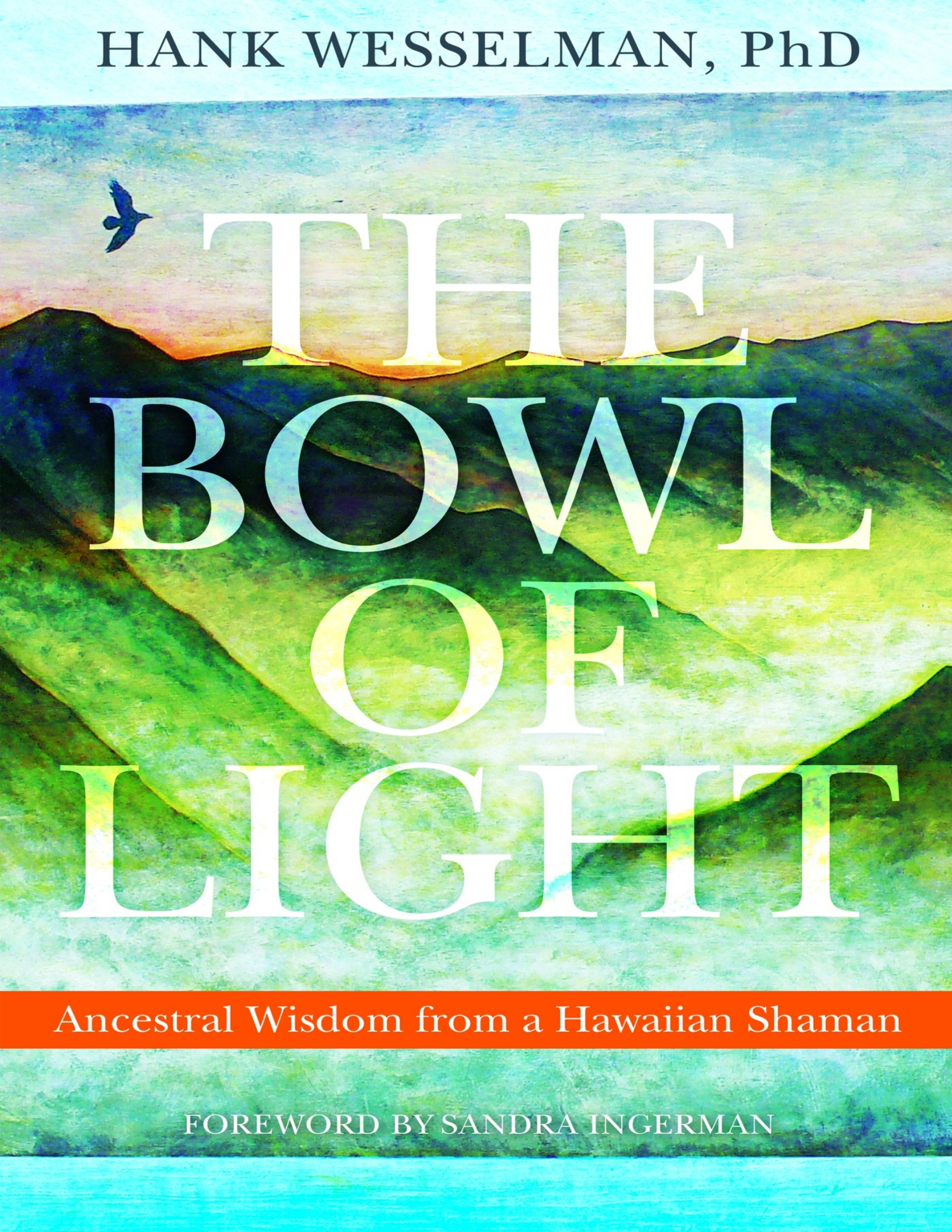


HANK WESSELMAN, PhD



# THE BOWL OF LIGHT

Ancestral Wisdom from a Hawaiian Shaman

FOREWORD BY SANDRA INGERMAN



HANK WESSELMAN, PhD

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Ancestral Wisdom from a Hawaiian Shaman



**sounds true**

Boulder, Colorado

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This book is offered with my great affection, profound respect, and deep gratitude to Hale Kealohalani Makua, who entrusted me with his spiritual knowledge and who encouraged me to bring it to the wider world.

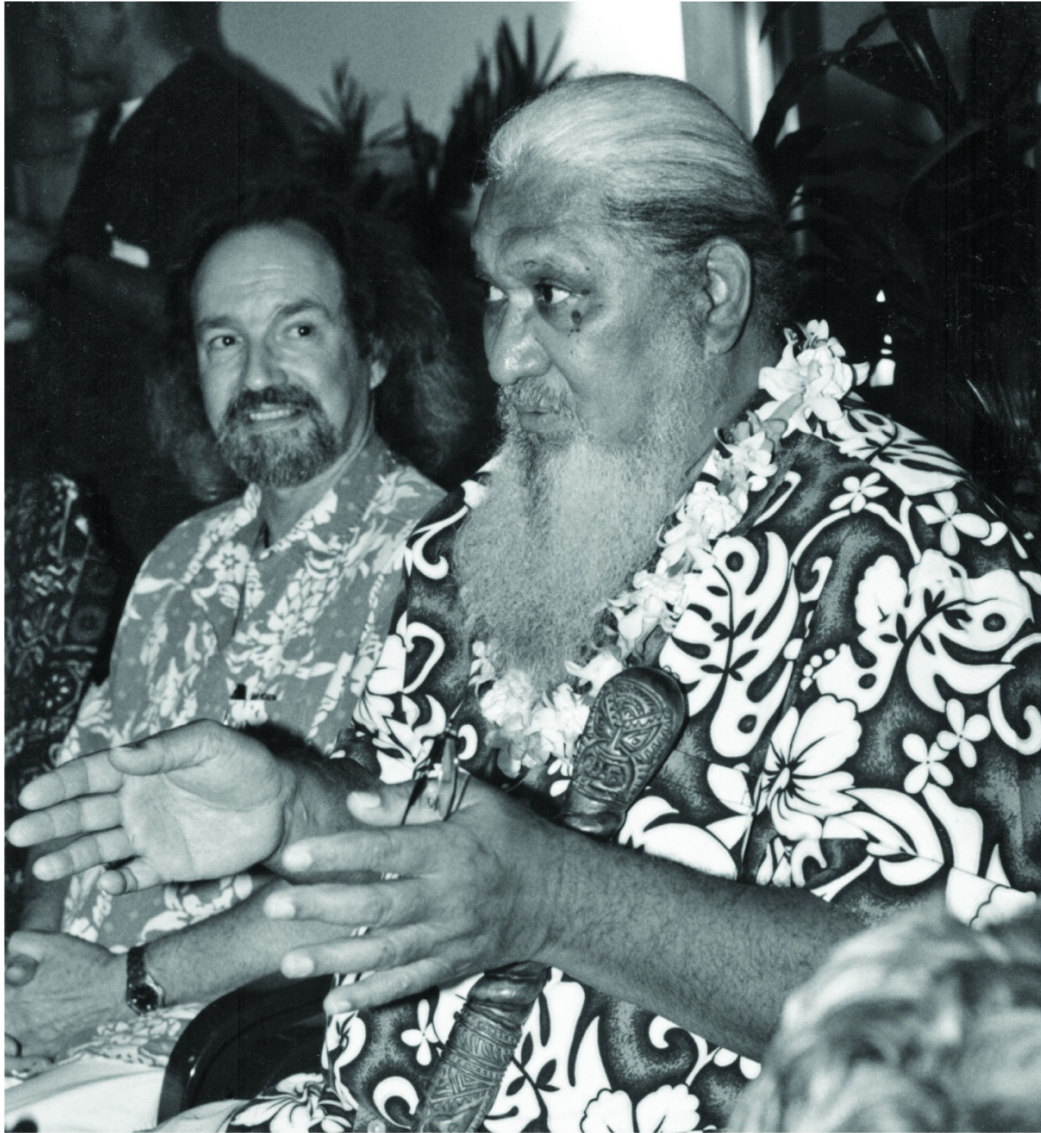
*‘E ola mau loa:* Immortality to you

*‘E Makua ‘e:* Makua

*‘Eli ‘eli kau mai:* And may a profound reverence alight on you.







Hale Makua speaking at Volcano Village, Hawai'i, 2001



Hank Wesselman and Hale Makua talking at the Place of Refuge at Honaunau,  
South Kona, Hawai'i Island, 1999

“We actually come into this world as gods. It’s just that we have forgotten who we really are as well as what this really means.”

—Hale Kealohalani Makua, *native Hawaiian elder*

“If men cease to believe that they will one day become gods then they will surely become worms.”

—Henry Miller, *The Colossus of Maroussi*

# Foreword

I have known Hank Wesselman as a friend and fellow shamanic practitioner for almost thirty years, and when he told me that he was writing a book about his relationship with the great Hawaiian teacher and healer Hale Makua, I was thrilled.

Hale Makua was a revered Hawaiian elder who brought forth from his ancestors many beautiful and powerful teachings to inspire and guide us, helping us to remember our spiritual gifts and providing us with enhanced ways of being. *The Bowl of Light* is filled with much of the wonderful wisdom that Makua had to share, and now, through Hank's intimate and evocative sharing of his encounters with this great man, these teachings are available to those of us who did not have the opportunity to meet Hale Makua.

Yet, this book includes more than just spiritual wisdom. *The Bowl of Light* is also a touching and potent story of the loving and supportive friendship of two men both devoted to being in service to all of life. Makua was a wisdom keeper who exhibited great humility and kept a low profile in his native Hawai'i (although in his later years, he traveled extensively to speak with indigenous leaders all over the world). Hank Wesselman is an American anthropologist and scientist who has spent much of his life living with traditional peoples in Africa. Together, Makua and Hank impart aspects of the deep indigenous mysteries that can be integrated into our modern way of life so that we can heal ourselves and the planet.

You will be touched by their story, and your heart will be warmed by the loving and supportive relationship that developed between them. Yet most important, you will be inspired by the teachings and stories imparted in *The Bowl of Light*, as they encourage you to explore your own spiritual connections and develop the awareness that will help you step firmly onto the path of your destiny.

Makua's teachings originate from the spiritual wisdom of the *kahuna* tradition of Polynesia and are thousands of years old. They begin with revelations about the nature of the self and continue with shared visions of



how each person can reconnect with the inner sources of wisdom and power that lie within us. Makua also shares his thoughts about an extraordinary plan that was set into motion by the ancestors long ago to help us face the challenges with which we are dealing today. The plan includes principles that allow us to experience the power of “aloha,” of love, as well as guidelines for the next cycle of ages that will lead us toward the evolution of a new level of consciousness that is our individual and collective destiny.

What a gift for Hank Wesselman to have gotten to know Makua on such a deep and intimate level! What a gift for Makua to have had such a friend as Hank Wesselman! And what a gift that this beautiful and powerful story of friendship is now available for us to read and witness. It's one that shares deep wisdom from the kahuna tradition to inspire us all.

—Sandra Ingerman  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

# Introduction

This book is about an unusual and enduring friendship between two male elders. One is among the last authentically initiated native Hawaiian *kahuna* wisdom keepers, a shaman and mystic who became a revered spiritual teacher in his elderhood. He is a warrior descended from a long lineage of chiefs. The other is an American anthropologist born in New York and trained from birth to become a scientist. I am this anthropologist, and we were an unlikely pair given the complexities of the traditional Polynesian *kapu* system of laws governing various aspects of behavior.

The Hawaiian word *kahuna* is a term that implies “mastery,” and more specifically “self-mastery.” The term describes those members of the learned classes of old Polynesia ( *tofunga* in Proto-Polynesian) who carried a great wisdom tradition that is thousands of years old and that was much like that of the pre-Christian mystery schools of the Egyptians, the Druids, the Gnostics, and the classical Greeks. In old Hawai‘i, where the flow of primal energies created unparalleled natural beauty, one of the world’s most highly advanced spiritual cultures developed. These Polynesian metaphysical insights still remain largely unknown in the West.

The holders of this ancient wisdom tradition, the *kahuna*, who could be male or female, were taught this mystical knowledge from childhood using a method in which the apprentice underwent many years of arduous training. The wisdom was handed down orally within families who carried particular areas of this knowledge as their *kuleana*—which in Hawaiian means their rights and responsibilities as well as their rightful property, their jurisdiction, and their estate.

In old Hawai‘i, there were many different kinds of *kahuna*—each type with its own specialty area. *Kahuna* mystics who could directly experience the hidden realms of the spirit world often served as high priests, shamans, and ceremonialists, becoming acknowledged as *kahuna nui* or *kahuna po‘o*. And there were also healing *kahuna la‘au lapa‘au*, who were designated as such because of their great wisdom and high accomplishment as healers and medicine people. In the negative polarity, some *kahuna* in the past became sorcerers who used rituals, curses, and even prayer to extend harm and

suffering toward their intended victims.

As Hawaiian culture and traditional kahuna wisdom were ruthlessly suppressed by Christian missionary activity in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the word *kahuna* became loosely associated with the sorcerer, while the skillful healers and wisdom keepers were largely forgotten. And yet the wisdom traditions of the Hawaiians continued to be quietly preserved and maintained within family lineages, and they still exist today, although the rush toward modern Western culture continues to take its toll.

In recent times, in a world bled of meaning and mystery by our preoccupation with the glitter of our new gadgets, interest in traditional Hawaiian spiritual wisdom has resurged, although there remains little agreement among contemporary Hawaiians of Polynesian ancestry about the meaning of the word *kahuna*. Some have claimed that there are no true kahuna left, while others suggest that any spiritual teacher or leader, whether called priest, shaman, kahuna, *kumu*, *kahu*, or *kupuna*, must live up to the name in substance, for it was always the community who bestowed the title upon the practitioner based upon the practitioner's abilities, which were always directed toward service in their communities.

Accordingly, my trail crossing with the kahuna who is the subject of this book was unexpected to say the least, even unprecedented, and yet the teachings shared in our conversations exceeded my wildest expectations and immeasurably enhanced my life as a scholar and seeker of sacred knowledge.

The Hawaiian word *kapu* ( *tapu* in Tahitian and the source of the English word "taboo") can mean "holy" and "sacred," "forbidden," "consecrated," or "restricted." It can also imply a sacred directive, especially if carried by a sacred individual. In regard to the wisdom keepers of old Polynesia, the kahuna wisdom tradition was considered kapu. The sacred spiritual knowledge of the Polynesians was traditionally a hidden knowledge, rarely shared by their kahuna with outsiders as it was (and is) restricted by kapu.

The same restrictions hold true for many aspects of a kahuna elder's lifeway. Because of kapu, kahuna lead their lives differently from more ordinary folk; their path is a narrow one constrained by sacred directives passed down through time from their ancestors.

So allow me to begin by saying something about the two of us—a few words that will convey a sense of our very different cultural origins and levels of upbringing.

## THE KAHUNA

On September 27, 1938, a full-blooded Hawaiian boy was born to Mabel Meipala Pa‘aluhi and her husband, Hale Kealohalani Makua, at a place called Pukalehua on the western slope of the great volcano Mauna Loa, high above the coastal community of Ho‘okena in the South Kona District of Hawai‘i Island. Through his mother’s lineage, this boy was a seventh-generation direct descendant of the famous high chief and king Kamehameha Nui—a family line through which he was also a direct descendant of Kamehameha’s ancestors High Chief Umi and High Chief Liloa. Through his father’s lineage, the boy was a seventh-generation direct descendant of Kamehameha’s cousin, the beloved High Chief Keoua Ku‘ahu‘ula of the district of Ka‘u, also on Hawai‘i Island. In Polynesia, one’s ancestry is everything—it defines people, their social rank, and the personal as well as ancestral power that they carry. So by virtue of this exceptional genealogy, the boy was born a chief and given the name of his father, Hale Kealohalani Makua. A tree was planted above his buried umbilicus at the place of his birth.

Harry Makua, as this is what he was called when he was being raised by his grandparents on the Big Island of Hawai‘i before moving to O‘ahu to live with his parents, was drawn toward the military from the beginning. He served with the United States Marine Corps and eventually achieved the rank of gunnery sergeant. Harry Makua was a warrior directly involved in major military conflicts from Beirut in the 1950s to the Vietnam War in the 1970s, where he was severely wounded during his last tour of duty. Upon his father’s passing, Harry assumed his father’s name, Hale. Because he was kahuna on both sides of his family, he eventually served as the kahu, the honored keeper of an extraordinary body of indigenous Polynesian wisdom.

Hale Makua (pronounced Ha-lay Ma-koo-ah) was a holy man, a kahuna mystic, and a wisdom keeper who was highly regarded throughout the oceanic world of Polynesia and beyond. Makua, as he was generally known, was the council elder, the *Hono ‘Ele Makua* of the Hawaiian Spiritual Warrior Society, *Na ‘Ao Koa o Pu‘ukohola Heiau*, a role in which he presided over many rituals and ceremonies of note. For example, Makua was pivotal in fostering and developing this society in preparation for a seminal event that he helped to create in August 1991 at King Kamehameha’s sacred temple ( *heiau*) at Pu‘ukohola (the Mound of the Whale) near Kawaihae in



the South Kohala District on Hawai‘i Island.

This event, called *Ho‘oku‘ikahi* (which means “to stand together as one”), was a conscious ceremony of reunification that brought the descendants of High Chief Kamehameha and High Chief Keoua together once again after two hundred years of separation. Since both of these men were his ancestors, Makua served as one of the *kahuna pule* (masters of chant/prayer), and he officiated at the sacred ‘*awa* ceremony (the Polynesian sacred drink of communion with the ancestors) that was attended by many indigenous elders from other nations across the oceanic world.

In his responsibility as a kahuna, Makua served as the spiritual adviser for the oceanic voyaging canoe *Makali‘i* (named for the constellation of stars known as the Pleiades), as well as for many other cultural groups, including the *haku* (captains) and *ho‘okele* (navigators) of other canoes. Further, in the 1980s in Raiatea, Tahiti, he played a pivotal role in the lifting of a seven-hundred- year-old kapu of silence between the many and varied island nations at Taputapuatea, an event that created an opening for deeper connection and enhanced communication between the peoples of the Pacific.

Hale Makua became a revered spiritual teacher in his elder years, and yet due to his genuine humility, he kept a low profile in his native Hawai‘i. Makua traveled extensively to speak with many of the Native American nations—and on several occasions he went to Africa to participate as an elder in conferences of the many and diverse indigenous speakers of the world. As an indigenous elder, he was continually invited to many cross-cultural gatherings and international conferences across the years, including the United Nations in New York, where he sat on stage with His Holiness the Dalai Lama. Makua was a member of the International Elders Council in service to humanity and global peace, a council that is still active through the World Indigenous Science Network, of which Makua was one of the founders. Accordingly, he was well known throughout the indigenous world.

The essence of his *mana‘o* and his ‘*ike*, his knowledge and spiritual power, originated from his ancestors, and his teachings emanated from a depth of vision that cultivated each person’s individual connections with the inner worlds. In this sense, his shared wisdom reactivated universal attributes found in all people everywhere, through each person’s experience and expression of *aloha* —love.

On March 27, 2004, Hale Makua died in an automobile accident near the

town of Pahoia in the Puna District on Hawai'i Island. He was sixty-five years old, and his passing barely received mention in the press.

## **THE ANTHROPOLOGIST**

I was born in New York City on August 20, 1941, at Harkness Pavilion Hospital on the Upper West Side of Manhattan Island. I was given the name Henry Barnard Wesselman III after my father (the second) and my paternal grandfather (the first), thus carrying on the name of my great-grandfather's friend, the educator Henry Barnard. I have no idea what happened to my umbilicus.

My father was a New York attorney, a member of the Harvard Club and the Metropolitan Club, as well as a member of the board of directors at P. Ballantine & Sons in Newark, New Jersey. While attending Harvard, my father took up fencing and rapidly advanced to become an East Coast champion. Later he became a member of the American fencing team at the Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936.

