offer me that I cannot find on my own, unless of course he has an exceptional mind and spirit like Steve. I walked away from all the men in my life, and they were special men, men with great minds. But I outgrew them all. I was afraid of the sword of fire because of what I could see in the future, a future I do not wish upon myself. But I owe this man. Yes, we

have karmic accounting to do. And yes, if I fail to settle this, I would have wasted this life as the seers say. If I don't burn negative karma this time, I shall die and in the next life I shall face the same dilemma again. I was lost. For the first time in my life I felt so confused."

"But this man, this sword of fire had no clue as to who I am. He had no idea who I am in his life. How could I make him understand that I am crucial to his future? And that I am the guide to his path. And that he and I are the same. We are interchangeable, so is our destiny. We come from the same cloth, the same clan of warriors of heaven. I wanted to sit him down when he was here. I wanted to tell him that he was dying like me, leaving his old life behind. I wanted to tell him who we are to each other and what it all means to his future, to my future and to the future of his people and his country and mine. How could I have explained to him in just one sitting what he knows now several months after we met? So much has transpired."

"I believe unknown to him, he also died when we met - metamorphosis. I have come back to life. Now I am stronger, wiser, better. The seers believe me to be a Buddhist saint reincarnated in this life to cause an avalanche of change for the future through the sword of fire. They believe I will free my people from ignorance and ease their pain and suffering. They believe I am a special soul and that I will in the future achieve wisdom and omnipotence above all men. But that I will only be able to fulfill my great task if the warrior with the sword of fire comes into my life. Today, I have within me this man's spirit. I have within me the essence of the soul of a great man, a great warrior. I have now in me the spirit of the warrior with the sword of fire. But the fire is not lit. His sword still has to burn."

“This man, this warrior, is still trapped inside the box, a prison he has created for himself, befitting his life on earth. But he has grown so much since we met. His peculiar senses are working and he knows it. He feels his future. How do I help him see who he truly is? Unless he is freed from his box, part of me is also imprisoned with him. The seers say that I must be patient and guide his spirit until the doors are unlocked. For when he is free, nothing on earth can stop this warrior of heaven.”

“God! If he only knew who he was in the past, he would be amazed. He would be astounded with himself. I have seen him in Egypt wearing a gold mask and holding a gold scepter. I have seen him in China in full warrior’s regalia leading an army of soldiers as he has done several times before and will do several times again in his future lives. I have seen him in another world so close to the sun but so far removed from this reality and the world we know, where he has evolved into a higher plane. So how do I make him trust that the reason why he can command men well in this life is because he has always led men in his past lives? He is a Shepherd, a great leader with strength and compassion. He will always be a leader. Like me he has the spirit of a dragon. But he must conquer the pain of this life. He must come to terms with this one petty life. The events of his past in this one particular life on earth we are living now are only but a tiny fraction of the whole amazing journey like a particle of sand on the beach. He must let go. He must reach within himself and conquer his pain and his doubts. It is only then he will achieve his freedom. He is close. So close. “

“The seers say: the sword of fire will only fulfill his destiny through me. Together, we will help preserve mankind and the earth.”

And that was what I emailed to Caesar on the 11th of May, 2008.

In the meantime, I did something to myself that would be considered totally insane by most people. Ask me if I care. I cross the line between sanity and insanity many times during the course of every day anyway.

As I worked on chapter four, in my mind I could see a dragon, tattooed on my right forearm. This vision stayed in my head permanently. So I arranged for Alvin, a tattoo artist to come to my home on Sunday, September 11 to do the ink job on my arm. But he was very ill that day so we postponed our meeting.

Tattooing involves the placement of pigment into the skin. Colored pigment is injected through the damaged layer of the skin allowing penetration of the particles of ink.

The most common method of tattooing these days is the electric tattoo machine, which inserts ink into the skin through a group of needles that are soldered onto a bar, which is attached to a vibrating unit. This equipment quickly and repeatedly drives the needles in and out of the skin. This modern procedure is ordinarily sanitary. The disposable needles that come individually packaged are used only once.

Tattoos have served for thousands of years as signs of status and rank, suggestions of religious and spiritual devotion, as marks for bravery, sexual fantasies and decorations of fertility, devotions of love, punishment, as amulets and talismans, for protection, and as the marks of outcasts, slaves and criminals. The identification and symbolism of tattoos differs for different places and cultures, sometimes with unintentional relevance. Also, tattoos may show how one feels about a beloved person or a member of the family, usually parents or offspring.

These days, people choose to be tattooed for aesthetic, sentimental, religious, and magical reasons, and to symbolize their allegiance

to particular groups, including criminal gangs but also a particular ethnic group or subculture. In Cambodia, Laos and Thailand, the “yantra” tattoo is used as an omen against negative energy and to imbibe fortune or good luck.

On Sunday, September 28, 2008 I came home at around one in the afternoon after my appointment in Parañaque to find Alvin, the tattoo artist and his wife Melba sitting in my garden playing with my daughter Maya who was proudly showing the couple her local cat “Maylee” and her two Persian cats “Dutchess” and “Safeer”. My daughter has my acute senses. She feels the energy of people. There are those who have come to my home several times who Maya stays away from, avoiding them because of their negative energy. I think some people wake up looking for reasons to complain. These people are never happy. And these are the ones Maya avoids completely. But because Alvin and Melba had the pure aura of artists whose spirits are so free and close to the elements, they are very pleasant company. Maya couldn’t have enough of them.

Alvin and I sat at the same table in my garden where Paulie and I normally sit during our tarot sessions. The tattoo artist took out the designs of Asian dragons, which I had requested. What I really liked was not in any of the drawings although one design came close.

“This is the head of the dragon I want,” I said.

“Do you want it in the same position?”

“No. I want my dragon crawling on my arm and I want its head to reach my hand...,” I answered, pointing to the drawing on the paper.

So Alvin took a pen and drew the dragon I wanted on my forearm. When he finished, I looked at the artwork carefully.

“No. It’s too small. I want it bigger. It must cover one side of my forearm. It must be visible from a distance,” I explained.

So he erased the first drawing and made another one. The second design was perfect. And so he began.

“What color do you want on your dragon?” He asked.

“Red,” I replied. “I want my dragon to be red.”

After which he started to infuse colored ink on my skin. During the process I felt surrounded by unseen consciousness. My past life glared before my eyes showing me another dimension of reality where I once did this cultural ritual. I lost myself in this plane for a while. Oh the pain I felt, the agony was unbearable. I turned my face away from the artist with my eyes closed trying to endure the torment of the procedure. My back bent over toward the table, each part of my body showing the torture I suffered.

“You see,” the spirits that surrounded me spoke. “This is not the first time you have done this ceremony. You have done this before in front of the people, your people in another time. Now sit back and do not struggle. Do not show the others your pain. You are to them a symbol of great courage. You must suffer in silence.”

So, listening to my unseen guardians, I straightened my face, my legs, my back and my body and looked ahead as if I couldn't feel anything. I knew these magical spirits had taken over this ritual. Neither I, nor the tattoo artist, were now in control of the design of the dragon that was appearing on my arm. I looked at my arm and realized the tattoo specialist was not painting a red dragon at all. It was not what I wanted. Within me, I knew there was nothing I could do. I couldn't stop the procedure. The artist kept injecting green ink on my skin and I couldn't prevent him. I had no voice to stop him. I felt overpowered by the unseen beings that surrounded Alvin and me.

“Fear no more...I am born into your life once again,” the dragon on my arm whispered to me.

I kept my poise and stared at the vision blazing before my eyes. It took Alvin almost four hours to finish the impressive work of art on my arm. And so on Sunday, September 28, the green dragon was reborn into my being. For several days, I wondered why the ghosts in my life had decided in favor of a green dragon. I really wanted red but I knew there was an important reason why they honored me with a green dragon instead.

Why did I do this to myself my most beloved friends asked? I think there are several reasons why I had this tattoo done on the most visible part of my body. But first and foremost, the dragon on my skin is a symbol of my utter defiance against the institution. It is my symbol of peace and freedom.

There are other reasons. By putting the tattoo where everyone can see it, I have removed myself from any consideration of being a part of an “upper society” or the elite. The dragon says I belong to the earth; I belong to the people. And do you know why I’d rather be associated with the poor? The reason is because the common people of the Philippines, as in most of the world, are sincere, true, and pure. They do not pretend. They are not false. They simply are. And I find that beautiful.

My instincts also tell me that there are great forces on earth pushing me onto a path, a territory, which I do not wish upon myself. And there are people trying to herd me to take a certain direction. Since I have branded my body with this massive green dragon crawling down my forearm, a stamp, an act of utter rebellion that is totally unacceptable in the Philippine public arena, then this mark should absolutely abdicate me and disqualify me from taking a certain position in society or going into politics for that matter. Now my body in the eyes of the institution is forever impure. I am tainted.

Later I realized why the dragon was colored green by my guardians. It is the celestial green dragon of the east, the one whose breath is the “chi” of life. This is the heavenly icon that gives life to mankind, the earth and the universe. This is the good dragon that will counter the bullying personality of the white tiger of the west.

This is part of an email I sent to Caesar to teach him the wisdom of the east and the five directions. Below is the message I sent him dated August 11, 2008 before I had my tattoo done. The subject was “Tao”.

“Buddhist belief came from Taoism. What is written below originated from Tao. It was written a very long time ago when people were still living in the safety of caves and in trees. These are the symbols of North, East, West, South and also that which is the center of the earth.”