My mother, Alice Wade Sholes, known by her nickname Sherry, was a homemaker from a well-known family in Cleveland, Ohio, who would eventually divorce my father, move to California in 1956, change her name to Sarira, and become an artist. On both sides of my family, my ancestors reside in the company of the ruling families of Europe and Britain.

In my early professional life, I studied zoology at the University of Colorado at Boulder, and upon receiving my bachelor's degree in 1964, I moved to Nigeria, where I served in the U.S. Peace Corps and lived among peoples of the Yoruba tribe. There in western Nigeria, I worked as a science teacher in two colleges from 1964 to 1966, and it was there that I first became interested in indigenous spiritual wisdom. I returned to the United States to get a master's degree in zoology at the University of Colorado in 1969, and then I went on to achieve a doctorate in anthropology from the University of California at Berkeley in 1982. My dissertation research was based on my work with an international expedition to southwestern Ethiopia where I was involved in the paleo-environmental reconstruction of early-man sites between two and three million years old through my excavation, recovery, and analysis of microvertebrate fossils. I continue to do this research today.

In addition to being a teacher at the university and college level in many august institutions across the years, I have thus spent much of my life working with an international group of scientists and doing expeditionary fieldwork out in the eroded, ancient landforms of eastern Africa's Great Rift Valley, in search of fossils that have yielded answers to the mystery of human origins. This has allowed me to do research in the laboratories and collections of some of the world's great universities and museums. It has also enabled me to spend substantial parts of my life living with tribal peoples in remote regions rarely visited by outsiders. It was through these experiences that I first encountered traditional shamans.

## **OUR FRIENDSHIP**

The fact that this Hawaiian elder chose to share much of his knowledge with an anthropologist is unusual to say the least. My exposure to and interest in shamanic cultures was part of the dynamic that allowed a curious bond to develop between me and Makua upon our first meeting. My years spent living with traditional peoples had instilled in me an understanding and acceptance of Makua's indigenoussness—and Makua was able to sense this familiarity in me. I believe it was this that enabled us to get beyond much of the cultural stuff that creates separation and to form a bridge between us at the soul level—a bridge to which both of us had access.

But there was also another area of common focus that we shared, one that enhanced the bond between us enormously. Because of my work with human prehistory, I, like Makua, was deeply involved with the ancestral field.

When I first met Makua in 1996, I perceived him as a rare and unique man filled with a bounty of esoteric knowledge and kahuna philosophy, enhanced by his great good humor, which he was willing to share with outsiders. As will be revealed in this book, kahuna thought begins with the search for self-realization—with the quest to discover who we are as well as where we are in our journey as souls traveling across time. Possibly thousands of years old, kahuna thought preserves an understanding of human psychology regarding the nature and functioning of the conscious and subconscious aspects of the self that was not equaled in the Western world until the 1960s through the work of Milton Erikson, MD, a renowned psychiatrist.

Right from the start, Makua and I appreciated each other for who and what

we were, and as the shifting circumstances of our lives repeatedly brought us together over the years that followed, sometimes for a few hours, sometimes for a few days, we took great delight in each other's company until we came to love each other dearly.

We spent most of the week together just before his passing, and it was in those final hours on the last night of his life that he gave me a gift of immeasurable value—a glimpse into the vast extent of his knowledge of the past, the depth of which was truly staggering.

Over the time that has elapsed since his transition, a time of great loss and great sorrow for those of us who knew him, an impulse has grown steadily within me to write something about my relationship with this unusual man. It's a feeling that comes unexpectedly, much like a directive that arrives with a sense of permission.

At such moments, it is as though the heart connection that was established between us during his life becomes active. His presence becomes palpable, and his thoughts appear in my mind, thus creating a stream of consciousness that closely resembles the talks we had in life. This experience is always accompanied by feelings of tranquility, much like a meditation, and yet it is considerably more than that. I have come to understand, as well as accept, that I seem to have an ongoing and active connection with Makua's spirit—one to which I have access during my dreaming while asleep, as well as during my directed meditations while very much awake.

Accordingly, I begin this narrative with that sense of permission that stems directly from Makua, for on the last night of his life, he and I had an extraordinary conversation that will be explored toward the end of this book. I had asked him for many years to write a book with me, and he had always politely refused—until that last night. Perhaps he foresaw the approach of his own death, but this is part of the story that shall be revealed.

Yet let me affirm here at the start that I had not only his permission to write about him and his teaching, but also his encouragement to do so. We had a plan—one that was being outlined between us and my wife, Jill Kuykendall, on the afternoon of that last day of his life, hopefully one that has been merely sidetracked by his unexpected passing.

Allow me to observe that Makua was not my “teacher” in a formal sense, nor was I his “student.” I was already a spiritual teacher when we first met, and so was he. In all humility, we were colleagues—peers as well as age-



mates who were deeply involved in our own explorations of the Great Mystery and who openly and joyously shared our discoveries, enabling us to learn from each other. Let me also affirm that this is not a book *about* Hale Makua, for it would be presumptuous for me to assume that level of responsibility. In this regard, I have not included details of Makua's personal life, nor information about the people with whom he was in relationship. Rather, this is an account of an unusual friendship that developed between two visionaries—a Hawaiian spiritual elder and an American anthropologist who had been drawn into the shamanic worlds of mystery and magic—a relationship that was experienced through an ongoing series of conversations and shared experiences over a period of eight years.

During this time, both Makua and I changed considerably. At the beginning of our friendship, Makua discouraged me from mentioning him by name in my writings, and he would rarely speak on the telephone. Toward the end of his life, our friendship fully established, he had given me permission to use his name as well as that of one of his ancestors in a published book, and he took great delight in having and using his own cell phone.

As I sit with this awareness, let me affirm also that those aspects of Makua's traditional wisdom that are constrained by kapu will not be written here. It was clear to me at the beginning of our friendship that some of the esoteric knowledge of which he was the kahu, the honored caretaker, could only be carried in the oral tradition, on the breath, and could only be passed to others at the right place and time. Makua was aware that I understood this, and this became part of the bond of trust that grew between us across those years.

I am also aware that there are some levels of his knowledge that can be shared, some of his thoughts and insights that are not restricted by traditional kapu. Accordingly, this book includes some of the core teachings and spiritual insights that he offered freely from his great heart to everyone willing to listen, with the intention of contributing to the greater good and to the spiritual growth of his listeners. These teachings revolve around topics such as the kahuna perspective that each one of us possesses not one, but three quite separate souls during life, and that how those three function and come together is essential in understanding the nature of our self. In this regard, I have included a special emphasis on Makua's ideas about the nature

of our immortal Oversoul or Higher Self that he called '*Aumakua*.'

Included in our discussions are his thoughts about the ancestral mysteries, the life roles through which we move during our embodied existences, and the four bowls of learning from which we all must drink during our time here on Earth. Our conversation about the different levels of reality and how they reflect the different evolutionary levels of our personal soul development is quite unique, as is our extraordinary discussion about the Infinite Source and its role in the formation of the universes as well as ourselves—a talk that occurred on the side of a sacred mountain.

Toward the book's end, something of great significance to all human beings everywhere will be explored from Makua's kahuna perspective: the Ancestral Grand Plan. This is an impulse that was set into motion by the ancestors long ago, a plan that may help us to deal with the challenges we are facing today, a plan that includes guidelines through which each of us may ascend toward the luminous horizon of our individual and collective destiny as souls traveling across eternity. Also, at the end of this book I have included a final conversation that took place between us—a discussion about how we are all in the process of becoming gods, revealing a deeper level of our collective and individual responsibility.

In creating the fabric of the narrative, I have taken the writer's liberty of expressing what was shared between us in colloquial English, upgrading Makua's frequent lapses into pidgin and colorful yet incorrect grammar and syntax, in order to create an ongoing flow of meaning for people who live in the modern, Westernized world. In addition, our conversations often took place in stages, picking up again where they had left off many months before. Accordingly, I have chosen to organize this book around specific topics or events rather than trying to follow a linear chronology of our meetings as they happened. The great challenge for the writer of spiritual knowledge based in direct experience is to get it down and to get it right. Whether or not I will succeed remains to be seen, but with Makua's blessing and encouragement, I have no recourse but to try.

The book that follows thus offers a privileged and intimate view into the mind of a native Hawaiian kahuna who had very few peers. It is drawn from the memories of our times together, and it is therefore a tapestry woven by our spiritual insights and discoveries as well as our thoughts and feelings about those revelations. There are many layers to the gifts that we gave to

each other. And always, the plan is there, leading us onward toward who and what we are all destined to become.

It is my hope that the essence of our philosophical conversations may contribute to the widespread spiritual reawakening currently in progress as both the Western world and the indigenous world reshape themselves in response to a time of global, social, and cultural change that goes unparalleled in the history of humanity.

For those of my readers who are familiar with some of the more traditional facets of kahuna wisdom, this reshaping can be clearly seen in Makua's thoughts as he sought to align his spiritual kuleana (responsibilities) with his own expanding awareness of the Great Mystery of existence.

Accordingly, this book is offered to you, the reader, and to the next seven generations with our humility, our reverence, and our discipline. And it carries as well our great gratitude for who you are and who you are becoming.

With our warmhearted aloha— *me ke aloha pumehana*.

—Hank Wesselman  
Honaunau, Hawai'i

# 1

## First Encounters

In the mid-1980s, having just achieved my doctorate degree from the University of California at Berkeley, my family and I decided on impulse to spend a year or two living on our small farm in Honaunau in the South Kona District of Hawai‘i Island. We had acquired this property in the late 1970s when agricultural real estate was still affordable, and we had always intended to live there, at least for a while. We thought of this time as “The Hawai‘i Project” in which we planned to restore our house, clear our overgrown land, and then plant it with the famous Kona coffee.

In the mornings we took our children to the beach, and during the days I worked on the farm. In the evenings I taught anthropology classes in Kealahou for the West Hawai‘i Campus of the University of Hawai‘i at Hilo. We flowed through our days with grace and ease, and our children flourished.

In 1989, this period in our lives came to a natural close, and we took up residence once again in California, where I taught at several universities, colleges, and institutes until 2007, while my wife, Jill, worked as a physical therapist in the Sacramento area. But I still had a longing for the islands of Hawai‘i, so in the waning days of 1996, we decided to spend Christmas there with our two daughters, then ten and thirteen years old. Just the year before, *Spiritwalker*, the first volume of my unusual spiritual trilogy about a continuum of spontaneous visionary experiences that I had experienced while living on the island between 1985 and 1989, had been published. This book and the two volumes that followed record my endeavors to understand the nature of those experiences. They took the form of deep cataleptic trances in which my lucid conscious awareness was brought into connection with the mind of another man, an individual of Hawaiian ancestry named Nainoa, who appears to live in the future and who may be one of my descendants. To say I was surprised by these dreamlike episodes would be an understatement of considerable proportions. I was stunned.

In the first of these visions, I found myself looking out through someone else's eyes at a world I had never seen before, and I discovered almost immediately that I could in some unknown way receive his thoughts and emotions as if they were my own. This included his memories. The man Nainoa lives somewhere on the western coast of what is today California, but the landscapes I saw were tropical like those of the Amazon, bearing out warnings about radical climatic shifts. Descended from Hawaiian voyagers who had landed on the coast in a fleet of oceangoing canoes more than a hundred years before, he was preparing to leave on a quest of geographic investigation into the unknown interior of the lost continent of America.

The visions happened in sequence, creating a sense of ongoing connection with this man that lasted almost twenty years, yet I was unprepared to accept the reality of these experiences in the beginning. But as they deepened, an extraordinary story began to unfold. My attempts to assimilate and understand these experiences drew me, a professional anthropologist, into the shamans' world of mystery and magic.

Because I was living in Hawai'i when the visions began, my scholarly curiosity led me inevitably toward an area of knowledge about which I knew virtually nothing—the esoteric wisdom of the Hawaiian kahuna mystics. Through my inquiries into Hawaiian mysticism, I began to discover an expanded perspective on the nature of the self, as well as on the nature of reality, that elevated my understanding of just about everything to an entirely new level.

In writing about this indigenous perspective in *Spiritwalker*, I was sensitive to the fact that I was trespassing into an area that did not exactly welcome outsiders, especially anthropologists. I knew that, sooner or later, one of the Hawaiian kahuna elders might come in to have a look at me. And this is precisely what happened during our return visit to Hawai'i Island in 1996, but not exactly in the way I had expected. I had been invited to speak at the New Millennium Institute, an alternative educational center devoted to exploring the interface between consciousness and spirituality and being of service. The Institute was then located in a just-completed house designed by Frank Lloyd Wright up on the northern part of the island near Waimea. On December 28, Jill and I drove up there in the early afternoon.

## **THE INSTITUTE**

Upon our arrival, we were greeted by our hosts, the house's builder, a retired advertising executive from Honolulu, and his wife. They had fixed a bite to eat, and the four of us sat down to get to know each other a little in their striking kitchen in which everything, including the furniture and the fixtures, had been designed by the famed architect. We then had a tour of the new hemicycle house fashioned of conjoined grey cylinders with a soaring wall of glass overlooking expansive views toward three of Hawai'i Island's great volcanoes, and capped by a greenish bronze-colored roof that created dramatic upsweeping curves. It was, and is, impressive, to say the least.

About fifty expectant people then began to show up to hear what I had to say about the transformational community, and as the introductions were being made, the sky outside suddenly darkened, and it began to rain torrentially. The leaks in the new roof made themselves known within seconds, and as my hosts busied themselves with the mop-up, they told me offhand that until this rain, the area had been suffering from drought.

Abruptly, the rain began to slack off, and the clouds began to clear as rapidly as they had arrived. There was something at work here that I did not fully understand in those moments, something I would eventually learn and come to accept. When the Hawaiian transpersonal forces (deities) arrive, they often come accompanied by (or concealed by) clouds and rain.

As if on cue, the front door opened, and in walked a big Hawaiian man. He was half a head taller than me and considerably more robust. His thick hair, white on top and dark underneath, was glistening with the rain and tied in a long ponytail that hung halfway down his broad back. His dark face was framed by a long, bushy white beard that masked his upper chest. He smiled broadly as he brushed water drops from his massive shoulders encased within a classic, flashy aloha shirt with a bright floral design. With his right hand, he leaned heavily on an intricately carved wooden walking stick.

Our hosts immediately abandoned their mop-up to introduce us to our esteemed guest, the Hawaiian elder Hale Makua. His arrival was unexpected (we would later learn that a mutual friend had encouraged him to come), and we could all feel the energy change in the room. His white teeth gleamed in his brown face as he laughed with delight, then he deftly drew two thick flower leis from around his own neck and draped one around my neck, the other around Jill's. As I inhaled the fragrance of my lei, I noticed that several more Hawaiian men were arriving through the door, all with long hair and



beards. I smiled to myself somewhat nervously as I sensed (rightly) that the time of reckoning had come. I was an outsider as well as a *haole*, or foreigner, and I was aware of the strong feelings that many Hawaiians hold toward white people.

Under such circumstances, one's mind can work exceedingly quickly, and as I took stock of my situation, I saw that the Hawaiians had brought their wives with them. This was good news. I would not be turned into a pillar of salt, at least not this day. I greeted each in turn as we were formally introduced, and I almost immediately forgot all of their names due to my shock and anxiety over what was occurring. In a very formal manner, the Hawaiians sat down across from me in the circular central room with Makua in the center.

Jill and I had heard about Makua for years from mutual friends, and we knew something about who he was as well as some information about his genealogy, yet we had never met him until this moment. I watched him warily and reflected with some chagrin that this might be a good time to direct a prayer to my spirit allies. This was not just any kahuna elder who had come to hear me speak. This man was descended from kings and from high chiefs. This was one of the Big Kahuna.

I half-closed my eyes and looked down into my inner place of tranquility, mentally addressing the spiritual beings who serve as my protectors and advisers. I asked them to provide me with support and the ability to speak from a place of truth. Then I looked up again, and after a brief introduction from my hosts, I launched into my talk, a rather academic discussion of the beliefs, values, and trends held dear within the new transformational community taking form in the Western world. I spoke about the members of this subculture as a collective that is very much aware that our old myths are no longer serving us. I described this gathering of people as well-informed individuals who know clearly that the time has come to write a new story—a new cultural mythos that encompasses a new view of who we are, who we are becoming, and what our purpose is, our destiny for being here.

As my talk progressed, I suspected that Makua was already well aware of everything that I was saying, and I watched him tracking my logic like a hunter, smiling when I uncovered something well known to him, looking thoughtful when I challenged my audience to come up with a new solution to a problem at hand. Throughout, I could feel Makua following my line of

thought. The light in his eyes supported me in my attempts to make certain points clear; his laugh confirmed when I had.

As my talk came to an end, I felt an immediate impulse to address Makua, so I smiled and said, “Elder Makua, I am getting a strong feeling that there is something that you wish to say. Please feel free to do so, if that would be appropriate.”

The chief glanced down at his walking stick and smiled. I would learn in time that he was a man who traveled in the company of many generations of his ancestral spirits. He leaned over slightly to his right as though someone were speaking into his right ear. After a brief pause, he leaned over to the left and again listened intently. He smiled, nodded, and then he stood up. After looking around the room at the assembled gathering in order to make a connection with each person present, Makua directed his full attention at me. “A friend of mine sent me your book *Spiritwalker*, and I read it.” There followed a long pause during which everyone in the room looked alert and watchful.

“I read it again just to make sure I got it right; then I went down to the beach. I put your book down on the sand; then I called in the ancestors, and we had a talk about you.”

Silence in the room. This was the moment of truth.

“The ancestors asked me what your name is,” Makua went on, “and I told them that your name is Wesselman, Hank Wesselman.” Makua paused with a thoughtful expression on his face; then he grinned. “The ancestors told me that I wasn’t pronouncing your name right. They told me that your name is really ‘vessel-man,’ that you are a vessel, like a canoe.” Makua watched me closely as if to be sure I understood the significance of what he was saying.

Prior to this moment, I had been psyching myself up to be condemned, for I was very much aware that the Hawaiians have mixed feelings about well-intentioned but often ill-informed outsiders trespassing into their spiritual traditions. In those days, I did not know that Makua was clairvoyant and that he was monitoring my thoughts and emotions. As I stiffened my resolve for whatever would come next, he laughed and proclaimed, “Don’t worry. We Hawaiians don’t write. We talk, and we share what we find in our hearts with each other. But in your Western culture, it is the tradition to write.”

I felt immediate relief as he paused again as if to observe the effect of his words. “I have been told by the ancestors to say something to you,” he said.

“They have told me to say in front of all these people here that you are one of the light carriers of aloha and that we Hawaiians need to support you.” Makua laughed affectionately and with great good humor; then he continued, “The ancestors said that everything you have written in your book is true. So keep writing. You’re making my job easier.”

The release of tension in the room was palpable. People smiled as they slowly absorbed that something quite rare had just transpired. Some even wept gently in response to the emotion and the magnitude of the moment. It wasn’t every day that a kahuna of Makua’s stature gave the nod of approval to an outsider. My talk had been bookended with quite a conclusion.

Quietly, Makua walked over to me and smiled. “We should have a meeting before you leave the island,” he said. While the participants milled around, talking animatedly with each other and looking at the architectural gem of a house, my wife, Jill, joined me and Makua near the big windows that looked out across the dry grasslands toward the three great volcanoes, Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, and Hualalai, all of which could now be seen, as the sky had cleared. We talked about small things, friends we had in common, and we casually began to get to know each other a little, although I sensed that on a deeper level Makua already knew a great deal about us and that he had simply come to confirm this understanding.

When our conversation came to a close, the chief turned to respond to something someone else said, and I noticed Jill look down at his legs. I followed her glance to his dark blue shorts and noticed that the backs of his calves were not only muscular, but that they bore the scars of formidable skin grafts. His right foot seemed to be permanently frozen, the ankle joint nonfunctional. And his right calf appeared considerably atrophied. For Makua, the walking stick was not an affectation. It was a third leg that allowed him to walk.

Jill, a registered physical therapist who had worked in the Western medical paradigm for more than twenty-five years, much of that time in acute care rehabilitation, leaned in toward the elder as he turned back to us. “Makua, what happened to your legs?” she asked him. For several heartbeats, a silence settled between the three of us. I knew that Jill suspected a motorcycle accident, as she had worked with many such physical trauma cases over the years. Makua’s answer came calmly and with a slight smile, one that conveyed a sense of utter acceptance: “Vietnam.”

We moved to the end of the long living room then and sat down as one of the Hawaiian men brought Makua a plate with a boon of refreshments, food that our hosts had prepared. Then the same man brought me and Jill and plates as well. We were being treated as honored elders, and I began to have a greater sense of Hawaiian protocol.

“When I was still a teenager back in the middle 1950s,” Makua said, while chewing thoughtfully, “I walked into the Marine recruiter’s office in Honolulu and said, ‘Sign me up, and send me to the hottest place on the planet!’” Makua chuckled at the reflection of himself at that stage in his life; then his gaze turned serious. “They did, they signed me up, and when they discovered I was underage, they sent me home. But I simply signed up again a year later. After my basic training, I was sent to Beirut. That was the first war in which I served. The last was Vietnam.

“I achieved the rank of gunnery sergeant, and my specialty work was in point reconnaissance,” he said. When Makua saw by my expression that I did not understand the significance of this, he added, “I did ninety patrols behind enemy lines in Vietnam. In the last, I was shot up pretty badly through my legs and feet. I then spent five years in a VA hospital in San Antonio, Texas, dealing with osteomyelitis, or infection of the bone. Antibiotics could not reach it, so I was subjected to repeated surgeries in which my wounds were continually reopened and cleaned out—but I kept my legs.” He smiled.

“How did you do it, Makua?” Jill asked, “Five years in a VA hospital?” She let the thought hang.

“Well,” Makua began with a laugh, “I had my own room for the last two years. But the deciding factor in my recovery was my ancestors. They came to visit with me every day during my time there, sometimes twice in one day!”

Others who were attending my talk had now gathered around us and were listening open-mouthed to this discussion. Like me and Jill, many of them had heard of Makua but had not had the privilege of meeting him.

“My ancestors came every day, and over that five-year period, we got to deal with all my stuff—all my anger, my pain, my grief, everything.” Makua paused, his dark eyes looking deep as if they were peering into the past while his mind moved back along those trails of pain and resolution. “When I walked out of that hospital five years later, on my own legs, I felt like the luckiest man alive. I had dealt with my stuff—all of it—and I was free.

That's when I graduated from being a military warrior to becoming a spiritual warrior."

Others now began to contribute to our discussion, and the conversations that followed extended well into the evening. When the gathering came to an end, Makua indicated that he would like to meet with us. The plan came together with ease. In two days, Jill and I and our kids were planning on traveling to the Volcano House, a hotel perched right on the edge of the crater called Kilauea. When we revealed this to Makua, he laughed and said, "Sounds like a date!" The meeting was set for noon, on the last day of the year, December 31. We would meet at the visitor center in Volcanoes National Park.

As Jill and I drove back to Kona that evening, we slowly absorbed all that had transpired on this day. It felt like something of considerable importance was coming into being, and quite suddenly part of the reason for our return to the island at this time became clear.

## **THE MOUNTAIN**

Makua and I actually had two meetings that week, or almost two. I was scheduled to do a book signing at a bookstore at the Prince Kuhio Plaza in Hilo on December 30. Jill and I drove over from Kona that morning, and once again Makua showed up to hear what I had to say.

A shopping mall was not the best place to have a true meeting because a lot of people recognized the chief and tried to pull him aside for advice or a listening ear. But during the time we were there at the bookstore event, I could feel Makua observing me. He was always tuned in to what I was saying—even as others held his attention. I kept track of him as well. Once again he was clad in a bright aloha shirt and his dark blue shorts. His humor was always present, and he frequently erupted into explosive bursts of laughter as he leaned on his stick. I could not shake the thought that we had lived on the same island for many years, yet we had never met. Why had we suddenly been drawn together at this time in our lives, I wondered.

As the afternoon event came to a close, Jill and I corralled the children and reaffirmed with Makua the time and place of our meeting the next day. After our good-byes, we withdrew to the hotel in the Volcanoes Park, about a thirty-minute drive up the mountain. The hotel's windows look down and out

across the immense steaming crater of Kilauea, a continually active side vent and a direct opening into the Earth's interior mantle located on Mauna Loa's southeastern shoulder at the 4,000-foot level. It is a volcano that is shrouded in mystery and myth. It is also the home of a powerful spirit and natural force that the Hawaiians call Pele, and we would learn in the days that followed that Makua came here at dawn every day to offer his prayers and to commune with this mountain goddess.

Hawaiian people live always close to the power of nature and the elements, and they do not see themselves as separate from nature. For them, humans are very much part of the natural world in which everything is alive, possessing its own form of conscious awareness. In addressing the awareness of nature and the deities who reside in the islands, prayer permeates the cycles inherent in everyday life, and words and names have power. In fact, names are considered to be living things that contain power in and of themselves. Therefore, the kahuna offer *pule* (prayer) at every occasion that requires it. Today, such prayers may be in Hawaiian or they may be in English, yet they follow that ancient custom of addressing the gods and the forces of nature through prayer.

It had been a long day for all of us, and the children, thirteen and ten years old at the time, were not at their best. Yet we managed to go out for a sumptuous dinner with friends at a restaurant in Volcano Village, a small community scattered through the rainforest a couple of miles from the park. When we returned to the hotel and got the children settled in for the night, Jill and I were exhausted. We had enjoyed quite a lot of wine with dinner, which contributed to our tiredness, but our proximity to the crater created a sense of urgency in me. This was the first time we had returned to the mountain in seven years, and so around midnight, while Jill and the children slept, I slipped out into the darkness and headed into the crater to do ceremony.

During the years we had lived on the island, we had developed a respectful and rather formal relationship with the volcano goddess Pele. In a mythic sense, this goddess, who originally traveled to Hawai'i from her home islands in the South Pacific, is known to possess a strong personality, and the many myths and stories about those who have had direct encounters with her abound in the islands. In an ideological sense, she could be considered as synonymous with the elements of fire and volcanic stone as well as the



power or force underlying all of creation. Accordingly, our acknowledging of her presence in our lives had seemed like the right thing to do, a form of insurance, if you will, as we were living on the western flank of Mauna Loa, the world's largest, continually active volcano. In the past, we usually brought flowers from the garden as offerings, and these were often given to Pele by our small daughters. On this occasion, I brought the flower leis Makua had given us several days before; they looked a little tired at this point but still alive and fragrant. I had brought, as well, a shopping bag filled with offerings from the various shamans and medicinemakers I had come to know over the years. I had wrapped each power bundle in a *ti* leaf from the plants growing on our land on the other side of the island, as this was a way of honoring the manner in which Hawaiians offer gifts to the formidable mountain spirit who makes this stark, lunar landscape her home. And last, I included my own *pu'olo* (wrapped offering) infused with my aloha.

I have given Pele so many offerings across the years that I now no longer remember what *pu'olo* I brought on that occasion. Yet it is not the object, but rather the intention that is attached to the object, that is important. The same holds true for ceremony and ritual. It is not what you do or say that is important; what has meaning is that you do it, whatever it is, and do it with heart. Accordingly, along with my rattle and a candle, I had brought some incense for the ceremony, however the ritual would emerge from within my heart.

I drove slowly down the park road into the caldera, watching for anything out of the ordinary, then stopped the car at the spot I was looking for, a place well known to me from past visits. I switched off the engine and the lights, then carefully stepped out of the safety of the car and into the night. It was a characteristic tropical island night: the winter sky twinkled brilliantly, the universe above me was undimmed by a single man-made watt, the Pleiades shone directly overhead, and the silence was total. To the north, I could barely see the cluster of tiny lights of the hotel where my wife and children slept, many miles away on the crater rim far above me. To the west, the dark, vast shape of Mauna Loa soared into the sky almost 14,000 feet in altitude, impressing me as always with its unimaginable, magnificent mass.

After standing in the night for several long minutes, I switched on my flashlight, slung my bag of offerings across my shoulder, and pushed my rattle into my belt and the candle and incense into a pocket. Carefully I

began to make my way across the broken rocky landscape, pocked here and there with steaming sulfur vents, their black mouths rimmed with yellow and puffing smelly fog. Those who have been to this place during the daytime know that it has been designed by nature on a scale that is fit for a goddess. In the middle of the night, it is a place of mystery that can evoke fear, which can be overwhelming to the unsuspecting or unprepared visitor. A chance misstep can spell disaster or serious injury, and as I walked carefully across the fractured and tortured landscape toward the crater, avoiding the gaping crevasses and upthrust shelves of basaltic lava, I began to sing “my song,” a signature tune I had sung here before. It was my way of announcing who I was and what I was doing in this place. It was a chant, a form of prayer, and so I set my intentions for protection and support at the highest level, as I knew that this place was extremely dangerous. I was walking across the floor of the caldera of an active volcano where the raw forces of the Earth could suddenly appear and swallow me in an instant.

According to local lore, if I did not precisely follow my own spiritual protocol of approaching with humility and respect, as well as with my prayer song and my offerings, the goddess Pele would not be pleased. It was not so much that she would punish me. I was, after all, an outsider. But she would not be pleased—and those who have read my Spiritwalker trilogy know that I have had an interesting relationship with her across the years, marked by great mutual affection. She has even honored me by being in service to me as one of my helping spirits on occasion. Yet like most goddesses (and other primordial forces), she could be unpredictable, even willful, and so displeasing her could be fatal. I had ignored the Park Service’s warning signs about the potential danger for unwary visitors and uninformed tourists, and I had ventured into the danger zone.

In the western side of Kilauea’s crater is an immense, vertical, circular opening into the Earth that is more than a half mile across and many hundreds of feet deep called Halema‘uma‘u, or the “house of ferns.” This is Pele’s traditional home, although she does also wander here and there according to her will. Quiet for many years, Halema‘uma‘u became active again in March 2008, the initial explosion throwing rocks the size of refrigerators through the air across many miles of the caldera floor and shredding the visitor overlook platform. Since that time, Pele has been sending a column of sulfur dioxide steam into the air, which often reaches as far as Honolulu, and in the darkness, her fires below can be clearly observed.

But this was 1996, and as I arrived at the pit's precipice, where the shattered stone substrate drops away into the vertical dark void of eternity, my flashlight couldn't begin to take in its immensity, let alone penetrate the darkness that ran for hundreds of feet to the crater's floor below. As the clouds of steam issuing from the black vastness before me proceeded to blot out the stars, I began to wonder if I had made a serious error coming out here in the middle of the night. The air around me felt nervous and choppy. As the mountain's humid breath dampened my clothes and hair in the foggy darkness, I wondered uneasily if I would be able to find my way back to the car.

Suffice it to say that the goddess did indeed make an appearance, although not in the form of a woman or goose or any other of her *kino lau* (manifested embodiments). As my own visionary abilities have matured across many years of spiritual practice, my ability to perceive the transpersonal forces, in whatever form, has become more acute as well. On this occasion, I made my offerings and voiced my prayers, then waited. And on this night, Pele appeared to me as her light beyond the form, and also as the formless beyond the light: a brilliant, spiritual essence that embraced me, loved me, and spoke to me with a voice expressing a vast, impersonal yet benevolent intelligence. [1]

It was close to dawn when I returned to the hotel, mindblown yet intact. As I stumbled from the car and headed for our room, I was more than impressed by all that had transpired during the night. Part of me was still in the timeless, mystical space of the now-here, yet part of me was also filled with anticipation of our meeting with the kahuna, which would happen that very day.

## THE CRATER

After an hour or two of fitful sleep, I rose and joined my family for a late breakfast at the hotel. Toward noon, Jill and I headed for the park's visitor center, which was a short walk through the fern forest from the hotel. Makua arrived right on schedule in an old pickup truck.

As we stood exchanging pleasantries, a Hawaiian woman happened to pass by driving a park vehicle. Upon seeing the chief, she immediately stopped and disembarked, leaving her truck running in the center of the parking lot.

Makua glanced at her and smiled, waiting for her approach.

When the two Hawaiians were face to face, they looked deeply into each other's eyes, then pressed their noses and foreheads together for long moments in a sort of embrace, while maintaining their eye contact. When they disengaged, both smiled again and kissed each other on the cheek. Without a word, the woman got back in her car and drove on. Makua then turned his attention toward us with an explanation.

"This is what we Hawaiian call the *honi*." He paused and looked at Jill. "We press our faces together, forehead to forehead, nose to nose, and we share what we call the *Ha*, the divine breath of life." He smiled, as if this said it all.

After a few moments, Makua looked at Jill thoughtfully and added, "The *Ha* is part of the word *aloha*. This term has many meanings and differs according to its context, but in essence, *alo* means face to face, and *Ha* is the divinity." Jill grinned as she absorbed the true meaning of the word; then the chief returned his attention to me. "Where is your car? We are going to my office."

Jumping into our rental car, we followed Makua's truck down the crater rim road, past the steam vents and the military recreational center, to a turnoff where a sign directed visitors to an overlook of the crater. We drove over a short rise and then down, circling left into a long parking lot and stopping at its end. We disembarked and locked the cars as the chief surveyed the territory. The uneven ground was sparsely studded with scrubby 'ohi'a trees and tussocks of grasses with scattered small green bushes and occasional clumps of fern. There seemed to be no one else there on this day, and slowly we headed toward the edge of the land that dropped away into the crater about fifty yards ahead. When we got to the edge, Makua stopped and leaned heavily on his walking stick.

This overlook of Kilauea crater in Volcanoes National Park is a dramatic locality to say the least. First-time visitors often stop and just stare, awestruck at the extraordinary experience of suddenly finding themselves right on the edge of the caldera, many hundreds of vertical feet above a lake of black stone that stretches away for more than a mile in all directions. On this day, steam was rising from fissures and fumaroles scattered across the wrinkled broken surface below, and there, to the right, was the immense pit of Halema'uma'u, the very place I had done ceremony in the darkness the

night before. The air was crystal clear, a light breeze murmuring among the 'ohi'a trees along the rim.

I turned and looked at the summit of Mauna Loa behind us. Above the rounded mountaintop hovered a curious lenticular cloud, a huge one many miles across that resembled a stack of three immense flying saucers parked on top of each other. Makua followed my glance. "Interesting clouds," he observed with a grin. It was more than interesting. In all the years I had lived in the islands, I had never seen their kind before.

After another thoughtful look at the cloud formation, Makua led us to the left, walking slowly along the caldera's rim with the aid of his stick. "This place is called 'Uwe Kahuna," he said, "the tears of the kahuna." This is where we came to cry for a vision; it is a place of power both for men and for women."

Without further comment, Makua took us first to the women's place, a locality where women made medicine, doing their own versions of ceremony and ritual and leaving heartfelt offerings for the goddess. Others who had been there before us had left leis and flower offerings now dried and hanging on the dwarfed trees and shrubs. Their prayers were still there as well.

Approaching the precipice, Makua helped Jill to sit right on the very edge, her legs dangling straight down over hundreds of feet of open space above the crater floor directly below. I looked uneasily at the ground. There were long cracks paralleling the rim, and she was sitting between those fissures and the edge. The elder then reached down and picked some bright red berries from the 'ohelo shrubs that grew in tufts here and there. He gave some to Jill and then to me before tossing his own berries into the crater. We followed his example as he murmured, "These belong to Pele."

Next, Makua gestured that Jill was to stay here, beckoning me to follow him. The two of us then walked over to the men's place of power farther up the rim. After a hundred yards or so, he stopped and pointed to a large stone. "That's all that remains of a heiau (temple) that once stood here. This is a good place to make offerings," he gestured toward a ti leaf-wrapped object placed on the stone's summit. I wondered if perhaps he had left it there himself before our arrival.

The chief and I stood in silence for long moments, taking in the spectacular view. Then, propping himself against the stone and indicating the length of his intricately carved walking stick with a sweep of his hand,

Makua said, “This is my story.” He pointed to the sculpted head at its apex. The face had a grimacing open mouth, which was very Polynesian in style, and wide-open eyes that curved back and up.

“This is Kanaloa, the *akua* [deity] of the deep ocean. He was among the first who came here from the stars—from the star you call Sirius, to be precise. We have several names for Sirius, including ‘A‘A, burning bright.” Makua smiled.

“Kanaloa came here from ‘A‘A with his wife Malei‘ula.” He pointed to another carved face farther down the stick. “She is a fish goddess. They came here in a celestial canoe made of light. They found this Earth covered with water, much like their home world, and they dove deep. They decided to stay. They sent the canoe of light back to ‘A‘A, and it eventually returned here bearing the water clan people.”

“Are you of the water clan, Makua?” I asked. He nodded with satisfaction. “I am.” He thought for a moment as he regarded his walking stick with great affection. “I am also a whale—and the whales are the record keepers.

“This *ko‘oko‘o* [staff],” he continued, “tells only part of my story, of course. Here,” Makua said, pointing to a stack of parallel lines lower on the stick, “these are the ancestors ... my ancestors.” Makua’s voice drifted off, and I watched as his dark eyes seemed to lose focus.

I observed the Hawaiian elder with great interest. Makua looked the part of a kahuna in every way—from his bushy long hair, which was white on the surface and dark underneath, to the cloud of his white beard that framed his tanned face and spilled down his chest. Makua picked up my thoughts as I examined him, and immediately he glanced at me with a grin. Uh-oh. I had forgotten his clairvoyance, and his ability to pick up on my thoughts made me nervous, but he simply laughed with the joy of it then turned toward the crater right below us. “I must call the ancestors now, to witness what will transpire between us on this day.”

With that, Makua closed his eyes for long moments, and when he opened them again, he began to chant in Hawaiian. As his voice rose, I listened to the tiers of Polynesian words as they flowed out of his mind and rolled off his tongue, his beard and hair lifting with the winds that circled around us.

In response to his voice, I felt the daydreamy state of light trance begin to descend upon me, and I watched, enthralled, as he began to physically transform right before my eyes. It was as though he were assuming form



after form as he addressed the people of the past. There, right in front of me, Makua was shape-shifting as his consciousness became objectified in ancestor after ancestor as he spoke their names, and it slowly dawned on me that what I was seeing were his ancestors as they touched him, each in turn becoming one with him as he, in turn, became one with them.

I understood with complete conviction what was transpiring. He was using his own body, as well as his mind, to create a bridge across space-time. He was literally functioning as a gateway for his ancestors to step into our world once again—and I could see it happening right before my eyes. He was more than just a wisdom keeper or medicine man. Makua was a shaman.

There is a lot of confusion today about the kind of spiritual work done by shamans as compared to that done by medicine people. This confusion exists because every shaman is a medicine person but not all medicine people are shamans. In my experience, most medicine people are not shamans but tend to be ceremonialists and ritual leaders, invoking the spirits in much the same way as do the priests in our structured organized religions. Some also possess great knowledge of the healing arts and conduct healing ceremonies that can be very powerful as well as effective. But the work of the medicine man or woman usually takes place here in this world of things seen, whereas shamans do their main work in the spiritual realms of things hidden.

All authentic shamans discover, often in childhood, that they have the ability to perceive the spirit worlds of things hidden. They possess the ability to enter trance very easily, and when they do, they literally “regeography” their conscious awareness in an altered state into a parallel reality, which is all around us all the time. It is called the spirit world in every culture because the first thing the shamanic initiate learns is that this hidden world is inhabited. It is populated by spiritual beings of various kinds, the spirits of nature, of the animals and plants and elementals, as well as the spirits of dead humans, the ancestors, many of whom may maintain an active relationship with living individuals in their kin groups. Also found here are higher dimensional levels where shamans may encounter the higher organizing intelligences sometimes called angels or guides.