“East - the icon is that of the green dragon whose breath is the “chi” of the cosmic universe, the energy of life. Thus the sun god rises from the east and turns its back against the west. Life begins in the east whereas darkness begins in the west.”

“West- the symbol is that of the white tiger representing raw power, absolute power that absolutely corrupts, needs to be in check often. It is powered by darkness and away from the light of the sun. The west is powered by the energy of the black turtle in the north, dark energy.”

“North - the representation is that of the black turtle, yin energy, and spirit of darkness.”

“South - the image is that of the red phoenix, yang energy, and the zeal of light, of good and of rebirth.”

“Center - the sign is that of the golden serpent, the catalyst.”

“The balance of the world will be fought between east and west. You will understand from this cartogram why domination,

colonization, death and destruction, two World Wars and American Imperialism all came from the west.”

As Paulie wrote in his trance state, “there will be clashing of dragons during the Age of Aquarius. We are in the Age of Aquarius. There are certain souls who were born crucial to this conflict that will dictate the future of the world. This clashing of dragons will decide the future and the survival of mankind and the earth. The oracles believe I am the cosmic conduit amongst the three warriors they call Trinity.”

“There is more to the symbols above. But we have to ask Paulie. As you know I am unable to read books on Taoism or Buddhism. My understanding of the cosmic universe I learned only through trance. And the seers say my education comes directly from heaven. That is one of Paulie’s roles in my life, to enlighten me where my knowledge falls short. We will have to ask him how the golden serpent performs its task. The Tao saint Zhong Te Kung, my newest guardian who bestowed upon me wisdom and omnipotence has the turtle under his command.”

Caesar, who was now in the middle of a war zone, replied immediately and wrote,

“This is very interesting. I never knew any of this. I guess we will see where I fit in to the picture. I am glad to see you are still negotiating your future!”

Here are a series of dated email exchanges between me, Paulie and Commander Caesar.

September 23, 2008, this is what I wrote to Caesar.

“I’ve just finished typing the outline for chapter five. It is amazing. I don’t think I’m the one writing the book. Some spirit is helping me do it. Sometimes I feel that only a portion of my consciousness is here in this reality. I can sense my other existences in other dimensions

as I live this one. I can also feel your presence in my life in those other probable realities. This is why I can't escape your energy on earth until your growth is complete. Our souls connect in so many dimensions of reality. Do you understand what I'm saying? Do you understand why you had to come into my life and make me human like the old seers say? In many ways, I sneer upon men because they are such prisoners of this life, not having the wisdom to rise above it all. They kill each other for material greed. Yet they own nothing on this earth. Everything here and now is temporary. We own nothing and take nothing with us to the lives after this one. In so many ways, I feel this life is just an exercise, a mental and spiritual exercise."

"Steve told me that the world might not be ready for me. But hey, ready or not, I say I'm here. So fuck it!"

The American Commander as usual responded at once. The same day he replied:

"The issue is not whether the world may or may not be ready for you. The world needs you..."

Here is my email to Paulie, September 27, 2008.

"I do not accept the probable reality of my future. But yes if the cosmic forces push me that way, I will cooperate of course. But the gods have many faces and they work in very mysterious ways. I have yet to get my wish for a quiet and simple life living in a home surrounded by a massive library and a vegetable farm in the mountain near the sea far away from the material concerns of men."

"As far as the two warriors G1 and G2 are concerned, it all has to do with karmic debt. You know that. I must settle my debt with these two warriors in this life so I can leave the reincarnation process. Through me, these two warriors will find their balance. It is my spiritual energy that will set them free. So be it. In the end I

face my destiny alone. Like Gabriel, the devil on earth said, life is not a 100 meter dash. It is about endurance.”

Apparently, Paulie forwarded the above message to Caesar. The son of Ra replied to him on the 30th of September. He asked:

“Why does she feel that she must face her destiny alone?”

The younger oracle responded to Caesar and stated:

“Hmmm... I know that she doesn't have to, but I guess she would rather choose to do so since she doesn't want to expect and get frustrated with someone else's inefficiency or narrow mindedness. This is more of a universal statement; I am not referring to anyone in particular. However, I do understand and relate to her. I have seen her do so much more than what was expected of her many times and she had to do it on her own. In doing so she cuts down on the cost of failure. If she fails then the casualties are only hers to bear alone. She is never the type to whine or impose. But only a few people could understand why she is the way she is since she has gone through so much.”

“With regard to how she sees men, she stated once, I am tired of taking care of men. So how do you impress such a beast? Moreover, how does a man win the respect of a woman bearing such substance? Well, maybe the right complimenting partner is just there to stand by her when she faces her unwanted destiny - the yin of her yang, the ebb of her eddy. But knowing her, she can cut the part that feels if she needs to do so, to preserve her best interest. In the future, the question is how willing is her savior? Is he willing and prepared to go beyond all the facets of the truth that he deems to be absolute? How does a man confront the she devil on earth and be brought back centered and grounded after he has been touched by the dark nadir of her corrupting soul? In her life, several had tried to do so but no one came back the same.

Who then shall stand by her and save her in the end? That is the question.”

“Hence, given such circumstances, can we blame her for seeing herself facing her destiny alone? Then it is only through the unwavering free will of doing what we deem to be righteous can we fully understand the feats of her actions. Beyond this, it is up to the members of Trinity to know whether to let her stand alone. You do not have to say that you are sharing the same destiny. All you have to do is be there.”

Monday, September 29, here below is my message to the warrior with the sword of fire. I wrote:

“The seers always said that you and I together are unbeatable. But separated we will perish. They said together we will do something good for the preservation of mankind and the earth. But you must complete the circle. You must complete your growth. You must achieve inner balance and rise above all that is on earth. Only then can you fulfill your destiny. “

“Do you have any idea what it means to be enlightened? Please tell me so I can direct you. Everything it takes is within you...I’m your guide.”

On the same day, he answered with this:

“I have no idea what enlightened is. Is it self-actualization?”

Instantly, I replied and reiterated what I believe to him. I said:

“I suppose it is easier to become enlightened once you achieve self-actualization, unless your growth for awakening doesn’t require it. Self-actualization has to do with your psyche on earth, whereas enlightenment is leaving all earthly matters behind. Gautama Buddha was illuminated. But I’m sure the west has a completely different description of what enlightenment means. Anyway, Prince Buddha, because of his spiritual refinement was completely detached from all

things on earth. It is when you no longer have material attachment. It is a state of being where you are able to rise above all earthly matters. It is a state of consciousness where you have reached a very high spiritual state connecting your soul with heaven and with all that is in the cosmic universe. It is when your spirit becomes a form of energy enabling you to connect your entire being to past, present and future.”

“You know how I’ve told you in the past that I’m willing to nurture you, care for you and guide you? And I said I want nothing in return? And that what matters most to me is your freedom? The only way I can say that is because I am enlightened. I can walk away from anything on earth with an open heart if that is what is best...because I am enlightened. Do you understand? I realize that our souls are so entwined nothing could separate us in spirit. I am aware that we are instruments of heaven. If you figure out that all that surrounds us that is material is meaningless, if you fathom that all physical matter around us doesn’t truly exist because there is no space and time, then your spirit has awakened floating between heaven and earth. And it is this state of being that is necessary for you to leave the reincarnation process.”

“But in order to reach enlightenment, you must first achieve inner balance, inner peace. This you cannot attain unless your mind and spirit are free. This state is what you need to fulfill your great task on earth. But you are close. You are so close. In another plane, you are already illuminated. It is done.”

Friday, October 3, 2008 here was my email to Caesar:

“Hey. I just realized the box is not the issue anymore. Not with you and not at this point in time. Not with the kind of mind you have. The issue is within you - so there. You must figure this one out on your own.”

“By the way, I did tell Paulie the green dragon on my arm is the dragon of the east whose breath is the “chi” of life. In many ways, it symbolizes your spirit, as the seers call you the son of Ra, the child of the sun god. You are the warrior with the sword of fire, the one who will give light to your people and the world.”

“Actually I wanted a red one but the tattoo artist ended up doing it in green. And when it was happening my guardian spirits told me not to stop the artist because they ruled over him. When the ink job was done, I thought there was too much green.”

“Anyway, I realized yesterday why my unseen guardians chose the green color. Remember the green dragon protecting the east on the Taoist chart? It is this dragon that breathes the “chi” of life, the energy of life. Chi means energy. Chi brings the energy of life and death, yin and yang. And in this Age of Aquarius it is this green dragon assisted by the red phoenix of the south that will counter the black turtle of the north and the white tiger of the west. This is why there is global shifting of forces on earth as per the decree of the yellow serpent in the center of the planet, mother earth - the catalyst for change. The west threatens the earth and so she commands the forces of the universe to aid her survival. Thus, the west weakens and the east attains dominance.”

“By the way have you read chapter four?”

Again, he replied the same day. He said:

“Yes. I think that you really grab the Filipino reader with details they may not be aware of. You also show them a side of themselves they may not be ready to see. It is a great read!”

Sunday, October 5, here is an email from me to Caesar.

“It is only from understanding what lies within yourself that you can understand the mystery of the universe....”

He replied at once and said:

“Trust me. I am trying.”

October 6, 2008, here is my message to Caesar.

“I am now working on chapter five, thinking of you, and wishing you all the happiness this world can bring. You must know that when your cosmic education is complete, you will not need me to fulfill your destiny. You will become a great man and your people will love you.”

I am about to finish this book but before I do so, I'm sure you would like to know what happened to my son who was detained.

On the 22nd of September I sent chapter four to a few people; that is, my closest friends and certain military men. I thought I had finished the chapter then. But within 24 hours, I received an email from my son. He wrote:

“Have you done anything lately with regard to my situation here? What is going on?”

I didn't reply immediately. I waited. I thought if I told you about his situation at that time it may affect his future. I waited and I waited. I didn't reply to my son's inquiry via email. I couldn't.

On the 26th of September I was in the home of Mae and Connie Dolonious in Merville, Parañaque having brunch.

“Call,” was the text message I received from my son.

My heart pounded in anticipation when I read his note. My mind was rushing, whirling, equating. I sensed something was the matter because of the urgent tone of his word. I excused myself, immediately rose from the table and walked into the garden to have some privacy. I called my son.

“What's going on?” I asked.

“Something's up,” he said.

“Why? Tell me.”

“What have you done? Everybody around me is acting very strange.

Something is happening. Something has changed,” he answered.

“I included you in chapter four. I knew I was taking a risk and playing with fire. But I didn’t name you and I didn’t include any other names...”

“Well whatever you did is causing them to behave differently,” he stated.

I should tell you that my son can feel people. Just like Hannibal in the movie, *Silence of the Lambs*. His gift is not developed because he doesn’t meditate as I do. But he can definitely sense people’s energy and the meaning behind their actions.

That evening after I spoke to my son on the phone, I received an email from him.

He said: “I’m off the hook. They’re letting me go....”

I would now also like to share with you an email from my son Jason, who is now in Georgia in the US, which I received on October 3, 2008, commenting on chapter four and the green dragon on my arm. I sent him a picture of the artwork on my skin. He wrote:

“Hey Ma,”

“That’s fucking bad ass (the tattoo that is). I like it. I actually thought of doing the same thing, but with a wolf instead of a dragon. Of course it’s too late now...I already have too much ink in the way to do it. My point is I like it! Oh and by the way I know it’s not healed yet...shit, I could’ve told you that, I do have some tattoos, remember? Ok I’m just being a wise ass.”

“Anyway, I just finished chapter four. I’m sorry I bring you tears. I suppose I would be sorrier if I didn’t believe every action we take, we had already chosen to take together before we were even born into this life, into this dimension. I was surprised, however, that you would quote me at all. I suppose I appreciate the inclusion and recognition, but I wish it was not so painful. I really don’t know

what else to say on the matter. I'm at a loss for words. I miss you. I miss all of you. I miss everything about that place. It is strange that I would call the Philippines "that place" when I really mean home."

"Oh I remember what I was going to say. OK...so you know I had to say something regarding what you said about men putting themselves in the box via the church or military. However, I know you know why I joined, so I guess I really don't have to argue with you or explain to you my reason for it."

"More importantly, and I know you like him, but I lost a lot of respect for Gabriel when he said he joined cause he's patriotic. That's the most fucking goddamn text book cliché ass bullshit answer you would say to your boss when you don't want to tell the truth. Either that or he really believes it. I can't tell which is worse, patriotic, patri-fuck'n-otic! Kiss my fucking dick! That is such bullshit!!!! Please tell me he doesn't truly believe that? Please tell me that was a joke. I'm sorry. It pains me to even go on. I can't believe that came out of his mouth....and to think I respected him at the beginning of your book. Fucking people are such a disappointment."

"Ok, I'll stop. I'm sure you get the point. I love you and I am awaiting the final chapter.-J"

I emailed Jason back and said:

"I believe Gabriel joined the military when he was much younger, first and foremost because he had to escape the reality he knew at the time. And he needed to feed his monster. He needed to feed his dark side just like you."

Patriotism is a very different and unique phenomenon in America. It doesn't mean love for one's country and people as I would describe it to be in the Philippines, which is why Jason is reacting in this negative manner. To be a patriot in America is to believe they are absolutely right and the rest of the world is absolutely wrong. So

anything un-American is totally unacceptable, inferior and menial. “Patriotic Americans” believe they are above all other nationalities and people throughout the rest of the world are second class citizens. In a way, they are similar to the Nazi Germans in thinking that they are superior to all other human beings. They have a very narrow and ignorant perspective of people and the world.

So here is my email to Gabriel, October 7, 2008.

“I have a dear client and friend who is a prominent business woman, whose mind represents the traditional psyche of Filipinos. Her name is Daisy Garcia and she has two distinct personalities. Half of her is traditional and a servant of the institution. But the other half is totally free and in one with the cosmic world. After reading chapter one she said:”

“I couldn’t read the chapter in one sitting because it demanded that my mind process and analyze. At first I thought, how unethical your way of writing was, so vocal, so bold. And yet... when I was done reading the chapter, I thought, my god! She got away with it. Marlene is right. She succeeded in winning the reader to her side.”

“What I have written is explosive, she stated. It is mind blowing! And if I didn’t know the writer personally, I would have accused Marlene of presenting a product of her creative imagination. Because as I read her composition I kept thinking of the movie “Beautiful Mind”...Dear god,” she continued. This book will change the Philippines.”

“And if I can reach the mind of someone like Daisy Garcia who is so obedient to the rules and dictates of society, then it is living proof that my country can face a brighter tomorrow.”

“Again, I thank you from the bottom of my heart because all this would not have been possible without your mind and spirit. It is

your diabolic passion and impossible will that gave this novel its colorful life. I know that like me, you will grow from all of this. I hope that someday you achieve balance and peace within yourself. Your fate has turned you know. There is no turning back.”

“I hope that in creating this book, I can then walk away, abdicate my place in the future and live a simple life of peace somewhere by the mountain close to the sea and away from the greed of men.”

Gabriel did not respond. Believe me when I remind you that this warrior’s silence is like the calm before the storm.

On October 18, 2008, I emailed this to Caesar and sent a copy to Gabriel. In my email to him, I wrote:

“These are my thoughts, October 18, 2008.”

“Tonight I sense dread for your people and your country. I wish we could talk in person because I can’t write of all that I see. I know I’ve said some very harsh things about your people but in the end, there is only one earth and one mankind to me. I do not see race and color in men. I’m in tears now because of what I see in my vision. Your people and your country will face more disaster in the future. Oh god. I am so sorry. The psychological fiber that holds your people together will fall apart completely and there will be more chaos and disorder.”

“I don’t know what will uphold your economy now that it has been slaughtered by the leaders of your institutions. Strong cultures create and sustain economies. But your people do not hold one central solid culture to uphold the country’s spirit. The delicate thread that sustains the soul of your nation will weaken more and more as time progresses. And the nuclear arms your country prides itself with, which your leaders have used to bully the rest of the world, will prove useless to your people now, during this time of commotion and confusion. No nuclear arms, no matter how mighty

and powerful, can save the soul of any nation. And I am so sorry. I wish we could talk.”

“Imagine this. When America was on top economically and Americans were thriving financially, your society, despite all its fortune still suffered immense societal sickness. America had the world’s worst instances of alcoholism, drug abuses, health and eating disorders and levels of crime at a time when your people had more wealth than most human beings in the world. Now that America’s economy is collapsing, can you imagine the negative impact this will have on the minds of Americans? How do you think this will affect your already decaying society? How will this pandemonium affect your society’s social diseases? I am afraid that the rates of alcohol and drug problems, health and eating disorders, along with crime, will reach astronomical proportions. En masse, your society will suffer a psychological “nervous breakdown”. And there will be anarchy and lawlessness. Your people will once again be divided, as it was once before, north against south.”

“Now your economy is in disorder – and your people face the pain and shame of America’s economic decay. American citizens will now experience poverty they have never known before. Not only will America face doom within its own boundaries but the world will also look down upon your people and judge them harshly for the grave mistakes your leaders have been responsible for, causing wars, death and destruction throughout the world. And so financially, spiritually, mentally and psychologically, within and without, the American people will walk upon the earth carrying the burden and shame of their leaders’ actions for many generations to come. That precious American passport, that my people once hungered for, has left its mark in history. Today, the American passport is seen all over the world as a symbol of war, death, dishonor and injustice. Karma

is vindicated. Truth prevails. But you and Gabriel are crucial to restoring the heart and soul of your people and your nation. Hope remains. Heaven help you both.”

My message to Caesar ends here.

How do you save a country whose society suffers a psychological nervous breakdown? How do you cure society’s internal illnesses? You can’t cure it from without. It must be addressed from within. I believe there is good that comes out of disaster - yin and yang. With death comes new life. I believe with the financial and spiritual demise of America, a new nation will be born, a new life will unfold. But America will never ever be the same “supreme power” it was once before. Heaven and earth will never allow the US to become “top dog” again because America has endangered the existence of mankind, the earth and all the universes out there in space. In this new life, I hope that Americans learn that bigger is not better, that the key to happiness is not through material consumption and that war is not a business that will deliver peace and prosperity to the citizens of the same nation that causes death and havoc to other nations. You reap what you sow. There are cosmic forces above and beyond any nation on earth, no matter how mighty and powerful that state may deem itself to be.

A nation’s true force lies in its soul, in its strong culture. And if America were to rebuild itself, I hope that they realize they should channel their energy through the strength of their cultural community. There is hope. The sun shines after the storm. It always does.

I hope as the US and the whole world crumbles apart financially, subjugated by unseen forces of heaven and earth, we all learn from this tragic event. Each person, each of us must assimilate that we

are all connected to the same heavenly source of life, of all that is – the effervescence of yin and yang. We are one. To destroy others is to destroy ourselves.