Through relationship with these spirits, shamans are able to do various things, initially on behalf of themselves and then increasingly on behalf of others. This is why shamans do their main work in that world. Sanctified by their initiations and furnished with their spirit allies, the shamans alone

among humans can venture into the mystical geography of the spirit world.

This was what Makua was doing as he continued to lean on his stick, his support—but it was much more than physical support. His stick represented the support of Kanaloa and his wife and of all the ancestors recorded there as he summoned them to come and watch and listen to our words. As he chanted, his eyes ranged outward through the living air across the crater to the forested rim beyond. We were standing right on the edge of the caldera, the ground around us fractured and broken, with wide cracks revealing the next chunks of volcanic real estate destined to crash into the depths below, hopefully not on this day. I stood very still and listened to the beautiful flow of Hawaiian words, which continued for half an hour or more. Long-tailed, white tropic birds called

*koa'e* by the Hawaiians that nest in the high cliffs on the islands, including the walls of the crater, rose to his voice and circled in the air above, occasionally looking down at us curiously before knifing away on the wind.

The chief smiled as they came and went, then he turned his attention to the great pit of Halema'uma'u below us. I heard the name Pelehonuamea repeated several times—Pele of the Sacred Earth—and understood that he was calling to her, summoning her to join us here on the ridge. And then the most amazing thing happened. It began with a static charge of electricity that I could feel building around us. My skin began to crawl. It was as though lightning was about to strike, yet the sky was clear except for the stack of lenticular clouds above the mountain's summit. They had not moved an inch, despite the stiff breeze. As I felt the charge building, I was suddenly covered in "chicken skin" (or goosebumps, to mainlanders). My hair and beard were cut quite short at the time, but I could feel that charge of *mana* (power) causing my hair to stand up—and I watched, astonished, as Makua's hair and beard began to stand out as well. It was as though we had put a hand on one of those round metal devices in science museums designed to conduct electricity.

Makua's hair and beard continued to expand around his face and head like a halo, and then the Hawaiian elder finished his prayer by lifting any kapu, any restrictions, to our upcoming talk. With the cessation of his words, the charge slowly diminished until our hair and skin and the air around us returned to their normal state. Makua smoothed back his hair and beard with a practiced gesture and a laugh. "Now we can talk."

We walked back along the rim of the crater, inviting Jill to rejoin us, then moved our vehicles to a small turnaround just beyond the parking lot entrance where a picnic shelter had been put up by the Park Service for tourists. It was a simple structure backed up against a wall of solidified lava, and its wooden uprights were crowned by several sheets of corrugated metal roofing under which stood two standard wooden picnic tables with long benches along both sides. A metal trash can completed the ambiance with a portable *lua* (chemical toilet) to one side, partially concealed by an ‘ohi‘a tree with ferns at its base. A large volcanic stone rested like a seated witness just next to the shelter.

Makua sat down heavily on one of the benches behind a table. Adjusting his hips and back into a relatively comfortable position, he let his breath out slowly as he continued to lean on his stick. His wounds obviously provided him with ongoing discomfort, even after all these years. The kahuna looked us over speculatively as Jill and I seated ourselves across from him. Smiling, he said, “The office is now open. How may I be of service to you?”

## 2

# Makua's Office

My first long encounter with Makua was having a very good beginning. As I observed the Hawaiian elder closely, I could feel his mana, his personal creative power and his life force, building up a field of energy around us. This was easier to feel than it is to describe. I glanced quickly at Jill, and there was no question. She grinned at me. She could feel it too. The anthropologist within me was thrilled beyond belief. By chance, I had found myself in the presence of an authentic kahuna elder, and in the old days, the kahuna were believed to be able to bend the laws of the universe to their will. I felt heady and light with spontaneous upwellings of joy.

The kahuna's office suited him well. I took in the minimalist structure of the park picnic area with its sides open to our wild surroundings and said, "Your office, huh? Great spot! Low rent!" We all laughed, and Makua countered, "And I bring the Ford Foundation folks here too." A most interesting conversation then unfolded in layers as we slowly began to reveal ourselves to each other by sharing what we had all been doing while on walkabout through this particular life cycle.

I asked Makua for more information about his relationship with the Ford Foundation and learned that one of the directors had been brought into connection with him by chance, a meeting that had impressed the Ford guy considerably. This powerful individual now regarded Makua as a sort of personal spiritual adviser; it became a relationship in which Makua was provided with funding that allowed the chief to attend various international conferences and visit with the many Native American nations. As he spoke of his travels that had taken him all over the United States and to Africa, I understood that Makua was now regarded as an esteemed elder and major spokesman for the world's indigenous peoples.

## DISCUSSING THE ANCESTORS

Knowing something about Polynesia and its customs, I first asked Makua about his life and his genealogy, then listened open-mouthed as he mentioned some of his illustrious family members. In Polynesia, one's genealogy determines the nature of one's relationship to the universe, and this means that genealogy is everything. In Makua's case, he was in an active and ongoing relationship with his ancestors in spirit who served as his advisers and attendants. On his mother's side of the family, he was a seventh-generation direct descendant of High Chief (and King) Kamehameha Nui,[2] and on his father's, he was directly descended through seven generations from High Chief Keoua Ku'ahu'ula, the famous cousin of Kamehameha. Makua told me of how the two had originally been raised as boys in the court of High Chief Kalani'opu'u, with whom Captain James Cook, the British explorer and navigator who accidentally stumbled across the Hawaiian Islands in the late 1700s, also had dealings.

The story of Cook, as well as his inglorious end at Ka'awaloa on the edge of Kealakekua Bay, is very well known and needed no replication here. Instead, Makua proceeded to tell me an extended story of how the beloved Keoua, the high chief, had been sacrificed by his cousin Kamehameha in 1791 below the heiau at Pu'ukohola, the Mound of the Whale, near the presentday town of Kawaihae in the district of Kohala. He spoke of how Kamehameha had needed a human sacrifice to sanctify his newly built temple and how he had summoned Keoua to come.

High Chief Keoua had recently suffered some severe military defeats, and to top it off he had lost many of his soldiers in a volcanic eruption, an event that convinced him that Ke Akua, the Gods, had turned against him. He knew that if he defied Kamehameha's invitation, this usurper (for Keoua was the rightful paramount chief of the island of Hawai'i) would send his soldiers to slaughter Keoua and his people in the district of Ka'u. Keoua thus knew his fate was sealed and that there was only one way he could save his people—to sacrifice himself.

Accordingly, he sailed with his supporters for the district of Kohala on the island's northwestern side, knowing that only the highest could be used as a sacrifice to sanctify a heiau and that he had to volunteer for the honor. The night before his arrival, Keoua withdrew from his supporters and attendants, and in a last act of defiance he cut off his own penis, thus making himself an imperfect sacrifice. The following day, he and those who elected to

accompany him into death arrived at the beach below the heiau, and there they were killed by Kamehameha's warriors.

High Chief Keoua's body, and those of his attendants, were taken as human sacrifices into the new heiau, and it was from this temple that Kamehameha then launched his conquest of the Hawaiian Islands to become the first king, *ka mo'i*.

Makua, a direct descendant of both men, was thus a *pili* chief, implying an unseverable relationship, a sacred man of high degree, a living deity according to tradition, an exalted chief *lani ali'i*, the descendant of a brother and a sister who had separated seven generations ago, creating two lineages that had come together once again through his mother and his father.

As we talked together with afternoon light softening and the wind whispering around us, I suddenly perceived something with absolute clarity. If the Hawaiian monarchy had survived the illegal machinations of the American president William McKinley and his political henchmen with the support of the U.S. military, Makua's exalted genealogy might well have projected him into being the current king—the King of Hawai'i.

I was sitting in the presence of an authentic king.

In response to his personal revelations, I told him something of what I knew about my own ancestors, and how my father had informed me about the long line of rulers stretching back across time from all four of my grandparents. "On my father's father's side, our family name was originally Wesselman Van Helmond. My father once recounted to me that his ancestors had been the lords of Castle Helmond located in north Brabant (in what is today the eastern Netherlands) since the late 1700s. Accordingly, I as the eldest son would have held a title in the old days; in confirmation of this, the family crest on the ring that I wear depicts a crown above the customary knight's helmet and shield, with eagles on both sides and above the crown. My full name would thus have been Henry Barnard Wesselman Van Helmond III."

Makua was delighted with this information, so I continued.

"On my father's mother's side of the family lineage, my father claimed that we were descended from William the Conqueror, the Duke of Normandy and King of England a thousand years ago. Through the marriage of William's descendant King Henry II to Eleanor of Aquitaine, we were directly descended from Charlemagne, Eleanor's ancestor, the Holy Roman



Emperor in the eighth century. But from which of Queen Eleanor's ten children the lineage of descent to my father's mother's family continued is unknown to me."

In relating this to Makua, I told him that much of this family lore was unconfirmed by hard research, but he brushed this aside. "Oral tradition was always our way," he proclaimed with fervor. "And your mother's family?"

"On my mother's side, there were a lot of Scots, Germans, French, and Italians," I went on. "In fact, my maternal grandfather's name was French, but his mother was descended from the d'Estes, a wellknown noble Italian family called the Estenzi that prospered from the late tenth to the early nineteenth centuries. They had built the famous Villa d'Este near Rome during the Renaissance, and members of the d'Este family were the Dukes of Bologna and Ravenna." I paused, glancing at the chief. He looked approvingly at me.

"Through my mother's mother," I went on, "we were said to be descended from Clan Stuart, the ruling house of Scotland from 1371 to 1603 and of England and Scotland from 1603 to 1649, and 1660 to 1714."

"The Stuarts," said the chief thoughtfully. "They are descended from the ruling families of Egypt—from the Pharaohs."

I paused. "How do you know this, Makua?"

He glanced down at his walking stick. "From the chants," he replied. "It is all recorded there, in our oral tradition that stretches back across thousands of years—even tens of thousands of years. It is the story of human migrations. I can trace my own genealogies back through all of Polynesia, through southeast Asia, and even through a branch that went into Tibet and beyond.

"The chants extend even further back into the Middle East, and to Persia and Egypt. It's all there in the chants," he said, looking me over speculatively. Then he volunteered, "The Tahitian people, for example, are descended from far-ranging Egyptians who traveled into the oceanic world, into Polynesia where they decided to remain. The academics," he grinned at me, "have cast doubt upon this, but this is their job, I guess—to create separation." He laughed long and hard and then mentioned a young Hawaiian man I had met at the Frank Lloyd Wright house just days before, revealing that his family had come from Tahiti. I thought about him and reflected that his face would not look out of place among the *souks* (markets) of Egypt.

“Do you know all these chants?” I asked him.

“I do,” Makua replied calmly. “When I was a little boy, I was required by my parents to learn them and recite them from memory, over and over. My mother and father were kahuna on both sides. My dad was blind, by the way. At dinnertime, my grandmother would gently tell me to begin, and as long as I continued chanting, I could eat. When I ran out of information,” he laughed, “that was the end of dinner for me. I learned fast.”

Together we laughed for a few moments; then Makua looked at me with renewed interest. “You are descended from a long line of chiefs, like me.” His satisfaction in knowing this was palpable. His dark eyes bore directly into mine, and he laid his warm brown hand on my arm to reinforce the point. From that moment on, our talk became even more interesting.

## INITIATION

“Our rulers today are not what they once were,” I observed offhandedly. “How many among our kings and queens, our presidents and prime ministers, know what it is to be an authentically initiated ruler?”

Makua nodded speculatively and immediately enhanced the thread of our conversation. “That’s the key—authentic initiation. And what does it mean to experience authentic initiation?” he asked to no one in particular. Then he continued, “If our current leadership had experienced authentic initiation, the world today would be quite different. Western people have largely forgotten what that means. Non-Western people too.”

“When I was in my early twenties,” I began hesitantly, “I was very much in search of initiation and so filled with fire and political fervor that I served as a U.S. Peace Corps volunteer in western Nigeria in the middle 1960s, teaching science classes in two different colleges during my time there. This is where I became interested in indigenous spiritual wisdom. I lived with people of the Yoruba tribe for two years, and when I came home, I was different. I had changed dramatically. I was only dimly aware of something that had happened there—I had attracted the attention of some of the African spirits, the *orisha*, but I wouldn’t discover this until years later. Having seen unimaginable poverty and human suffering, I was also fully committed to making the world a better place.”

I paused. I had the chief’s complete attention, and so I continued with my

train of thought.

“I got involved in politics upon my return as a committed liberal. Then Richard Nixon was elected president in 1968, and I was stunned. I could see him quite clearly for who he was, as well as what he wasn’t, and I simply couldn’t believe that this man had been chosen to be the ruler. This was the end of my confidence in the possibility of social change through the political process. It felt as though I lost a part of my soul when that man assumed the presidency.”

I considered the big Hawaiian watching me thoughtfully, then came to a decision. “I have a confession to make, Makua. I have not been able to participate in the whole voting process ever since, a personal preference that has earned me a lot of criticism from my friends and colleagues. Even Jill votes faithfully in each election, yet I just can’t seem to get emotionally involved in the process. It just doesn’t move me.”

“I don’t vote either,” said the chief calmly, looking off toward the distant horizon. I immediately perked up. “Why don’t you vote, Makua?” I needed to hear what he had to say.

“It’s simple. When you vote for politicians, you give them your mana, your personal power. Most politicians are double-tongues, as our Native American cousins have observed.” He grinned. “Politicians will say whatever they wish in order to get us to vote for them. But once we have voted for them, they can do whatever they want. And we can’t do anything about it because they have our mana. We gave it to them when we voted for them.” He paused and then concluded, “In looking at who is in power in the government today, as well as who and what they are, I am not going to give these people my mana.”

The kahuna sat in thought for long moments, then continued, “The political system in the Western world is organized in a way that preserves the tradition of the moneyed interests who are controlling the government. The amount of money needed to win a campaign is now so great that candidates with any possibility of winning are already so much a part of the system that they are not likely to significantly change it. Those who disagree with this perception simply don’t have the experience to know what they’re talking about. I learned this when I was in the military.”

We sat in silence for long moments, listening to the breeze blowing through the trees. Jill had left us to go on a short walk, allowing the two of

us to just be together man to man. As we observed the light fading toward late afternoon, Makua continued.

“I was not a particularly good student when I was in school,” Makua said, changing the subject. “School was boring.” We both laughed. “And we Hawaiians got beaten when we spoke our own language as kids.”

“Are you fluent in Hawaiian?” I asked him.

“I am. It was my first language until I was five years old. There are things I intend to discuss with you—things I can talk with you about in English that I could never talk about in Hawaiian because they are kapu, restricted,” he smiled. “There is always a loss, of course, because the English language is limited. It can never convey the depth or the richness that our Hawaiian words carry.”

He paused again, then smiled and returned to his original thoughtline. “I completed virtually all my coursework for a college degree, and then I just walked away. It just didn’t move me, as you pointed out. There was no value in it for me. It was just an exercise.” He laughed.

Makua hardly seemed uninterested in life and learning. And then he confirmed this by adding, “I did a lot of reading in those days and in the years that followed. Do you know that Plato, the Greek philosopher, was democracy’s fiercest critic?” Makua’s eyebrows shot up with excitement. This was the last thing I expected from a Hawaiian kahuna elder, and yet I was coming to understand the degree to which this man had walked in both worlds, his and ours. I was beginning to perceive his depth.

“Plato listened to the talk-story of all those arrogant Athenian idealists,” he went on with a chuckle, “and he knew that the rest of the Greek clans [he used a Polynesian perspective here] just couldn’t stand them!” He burst out laughing, and I did too, while I scrambled to remember my one college philosophy class. I had read Plato’s *Republic*, but most of what I learned was long gone. Plato was a dense read. Makua sensed this and continued.

“Plato was aware that the average farmer or fisherman, artisan or warrior—in a nutshell the commoners—simply had no idea what qualities and abilities were required of a ruler, and because of this, he knew that to give them the vote was a vast mistake. Folks are not all at the same level in their understanding of themselves and the world and how it works at any one given slice of time. Plato saw that democracy was an illusion, an idealistic one that could never succeed because of this. He knew that only those trained

to be rulers from birth had the knowledge, the initiation, and the skills required to be rulers, and accordingly, only they had the necessary foundation to be able to choose who among them should rule.”

I thought about this decidedly elitist perspective as Makua paused again. He was a chief and so had the chiefly perspective. “The key to success is always authentic initiation, isn’t it?” he went on. “But what exactly does this mean?” He smiled and left the thought hanging for another long moment, then finished it, as though speaking to the invisible others who were with us. “It means knowing with absolute certainty *who* you are, as well as *where* you are.”

Makua changed the subject once again and asked me, “What do you do as an anthropologist?” I realized that I was being evaluated, and I gathered my thoughts to reply.

## **PALEOANTHROPOLOGY**

I was originally trained as an evolutionary and environmental biologist up to my master’s degree level; later, I switched into anthropology when I was accepted for my doctoral work at Berkeley. While there I became friends with an esteemed professor who was running an expedition in Ethiopia, and when he saw my resumé and experienced the depth of my knowledge in seminars, he invited me to go into the field with his expedition to take on a particular project for my doctoral dissertation research.

“And so for the past twenty-five years, I have been doing field research with several international scientific expeditions, exploring the ancient eroded landscapes of eastern Africa’s Great Rift Valley in search of the fossilized bones of the early humans who lived in those places millions of years ago,” I began. “I apply my knowledge of biology to the study of fossils, and I am especially interested in the fossils of the animals among whom our early ancestors lived, especially small vertebrates like mice and rats, insectivores, and bats that tend to be very habitat-specific. I use the fossilized bones of these small creatures to reconstruct the paleoenvironments of the sites at the time they were laid down in the remote past.” I paused. Makua seemed riveted. I wondered if it was my mention of ancestors.

“I began doing this fieldwork when I was a doctoral student at Berkeley in 1971, and across the next five years or so, I got to rub elbows with some real

science notables, including Don Johanson, Lucy's discoverer, and members of the famous Leakey family." Again I paused for a moment. I wasn't sure these names meant anything to the Hawaiian elder, and it sounded like I was namedropping. But I continued to have the chief's complete attention.

"I am still doing this work today. In fact, I am currently working with a group of research scientists headed by Dr. Tim White in the Middle Awash Valley in Ethiopia. I was there, out in the tribal lands of the Afar peoples, just this past year when we found something really interesting.

"We are currently excavating the fossilized bones of a partial skeleton of a single individual—an early form of human whose scientific name is *Ardipithecus ramidus*. This ancestral species is a million and a half years older than Lucy, an early and still quite primitive ancestor. We call it Ardi for short, and it is so primitive that it may in fact prove to be an intermediate species between humans and apes that none other than Charles Darwin himself predicted we would eventually recover in Africa." [3]

Makua looked very thoughtful as he mulled this over. "Ancestors," he concluded with satisfaction. "You are connecting with the ancestors. They are calling you back. How far back have they drawn you?"

"Between four and a half and six million years ago," I replied, expecting him to be impressed.

"Wow!" he laughed explosively, picking up on my expectation and delighting in this unexpected turn of events. "Sounds like you are working at the top of your field."

I just looked at him. "That's why I was completely unprepared for what happened to me here in Hawai'i in the middle 1980s—the experiences published in my book *Spiritwalker*." He watched me with alert interest and waited for me to continue.

## THE VISIONARY

As I thought about what had happened in my visionary experiences recorded in *Spiritwalker*, I wondered if this meeting with Makua was in some way part of the matrix, part of the pattern that was still continuing to unfold. I knew that Makua had read it, but for those readers who have not, it is a nonfictional, autobiographical narrative of an ongoing continuum of spontaneous visionary experiences that took me, a highly trained and

accomplished scientist, completely by surprise. As I have mentioned previously, these events happened while I was living with my family on our small farm in Kona in the late 1980s. I began to have what I call “altered-state experiences” in which my awareness was drawn into connection with the mind of another man. And for the duration of each episode, it was as though I *was* him—as though I was there, and I mean really there.