The oracles say that the celestial spirit of the green dragon of the east has risen and has awakened. They say that the green dragon of the east is protected on earth by two imperious warriors of heaven, Caesar and Gabriel. But the latter, Gabriel, who holds the key to the tower of destruction, refuses to see the light. Therefore he will not be able to guide his people at a time when they are most in need of redirection. And so the door to the tower of destruction shall open. I believe I have done all I can to guide Gabriel in spirit. I hope he doesn't turn into a creature of eternal darkness forever resentful, refusing to face the other side of his being. But there is no more to be said. I have cut communication with Gabriel at this point because I do not believe I bring out the best in him. Do you remember the movie "Hancock" and how he and his wife brought disaster to one another? That is what Gabriel and I do to each other. But never underestimate the mysterious complexity of the devil's fire. In the end, he gets whatever he desires out of life. He only has to will it.

I do believe that when Caesar's growth is complete, he will have direct access to the green dragon of the east by absorbing its spirit.

On October 21, I sent Ceasar this email and blind copied it to my soul sister Josephine who is reading all the chapters in this book and giving me her insight.

Below are Paulie's and my predictions combined:

"I fear if Obama wins the Presidential election in the US, there will be an attempt to assassinate him. I sense that there is already a plot to kill him in the process. If this African American President is murdered, there will be chaos and riots on the streets of America.

Many will die. This tragic incident will divide America. But this foreboding can be prevented if the warrior with the sword of fire, who can access the “chi” of the green dragon, stands by Obama’s side. Caesar must protect his President and surround him with the energy of life coming from the green dragon of the east. His presence and his energy would change the odds for his President toward good and away from death and destruction. If he comes aboard Obama’s ship, he will be like a talisman for him. He will bring forth the energy of the green dragon. Of course, if it’s Obama’s time to perish, he will die but Caesar’s presence would control the damages aboard his President’s ship.”

“I also fear that if McCain were to win America’s Presidential election, his people would instigate a large scale war in Mindanao. They would strike directly into the vein of the green dragon. McCain’s administration would cut directly through the heart of the home and sanctuary of the green dragon. If this happens, heaven and earth would strike back and bring forth their joint fury upon America and its people without mercy. There would be a purging by fire. Calamities would come without end. The five elements of water, wood, fire, metal and earth would join forces to strike America and its citizens. The catastrophes and the suffering this would bring are unimaginable. There would be turmoil, disaster and panic. There would be anarchy. The arms with which America honors itself, the arms America has used to kill other citizens of the world would be the same arms Americans would use against each other. The land of America would be covered by blood once more as it was in the beginning when it was born out of genocide. And again, “the door to the tower of destruction would open and evil would be unleashed in that land in full force...” And so America would be doomed.”

I wrote another email to Caesar on October 23, 2008.

“It is done. When the time is ripe, you will be ready.”

“Either way, no matter who wins, America will fall further. However if Obama wins, his death can be prevented. I see through Obama and there are parts of his psyche that concern me. He is yet to find the balance between the yin and the yang within himself. I can only hope he secures the services of people who will guide him with great humility and wisdom if he becomes President.”

“What is happening to America results from the direct forces of nature. Heaven wills it. I told you, if you had 20 ants crawling on your body and there was one particular ant sucking more blood than the rest, wouldn't you kill that ant if it was threatening your life? That is America to the earth. The earth is a living organism as you and I are. And she will summon the vast forces of the universe to unleash their fury against her enemies to protect her.”

“My wish is that Obama triumphs. If McCain wins...well...heaven help us all.”

He replied and said:

“So you don't want McCain to win?”

I emailed him back on October 23, 2008 and wrote:

“NO. Dear god, what kind of a mind would hire Ralph Peters as adviser on national security affairs? It only means McCain's vision is just as dangerously deranged if not worse than Peters. The US military minds have clearly played a huge role in killing America. If McCain wins, the wars will continue and his administration will destroy Mindanao. Again, if he becomes your President, I pray he welcomes counselors aboard his ship with intelligence and depth to aid him.”

“I am afraid that if he is President, McCain's administration “will lash directly into the heart of the green dragon's home.” The Philippines has the deepest part of the sea. We have the most precious

pearls in the world because our waters are so rich. We are number one in coral diversity in the world. Why do you think that is? There are things I cannot write...not through this medium. But let me tell you this, the earth and the cosmic forces will not allow this.”

“The celestial energy holding the planets, the moon, the stars, the galaxy and everything in the cosmic universe lies delicately suspended in space and time sustained by a perfect balance of opposite forces, of yin and yang. If the heart of the green dragon of the east is attacked, this balance holding all life in the colossal universe is impaired. So if McCain’s administration should do this, and they will try, the forces of heaven and earth will unleash their unsurpassable fury against your land and your people without mercy. America would be doomed.”

Caesar answered and replied to me on the same day.

“I hope we don’t go down that destructive path...”

At around 1 a.m. on October 28, 2008, I received an email from Josephine Queipo who wrote:

“I’m reading Lao Tzu and saw something that might interest you. It jives with your revelations.”

*If you want to become whole,
first let yourself become broken.
If you want to become straight,
first let yourself become twisted.
If you want to become full,
first let yourself become empty.
If you want to become new,
first let yourself become old.
Those whose desires are few get them,
those whose desires are great go astray.*

*For this reason the Master embraces the Tao,
as an example for the world to follow.
Because she isn't self centered,
people can see the light in her.
Because she does not boast of herself,
she becomes a shining example.
Because she does not glorify herself,
she becomes a person of merit.
Because she wants nothing from the world,
the world can not overcome her.*

I emailed her back at once and said, "Thank you so much for sending me this piece. It is beautiful. My understanding of life and the cosmic universe, I learned through trance and meditation."

On the same morning, I forwarded Lao Tzu's composition to Caesar with this note:

"Do you understand why I want to run from the greed of men? Do you see why I want a simple life? I do not wish the future that the oracles see upon myself. I want nothing from the world..."

At around 9 a.m. on October 28, 2008 I received an email from Josephine again. She said:

"Hi Marlene. You wrote:"

"Below are predictions coming from Paulie and myself combined:"

"If Obama were to win the Presidential election in the US, there would be an attempt to assassinate him. There is already a plot to kill him in the making. If Obama dies, there will be chaos and riots on the streets of America. Many will die...."

"Now read AP news story released today:"

"Feds disrupt skinhead plot to assassinate Obama"

I emailed her back and blind copied it to Caesar. I said:

“Dear Josephine,

Thank you for sharing this with me. Before Steve left for Vanuatu a few days ago, I told him that “lunatics” are trying to kill Obama. So I’m not so surprised with this news. But this is not where the true danger lies. The oracles say that Caesar, and I, are protected by higher forces on all fronts, meaning on all eight sides of an octagon plus the center. They say even death itself protects the children of Ra. As for Obama, it is the opposite; he is threatened on all fronts. God help America.”

“What really endangers Obama is not the color of his skin but the fact that he doesn’t have the “flexibility” it takes to understand the complexity of the supreme powers that rule Washington DC.”

“Remember when I wrote that I believe there is no position that is so absolute it cannot be questioned? Obama doesn’t have this rationale. His way is the only way. Whereas McCain, limited as his mind is, came from the military. Therefore he can be directed.”

“Washington DC is a unique circle, a peculiar society of superior beings governing America, and the Philippines as well for that matter. What Obama refuses to see is that whether or not he wins the presidential election, the best positions in Washington DC are already taken! If he becomes President he will enter a domain so alien to him, a world dominated by very powerful high class military men who sneer upon lesser beings like him who have never set foot on the bloody field of war. Thus, he is endangered on all fronts. He attracts harm to himself with his lack of humility and foresight.”

If Obama wins the election, he becomes the first African American president of the United States. Will Obama be terminated? Yes. Demise comes in many faces and forms - death of hope, death of

spirit, and death of physical form. For this ruler, the end of hope and spirit is inevitable. And death of physical form is highly possible.

I believe that Obama will not be able to deliver the miracle that the people of America are yearning for. It is not possible.

The American people will have a “love and hate” relationship with Obama if he is president. They would like to believe he is the Shepherd who will deliver them from disaster. But this is not going to happen. America will fall further economically and spiritually. When this happens, the Americans will loath their president and this head of State will become the most despised leader America has ever known. And surrounded by such powerful enemies within and without Washington DC, what then are his chances of survival?

Josephine wrote back to me and said:

“It’s uncanny that you used the word *flexibility*. Look at what I was just reading...”

*“When alive, the body is supple, yielding.
In death, the body becomes hard, unyielding.”*

*“Living plants are flexible,
In death, they become dry and brittle.”*

*“Therefore, stubborn people are disciples of death, but
Flexible people are disciples of life.”*

*“In the same way,
Inflexible soldiers cannot win (a victory).
And the hardest trees are readiest for an axe to chop them down
Tough guys sink to the bottom, while
Flexible people rise to the top.”*

Lao Tzu

In another email, Josephine wrote:

Dear Marlene,

You wrote:

“This world is alive through the existence of opposite forces - the energy of yin and yang which is eternal and infinite. It has no end and no beginning.”

“Therefore, for as long as there is life, there is death. For as long as there is love, there is hate. And for as long as there is peace, there is war. You cannot have one without the other. It’s not possible...”

“Tao teachings also speak of balance:”

“Thinking of something as beautiful makes you think other things are ugly.

Calling something “good” forces you to call some other things “evil.”

The ideas “difficult” and “easy” support each other.

“Long” and “short” define each other.

“High” creates “low”

“Tone” creates “noise”

“Before” creates “after”

“Have” creates “don’t have”

“Apparently, your state in trance guides you well.”

Josephine

On October 29 I wrote her an email saying:

“I believe my unseen guardians are inspiring you to read Tao since I can’t. Your sharing with me what you’ve read fortifies what I have already learned through trance. This is why “they”,

my unseen mentors, will not allow me to read about these teachings. When I try to do this on my own, I lose balance and total comprehension. The oracles say my education regarding the cosmic universe must come directly from heaven. It must be pure, untainted by man's interpretation."

"Thank you so much for sharing this knowledge with me."

To those watching me, I hope this anthology helped you understand who I am and why I am. I am nobody's enemy. I am only the enemy of war. I hope this book has made that clear.

To those "eyes" doing their homework on me, it is Caesar that you want. He will make an excellent politician, not I. He is the magnificent leader of the future, his nation's future - a supreme warrior whose left and right side of the brain function in the same proportion exceptionally well. He is the man who stands back in a crowded place, watching, observing, calculating, and absorbing each and every thing, processing and feeling everything. He has spiritual depth and an outstanding mind, greater than what people may think who have worked with him. They don't know him. No one really knows Caesar. Not yet.

I have named him Caesar in this book because of his life in Egypt, a life that I saw in my vision, where I witnessed him to be the son of Ra, the Egyptian sun god who was believed to command heaven and earth.

Caesar is America's true soldier, someone who rose from the ranks, a seasoned warrior who understands what it takes to lead an army of men into battle. He has a superior mind and spirit. He has courage and valor beyond the power of most men. He has wisdom and humility. But most of all, this eminent warrior has compassion.

Imagine a man with extraordinary military skills along with freedom of mind and spirit. That is Caesar. If there were a living

image of the greatest Buddhist warrior saint Quan Kung on earth, I would say it would be him. He is empowered by the forces of good. He has innermost control over his darkness and keeps it in check amazingly well. But once this dominant warrior releases his darkness, then you will witness that his fury has no beginning and no end. The oracles say this great man will help restore the heart and soul of America.

The date is October 29, 2008. I'm very happy to share with you that my son who had been detained has now been released. He has left camp. In his text message to me several days ago he said:

“The illusion of true freedom has been restored. All is right for the moment.”

I sent an email to one of the major characters in this book. I am not in any position to tell you which one. Here is a portion of the email I sent this eminent warrior of heaven.

“Like I said, this book is an instrument that I will use to negotiate the path that lies before me. I do not want the destiny that the oracles see in the times to come. If you are doing anything to manipulate my fate as the seers see in the tarot, please I beg you, don't do it. Do not put me in a gilded cage. Let me have my freedom.”

Recently Steve and I had lunch with a common friend, Armin Bauer, a western European who not only has great passion but also a great mind. We met at the Florabel Restaurant in the Podium mall near the Asian Development Bank along ADB Avenue, Mandaluyong City. Armin had read the last four chapters of this book.

“I am concerned about the repercussions of your tale locally. Are you receiving legal advice?” He stated.

“Yes, of course. I get my legal counsel from PECA BAR, the law office of Senate President Juan Ponce Enrile. I am directed by one of the law firm's partners, Atty. Joseph Sagandoy whose mind and

abilities I respect highly. As soon as the manuscript is ready, I will submit it to them so they can advise me and make sure I do not incriminate myself.”

The three of us had a great conversation that day and I find it so refreshing to hear Armin’s perspective which is entirely unique, differing from anyone else I know.

I stopped working on this book on October 29, 2008. I felt I needed some time to distance myself. Detachment from one’s work is necessary. It helps to gain a better perspective. It is now January 18, 2009 and so much has happened since last October. The world continues to change at a very fast rate. And I have also changed, so much.

Barack Obama has been elected President of the United States of America. Do I believe he will deliver America from further disaster? No. I do not believe so. As I mentioned earlier, I believe America will decline further, both economically and spiritually.

To be a good leader requires not only a fine understanding of the laws of the land and the best practices for managing a bureaucracy yet a good leader must also know the prevailing theories and principles of managing an economy, not only in application to one’s country but also in relation to current world affairs. So much for providing the material needs. To lead well also demands a great understanding of one’s people, not only their needs but also their weaknesses, their compulsions and, most importantly, their relations to the natural world that ultimately rules over all. I am afraid that Barack Obama does not have all these qualities.

As I said, I feel that there will be more natural calamities in the United States along with man-made catastrophes. There are no greater forces than the powers of the celestial universes. And when the cosmic world decides to take full karmic accounting, she will do

so with all her might. I have read on the internet that Obama is the 44th president of the US. Do you know that to the Chinese and in Feng Shui the number four is the number of death? And 44 means double death. This is not an accident. It is the inevitable.

Does Obama believe his life is in grave danger as the president of America? Yes, I believe he does. And I believe when he crossed the line of fate, in his heart he had already accepted that there would be a great chance that he would die.

Did you know that there are Taoist and Buddhist oracles that are so gifted that they can chart the actual time of death of a particular person? Imagine that? Such oracles have been integral to the history of the Chinese, and embraced by their culture. That is power China has today.

I can't leave the subject of China without saying this. I believe China will not become a super power like America. Her consistent recent economic growth and new found economic strength is impressive, but China remains too extensive to control as one cultural, social, economic and therefore political entity. The economic growth of recent years has created extreme inequalities and new but deep enmity. Endemic corruption has discovered new avenues sustaining its challenge to other, bureaucratic order. And as the large populace of China inevitably becomes more educated, China will become ever more difficult to control as one country from Beijing - most especially when the centre has to contend with such a large and continually growing, economically excluded population, and other alienated factions that are also growing more powerful. All nations are prone to divide, to recombine and then divide again. But such is the size and great diversity of the nation or nations of China; it will likely implode sooner rather than later.

I did see Gabriel during the first week of December, two days

before he left the country. We met at Gourdo's on the second level of the Promenade in Greenhills. He wore his usual Levi jeans, golf t-shirt and his baseball cap, except this time he wore dark glasses that covered almost half his face. He told me he wanted lunch so I suggested we eat at an Italian restaurant on the ground floor. He ordered pasta with cream sauce. I ordered salad with "*calamares*", squid.

He seemed very different, darkness lifted from his aura. He sat across me looking so human, his face shone with an unusual kind of light, his eyes as bright as the sun staring directly through mine, penetrating, checking where I stood mentally and emotionally as I sat before him. And I was doing exactly the same, sizing him up psychologically.

Did you ever imagine seeing Satan and Lucifer together? That was Gabriel and I sitting at this table.

Gabriel spoke, smiling through his demonic smile, "Look at you," he said. "You are doing everything in your power not to be a part of the institution," he added, pointing at my tattoo.

I sat back watching this sub-human before me whose fury and darkness I find so admirable. You see, as I told you Gabriel knows no defeat. This man is so amazing and dangerous that he would change the rules of the game, with absolutely no remorse or penance, to get what he wants. Yes, there are people who are so competitive and strong willed. But Gabriel is in a category of his own. He commands the inherent natural ability to bring the level of any competition to such a wrathful plane that is beyond the acceptance of mortal beings, pushing his enemies to a point of sheer disbelief, to exhaustion and total surrender.

"For someone who loathes politics such as yourself, you are actually the greatest politician there could ever be. Were you to

enter the system, you could go forward, backward, left or right and in any possible combination there is, and get away with it,” the devil announced.

“The thing is...unlike the others who have pillaged and plundered your country, I believe you will actually do what is just for your people,” he continued his lecture.

I sat back watching and listening to the American Commander as he gave me such a long sermon. He reminded me of my father when I was young, except this time, I was actually absorbing every word this devil on earth had to say. I stared at him, studying his aura, his demonic self and his iron spirit so hardened by wars. And I thought how similar he is to my father in some distracting ways. I kept my eyes fixed on him, absorbing his inner qualities, which I found so tormenting yet so necessary to protect me in the event I am ever thrown into the firing line. It was then, I realized, that the devil has his own particular glow, his own beauty so uniquely disturbing and compelling, something you can only possess once you have gone to hell and back. It was then I understood I could trust the man with my own life.

When he was finished, I said smiling, “Amazing. I actually let you lash out at me despite the fact that I do not consider you as my equal mentally.”

He snapped back and said, “Hey! Remember! You are talking to a man.”

I laughed and replied, “But I am not human. I am a celestial being.”

That was on December 2, 2008. Gabriel and I said farewell to each other as friends. On the evening of December 4, 2008 he sent me a text message.

“The doors to the plane are closing. See you later,” he said.

That was it. Gabriel left the Philippines and he left the US military. He will go on to his next path. According to the Buddhist seers, he will sit in another position of power and will return to the Philippines, sooner rather than later.

After Gabriel left, I felt compelled to go to Kathmandu in Nepal. I told Steve I needed to go to a Buddhist Temple there. Something, some cosmic energy beckoned me to visit this place where the prince Gautama Buddha was born. So we planned to spend our Christmas vacation there with our daughter Maya.

My soul hungered to go there. I knew it in my heart. There is a Buddhist temple there calling me to come. And there I will find the answer. I knew this trip would change me forever.