His name is Nainoa, he is of Hawaiian ancestry, and he lives in a large farming collective somewhere on the western coast of North America. I also know that he lives in a different slice of time. He measures time by generations, and from his perspective he lives in the future roughly two hundred and fifty generations since a period of time he calls “The Fall.” If we agree on twenty years per generation, that translates as roughly five thousand years, and I have come to understand through my connections with him that The Fall is the collapse of Western civilization.

Now this may sound incredibly flaky to those who live and work in the mainstream of the Western world, and especially to those who work in science, but I know as an anthropologist that such experiences are accepted with equanimity in the indigenous world. They are even expected under certain circumstances. The knowledge that this is considered “normal” in some cultures was and is one of the foundation stones that I held on to in order to retain my grip on what we call reality.

In Nainoa’s world, everything we take for granted is totally and inexorably gone—from Starbucks and cars, to freeways and cities. My ongoing visionary connections with him have revealed much about the world we are walking straight into if we continue to do business as usual. This has presented me with a slice of apocalyptic knowledge, but what was totally unexpected is that Nainoa began to have the same kinds of visionary connections in reverse. He began to connect with me in my slice of reality and time.

“From Nainoa’s perspective,” I told Makua, “he was making contact with the mind and soul of one of his ancestors—me.” Makua grinned broadly and nodded. “This threw the entire complex into an entirely new light for both of us. If I was his ancestor, and he my descendant, this could explain part of the causality for the connection between us.”

Makua was watching me closely. I understood that he knew considerably more than I about the nature of such connections, as well as about visionary

experiences. Again, Makua was a kahuna, a title implying mastery, and a label not lightly given, nor lightly carried, by the one who owned it. I knew he was monitoring my thoughts and emotions as they surged this way and that, seeking escape from the quandary of confusion, searching constantly for meaning as well as understanding. The other books I would write in this trilogy, which were published in 1998 and 2001, would record aspects of my search. But on that day, the last day of the year in 1996 with Makua, much was still coming into being, and I sensed rightly that the chief knew this and that he had come to help me out. His words then took me into new territory in terms of how I perceived these experiences.

“The positive polarity of spiritual experience is validation,” he volunteered. There was no hiding from this guy, I thought. I smiled and nodded as he continued.

“We have been drawn together for a reason. We agreed to have this meeting before we were born, before we came into this life. I have been looking for you for a long time. I knew that we would eventually meet. I just didn’t know when—or where.”

“Why, Makua? How did you know this?” The scientist within me needed to hear him say it.

“We agreed to meet up during this life so that we could continue the work we began together so very long ago.” He left the thought hanging, his eyes luminous in their knowing. “We have a responsibility, you and I, and Jill as well.” He glanced over his shoulder, and Jill, who had now returned from her walk, grinned at us. She was listening intensely.

“What is coming into being is all part of the plan that was set into motion by the ancestors long ago. It’s what we all signed up for!” Makua laughed with the pure joy of it, his bushy beard quivering with mirth. “There are things we must discuss, things that will come into being through our knowing of each other,” Makua said, gesturing to Jill, as she too was part of this new relationship.

“None of this has happened by accident. There is a hidden agenda at work here, one of which you and I can only be partially aware, for there are others involved, and they too affect the form of it.” Once again I experienced a sense of wonder as I considered the shape of what seemed to be coming into being.

We looked at each other with approval and with a growing sense of



confidence that all was just as it was meant to be. Makua grinned and laughed again. “Everything appears to be right on track!” It was a statement I would hear him make many times in the years to come.

## THE CONVERGENCE

I was a Westerner. Makua was an indigenous elder. We lived in different worlds, yet those realities were now beginning to converge, and we were being drawn closer together. The friendship between us had taken root, yet I was also aware through my training as an anthropologist how important protocol was to indigenous people. I suspected (rightly) that I would have to find my way into correct alignment with this Hawaiian elder. I also felt reassured that he would wait for me to find my way, and that he already knew that transgressions would occur.

Neither of us knew *for sure* what would eventuate. But there was expectation, and in response, the unknown began to open and beckon to us both.

That first long day together we spoke of many things, freely shared from the heart, carried on our breath, on our Ha, and we were all simultaneously aware that this dialogue possessed a vitality and an energy that was new. He spoke of the voyaging canoe *Makali‘i*, berthed in the harbor at Kawaihae, and how it had become a floating school on which Hawaiians were rediscovering themselves and their heritage. He even surprised me by saying that I would sail on the canoe, if that was my wish, and that a great transoceanic voyage to Rapa Nui, Easter Island, was in the planning stage.

As a writer, I understood that all this was also going to be very difficult to capture with the written word. Yet feelings of warmth, friendship, and trust grew between us. All along the way, the Hawaiian elder exuded power and gentleness, wisdom and humility—all enriched with his heartfelt aloha.

As the late afternoon shadows grew long and the light softened, the time of departure approached. I noted that the lenticular clouds above Mauna Loa were still there. Makua looked at them too, then glanced at me curiously and said, “I am aware that your descendant Nainoa is tapping into your mind to recover lost knowledge of the past. He is, isn’t he?”

I nodded, startled. When the process happened in reverse and I felt the presence of Nainoa in my mind here, large chunks of information would

emerge from my memory banks, and I was aware that this was happening in response to his need to know—about lightbulbs, for example, or my car and how it worked, what the tires were made of, things like that. The older man laughed and then observed offhandedly that there was much that could be shared that would be of value to Nainoa and his people in the distant future.

It was then that it dawned on me: Makua intended to pass sacred knowledge to me that was actually meant for this man, Nainoa, my once and future self. It put me, a mainstream scientist, in a very interesting position. And yet this was in complete alignment with my understanding that shamans (in this case, myself as shamanic practitioner and Makua as the source of information) were always the ones who used their own bodies and minds to create transpersonal bridges—between the inner and outer worlds, and in my case, between myself in the now and my descendant in the then.

# 3

## The Bowl of Light

At twilight, Makua got up, using his walking stick for stability, and lurched over to his truck to reach for something in the bed behind the cab. He returned to the table under the shelter with a large pu‘olo, a ti-leaf bundle that was wrapped and tied in the traditional style. He presented it to Jill and me with a grin and the simple word *makana* —“gift.”

We eyed the large, leafy bundle with anticipation for several long moments, savoring this time in the dying light of the last day of the year. Then we opened it excitedly and found within a beautiful yet simple wooden bowl made in the Hawaiian style and shaped like the lower half of a gourd.

“This is your bowl of light,” intoned the kahuna with a warm smile, “the light that was a gift from your ‘Aumakua, your immortal spiritual soul that divided itself before you were born. Each of us comes into the world from the great beyond with our bowl of light. This light nourishes us and sustains us as we pass through life—but as we grow in experience and wisdom, things happen.

“Sometimes we lie. Sometimes we steal. And sometimes we injure others through our thoughts, our actions, or our words. When we step into the negative polarity, it is as though we put a stone in our bowl, and some of our light goes out. Slowly through time, our bowl of light fills up with stones, and our light dims until it is nearly gone.”

Makua stopped and looked at us with great seriousness. “The great problem in the world today is that the whole show is being run by individuals whose bowls of light are filled with stones. With few exceptions, there is no light shining forth from their bowls, despite what they may think and proclaim, and we can observe the truth by their actions.”

Makua looked away, toward the crater, while we digested this statement. There was no question that the world was troubled, and this was due to the fact that the concentration of the world’s wealth and power at the top ensured

that roughly three billion people lived in stark poverty under abysmal conditions. After several long moments, he continued, “Hopefully, we wake up to what is going on and discover what we are doing.” The elder paused dramatically, his expressive dark eyes luminous. “At that moment, we become aware that our bowl of light is almost filled with stones and that there is almost no light shining forth. And you know what we do then?” Makua paused, and his gaze turned serious. Jill and I hung on every word.

Gently he took the wooden bowl from me and turned it over, shaking it vigorously. “We simply dump it out!” A huge roar of laughter burst forth from all of us, effectively freeing us from our grim thoughts about the state of the world. “We start over then, but from that time forward, things are different. From then on, we begin to live our lives with awareness, braided with the cords of aloha. And it is then, precisely then, that we begin to walk our path as spiritual warriors.”

## **THE THREE KAPUS OF THE SPIRITUAL WARRIOR**

The Hawaiian elder looked us over slowly in the fading light of this long day as the winds subsided into silence. The air around us felt soft, and our mood reflected this, creating a sense of ease between us. I was aware as well that Makua had come to a decision about us.

“As spiritual warriors,” he began, “the path that we walk on is narrow, and it is constrained by three kapus, three sacred directives. Since you have reached that place of knowing, I can offer these kapus to you.

“*Love all that you see—with humility.* In order to love all that we see, this can only come from a place of humility,” continued the kahuna, with a grin. “I worked on that one for seven years.

“*Live all that you feel—with reverence.* When we live what we feel—what the mythologist Joseph Campbell meant when he said ‘follow your bliss’—this leads us inexorably toward reverence, an active sense of respect. This is the foundation stone of indigenous mind.” Makua paused as if to see if we understood.

“*Know all that you possess—with discipline.* And when we know all that we possess—and this includes what possesses us—we find our selfdiscipline. We cannot walk the sacred path without discipline. This is where so many spiritual seekers as well as teachers have stumbled.”

Together we sat in silence as he completed the three kapus. In those moments, surrounded by flowering ‘ohi‘a trees and small ‘ohelo bushes, with bright-green ferns growing directly from the black, stony volcanic substrate in the dying light, I was aware that something quite rare had just occurred. I glanced at Jill and saw tears gathering in her eyes. Makua simply smiled as the quiet deepened and we digested his words. He then ran them by us once more, just to make sure we had it.

“When we come from the place of humility, we connect with the energy of compassion,” he intoned gently. “This allows us to experience the power of aloha—of love.

“When we practice acceptance and live what we feel, we are drawn inexorably toward reverence, an active respect for everyone and everything we encounter in life.

“And through knowing what we possess, we find our discipline. And in order to discover *who* we are as well as *where* we are, selfdiscipline is essential, because without it, we cannot progress.”

His words triggered a memory within me, something I had learned through my descendant Nainoa. What I was remembering had happened in conversation with another individual of Nainoa’s time, with a man named William, who is a shaman, or in his words a spiritwalker.

“To be a medicinemaker,” William the shaman had said, “one must have strongly developed ethics, and one must have heart—a well-developed heart. We may acquire great power in life, but if we have poorly developed ethics and an underdeveloped heart, we cannot be a medicinemaker.”

I felt light-headed, as though I needed to recover from the impact of all that Makua had shared with me on this afternoon, and as I admired the wooden bowl, as well as what it represented, I suddenly realized that I had no gift to give him in return.

On impulse, I reached for the string of bright tribal beads that I was wearing around my neck and offered them to him. I had received them from a Wakamba tribal man named Kaumbulu in Kenya more than twenty years before. He took them graciously and then studied the repetitive pattern revealed by the beads.

“For me,” I began, “the red beads symbolize blood and thus the body, the physical aspect of ourselves. The blue ones represent the mind, and

especially the higher aspects of the intellect, our inner chief.”

“And the white beads,” Makua broke in, “represent the spirit—the higher aspects of our selves, our ‘Aumakua.” He then graciously put them on.

I asked if we might take a photo or two to commemorate our meeting and he agreed, so I immediately hauled out the Nikon and the flash attachment. The first picture I took reveals the chief staring directly at me, wearing my beads, his formal demeanor conveying the approval he felt in our new connection. Jill then took one of the two of us in which Makua looks every inch the dedicated and serious chief. But when I took another shot of him and Jill, she said something that made him burst into laughter and he smiled in that photo.

As the long afternoon came to an end and the kahuna prepared to leave, Makua walked up to me and gently pressed his forehead and nose to my own, briefly looking straight into my soul as we shared the breath. Then he smiled, kissed me lightly on the cheek, and left with the words “love you.”

He then gave the honi to Jill, and as the light faded, he turned and got into his truck. As Makua started the engine and backed up, he leaned out the window and called, “*A hui hou*, until the next time.”

Since that day, the kahuna’s bowl has traveled with me; it holds a candle and thus the light in the center of the circles at my workshops and presentations. Whenever I feel the need, I put my face into the bowl and breathe deeply, replenishing and restoring my supply of light. And periodically, when I have stepped temporarily into the negative polarity, I sit with the bowl in light meditation; then I turn it over and empty it out with focused attention.

## 4

### The Nature of the Self

Shortly after Jill, our children, and I returned to California, I wrote Makua a letter to thank him for his shared wisdom and for the beautiful bowl. A week later, I received a colorful and touching response. It was handwritten on a card whose facing page depicted a well-known black-and-white pencil drawing of Makua done by the artist Kathy Long.

In the image, drawn from a photograph of Makua she had taken during the ceremony at King Kamehameha's heiau at Pu'ukohola in 1991, the chief sits with his walking stick tucked close to his heart, his shoulder draped with a *kihei* (a sarong-like wrap). His eyes are unfocused, as his gaze is directed within himself in deep meditation, and his fingertips and the palms of his hands are lightly touching. Because of the cast of the light, it appears as if he is generating light between his hands, something we would see him do repeatedly at odd moments in the years to come. The artist had given him a quantity of the printed cards. This was apparently one of them.[4] Makua's words, written in his own hand, half in Hawaiian and half in English, were as follows:

January 14, 1997

*Welina ho'i ia oe, 'e Wesselman.*

Greetings return to you Wesselman; in the love and in the light of the kupuna, The Source of Life; rejoicing in the power and the peace of Aloha.

From the jagged lips of 'Uwe Kahuna, the ancestral land of Lononuiakea, land of Pelehonuamea, home of the ancestral wa'a Kaulua, Puaharatau, I greet you thrice—to you, Jill, and your family, Aloha, Aloha, Aloha.

*'I keia la 'e ike ai oe 'i ka pono a Ke'kua, a 'e uku ia ai kou malama ana, a 'e ho'i ai kou mau lilo a pau loa.*

Today you will receive your proper dues from the deities in payment for all the good you have faithfully done them, and you shall be paid in full.

I received a family member from Tahiti a week after we met. We discussed the logistics involved, besides the protocol, in approaching Rapa Nui, *etc.* It was agreed upon Mangareva as the last port of call before sailing to Rapa Nui. I will definitely keep you informed of the dates, time, and place.

*Na wai ho'i ka'ole 'o ke akamai*

*He ala nui i ma'a i ka hele ia*

*'E o'u mau Makua?*

[Who would not be wise

On the trail so long walked upon  
by our ancestors?]

I leave you, Jill, and family in the love and the light of the kupuna, The Source of Life, rejoicing in the Power and the Peace of Ka Po'e 'Ao Hiwa Aloha—the Light carriers of Aloha.

[signed] Hale Makua

Hono 'Ele Makua

This handwritten card remains one of my treasures. I popped it into a frame, and it has sat on my desk ever since. Periodically, I extract the card and reread it, savoring the chief's words written in his own hand as I feel our heart connection become active.

These initial contacts with Makua established the foundation of an enduring friendship. I use the word “enduring” with deliberation, for as I felt my way into correct relationship with this indigenous spiritual elder, Chief Makua had to endure my occasional lapses in protocol. For example, I once used his name in a newsletter that Jill and I sent out to our readership as well as to our workshop participants. In my enthusiasm over our newly established friendship, I had neglected to ask his permission to write about him and to use his name.

At the time I wrote the newsletter, I was unaware that as an authentically initiated kahuna elder, he had no wish to see his name in print or on the Internet, a fact tactfully conveyed to me by a mutual acquaintance who knew us both. Chastened, I wrote Makua a formal note of apology, and our friendship was back on track.



I should also mention that several years later I asked his permission to write about our first meeting in *Visionseeker*, the third book in my Spiritwalker trilogy. His reply then was along the lines of, “Oh ... you can write about me. Just don’t use my name,” and those who have read this book will remember that I honored his request in the chapter called “Hawaiian Encounters,” referring to him obliquely as “the Hawaiian elder” or as “the kahuna.”

In the summer of 2003, I asked him once again for permission to write something about him. I was on the mainland, and he was in Honolulu talking to me using Jill’s cell phone. I had just called Jill, and lo and behold, she and our younger daughter, Anna, were riding in a car with the chief. They were stuck in traffic together. All of us jumped into a four-way conversation, and when I finally spoke directly with Makua, we were all laughing uncontrollably.

At that time, Jill and I were in the process of finishing up the manuscript of our small book called *Spirit Medicine*, an overview of shamanic healing from the Hawaiian perspective, and since we had begun the book with a short chapter focused upon Jill’s relationship with the well-known healing kahuna la’au lapa’au Papa Henry Auwae, I wanted to end the book with a short chapter about Makua, creating spiritual bookends about two different kahuna, so to speak. I explained the nature of the project as he wove in and out of traffic, and once again, I asked him if I could include his name. We were now close friends, and he finally agreed that I could do so. “Okay, okay, you can use my name,” Makua replied with a big laugh.

Since I had him on the phone, I then asked him if I could include the name of his ancestor, Kamehameha’s third wife. He laughed again and looking at Jill, he said “Okay, just make sure you spell it correctly.”

Accordingly, his name and that of his ancestor were included in that book with his blessing, and when we showed him the page proofs just before his passing, he loved the book’s design that included many renderings of Hawaiian petroglyphs as well as quilt patterns—or haole (foreign) quilt patterns, as he called them. He also loved the color of the ink—a dark, earthy red. What we didn’t tell him was that the book was going to be dedicated to him. That was to be a surprise. Kathy Long also gave us permission to use the image she had created of him in that chapter.

Let me reaffirm that I feel that same sense of amused permission mixed

with appreciation for my efforts as I write about my friendship with him now, and I sense his acceptance, as well as his watchful curiosity to see what may come about from this writing.

## **OUR LIFE'S FOUNDATION—THE PERSONAL SOUL CLUSTER**

Our next meeting occurred in a curious location, the small restaurant at the golf club near Volcanoes National Park. Jill and I had returned to the island in March of 1998 to conduct the first of many workshops at the New Millennium Institute in Waimea, and we had gone over to the volcano to visit with the chief before the event began.

Makua was waiting for us when we arrived, and after a warm reunion, we shared a light lunch while watching the golfers plying their craft on the dazzling green fairways bracketed by long dark galleries of 'ohi'a trees, all studded with brilliant red flowers. We shared news about the ins and outs of our lives, keeping it light as we ate with gusto; then we returned to Makua's office near the crater overlook, a short drive from the club.

In the conversations that follow, it appears that Makua and I were alone, yet Jill was also there, witnessing all that occurred and passed between us.

This time I had intentionally brought a gift for him—a bronze image of Pele about a foot tall, which I had created in 1986 during our time on the island, and which I cast later in Berkeley. My depiction of Pele was enhanced with a ferric nitrate brown patina, with the image itself emerging from a base made of polished black stone. As Makua admired the powerful piece, he pointed to the stone base, and our discussion began.

"In considering the structure of one's life," he observed thoughtfully, "it is important to consider the foundation of that life. We must ask ourselves important questions such as 'What is the nature of our foundation? How is our foundation guiding us as well as our relationships and our work in the world?' All this—our foundation, our relationships, our work, our intention—composes the structure of our lives, what it is and what it isn't, as well as what it will become."

Makua again tapped the base of the sculpture for emphasis. "And how is our foundation *responding* to the life we have created, chosen—the life to which we have become accustomed?"

"It's really all about choice, isn't it?" I added. "It is indeed," confirmed the

kahuna. “At each moment, we are faced with choices—whether to remain here or travel there, whether to say this or not, whether to stay with the known or whether it’s time to *huli* —to shift.”

Makua did not define what he meant as “our foundation,” and I realized that I would have to figure this one out for myself, and in fact that was his intention. As I thought about this, I assumed that it varied from person to person and included our beliefs about ourselves as well as those convictions that we hold to be true. In time, Jill and I would work this concept of one’s personal foundation into our workshop curricula, asking our participants to engage in journeys of personal divination to discover more about their foundation.