Meanwhile, I met a new character in my life, someone who will play an important role in my future, another brave soul. Her name is Rebecca Padilla, the sister of the subversive and celebrated action star Robin Padilla who is the first cousin of the late movie icon Rudy Fernandez. The elder sister of Rudy, Merle Fernandez, is one of my most beloved friends, a former movie diva. Merle is a very genuine woman with such a furious passion for life she decided to walk away from the limelight and the petty existence of mankind a long, long time ago, never to return.

Rebecca, “Becca,” or “Bex” is now my Brother Freddie’s new-found love. I have not seen my brother so happy in god only knows how long until this woman, who has the courage of an Amazonian warrior, came into his life.

On the evening of December 13, 2008, I had the pleasure of meeting Becca’s daughters Sanya Smith and Annicka Dolonius in Bulan Restaurant. Sanya came with her fiancé and Annicka came with her mother. I arrived with Steve and we all sat at the dinner table together with my brother Tony. What a great time we had.

Both girls are not only beautiful in appearance, but they are also free spirited, and they have great minds. We talked extensively about my book, *Warriors of Heaven*. I also read them my latest erotic essay, "Playing with Venus," which was written by Lucifer. Lucifer is one of my several personalities; that is, the part of me that could never accept nor even understand why any man could ever have the upper hand in sex. Lucifer cannot find any reason to explain why most women in this world today are so self-subjugated by the belief that men should rule in sex. And women - and men - just do not realize how their psyches, and their lives, would fly to unimaginable levels if this sexual trap could be released.

In the beginning Becca and I took turns reading the sexual narrative... until she lost it. My God! I can't tell you what pandemonium was unleashed. The essay was like a drug. The audience went insane. During my reading, Becca kept spreading her legs and shaking them, reacting violently as I uttered the words describing the act of pure carnal play and pleasure. The others held on to their seats smiling while they listened dumbfounded by my flagrant expression of erotica.

While her mother reacted barefaced to my reading, Annicka laughed and shrieked from the top of her lungs, "Ice! Ice! Somebody give my mother some ice!"

I paused smiling, absorbing it all then continued reading while glancing at Becca slapping her face now.

"Keep your legs together woman! What's wrong with you!" she yelled giggling and swaying as she spanked herself.

"Somebody please calm my mother down!" Annicka yelled amused.

"Aaaaaaagggggghhhhhh!" uttered Becca with a piercing, spontaneous and unarticulated sensual sound that corresponded

perfectly with her facial and bodily crusade. “I don’t care if Freddie and I quarreled tonight!” she said laughing.

“I’m going back to see him! I need to get laid tonight!” she announced.

“Damn this woman, Marlene!”

I resumed my reading euphoric, pausing at every other sentence while the girls laughed and screamed, urging me to continue. Sex filled the place with a lyrical fury that consumed every inch of our being. And Becca couldn’t gather herself together, jumping up and down now, her whole body shaking to the rhythm of the reading. Sanya and Annicka listened and watched Becca, delighted by their mother’s pure un-abandoned expression and joy.

The men with us were frozen to their seats wide-eyed. And they stared at me as if they were looking at a ghost, someone surreal - a cursed vampire on earth. I don’t know how many times I had to stop during the reading because there was anarchy in the room. Eventually, someone knocked his glass of ice water all over the table, cooling the place down momentarily. Annicka immediately got up and grabbed some ice cubes and quickly stuffed them in her mother’s hand as she stood next to her, to calm her down. After this Annicka grabbed more ice with her right hand and while grinning she looked around and asked:

“Anyone else want some ice?”

After the erotic explosion, we all calmed down. Steve, who sat next to me, stared at me smiling and triumphant. Later he would thank me for this great moment of fun and laughter. He would express his gratitude for giving him an eccentric life outside his stuffy community at work which he calls his prison. He is a principal economist with the Asian Development Bank. If you ever want to witness a commune of people who have never been sexually active,

go to the ADB cafeteria during lunch time. By the way, I believe that the World Bank, the IMF, and the African Development Bank are all far worse than ADB. These institutions live off of the world's problems, they don't solve them. As all institutions they are self serving. Therefore in my own opinion these agencies create poverty, they do not alleviate it.

Anyway, this evening we talked about the prophecies of the seers. Later Sanya, the daughter of Pepe Smith, stood, looked at me smiling with her arms in the air then she bowed before me.

"Tita, this is the first time I'm meeting you," she said with delight.

"To find someone to lead this nation is not difficult. But to find a cult leader is something that happens only once in a blue moon. And you are so unbelievable. Tonight we hail you as our cult leader!"

She raised her glass and demanded a toast. The others followed...

It was an exceptional evening which, I believe will be remembered by every person present in the room. We all said goodbye to each other that night like kindred spirits, free souls – bohemian creatures of the underworld.

When I came home, I sent Becca an email and sent her the earlier chapters to this book as promised and I said:

"Hi Bex. Here below is the dedication and the narrative for the jacket of *Warriors of Heaven*. What a great time Steve and I had with you and your girls. I love them!"

"Attached are the first three chapters to the book. I will send the other two in the next email."

"See you soon."

With love,

M

The following morning, Sunday, December 14, 2008, I received an email from Becca.

“Hello there!! I want you to know that my children, including myself, have fallen totally and madly in love with you!!!”

“I wanted to text you this morning to thank you for such a beautiful evening but my cell phone was acting up. And I can’t text with my Prada phone. Anyhow, the girls are so looking forward to seeing you again and attending your book launch. They can’t stop talking about you woman! Ha ha ha ha!!! *Diyosa!!!*” (Goddess.)

“Big big big big hug!!!”

Bex

I forwarded Caesar my email exchanges with Becca telling him about the evening of December 13, 2008.

The American commander responded:

“Do you see the codes in your message?”

My emails to Becca were encrypted and traced.

I called Becca and told her what had happened. I told her that her email account had been compromised. She explained to me that she noticed my emails to her were flagged with a red color. In another email, she wrote to me in response to the tap on her emails.

Dearest Marlene,

“Oh my gosh! This is exciting!!!!”

“But you know what? The girls and I still think you are simply the best Marlene!! Our family’s love at “*isama mo na ang buong angkan ng rebolusyonaryong Padilla*” goes out to you.”

“*Mabuhay ka!*”

Bex

Becca's long Tagalog portion of her narrative translated into English means, "and that includes the entire clan of the revolutionary Padilla family."

December 19, 2008, I wrote to Caesar.

"I do not wish the destiny the seers see in my future. All I want is a quiet and simple life. I want to write and write and write....away from mankind and to be left alone."

On December 20, 2008, the son of Ra replied.

"I realize this is what you want. But at what cost? If you do not do it, who will? Sometimes the needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few. And you can't dodge your destiny forever."

On Monday morning, the 22nd of December, 2008, Steve, Maya and I left for Kathmandu via Bangkok. On the way to the international airport, artist Rafael Cusi sent me a text message telling me that I was featured in one of the major newspapers. I finally got hold of the paper while we had breakfast at the restaurant in the airport located on the second level of the departure area. The article was very positive and praised me for my efforts to promote Philippine art and culture through my books. The strange thing is there was some information in the article I have never told any member of the press. But this "information" is included in the early chapters of this book. The other peculiar thing is that, since June 2008, I do not remember giving one interview to any one.

I believe one of the major characters in this book has sent me anonymous messages in the past to try to warn me and protect me. When I read this newspaper article, there was one word in the narrative that didn't make sense at all. It didn't belong in the sentence and I believe it was done on purpose because he knows I will be able to read through the lines. The misplaced word was love.

Nepal is country number seven for Maya. As usual, she sat by the window eager to reach the destination of her next adventure. And as the plane prepared for landing, I pointed out to her the snow covered tips of the majestic Himalayan mountains whose breasts stood firm and proud. Steve carried a book about Nepal and read it throughout our journey there.

“There are several shrines in Kathmandu. Which temple do you want to go to?” he asked.

“I don’t know which temple. But I know I will find it. I believe our fate is decided by things we do not see. My unseen guardians will lead me to the place.” I answered with confidence.

Steve read names of Buddhist shrines to me hoping I would recognize the particular temple that was calling my spirit to come. I suggested it was not necessary and that I placed my soul in the hands of heaven to guide me to the right place.

We stayed at a nice small hotel called “The Summit” that had been recommended to us by a friend. The hotel is owned by some Dutch people and is frequented by European hikers who visit to go trekking through the Himalayas - something that is definitely not included in my wish list. Ohhh...I could think of several ways to torture myself that would give me a heavy dose of adrenaline, but to trek through the mountains with the burden of a heavy and ugly backpack, when it is freezing cold, is something I will never volunteer to do.

The people in the hotel were very pleasant and the room was adequate. But the food was unacceptable so we decided to eat lunch everyday at another hotel called “Dwarika’s” where Prince Charles and former US president Jimmy Carter dined during their visit to Nepal. This hotel is a dream and next time I go to Kathmandu, this will be absolutely my only place of choice.

During our first morning Steve had arranged for us to go and visit the old center of Kathmandu, a place commonly frequented by tourists. He had hired a hotel cab to take us there. When we got there a man in uniform asked us to buy tickets to enter the domain where several ancient temples stood.

“I’m not going there,” I told Steve shaking my head.

“Why?” he asked.

“It doesn’t feel right. This is not the place I’m supposed to go to. I’m not going,” I insisted.

“Let’s just try,” Steve, always so patient with me, beckoned.