Makua then continued with his line of thought. “People in the Western world hold the monotheist perspective. They believe that they have one life that begins with birth and ends with death. They have one father god who lives off-planet and works in mysterious ways. And they believe that we have one soul. This Christian belief has insinuated itself into our Hawaiian thought as the belief that we have one spiritual soul—the ‘*uhane*. But in the indigenous kahuna perspective as it existed before Christian overlay, we understood that we actually have many lives spread out across the time-space continuum, that there are many deities that may come into relationship with us, and we have more than one soul. To be precise, we have three.

“We can refer to these levels of the self as distinct souls rather than selves, for they originate from the same Source,” Makua stated, while glancing upward, “but each of these soul aspects exist in very different states of quality.”

Makua watched me as I absorbed this, then he reiterated.

“It could be said,” Makua stated, “that each of us possesses three souls. These are: one, our ‘Aumakua, our higher spiritual soul and the Source of the immortal spark of light that came into us when we received our divine breath, our Ha; two, our ‘uhane, our middle, mental-intellectual soul that expresses our higher mind functions and that develops as we grow and mature in each life; and three, our ‘*unihipili*, the lower soul associated with the physical body as well as its functions.

“All of the three embodied souls (immortal ‘Aumakua seed of light, ‘uhane mental-intellectual soul, and ‘unihipili physical soul) form a unity in life, a personal soul cluster that serves us as our foundation. What we call

our “self” in each life is composed of these three souls.”

### **The Mental Soul**

Makua briefly withdrew into himself, and when he reemerged moments later, it appeared that he was accessing information directly from his spiritual advisers. Although I have written what follows in contemporary English, the chief sometimes lapsed into an almost archaic way of expressing himself. This was something we would witness repeatedly over the time that we knew him. He did so on this occasion.

“As I have just said, many Hawaiians equate the ‘uhane with a singular indwelling soul or spirit that inhabits us during life and that leaves us when we die. In a sense, this is not inaccurate. Some Christians even identify it as the Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit, *‘Uhane hemo lele*, but in reality the ‘uhane is that embodied soul essence that provides us with certain higher mind qualities and abilities during life. For example, the power of choice and creative thought is a function of our ‘uhane, revealing it to be the mental-intellectual aspect of ourselves that comes into being in each lifetime in response to our life as we live it.”

“Sounds like what you call ‘uhane is equated with what Westerners call the ego,” I interjected. “The ego is the higher mind aspect of ourselves that thinks, analyzes, integrates, and assigns meaning to what we encounter during our lives; it is what the psychologist Carl Jung called ‘our conscious mind.’”

“Yes, that’s it,” Makua continued. “We are here on Earth to develop the ‘uhane ego-soul, as it serves us as our decision maker and thus our inner chief—our inner director. As such, it steers us successfully or unsuccessfully through life according to the beliefs and convictions that it holds to be true. And these beliefs and convictions are part of our foundation,” he said with a smile. “If our ‘uhane believes itself to be powerless, we will live our life in the victim role, as a slave. If our mental soul believes itself to be powerful, we will have quite a different life.”

“I have heard many speakers in what I call the transformational community say that we have to get rid of the ego,” I observed. Makua laughed at the very thought of my comment, then shook his shaggy head and responded. “I don’t think so. The reason we are here as embodied beings on

Earth is to develop the ego, as it is this soul aspect, the mental soul, what we call ‘uhane, that is the source of our intentionality and our will forces, as well as our creativity—our creative imagination.

“When we develop a well-balanced and fully awakened ‘uhane, we can carry the qualities and abilities that it enables back with us into our personal spiritual ‘Aumakua field when we make transition at the end of each life cycle. It is through us here, on the physical plane of action, that our immortal ‘Aumakua acquires higher and greater levels of ability, and that includes the ability to function as a creator.”

The weather seemed to be turning as I considered Makua’s words, and clouds were gathering above “the office” near the crater, promising rain. Let me put in here that I would learn from Makua that most Hawaiians use the word ‘*Aumakua* in two different ways. When ‘*aumakua* is spelled with a small “a,” it refers to a totemic guardian spirit complex, often in relationship with a family or clan. These often take the form of a helping spirit or power animal such as the shark or the owl, the Hawaiian hawk, or a *mo‘o* (lizard or water spirit), or even an elemental like stone or fire or water. When ‘*Aumakua* is spelled with a capital “A,” it refers to our immortal ancestral spiritual lineage that Makua often referred to simply as “the ancestors,” as it incorporates all of our former lives and thus all our former selves. As such, the ‘Aumakua is our Higher Self that modern mystics often call the Oversoul, a term coined by the American poet and philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882).

“You see,” Makua continued, “it is through our embodiment here in the material world that we develop our ability to create, a function of our ‘uhane soul, and when our ‘Aumakua receives this gift with the death of our physical body, it acquires all the qualities and abilities that we developed during life. It is in this way that we, as immortals, acquire the ability to become creators.

“As we travel across eternity, our life force weaves itself in and out of countless lives, and with each transition, this creative ability is transferred into our immortal aspect, our ‘Aumakua.”

Makua, after pausing for a few long, thoughtful moments, then offered a profoundly interesting thought: “We actually come into this world as a god. It’s just that we have forgotten who we really are as well as what our objectives for this life really are.” I could tell by Makua’s detached, yet

focused expression that his thoughts were moving along well-known trails and that he was seeking to bring what was so familiar to him in his Hawaiian cultural perspective into a framework understandable to an outsider.

We were talking about the critical information that, when known, digested, and understood, conveys to us the experience of authentic initiation.

“Our ‘Aumakua itself is our spiritual ‘dream body,’ our distinct and separate immortal soul—our Higher Self that lives always in the spirit world. This can serve us as a portal through which we dream and can travel into the worlds of spirit while we are still embodied here. Through its gift of our light that comes into us in each lifetime, it becomes part of each of us here,” Makua said, grinning at the wonder of it.

“The Buddhists maintain that there is no such thing as a self,” I added cheerfully. “They believe that the self is actually an illusion. What do you think about this, Makua?”

“Interesting idea,” he responded with a bellow of laughter. “You see,” Makua’s eyes looked upward as if he was searching for terms, for words, to express his thoughts in English, “this Buddhist idea is merely a theory. I don’t believe that the one called the Buddha ever said this. If he had experienced authentic initiation, and we can assume that he did,” he grinned widely, “he would have known differently.”

With a soft smile, Makua continued, “There is indeed a self, and when we are embodied, there are actually two. There is the immortal self that serves as our personal creator and source that remains always in the spirit world, our ‘Aumakua, and there is the self that we develop in each lifetime, a composite of our three souls—spiritual soul seed, mental soul, and body soul.

“When our physical body dies, our energetic aspect, our *kino aka* that carries the composite of the three embodied souls, detaches. It then exists for a period of time independent of the physical body in a free state, thus maintaining its integration as a personal pattern for as long as it needs. The breath is the connecting link between the energy body and the physical body, and when we release our last breath at life’s end, we release our Ha, and our soul cluster is free.

“Slowly at first and then with increasing speed, our energetic body, along with our personal soul cluster, loses its attachments to this world and returns to its source, to its ‘Aumakua. At that point, the personal self in whom we have invested so much during life is subsumed into our immortal soul-field

—into our real self. So perhaps what people have come to believe regarding Buddha’s statements on the self is not what the Buddha really meant. Perhaps his students simply didn’t understand it.”

I considered Makua’s perspective at some depth, and as one who studied Zen and Taoism for many years, it resonated.

“In my book *Spiritwalker*,” I said, “I have written about deep trances in which I sometimes perceive my immortal self—or maybe it’s more like I’m remembering that part of my self. The experience is like ‘think-feeling’ accompanied by the power of vision.” The chief looked interested, so I went on.

“Think-feeling is a Melanesian way of achieving a certain perspective on life at large. Among the hill tribes in New Guinea, for example, when something challenging or new happens or comes up, the people think about it; then they feel about it; then they think-feel about it.

“Think-feeling is a most useful concept when experienced directly because it enables us to achieve a deepened perspective on just about everything, because it suggests that we pull the mental and the body souls together and into right relationship, creating harmony as well as balance between these two levels of the self.

“This creates unity within what the Greeks called the psyche,” I continued. “In the Classical period, thinkers from Pythagoras on down the line considered the psyche to be the organ of both thought and emotion.” Makua looked interested, but said nothing, so I decided to expand on my thoughts even more.

“If I’ve got this right, the kahuna tradition in Polynesia perceived these two quite separate functions, thought and emotion, to be products of two quite separate souls,” I concluded.

“Foundation stones again,” he responded with enthusiasm. “If it’s time to restructure our life, it’s always the foundation that must change first. Knowing this, we must ask ourselves, ‘What is the nature of our foundation? Do we have foundation stones? What are they? How many are there, and are there any missing?’”

Makua smiled, then added as an afterthought, “Each lifetime starts with the descent of the brilliance of our seed of light into the darkness of form, the gift from our ‘Aumakua to our new embodiment for a new life.

“As we have said, it is with that first breath that the light of our immortal soul seed takes up residence within us, and as it does, it encounters another distinct and separate soul that is already in residence, our ‘*unihipili*, our lower body soul that imbues the physical with life. This is the self aspect that we received from our parents, and it serves as the energetic link to the field of our paternal and maternal ancestors as well.”

### **The Physical Soul**

For any of my readers who feel uncertain or confused here, let me put in that I felt the same and asked Makua to explain. “I thought that the Hawaiian word ‘*unihipili* described the soul of a deceased person, one that exists in the afterlife state, yet is still earthbound.”

“Yes, that is true,” Makua continued. “Yet our Hawaiian words have many meanings that can shift according to the context in which they are used.

“Our body’s soul has very specific functions,” he said. “For instance, the entire operation of the body, as well as its repair and restoration, is under its direct control. It serves us in many other ways as well. It is able to access our memories that are stored in our energetic matrix, and it is also the source of our emotions and feelings.”

“This sounds like the level of self that transformational speakers like Deepak Chopra refer to as the emotional body,” I suggested.

Makua nodded, and I continued, “Perhaps this self aspect is roughly analogous to what Westerners call the subconscious, a term used by the psychologist Carl Jung.”

Makua thought about what I said, his face temporarily blank of expression as he accessed his spiritual advisers. And then he resurfaced with enthusiasm and responded, “The term ‘subconscious’ is somewhat misleading, because the ‘*unihipili* is the aspect of ourselves that perceives—and it perceives everything: the outer world in which we act as well as the inner worlds where we think, feel, and dream. It perceives both the seen and the unseen worlds, and all the time, and so it is really much more conscious than the so-called conscious mind. It is through this bodily soul that all psychic experiences, as well as all visionary experiences, are perceived.”

Makua looked as though his thoughts were drifting off for a moment as he walked down some inner path known only to him. I sensed that he was



accessing his inner sources of ancestral wisdom and waited for him to return. Then, abruptly, he did and turned to me with a gentle yet commanding knowing and said, “The shamanic experiences that you have described in your book, these are achieved through the ‘unihipili. This is where that doorway into the inner levels of reality is located. It’s just there, within ourselves, and despite Western views to the contrary, it has always been there, waiting for us to experience it.

“Sexuality is one of the great gateways to transcendent experience,” he continued, “because the ‘unihipili is very impressed by physical experiences that it likes. In fact, sexuality is probably the fastest way we can reach spirit,” Makua went on. “But we have to be in love for that to happen. When we are in that intense and focused state of aloha, this sexual energy brings us into connection with transcendence. And it is then, precisely then, that we may touch the universe—and it may touch us. Yet the key is always aloha.”

“Tantra,” I nodded. “Perhaps this is why sexuality has been repeatedly demonized by the various organized religions. What chance is there of creating a monopolistic business based upon privileged access to a few holy prophets or books if everyone is making the direct transformative connection with what we call God through having sex?”

We both laughed.

“What are the other ways of achieving transcendence?” I asked with enthusiasm.

“Well, there is what we ‘*eha‘eha* —pain and suffering. You call it trauma, and this can be a great gateway into connection with the inhabitants of the other world as well. Many of the Native American peoples endure great suffering when they engage in their versions of the vision quest. Vision quests are initiations designed to bring people into connection with their ancestors and their guardian spirits, and the physical suffering they endure is much of what powers the experience for them.

“And then there is what we call *ho‘okuano‘o* —or meditation,” Makua added thoughtfully. “Another term for it is *ho‘onalu* —it means to go with the flow. The ancestors don’t let me sleep much beyond 3:00a.m., you know. They get me up and sit me down in meditation almost every day at that time. This is why all the kahuna are up and at ‘em before dawn.”

Together we laughed at this observation. This was one of only three instances when I ever heard the chief obliquely refer to himself as kahuna.

Humility is not mere convention. Authentic shamans as well as authentic kahuna never refer to themselves as such, for to do so would express spiritual arrogance. They know that their power is on loan, so to speak. It is the power of the universe, an unthinkably immense energetic field that is most easily accessed as well as conveyed through the spirits who choose to help the shaman, the mystic, or the kahuna in various ways. To become too full of oneself and proclaim oneself as a shaman or a kahuna or a healer just isn't done, as it is a sure way to lose one's power.

When you encounter someone proclaiming himself or herself as a shaman or as a kahuna, or when you read an ad in a periodical or on the Internet in which someone is seeking to draw attention by referring to himself or herself as a shaman or as a kahuna, that's your first red flag—an indicator that this person is not authentic, because no authentic spiritual practitioner or teacher will ever do this—no exceptions!

“When the seed of light derived from our ‘Aumakua arrives with the first breath of life and takes up residence within us, it's like a probe,” Makua said. “The ‘unihipili soul is already present in the new physical body, having been sourced to us by our mother and father. In the same way that the egg within the mother and the sperm from the father carry a genetic pattern sourced from both parents, those sex cells also carry a psychicenergetic matrix from both mother and father as well. When they come together, they create union of both the physical template and the psychicenergetic template from both parents at the time of conception. This combined matrix is also our connection to our maternal and paternal ancestral lineages.”

Makua watched me and waited; he made it a habit of making space for a comment or observation from me.

“The laws of thermodynamics reveal that energy can neither be created nor destroyed,” I said, accessing my inner scientist. “But it can shift to a new state. This implies that energy is immortal.” The idea that energy is immortal was an idea that felt immensely hopeful to me. “This truth also suggests that we cannot disconnect from our ancestors,” I went on, “because energy is the connection, and energy never dies.”

Makua looked at me approvingly and waited for me to continue.

“And this realization reveals that our energy body actually has three sources—the mother, the father, and our personal Oversoul, the ‘Aumakua.”

“That's it precisely,” he confirmed. “The ancestors are always connected

with us because of this. And this contribution from each of these three sources contains a pattern—you as a scientist would call it a hologram—a composite matrix of everything recorded in those ancestral energetic fields, each of which has its own unique fingerprint. All three souls are carried by the energy body through which they can come together and form something harmonious, on the one hand—or on the other, they can resist each other, in which case there are lessons to be learned.”

Makua chuckled at this last statement as he thought about it. I glanced at him and added, “I sense from your description of it that our ‘unihipili carries as well all the evolutionary software programmed into the body through the physical DNA code.”

Makua nodded, so I continued.

“The resulting pattern must be like an architectural blueprint of the physical body recorded within the body’s soul. It is like a computer program. The ‘unihipili soul aspect is alive, and it must be able to read this pattern, for through doing so, it uses the pattern as a guide in making repairs to the physical body.”

Makua nodded again in affirmation. “This physical soul we call ‘unihipili is that elusive inner physician that all true doctors and healers know about.”

This drew my excitement. “The placebo effect! The Greek philosopher Aristotle was aware of it because he wrote about outer sensations being taken in and worked on by what he called the *sensus communis*, generating inner imagery that could affect both the cure as well as the cause of disease. The Greek physician Hippocrates also knew about this: he stated that the physician’s role is essentially to understand and assist nature. Centuries later, Galen the Roman recorded case studies of what we now call mind-body medicine, or psychoneuroimmunology.”

“Great word,” Makua laughed.

I continued, “The Swiss alchemist and physician Paracelsus was also very much aware of this mind-body relationship during the Renaissance period. His writings record his thoughts on the three levels of self—the spiritual, mental, and physicalemotional—a perception that comes down from the Greek mathematician and philosopher Pythagoras, who called them the three *principias*.

Makua was riveted, so I persisted in my line of thought.

“Paracelsus observed that the real physician is in ourselves. He also said that the mind (mental) is like the master in an invisible workshop and that the body (physical) is the pliable material. From his perspective, it is in this way that the mind can cure diseases or it can cause them. He also is credited with having said that ‘the fear of disease is more dangerous than the disease itself.’”

“This is because,” the chief stepped in, “the ‘unihipili takes everything literally. It does not distinguish between reality and illusion. It perceives both as real. This is also the key to Hollywood’s success,” he chuckled. “When we see Arnold the Terminator up on the big screen...”

“Or Sharon Stone in the throes of sexual passion,” I offered, laughing, “the body soul does not perceive it as an illusion, and the degree to which this self aspect is drawn into the action vicariously is the degree to which the film is successful at the box office.”

The chief looked amused, yet thoughtful. “Yes, Hollywood knows this, and unfortunately, they also know that the big money is to be made by appealing to the dark side of our human character.” Makua chuckled again.

“In many ways, the ‘unihipili, the physical soul, is like a warrior or a servant in that it does what it is told to do by the ‘uhane. Our middle egoic soul is our inner chief or CEO, and the lower body soul is the one who does what is required. It’s about relationship. These two souls have to be in correct relationship, or there is trouble— *pilikia* —and more lessons to be learned,” he concluded with a laugh.

#### **Akua Ku and Aka**

Makua continued with his elucidation of the three souls, turning his attention now to the mystical, toward the metaphysical and energetic pattern that reflected the whole.

“In the inner worlds, the akua, or the force that carries the spiritual essence of these qualities of the physical soul and that can serve as our inner messenger and our defender, is named Ku. My ancestor Kamehameha Nui dedicated his heiau at Pu‘ukohola to the god Ku, and in doing so he achieved dominion over the physical world. Did you know that this temple is actually built on top of another much older heiau that is dedicated to the healing akua Lono?” Makua asked.

I didn't know this and waited for him to continue.

"It's true," he went on. "Kamehameha's sacrifice of his kinsman Keoua represented the onset of a new cycle in which the physical world overwhelmed and dominated the spiritual. Keoua represented the positive spiritual polarity, and Kamehameha the negative earthly polarity. Kamehameha represented government.

"The word *akua* has been translated as god or deity, and it could be thought of that way. But the word *kua* means 'a high place,' and *a* means 'life'—and so the word *akua* actually means a force or perspective or even life itself originating from a high place."

My perspective about the self and reality at large was shifting in response to Makua's kahuna thought, and at some level, this made perfect sense to me. I waited for him to continue.

"The *akua* Ku is often associated with soldiering, with warfare, and yet this transpersonal force is much more than just about war and domination. Ku is also the protector and the defender ... and first and foremost, Ku is the symbol for the foundation of this world, this universe, this life," Makua said. "Ku is the invisible platform of power upon which things can be built or assembled. It means 'arising' or 'standing up' or 'emerging forth.'"

"It sounds like the physicist's concept of dark matter," I mused. "In the worlds of science, many now consider dark matter to be the invisible scaffolding of filaments that connects everything to everything else, extending even across deep space between galaxies and galaxy clusters. More and more thoughtful scientist types are considering the possibility that it is around and on these invisible fibers of dark matter that the baryons collect—the building blocks of ordinary matter made of protons, neutrons, and electrons."

Makua looked deeply engaged in what I was saying. His demeanor was serious, and I was aware that the kahuna was following my every word as my scientific insights confirmed what he already knew to be true. He watched me with a focused intensity that was quite formidable. We were talking about the nature of the Great Mystery of existence, and this topic was not one that could be considered as superficial, or as "entertainment."

Encouraged by his attention, I went on, "It was in the early 1900s that an astronomer at the California Institute of Technology (Cal Tech) named Fritz Zwicky came up with this concept of dark matter. He was studying the

rotational forces of galaxies, and he suddenly realized that about 90 percent of the matter in the universe was missing. It couldn't be detected with instrumentation of any kind, but it had to be there, exerting some kind of dark energy or gravitational force that is holding the universe in its current form.

“Albert Einstein wrestled with this for a good part of his life,” I continued, “and it became known as Einstein’s cosmological constant. But he failed to demonstrate its existence mathematically, and so he eventually abandoned it. In our own time, this perception has reshaped itself into what is known as string theory (or superstring theory) in which the underlying foundation of creation is composed of these extraordinarily small strings of invisible matter.”

The kahuna brightened. “This is a valid perspective! We call this invisible stuff *aka*, and it is this matrix made of what you call dark matter that carries the field of universal energy that is the life force— *mauli ola* —revealing it as the invisible web or tapestry through which everything is connected and through which the life force can flow. Everything—stars and planets, matter and energy, thoughts and emotions, even the spirits themselves—are made of this invisible primordial stuff we call *aka*.

“Although we have a tendency to humanize these forces into some sort of symbolic form that is meaningful to us, we must always be aware of their true nature,” Makua went on. “The *akua*, a word that the Christian missionaries mistranslated and misunderstood as ‘god’ or ‘gods,’ are actually universal forces that possess certain functions. We humans can learn to harness these forces to create effects in our world through our personal creative energy, our *mana*. It is in this manner that the primordial *aka* can be encouraged through our intention to manifest itself in various ways.

“The *aka* substance is everywhere and all the time because everything is formed from it. Since it is also energetic in nature, it is very sensitive to our thoughts and our emotions, and so when we create something in our minds or make a connection with someone or some place, those connections are actually formed by cords of the primordial *aka* substance ... and since this is happening at the physical as well as the energetic levels of existence, this is why the transpersonal force Hawaiians call *Ku* is so important.”

“Many who have written about the Hawaiian spiritual tradition have equated the physical soul, the ‘*unihipili*, with the god *Ku*, even referring to

this soul aspect as our personal Ku,” I offered.

Makua nodded.

“I am also aware,” I continued, “that *Huna* is not the correct term for the Hawaiian spiritual tradition. I was drawn into connection with a Hawaiian elder named Nelita Anderson several years ago, and it was she who gently corrected me when I used that word in conversation with her.

“She told me that *Huna* is a term that was chosen by an outsider,” I said. She had been referring to Max Freedom Long, a schoolteacher who had lived in the islands early in the twentieth century and who compared notes with Dr. William Tufts Brigham, a curator at the Bishop Museum in Honolulu who was interested in kahuna wisdom. “I recall that she said, ‘We never had a word for our spiritual tradition, but if a term were to be used, it would be better to use the word *ho‘omana*.’”

#### Mana and Makia and Aka

Makua nodded. We were moving into territory that he knew well. I watched his expression go blank as he briefly checked in with his spirit attendants, then he reemerged and came to a decision. I had made an observation (I had posited a question) that opened up the field to new levels of revelation.

“There is something that is important to understand,” Makua began. “The word *mana* is not some impersonal supernatural force that is spread out across the universe. That is the *mauli ola*, the life force that stems from the Infinite Source that we know as Teave. Mana is a personal *creative* force that is manifested within the individual and that can flow out into the world. And the more mana people possess, the more they can accomplish—and create. When we prefix the word mana with *ho‘o*, it turns it into a verb that means ‘to empower’— *ho‘omana*,” Makua explained.

I was aware of what has been called “the power of intention,” and I was also aware of the limitations of this New Age belief system. Makua and I were progressing beyond it, and I waited for his indigenous insights with anticipation.

“In order to accomplish this creative act,” he began, “using our creative energy—our mana—another element is required: our focused attention, our *makia*. This involves our consciousness focusing upon the unformed aka

essence of everything that we see as well as that we don't see. A disciplined and directed focus of consciousness sourced from our mental soul, our 'uhane, can create great results through our focused attention utilizing our personal mana. This is the way in which all magic happens.

"True magic is the act in which the ones practicing it can step into the spirit worlds, the worlds of things hidden, where they may enhance their personal mana with the unlimited power that resides there, and then they may use their enhanced mana to manifest effects into this world here through makia and through the conscious manipulation of aka. This word *mana* reveals that spirituality is not a noun. Spiritual awareness is not a thing we can describe or nail down with definitions useful in the physical Western world, for by its own nature, it's subjective. Spirituality is a verb," he proclaimed with conviction, "a process that we must experience directly in order to know it."

Makua raised his eyebrows as though he were about to convey a great secret. "And when we do, everything changes, because it is then that we become truly empowered. Our makia—our focused conscious awareness—is the vehicle through which everything can happen. The indigenous peoples are all aware of this. This is not a belief system for us. It is a form of knowing based in direct experience."

I thought about this and realized that he was right. True knowing always came through direct experience, even in science.

"The indigenous peoples are aware of the deep connection that exists between knowledge and power. They all perceive it in their own way, of course, yet they know that as we grow in life, we gain in knowledge; and as we do, we acquire mana because we receive the power that comes with the knowing."

Makua's eyes twinkled at me, and he said, laughing, "But you already know this. You are *mea 'imi na'au'ao* —the scholar."

I thought in those moments about the possibility that I actually had three souls, and my mind reeled as it responded to Makua's shared wisdom. This was something that I sensed at a deep level had a pivotal connection with who I perceived myself as being—in other words, with my foundation. And I could sense myself shifting dramatically in response to his words—his words of power.



## THE SCHOLAR

The clouds gathering over us in the office had coalesced beyond redemption, and a light rain had begun to fall, so Makua invited Jill and me to join him down at his house in Kapoho on the easternmost point of the island. The rain picked up in intensity as we followed his truck down the mountain, yet as we approached the cluster of homes where he lived, the sun shone forth once again. We parked our car in the yard and followed him up the flight of stairs to his second-story abode. We were close to the ocean, and the house was designed to allow heavy seas to pass below it if need be: an entire open level below the house itself, which was supported on cement block columns.

As we settled into chairs on the lanai, our discussion resumed. While we talked, I noted that Makua's attention was directed with intensity to the horizon behind us. I glanced behind me several times but saw only the distant swath of the blue ocean beyond the trees.

Suddenly, Makua's eyes brightened and he pointed out toward the water. Jill and I turned and there, over the ocean, a rainbow had taken form, a rainbow composed almost entirely of the red end of the spectrum. "The red rainbow of Kane," Makua muttered. Then he turned to us with a smile. "This is the confirmation I have been waiting for." He took in both Jill and me with an expansive gesture. "The red rainbow tells me that I am sitting in the company of chiefs."

Makua beamed at us with approval, and I knew that from his Polynesian perspective, the ancestors and the akua Kane himself (the masculine aspect of the creative principle) had just sent him a message about us, confirming something he already knew. Yet confirmation was about affirmation—and this translated as validation. "We can talk now at deeper levels," he said with great satisfaction.

"We observed that you are a scholar as we left the office," he said, picking up the thread where we'd left off. "The negative polarity for the scholar is theory."

Makua watched my expression as I thought about it; then he laughed. "To say that theory is in the negative polarity does not mean that theory is bad; in this sense, the negative polarity is sort of like in electricity. The negative polarity is where we work it all out. This is where we learn our lessons. It's

the lower earthly plane of experience as opposed to the higher spiritual.”

I thought about what Makua had just revealed; then on impulse, I contributed a contemporary cliché: “Life is like photography—we develop from the negative.”

“That’s it!” Makua exclaimed with joy. “The positive polarity for the scholar is knowledge. This reveals that true knowledge cannot be acquired through theory. It can only be acquired through direct experiential knowing. But understood and experienced correctly, theory (in the negative polarity) can lead you in the right direction.”

“Or the wrong direction,” I said, with nods from both of us. I thought about the contentious acrimony that often developed between scientists espousing different theoretical frameworks in trying to explain the same empirical evidence. My chosen field of human evolution was a case in point. The majority of my academic colleagues, great and small, seemed to excel at playing elaborate little games with language and thought designed to trap lesser colleagues into concession.

“The scholar is the only completely neutral life role,” Makua put in, breaking into my ruminations. “All the others carry a spin. To be effective in the life role of the scholar, one must remain always neutral so as not to skew the results.” Makua watched me to see if I was digesting this. “The scholar is about assimilation,” he said.

After a long, reflective pause, I said, “You know, there’s a lot of evidence now that the intentions of a scientific investigator can affect the result of the study or experiment, whatever it may be. This simply cannot be avoided. This has also been shown to be a causative factor in studies done on intercessory prayer and longdistance healing.”

The kahuna took a few moments of silence, then built on to what I had said. “The scholar is at the fourth level— *papa ha*. The healer is at the sixth— *papa ‘eono*, and here the intentions of the healer must be fully focused in the positive polarity to achieve a successful outcome for the one suffering. That’s why level six has a spin.

“Level six is also the level of the priest or priestess—kahuna nui. Among the indigenous peoples, the shaman is both the priest as well as the healer. For this life role, the positive polarity of the priest-healer is compassion. It is also the level of the prophet, the one who can see in both directions across time.” He looked at me meaningfully. Makua had read my book about my

experiences with time travel, and he knew of my visionary ability to see into the future. On the other hand, he also knew about my anthropological research into the ancestral past of the Paleolithic period—the Stone Age.

“And the negative?” I said, then waited as his eyes began to crinkle into what seemed to be a laugh.

“Zeal,” he said. “Despite what many well-intentioned but badly misinformed religious extremists may proclaim, the negative polarity for the priest, as well as the healer, is zeal.”

## **THE WARRIOR**

“What would you consider to be your life role, Makua,” I asked. We were both glancing out at the distant ocean in the afternoon light. I assumed he would call himself a priest, or a kahuna-mystic. But he didn’t.

“My primary role?” Makua watched me with interest, waiting for me to answer my own question based on what I already knew about him. I thought about his tenure with the Marines.

“You’re a warrior,” I offered.

“I am,” he replied with great satisfaction. “I am Na Koa.”

Makua didn’t talk often about his military career, but when he did, it was obvious that he had loved that life. It was also clear that as one of those legendary drill instructors in the U.S. Marines, he had turned his initiates into great warriors like himself. And when he talked about those men, it was obvious that he had loved them dearly. I waited for him to continue.

“For the warrior, the positive polarity is persuasion,” he offered. “This is the job of our politicians, our corporate businesspeople, and their allies, our attorneys, because they’re all warriors.

“The negative polarity of the warrior is coercion, and when we play games there, this involves the military as well as our intelligence communities. Again, it is clear how the negative polarity is the place where we learn our lessons. It’s the school of hard knocks where we continually end up until the lesson is learned.

“And do you know what the great lesson is—the one that we learn in the school of hard knocks?” Makua asked, smiling. “We can never achieve a good outcome in the negative polarity. This is why the ultimate solutions are

always found in the sphere of the positive, combining intelligent intention plus action—our focused conscious awareness—our *makia*—empowered by our creative force—our *mana*—which together mold the unformed essence—aka—to manifest whatever it is that we want.”

As Makua and I continued to toss this information back and forth, he brought us back to the center, grounding us in what was important to understand.

“This brings us back to the force we call Ku, the outer aspect expressed as a deity of our inner ‘*unihipili*. As the warrior, Ku is the one who does what it’s told to do. It obeys orders from headquarters. The warrior is the one who shows up in order to do what needs to be done,” Makua laughed. I watched him cautiously as I thought about his long military career. Makua knew about this one.

“Now if we look within ourselves,” he said “the ‘*uhane* soul is the chief, the boss, the source of our intentionality, and the ‘*unihipili* soul is the servant, the enabler, the doer.”

I chimed in by observing once again that the mental ‘*uhane* soul is sometimes equated with *akua* Lono in the outer tradition because Lono is at a higher level of energetic vibration than Ku. This led to a significant shift in the direction of our conversation.

## AKUA LONO

“Lono was originally a real man who lived in the mythic past,”

Makua began. “He came to Hawai‘i from the southern ocean. His place of origin was among the red-haired people in the Austral Islands, where he was known as Rono, or sometimes Ro‘o. In his younger years, he was a warrior and was known all over the Pacific as a bad-assed dude,” he laughed. “His nickname was ‘*Ai Tanata*, or in Hawaiian, ‘*Ai Kanaka*. ‘*Ai* means food, and *kanaka* means man. Lono killed his enemies and ate them.”

I was immediately riveted. Although I was widely read, I had never encountered this information before.

“When Lono matured, he was graced with the religious experience, and in response, he became a spiritual warrior as well as an accomplished healer. He was also Pele’s uncle, by the way. Lonomakua was the one who taught

Pele how to keep fire. Like her, the time came in his life when he decided to sail north with his family and his warriors, and this is how he came to the Hawaiian Islands. The Big Island became Lono's island. In fact the true name, the kapu name, for the island of Hawai'i is *Loonuiakea*—great Lono of the vastness.

"He lived here for much of his life, and since he was a wanderer like you, *paku'iku'i*." Makua extended his warm smile to me (equating me with a fish, the Achilles tang, called in Hawai'i the wanderer). "It is recorded in the chants that he traveled all the way to Mexico in his double-hulled *wa'a*, landing and heading inland where he passed through Teotihuacan, which we Polynesians also know as the city of Enoch." He paused. "It may be that Lono was the godlike being the Aztecs called Quetzalcoatl and that the Mayas called Kukulcan. He made an impression.

"It is said in the chants that Lono, as an outsider, was rejected by the priesthoods of the local Mesoamerican religions, and in response, he traveled eastward to the Gulf of Mexico where he and his warriors built another canoe and sailed off once again. They sailed around the entire Gulf coast to the Atlantic Ocean, then they penetrated ever northward until Lono reached the coast of Maine."

Makua's eyes twinkled at me as he observed offhandedly, "We Polynesians have always been a maritime people. This is our nature, and when Lono reached Maine, the Indians who lived there at the time thought he was a Viking, so they gave him a white stone."

"They thought he was a European? Why?" I asked.

"Because Lono had light skin and reddish hair." The chief watched me absorb the implications of this. "And what, you might ask, was a white man, a *haole*, doing in Polynesia so long ago? That's a good question, and the answers lie in the chants.

"When the Polynesian ancestors of those who call themselves Maori arrived in New Zealand around eight hundred years ago, they found a polyglot race of people already in residence. These were the Waitaha, and it is said that they were derived from every race, from every quadrant of the world. There were pale-skinned blond and red-haired people, olive-skinned Asiatic and Indonesian peoples, dark-skinned people like those from Africa and Melanesia, and brown-skinned people like us." Makua glanced down at his muscular brown arms and rubbed them vigorously with a chuckle. "I

have the blood of every race in my veins,” he said with great satisfaction and bellowing with laughter, “making me a real rainbow person.

“The Waitaha were apparently pacifist peoples who had no weapons or defensive fortifications to their villages,” he went on. “When the warrior clans of the Polynesians arrived there, the Waitaha simply allowed themselves to be slaughtered. And why do you think they did this?” he asked me.

Dumbfounded, I simply shrugged.

“Because their contract was up. Their time here was done. They had come to the end of their evolution on this physical plane, and they were ready to depart.”

“Depart for where?” I asked.

Makua shrugged as if this were of lesser importance. “They were done here, and they were ready to go somewhere else. There are many life worlds, you know.”

Makua paused for a moment as I digested this. I thought about the immensity of the universe, in which there must be countless numbers of life worlds. As a scientist I knew that all it really took was for a planet of the right size to be at the right distance from its star at the right time so that water could be liquid on its surface, and life would simply result.

“It also may be that they were ready to ascend to the next level,” Makua said.

I felt he was watching my inner scientist struggling with all this. I stepped back to gain perspective and my voice of reason said to me: *It’s a belief system. It’s mythology. Oral tradition is notoriously unreliable when it comes to dates and places and actual events. Just let it go.*

“It’s true,” Makua agreed with a smile.

I grimaced good-naturedly. I had forgotten his clairvoyance.

“Lono was a descendant of one of the earlier waves of migration that came into the oceanic world so long ago,” Makua added. “Did you know there were people here in Hawai‘i twelve thousand years ago?”

“Is that true,” I responded, “or oral hearsay? Today’s archeologists generally agree that the earliest occupation sites in the Hawaiian Islands only go back to AD 200 or thereabouts.”

“The reason that they cannot go back further is because the islands are constantly sinking. The place where Captain Cook was killed two hundred years ago at Ka‘awaloa at Kealahou Bay is now below ten feet of water. Then there is the issue of sea level rise. You yourself have written about how the ocean rose after the big meltdown of the last ice age. When I was trained in underwater demolition, I saw the topo maps of these islands. There are beach ridges at 800 feet below the current sea level, and there’s another set of beaches at 1,400 feet down. That’s where the sea level was in those past times, and that’s where the evidence for human occupation twelve thousand years ago will be.”

This was an interesting thing for Makua to say because there are very early archeological sites in South America, like Monte Verde in Chile, where there are human occupational levels dated at more than 13,500 years ago, and even earlier ones in Brazil. I was also aware that the earliest human remains in South America—including a skull from Brazil, dated at 11,700 years ago and nicknamed Luiza—resemble those of South Pacific islanders or “Austronesians,” revealing that those people were not related to today’s Native American Indians. The same holds true for very early human skulls from Mexico’s Baja peninsula, the last remains of the Pericú people—they resemble the early skeletal remains unearthed in Brazil and are dated to between 8,000 and 11,000 years ago.

All of this suggested that there must have been an early major route across the Pacific in oceangoing canoes, revealing that the story of human migrations into the New World was and is a complex story. As I talked with Makua about this, he nodded with enthusiasm, confirming once again that this was all recorded in the chants. Then he picked up the story where he had left off.

“Toward the end of his life, Lono sailed back to the southern ocean, and upon his death, he was raised into the spiritual pantheon like the Greek physician Asclepius. Lono became the akua associated with healing. And so Lono is associated with healing herbs as well as with growing things, and he became the archetypal force associated with agriculture. He is also the weatherman. Lono as La‘ao‘oma‘o, a feminine aspect, is the keeper of the winds. He is also the bringer of rain.”

I asked what had happened to Lono’s white stone. Makua replied, “He brought it back to Hawai‘i.”

I still wanted more. “Is it here today?” I queried.

“It is.”

“Is there someone who is the keeper of Lono’s stone?” I continued. I wasn’t trying to pin him down. I was simply curious.

“There is,” he replied with a smile, “but I’m not at liberty to say who it is.”

“Are there descendants of Lono living here today?”

“There are,” he smiled again. “I am one of them. Lono was my ancestor.”

Makua watched me intently; he knew that once my scholar’s interest was engaged, I would not likely give up the chase.

“Because you are a scholar, you belong to Kanaloa, the ancient progenitor and sustainer of life in the outer tradition. In the inner tradition, of which the Christians were and are completely unaware, Kanaloa is about assimilation and is the symbol for balance, for harmony, and thus for enlightenment. The energy connected to Kanaloa is the energy of aloha. Kanaloa and the one called the Buddha are one and the same.

“In the outer tradition, the power that is associated with the akua named Ku is quite different. It is the same energy, of course, but it exists in a very different state of quality. As you know, Ku is the deity so familiar as a Hawaiian symbol—a tiki with streamers flowing down from his head on both sides all the way to the Earth. He’s the guy on the chocolate-covered macadamia nut boxes.” Makua laughed.

“Because Ku is the god associated with warfare and soldiering, this force is also associated with business and sorcery. Interesting, isn’t it, that the god of business—the corporate world—is also the god of sorcery and war?”

We laughed at the thought. It made perfect sense to me. The infrastructure of the world corporate state came into being during the Renaissance through the guilds, and once they achieved power, they allied themselves with the lawyers, and they have been running the show ever since. Although transformational-type people today tend to favor cooperative endeavors that benefit the many, the corporate world is about competition and dominion—about warrior stuff in the negative polarity primarily.

“We have said that in the positive polarity, Ku is also the foundation upon which things can be built or established,” Makua continued.