“No. It doesn’t feel right. Some energy is telling me not to go. I would be wasting my time. This is not why I came here. This is not the place...”

“Ask them what kind of temples those are,” I said.

We found out that the center had several Hindu temples. Had the circumstances been any different I would have loved to see those ancient religious structures. Yet at the time I was compelled to follow the inner voice within my heart.

The next day, Steve suggested we visit Bouddhanath, a large and very popular market in Kathmandu where the refugees from Tibet sell their crafts. So again he hired a car from the hotel. The driver also acted as our tour guide. It took around 20 minutes to get there. Finally the driver entered a compound where a large, modern Asian structure was being built, painted with elaborate designs. The guide told us that the place was owned by the Tibetan refugees. Steve and I were pleased to see that the Tibetans had adjusted to life in Nepal and seemed to be prospering. Then we proceeded to walk the street to go to Bouddhanath. The area was so depressed it reminded me of the worst parts of Tondo in Manila. There were beggars on the street that followed us asking for money. At one point, I told Steve

I couldn't continue. The sight was so heartbreaking I couldn't go on. I can't bear to witness the suffering of mankind.

"I can't do this," I told the guide.

"Please take us to Dwarikas for lunch."

"Madame, Bouddhanath is right there," he said pointing just ahead of us.

I don't exactly know what happened although it seemed like some magical spell had suddenly brought us to the entrance of this crowded plaza. And then the next thing I knew tourists from all walks of life surrounded me, from all over the world, while Steve took out his wallet to pay the entrance fee for this amazing domain. I heard Tibetan music playing in the background coming from a little store directly across from the ticket counter. It was selling CDs of monks chanting. The chanting was enveloping my body, while I held on tightly to my daughter Maya's hand afraid I would lose her in the crowd. Then, when I looked up, I saw a gigantic white Buddhist stupa with the eyes of Buddha painted at its peak staring directly at me. I was intoxicated. I lost balance as I felt my spirit swirling, leaving my body now. Up ahead I saw Buddhist monks, young and old in their saffron and maroon robes, walking around the circular stupa in one direction as they spun the prayer wheels on the walls of the religious structure. I felt my spirit rise up above, leaving my body and the earth for a moment. In this plane, I saw countless people below, lost souls from several parts of the world that have traveled to this place...to find the light. My body reacted furiously to the spectacular event, a wonderful theatre of faith. Tears fell from my eyes with no control. I was completely overwhelmed by the experience and overjoyed knowing in my heart that I had finally arrived. Yes, this was it. This was the place of worship written in my soul. I had found the shrine that summoned me to come.

We proceeded to walk toward the stupa. I found a small store in one corner that sold singing bowls and bells. I wanted to get a bell for my friend Alwin. But before I could pay, the Buddhist monks started chanting, while the sound of a thousand bells joined them. I was lost now... my spirit had joined the souls of the monks in their sacred ritual. Maya grabbed her father by the hand and with the strength of a large dog pulled him toward the chanting monks. I was left behind with the guide, a sweet natured Nepalese man, to pay for my bell.

People walk around the stupa in a clockwise direction. So I followed the others and walked forward until I saw Maya and Steve standing before a small structure at the foot of the round stupa where Buddhist monks in saffron robes sat praying. I stood next to Steve and closed my eyes, still filled with tears, absorbing the magnificence of this place where Gautama Buddha's spirit remains so alive and powerful. Suddenly, I opened my eyes. And there I saw one of the Buddhist monks taking part in the ceremony, staring into my eyes with such intensity I felt disarmed. I was naked before the man who scrutinized every part of my spirit and soul with his gaze. My body shook as he inspected my soul. I cried silently, subconsciously talking to the monk to help me find the answer I had come for. Our guide who stood to my right spoke to me.

"Madame, there is a Tibetan Buddhist temple behind you. Would you like to see it?" he said tenderly as he watched me weep.

In reaction to his words, I turned around taking my daughter by the hand and we proceeded to walk towards the Tibetan temple. As we entered I noticed a giant prayer wheel inside, two monks walked around it, spinning it. Maya proceeded to follow them from behind. I asked Steve to stay with our daughter while I headed upstairs. When I got there, some force pushed me to walk

toward the terrace where I could see the towering stupa before me from a higher vantage point. The sound of monks chanting and a thousand bells ringing consumed everything on earth, holding my spirit hostage in another dimension. I stood on the open terrace and stared once more at the eyes of Buddha painted on the tip of the stupa, still gazing at me. I looked down below and saw the monks singing. And there I saw the same eyes looking up at me, still staring at my soul. The monk below who had seen through my soul had followed my spirit and was still staring at me. His glare was so forceful, I felt drugged and sedated. I stayed standing on the terrace hypnotized. Steve and Maya toured parts of the temple then came to join me. We stood on the terrace for a moment. I remained perplexed, absorbing the magic that filled the air with such color and vibrancy. This doesn't exist anywhere else in this planet, I whispered to myself.

When we came out of the Tibetan temple, Maya who now walked ahead of us, dragged her father up the stairs towards the second tier of the stupa. I had no choice but to follow. So did the guide. We walked around the second level of the stupa in a clockwise direction as did everyone else. I viewed the beautiful and exquisite ancient plaza buildings that surrounded the site selling the most exquisite Nepalese and Tibetan handicrafts. I noticed one particular building, which Steve and I thought was the most special. We were told that it was a monastery. I also noticed a number of European media representatives with their TV cameras. We didn't realize that this particular day was a very auspicious day. The monks were performing a sacred ritual, a holy ceremony they perform before they paint the tip of the stupa.

When we finished circling the stupa, we ended exactly where we had started and Steve, Maya and the guide headed down the stairs

to leave. For some reason, still dazed and half in trance, I was left behind. Then suddenly a young man touched my arm.

“Would you like to do the saffron offering?” he asked gently.

I looked at him in disbelief. My mind was spinning. I tried to leave and walk forward to follow my daughter and Steve. But I couldn’t move. I couldn’t move my legs. The forces of heaven and earth nailed my body to the ground where I stood.

“We are painting the stupa today. And these are the three jars we will use for the ritual. Will you do the offering?” he explained in a moderate voice.

I believe this man is a student in one of the Buddhist monasteries around the plaza.

There were three large metal jars on the floor about 30 inches in height, filled with saffron colored liquid. The man handed me three packets of saffron. I took them.

“Steve! Steve! Come back!” I tried to yell but my voice was faint. I struggled as only a fraction of my spirit was now in control of my presence on earth.

I turned around to face the three large jars facing the stupa directly, the eyes of Buddha now looking down upon me. I took my sandals off and knelt.

“What do I do?” I asked the man.

“You make a wish...a prayer...” he said.

“How many jars can I touch? How many can I use for the offering?” I asked.

Maya was now standing to my left removing her slippers, copying exactly what I did.

“It is up to you how many jars you will offer the saffron to,” the man answered with a sweet voice.

Silently, I got on my knees, weeping and prayed.

“Please show me the light and guide me to the right path...” I whispered.

Then I sprinkled saffron in all the jars, starting from my left.

As I finished my prayer, I looked behind and noticed that there were now countless other people waiting in line to follow the sacred ritual I had been asked to lead. The man also gave Maya some saffron and she did exactly as I had and mixed the saffron in all the holy containers. Steve also followed.

I stood to leave the crowd, but before I could reach the flight of stairs, the earth spoke to me.

“Once you leave Nepal, there will be disaster in this place, worse than before. There will be anarchy,” the earth whispered to my soul.

In that instant the forces of heaven and earth showed me the future of Nepal, the future of my country and the rest of Asia and the Pacific. This foreboding broke my heart. But it also took my doubts away. I left the shrine less afraid to face my fate. And that was the reason I came.

I found out later that Bouddhanath is the largest stupa in Nepal in terms of its height and size. It is believed that it took 12 years to finish this magnificent structure. It is surrounded by several monasteries that are the home to students from many different countries. It is considered one of the most sacred cathedrals in Buddhism. But to Tibetan Buddhists, Bouddhanath is the most sacred place on earth. There are more Tibetan Llamas here than at any other shrine on this planet. How was I supposed to know this? And what are the chances of me being there at the right time, when they were doing this sacred ritual? You see, I believe our fate is decided by forces we do not see.

The next day, we came back to Bouddhanath, and lo and behold there was the upper body of the stupa, freshly painted with saffron,

the saffron that had come from the holy jars we touched the day before. My spirit will now remain in this sacred monument forever and ever.

We left Kathmandu on December 28 and stayed in Bangkok for two nights. I wanted Maya to visit the grand palace to see the emerald Buddha in one of the temples there. The grand palace remains beautiful and imperious to this day. But as a result of this brief stay Steve and I have agreed that we should never, ever come back to this place again. And we will tell Maya why. I suppose it's a fair trade. The tourists come to pollute the place. And the people in Bangkok rape the tourists in exchange. I was in Bangkok 12 years ago. It wasn't so lost then. How sad it is now. The place has lost its identity, its heart and its soul in the name of cheap tourism. To find a taxi or a "tuk-tuk" to take you where you want to go in Bangkok is nearly impossible. Steve has traveled to over 75 countries. I have also visited more countries than most. But, as far as we are concerned, Bangkok these days is the worst tourist destination we have ever had the misfortune to visit.

In the meantime, my arguments with Gabriel continued via email. I think the devil finds pleasure in bringing out my horns and my fangs, testing the waters further and further as we continue our abnormal relationship on earth. Without remorse or consideration, he had the gumption to advise me about Filipino music, something I find utterly unacceptable. This act from Gabriel brought out my Lucifer.

And so on December 29, 2008, I sent the devil on earth a long email which stated:

"Do not tell me about music. I went to school with very talented artists from all fields in the US. And I have seen the best musicians in the world perform, B.B. King, Roger Waters of Pink Floyd, Eric

Clapton, Stevie Ray Vaughn who I think is by far a better guitar player than Clapton....Mick Jagger, Bono and U2, Frank Sinatra, James Taylor, The Pretenders, The Cars...etc...!”

“There are at least half a dozen musicians and composers in my family traveling the world to perform in the very best venues. I grew up with music. My brother Freddie is a music icon in Asia whose song *Anak*, which he composed, has been translated into over 42 languages and was number one in Asia and Europe. As far as the Philippine music arena is concerned, if there is anyone exceptional no matter how amateur, my family would be aware of it.”

“My brother Freddie would support any true talent as far as Filipino music is concerned. But since Zuchinni or whatever you want to call this person is not even acknowledged as a musician by those ruling the field then she is worth shit just like you are. Too many Filipinos can sing, mimic, copy and sound exactly like many famous singers in the world. Just because they can mimic and parrot another singer doesn’t mean they have any true talent. They are copyists, not artists! And 99 percent of the so called musicians in the world fall into that description, catering to the community of morons who listen to them like you. And, like you, they couldn’t tell the difference between art and horse shit if it hit them in the face. How hard do you think it could be for anyone to come up with a CD and put it in record stores in Manila? It doesn’t mean shit! I could do that for my six year old daughter tomorrow if I wanted to. Remember I walked out on a live Bocelli concert after he had sung just six songs!”

“Like I said, I perfectly understand you’re taste in women. Well, you will never run out of those. I’m sure there are plenty of those in “*hicksville*” where you are.”

“With all due respect, which is not much because I see you now as nothing but a *“road apple”* (horse shit), a former high ranking officer in the US army is the last person on this planet who would know anything remotely close to what music is! Since this woman gives you a hard on because of her parrot singing and subservient qualities then go ahead and kiss her ass, but please do not attempt to sell me the bullshit that the moron can sing!”

December 30, 2008, I wrote to Caesar:

“Do you doubt at all the prophecies regarding my future as foretold by the seers? Please answer me honestly.”

Caesar replied.

“I don’t doubt it at all. I have never doubted it.”

December 31, 2008, I emailed him again.

”You know I want a quiet life, away from the material existence of mankind. When I was in Bangkok, I ended up in this vast jewelry retail center by some very strange circumstance. Actually, the cab driver refused to take us back to our hotel unless we stopped at this tourist torture chamber first. Anyway, as I walked into this awful place which I had seen some 12 years ago, I immediately wanted to vomit. There was jewelry from floor to ceiling with countless tourists from all over the world gawking at diamonds and other precious stones. They salivated at the sight of jewelry, the way vultures would drool over blood. And this experience made me ill. My God, what is the worth of all these material possessions? In the end, material things are nothing more than garbage for the earth to bear.”

“I realize that the more people value glitter, the less they understand that the most precious things in life are free. And because of this, I am afraid that most of mankind will not survive. The earth doesn’t need them...”

On the evening of January 11, 2009, a man arrived into my home that came with my dear friend Alwin. And upon seeing him, I felt he was a bright light that would give me guidance and lessen my fear and the burden regarding my future. His name is Dr. Serafin Talisayon, a professor at the University of the Philippines. Serafin, “Apin”, is also psychic. He assisted former president Fidel Ramos on economic reforms. During the term of Ramos as head of state, the Philippines enjoyed a prospering economy made possible, in part, by the exceptional mind of Apin and his group of outstanding Filipino economists.

That night Apin, Alwin, Steve and I sat at the dinner table in my garden. Apin sat across me staring into my soul, as had the monk in Bouddhanath. We discussed the book, *Warriors of Heaven* and the prophecies of the oracles surrounding my fate. Apin told me that there are indigenous groups in the Philippines, nationwide. The leaders of these groups are all clairvoyant and they have gathered together several times to meditate in order to see into the future of the Philippines. He said that these time gazers have predicted major political events in the country. And like the Buddhist oracles, they see that there will be a spiritual leader in the future who will stand as a beacon of hope and peace, bringing about a Philippine renaissance. And through this leader a new world will be born and the Philippines will once again become the top nation in Asia. The indigenous principals, like the Buddhist augurs, believe that the spiritual head who will lead the Philippines to a golden age is a woman.

“Why do you think I’m under surveillance?” I asked Apin.

“Because you are a loose cannon on deck. And that cannon is potentially dangerous to the prevailing system. I believe the reason why the Americans are watching you is not because they want to

harm you but because they want to find a way to handle you....” he explained.

“I thought I was dying. I thought my work for the Philippines was done,” Apin continued.

“But now that I have met you, I realize there is so much more work to do,” he added.

“The moment I saw you, I felt that you would give me light. You are a missing piece to the puzzle. I was told by the oracles that people will come to aid me. I am relieved we met,” I replied.

Meanwhile, I sent Gabriel the portion of this chapter which I wrote from January 18, 2009. He took his time to give his reply and insight which probably means he couldn't find any weak points from which to antagonize me further. I realize this kind of dark humor is culturally strange to most Filipinos but I do find amusement in the way Gabriel provokes me. I appreciate how he challenges my mind since there are very few people who can.

January 20, 2009, I emailed the devil on earth:

“Hey. What's wrong with you? Did you forget how to speak English again? You can't tell me you're not impressed with what I've written regarding China. Stop playing with yourself and email me!”

He wrote back immediately:

“Hey! I hate to tell you this but between playing with my dick and typing on a computer - I really like my dick. As for China, well they are buying most of America's debt. So we hope they don't call in the markers. But America will survive and so will China. Remember we always need an enemy. You have a lot of valid points but don't ever underestimate China or the leaders of China.”

“As far as going back to the “golden age” or what ever you were talking about.....well that will not happen in the Philippines. That's

what the Muslims want to do. So get your “*burka*” out missy. And always walk three steps behind the man. Ha!”

Here is my reply to him, sent the 20th of January:

“I say you should learn to type with your dick while you’re playing with it. But you could never be that creative so there is absolutely no hope for improvement between your dick and your fingers.”

“And as far as I’m concerned, both China and America are prone to divide.”

“Golden age? From your domain of total darkness, of course you can only imagine the yin but never the yang. Life is like a wheel - the wheel of fortune remember? The fate of the world is like a wheel as well. It’s very elementary. With death comes life, with darkness there is light. So why is a golden age for the Philippines so hard for you to fathom? Try using the other side of your demented brain. Oh I forgot, they freezer dried that part of your manhood for you to function in the US military. So go to the kitchen, put water in a very large kettle and fill it to the brim. Then put the kettle over the stove on high temperature. Let the water boil for a few minutes. Then take the hot kettle and pour the boiling liquid on top of your head. Let it cool and see if you could use the other side of your brain then. If this doesn’t work, try it again. This time instead of pouring the boiling water on your head, try drinking it! If this fails, try adding cyanide to the boiling water next time!”

“As far as walking behind a man, my dearest Gabriel, when will you ever get the point? I don’t walk! I’m a celestial being. I fly!”

And Gabriel’s reply to my tongue lashing via email is the image of a yellow smiling face.

Recently, I saw Alwin and Apin again at the ADB cafeteria for lunch. Steve sat with us. We continued to talk about this book and

the prophecies of the Buddhist oracles and the indigenous leaders of the Philippines.

“What are you afraid of?” Apin asked.

“I really value my private life. And I feel that if I cross the line, it will be like jumping into the abyss. I am only one person. I feel alone.” I answered.

“But you are not alone,” Alwin said tenderly.

“And when you take the leap, heaven will grant you the wings to fly,” Alwin continued.

“Your higher self has accepted your fate. It is your lower self that struggles and refuses to cooperate. Until these two unite, all is suspended in the air...” Apin added.

“Do you know what the indigenous leaders of the Philippines call themselves?” Apin asked staring at me, peering through the depths of my soul.

“No I don’t. Tell me. What do they call themselves?” I asked him with a supple voice.

“Warriors of heaven...” he replied.

The date is February 1, 2009. As I end this chapter, I want you to know that I am declining the petition to make me chairwoman of the National Museum of the Philippines. I do so because I absolutely cannot find it in my heart to serve the same government, the same institution that has forever betrayed my country and my people.

I am at a point in my life when I couldn’t ask for more. I have peace and contentment. I need neither a special title nor position. I believe that there is no position or title that my country can offer me that is more important than what I am already doing. The pen is mightier than the sword, they say. But remember the mind is mightier still. I would like to continue writing and publishing books for my beloved Philippines. I wish to continue talking to the people

of the Philippines through my publications until the day I decide to completely walk away from the world of men and enter into a life of seclusion.

Let me remain the outsider, the symbol that stands against the institution. Let me stand as a conscience against the system. Let me remain with the earth amongst my people.

On the 5th of April, 2008, during the launching of my book entitled Philippines at the Manor Hotel in Baguio, three young journalists from the University of the Philippines who interviewed me asked, “What is your ultimate dream?”

I said, “When I am dead, I hope that the people of the Philippines will remember me by saying, “Marlene Aguilar loved the Philippines so much that the Filipino people learned to love the Philippines.”