“When the original creation happened, the primeval darkness of the Po



separated, enabling the world of light, ‘Ao, to emerge. This happened from the head of Ku. So Ku conveys the power that Kane the creator uses in the act of creation.

“This is true in the inner tradition as well. The creative source of the high self, the ‘Aumakua, is in direct connection to the ‘unihipili because this lower self aspect is what grounds spirit into matter. Since the energetic body, the kino aka, is the aspect of ourselves through which we are in connection to everything, both the outer as well as the inner worlds, this is where the connection to our ‘Aumakua is located as well.

“Your image of an inner computer is not inaccurate; as our inner hard drive, the ‘unihipili can learn, it can be programmed, yet it is not creative. By contrast, it is the mental soul, the ‘uhane, that is able to create. When the ‘uhane decides to achieve something, it creates a thoughtform, a goal, then passes it to the ‘unihipili, which fuels it with an emotional charge—desire!” We laughed. “Then it passes this thoughtform with the attached emotional complex to the ‘Aumakua, which assists in the manifestation of the needed outcome through makia—focused concentration.” He paused. “It’s really quite wonderful when you see the whole scope of it—the big picture!”

## **‘AUMAKUA—THE IMMORTAL SOUL**

Makua and I continued our discussion of the self, with particular emphasis now on the Higher Self or Oversoul.

“When we break down the Hawaiian word ‘*Aumakua*,” Makua continued, “a secret is revealed. *A* means life, *U* means growth, and *M* is the form. *AU* as a word means time or an idea, or a current in the ocean, even a current of energy.” Makua watched me closely to see if I was with him. And indeed I was.

“*MA* is the idea that it is flowing somewhere,” he went on, “and that you are directing it with your focused awareness. *KU* is a deity, of which *K* is the link ... and you need to find that link. *KU* also expresses the idea of stability, a platform on which something may be built. And finally we come to *A*, or life. The word ‘*Aumakua* thus begins and ends with life, revealing the inherent truth of the reincarnational cycle.”

Makua paused, then concluded his thoughts, “‘*Aumakua* is thus a vibration, and each part of the word has meaning. *Makua* means parent, and

‘*a u* means time, so your personal ‘Aumakua, your Higher Self, is your parent, your ancestor in time. This includes all your ancestors who were your past selves and who are archived within the energetic field of your Higher Self. Of course, it is through the so-called subconscious aspect, through our body soul, that we are in constant connection to our ‘Aumakua, our Oversoul source self, our higher mind of light that communicates directly with us during life through the medium of intuition and inspiration—through insight and through dreams and visions.”

“Ah,” I responded, “this is why philosophers and mystics across time have always referred to dreams as the royal road to wisdom.”

“Precisely. And these dreams and visions come to us from our ‘Aumakua through our ‘unhipili—the body soul. It is our ‘uhane, our intellect, that continually judges what it receives and that creates doubt and separation. Yet it is our ‘Aumakua who dreams.”

# 5

## The Dreamer

In my work as an anthropologist, I have heard a singular statement regularly repeated in various forms among the indigenous peoples I lived with across the years—the proclamation that we are all actually dreaming twenty-four hours a day, that the dream world is the real world, and that this physical world we all take so much for granted is a manifestation of the dream, not vice versa.

This perception is always accompanied by a conviction, strongly held, that every thing and every being dreams—humans, animals, plants, rocks, rivers, mountains, the planet, our sun, and even the universe in all its incredible diversity. This implies that everything here, including ourselves, was sourced into existence by the dreamworld—that we and the world that we take so much for granted are actually dreaming ourselves into existence, all the time.

Buddhists might claim that this world as well as the dreamworld are simply illusions, that they are not real. Many years after meeting Makua, I had a conversation about this with a fellow shamanic practitioner and teacher, and I asked her this question: “When we are dreaming when we are asleep, or when we are awake and working as shamanic practitioners in the dreamworld (the same dimensional level as the spirit world), who is dreaming?”

Needless to say, a long discussion followed.

A colleague of hers, an accomplished Buddhist meditation master, had a quick answer: the illusory ego is dreaming, and the ego dreams that it’s real—and the world we perceive on an ongoing basis is actually an illusion, as is the “I” who thinks it’s real. In other words, there is no “I,” and by association, there is no self, nor any real world.

I ran head-on into this classic Eastern worldview more than twenty years ago when I was still involved with Zen practice. In my first autobiographical book, *Spiritwalker*, there are several chapters that describe a visionary event

that happened during a Zen Buddhist *sesshin* —a long-distance meditation that went on for several days at Wood Valley Temple on Hawai‘i Island and was led by a famous Zen master named Robert Aitken Roshi.

I have enormous respect for this man, for his teachings, and for his writings, and I have great respect as well for Buddhist thought. Yet, on one of those mornings at dawn, while seated on my cushion in the *zendo*, I had a deep visionary connection across the space-time matrix with the man called Nainoa, who is most likely my descendant self.

When I asked Aitken Roshi during *dokusan* (one-on-one interview) about the nature of deep visions, his cheerful response reflected the same position taken by my friend—that visions are not real, that they are illusions (called *makyo* in Japanese) and from the Buddhist perspective, they are thus self-determined and cannot reveal anything about the self.

Bolstered by my many years of visionary experiences, I realized at that moment that I profoundly disagreed with this position and that I could not expect insight about the nature of visions from the Buddhist sector.

Now, to return to my original question: Who is dreaming? Makua and I had discussed the Hawaiian kahuna view that each of us possesses not one, but several functionally distinct souls—a spiritual soul (Oversoul/Higher Self) that serves as the source of a soul seed that resides within us, a mental soul (ego) that we grow anew in each life, and a physical/body soul (subconscious) sourced to us through our parents.

From the kahuna perspective, the mental soul does not dream. Rather, it can receive what is perceived in dreams, and it can think about them, analyze them, and categorize them and then create thoughtforms of things or goals that it wants to have or achieve in response to them. It receives information about our dreams through the body soul—the self aspect that we call the subconscious (after Jung) or the id (after Freud), but this body soul does not dream either.

Makua revealed to me that the body soul is where the doorway into the inner worlds of spirit is located. This is the portal that is positioned within us, within our heart, to be specific. This is why the heart is regarded by mystics the world over as the visionary gateway, and seen from this perspective, this gateway is much like the modem built into your computer.

The portal itself is none other than that spark of light that we received from our immortal self—the Oversoul—when we drew our first breath. That

seed of light that resides within our heart serves as a conduit that links us to our immortal spiritual Oversoul—and this is the self aspect that resides always in the level of the dreaming.

I am intentionally using the word “dreaming” rather than “dream.” “Dream” is a noun and refers to a specific and usually idiosyncratic (distinctively individual) dream that we may have, but “dreaming” is a verb, implying a continuous flow of ongoing process. This is a good way to describe the spirit world, which in fact it is.

Again, the heart is the portal within the body soul that gives us access to our Oversoul field—our spirit self that resides within the dreaming. So the question returns for our consideration: Who is dreaming?

As Makua so wisely pointed out to me, it is none other than our Higher Self, our Oversoul, our ‘Aumakua, who serves as our personal creator at the beginning of life and the repository to which our soul complex returns at the end of each reincarnational cycle. It is our Oversoul who dreams, and who is dreaming right now, even as I write these words where I am, and you read them wherever you are.

I was quite struck by this information on the three souls, as it provides us with a considerable upgrade in our understanding of our self, as well as the nature of reality. As Makua often observed, the keys to the kingdom are ours to claim when we understand who we are and where we are, as well as how we are put together.

And so, with profound apologies to the various Eastern meditation masters who deny the existence of the self, let alone the existence of an immortal Oversoul aspect, this world was dreamed into existence. But who dreamed it? We did. That is, our Oversouls dreamed it, and this includes all the Oversoul fields of every living thing that makes up nature.

And where did humanity originate? According to the Gnostics, it was the great wisdom goddess, the one they called the Sophia, who initially dreamed humanity (the *anthropos*) into being.

And our solar system? From the mystical perspective, this is and was and will always be sourced by the dreaming of the solar being that we call the Sun. And since our star’s dream also includes the dreaming of everything in its system, ultimately our dreams are the Sun’s dreams.

In the mythic perspective, this world (co-created by our Sun and the dream

of the Sophia) is ephemeral because the law of evolution on the physical plane is, and will always be, that everything changes. The fabric of the spirit world, on the other hand, is eternal. And once something has come into being both here and there, it is woven into the tapestry of the dreaming forever—and forever is a long time.

The kahuna mystics knew from direct experience that the dreamworld/spirit world and the dreaming are most definitely not illusions, despite what Buddhists and Western psychologists may proclaim. Nor is our Oversoul an illusion. They are real.

I would learn from my conversations with Makua that our personal Oversoul is also the wise being who may provide us with instant downloads about what we need to know at any given point in time. It may do this through dreams, visions, slips of the tongue, and ideas that pop into our heads in response to need. It is the source of the faculty we call intuition, insight, or inspiration.

This time-tested insight reveals that our Oversoul is our primary spirit teacher, yet it never tells us what to do or where to go. That is the ego's job—our mental soul that thinks and makes decisions, our inner director. The body's soul—the subconscious—is the servant who does what it's told according to the directives it receives from that inner director—the mental self aspect.

But the Oversoul, our immortal spirit, is the dreamer who dreams, and the one through whom we perceive the dreamtime or spirit world. And there is no question that we, as sentient, self-aware beings, are world-class dreamers, and this conveys to each of us an awesome responsibility.

In considering the state of our world today, the time has come for us all to dream well.

## **MODERN SPIRITUAL SEEKERS**

Makua was curious about the people who came to the workshop gatherings that Jill and I had created. He had come to several of our circles at the Frank Lloyd Wright house in Waimea by now, as well as to a couple of bookstore presentations I had done in Hilo, where as a member of the audience, he had looked them over. I sensed that he already knew much about them and that he was interested in my perspective as an anthropologist.

“It has been my experience,” I began, sitting on his lanai once again, “that most of the seekers in the transformational community tend to develop their spiritual focus in isolation rather than in organized church groups or religious sects. These people are authentic pilgrims who are deeply immersed in personal spiritual studies that are often triggered by paranormal experiences that society at large has taught them to conceal. An oft-cited Gallup poll revealed almost two decades ago that as many as 43 percent of the general population in the United States has had such experiences.” The chief nodded knowingly as he took a pull on a tall glass of iced tea.

“Modern mystics tend to be individualists,” I went on, “people with very full lives who like to gather in local meetings or spend their vacation time attending conferences and workshops in which they can acquire direct experience of practically useful subjects such as qigong or Reiki, psychic healing or shamanism, meditation or yoga, to name only a few. They then tend to disperse back into the wider society where they utilize what they have learned to benefit themselves, their networks of family and friends, and their communities at large.

“Beyond these general contours, it is easier to describe what they are not, rather than to accurately define what they are, and I suspect that this is much in keeping with the nature of transitional, evolutionary events.”

I could tell I had Makua’s complete attention. To be fully in his focus area could be somewhat unnerving until you got used to it, but knowing who and what he was, I soldiered on.

“For example, most of these individualist seekers are not religious ascetics, shutting themselves away in monasteries and ashrams, although some do. They are not involved in practicing austerities and enduring endless periods of deep meditation, although some are drawn to this. They are not religious extremists, invoking fundamentalist belief systems in search of their own exclusive connection with the godhead.”

I paused to see if he was following me. The chief smiled. He was waiting for me to continue.

“These people are definitely not spiritual wackos interested in embracing recently uncovered secret doctrines, hidden away for millennia and proclaimed as divine revelation by some smooth-talking New Age charismatic.” I paused again as he laughed appreciatively. “I do occasionally cross trails with such individuals at conferences. I have come to perceive

them as New Age missionaries with PowerPoint presentations.”

The chief’s face was expressionless. I would learn from him that computer technology and PowerPoint were completely outside of his experience, and thus, from his perspective, meaningless.

“Modern mystics are not involved in cults,” I continued, “nor are they the least bit interested in turning their power over to some holy so-and-so who claims to have the corner on the market of spiritual truth. The time of the guru is over.”

Makua smiled and gave me the thumbs up.

“It has also been my experience that contemporary spiritual seekers are interested in spiritual liberation, not repressive or rigid dogma, and they tend to be deeply distrustful of any organized religious hierarchy. Because of this, steadily increasing numbers are leaving our mainstream religions in droves. In their search for authenticity, they are quietly, yet definitively, claiming a level of spiritual freedom that has not been experienced in the West for almost two thousand years.

“I suspect further that these ‘transformationals,’ if I can call them that, are evenly distributed throughout the general population, in every community, and at every level of society. In short, this quietly and steadily escalating social phenomenon has all the appearances of a spiritual revolution.”

Makua nodded in agreement. He grinned as he thought about what I had just shared. Encouraged, I continued.

“In my opinion, these individuals are the seed people who may well determine the shape and orientation of spiritual practice in the Western world for much of the next two thousand years.”[5] Makua looked thoughtful, then said, “Good idea!” with a laugh. Our conversation came to an end at this point, to be continued later in the week.



## 6

# Makua's Teachings

Later that week, Chief Makua, looking his best, arrived at our workshop gathering that had come together in Waimea at the Frank Lloyd Wright house. He arrived at noon, his full head of graying hair pulled into a thick braid that hung halfway down his back, and his long, bushy, white beard framing his dark, attentive face above his cheerful aloha shirt. And of course, he carried his wooden walking stick, carved with the faces of his deities and his linear stack of immediate ancestors, which completed his command as a kahuna elder.

Although I did not know it in advance, he was thinking about how to discuss the whole arena of “the ancestors.” It was one of his ongoing preoccupations, and so what occurred within this workshop group was right on track from his perspective—and then perhaps he had already “psyched out” the group. There is no way of knowing this now.

When the circle of thirty or so participants took form after lunch in the living room of the Frank Lloyd Wright house, Makua sat between Jill and me, and our hostess presented him with a fragrant plumeria lei. I welcomed Makua with a brief introduction in which I described how we had all been brought into connection.

Makua then opened the session with a long prayer spoken entirely in Hawaiian. In the silence that followed, he sat back, touching the tips of his fingers of both hands together in order to connect with his spirits and his ancestors. Then he looked at each person in turn around the circle before he began to speak. Makua then free-associated for the next four hours, sharing his wisdom from the Polynesian kahuna perspective straight from his heart. The information was riveting, and the participants were entranced. Not one person got up, not even to use the bathroom, fearing that they would miss something. When the afternoon approached its end, Makua invited participants to ask him questions, which he answered with humor and

metaphor that were no less compelling than his teachings.

Some of the wisdom that Makua shared on that afternoon with this group involved his ongoing connection with his ancestors, as this was his foundation as a spiritual elder. During this gathering, I decided to ask him about the nature of the ancestral wisdom of which he was the honored custodian. His words that follow are pretty much as he delivered them, and as such are somewhat cryptic, but they carry the essence of his thought as it came through. If the meanings of his words are vague or obscure, I believe it was his intention that clarity could be achieved by each one of us through contemplation of these mysteries through our meditations.

He did not define his term “the ancestral mysteries.” This is for us to determine as well. My words of clarification to his narrative below are included in brackets.

## **THE ANCESTRAL MYSTERIES**

In Makua’s words:

“The mysteries were originally received directly from the ancestors, whose influence played an important role in the establishment of the human kingdom on Mother Earth. This created an ever-expanding evolution of consciousness for our human cultures and for our ways of life [in Polynesia]. This was an art form that was not duplicated anywhere else in the world.

“It appears that the ancestral intelligence [an energetic field with projected intention] long ago planned for our continual unfolding of consciousness, a path that originated in the humble beginnings of self-identity and one that may lead us ultimately into a cosmic identification with our former relations [our ancestors].

“This [ancestral] impulse accomplished a [predetermined] plan [for the evolution of our consciousness] by imparting certain knowledge of higher import into our spiritual hierarchy in the form of a graded series of recognitions and revelations to be validated [by direct spiritual experience].

“These mysteries are also levels of initiation that are, on the whole, unknown to the public domain [today], although this [general ignorance] has not always been the case. The mysteries themselves were visibly present among the Polynesians in the past, but the depravity into which the Polynesians descended when the Christian missionaries arrived made it

necessary for the spiritual hierarchy to retain these initiatory teachings, and so they held them back from a world that was unready for their ancestral impact.

“Some mystery schools have assumed ownership of these mysteries. Whether or not these schools have represented anything at all of the true teachings is of course a question.

“But the dim reflections and tattered shreds of these mysteries are [once again] coming out to be shared. The *tupuna* [elders] have proclaimed that the spiritual hierarchy plans a restoration of these mysteries. First, however, there are conditions to be met. The restoration must coincide with the realization and externalization of the true spiritual hierarchy within humanity. This can happen only if the human kingdom leads the way by creating the appropriate conditions. These conditions must include the just treatment of all nations, groups, and individuals, with economic benefit to be shared with all. It must also include the correct management of the physical environment of Mother Earth and her resources.”

Allow me to put in that the humanist perspective that Makua was espousing here was in complete alignment with the meaning of aloha, which on a higher plane embodies a reciprocal reaching out from what some have called a selfless nature, exemplifying a high ideal in human relationships, a connection through the heart in the spirit of love and peace. In Makua’s teachings, everything in the universe responds to kindness and love. Needless to say, these ideals also lie right at the heart of the transformational community, and so everyone in the workshop gathering was completely with him.

“Now, the restoration of these mysteries and the rehabilitation of the peoples of Mother Earth are indissolubly linked,” Makua continued. “The New World Religion—which is coming into being—[the practice] of humility and reverence, manifesting as the mysteries, will unify all faiths as humanity shifts away from wars between religions to create unity between them.

“For this unification to occur, humans must awaken to their divine heritage. As we experience the first initiation, the resulting initial shift in our consciousness will make possible the return of the spiritual hierarchy to outer manifestation enabling the restoration of the mysteries.

“As the forces of the new, purified humanity impact the forces of the

previous order, the clash of values and vibrations will bring about a mighty uproar, much in the same way as when individuals begin to progress spiritually and their personality and their soul cluster experiences conflict.

“This conflict is well documented in the process of spiritual awakening across many mystical traditions as our expanding awareness reveals to us who we really are as well as who we are not.

“The integration of the ancestral grand plan among ever-growing numbers of initiates is the first step toward the restoration of the mysteries that will, in turn, bring us into affiliation with the spiritual hierarchy. Those who wish to approach this hierarchy must measure up to specific standards indicative of a humanity [that is] capable of bearing the restoration of the mysteries.

“The human kingdom must demonstrate a sufficient advance in the form of candidates who, as a group, are in process of building the bridge between the spiritual triad (the soul cluster) and their individual personalities, and these individuals must demonstrate the quality of synthesis: the expression of concentrated focus, makia, to merge with and facilitate the demonstrated movement forward.

“The group nature of this communal accomplishment is essential. It is a group initiation, one that is made possible by the appearance of increasing numbers of fellow initiates into this group realization, one that in turn will facilitate the reestablishment of the mysteries upon Mother Earth.

“This group initiation will be founded upon a uniformity, and the resulting united group will be consecrated toward the service of humanity and based upon loyalty, cooperation, and interdependence.”

The group seemed mesmerized as all accepted everything Makua was revealing with complete agreement.

“These values will reveal a shared spiritual commitment and solidarity uncommon in our otherwise fragmented human family. It will be evident that only this greatly accelerated spiritual progress within both the human family, as well as within initiates, can establish the conditions that will permit the restoration of the mysteries.

“These mysteries have been securely preserved by each cultural tradition of each land, and each will now be closely associated to their restoration. This cultural revitalization movement will form the home for these ancient mysteries as well as provide each culture with their seat of initiation.”

As Makua and I had discussed before (and would discuss again) the key to everything is authentic initiation. But what does this mean? It begins, according to the chief, with knowing who you are as well as where you are.

“These mysteries hold within their symbolism the ritual of deity—that is, the way of salvation pictorially preserved. The methods of deity are demonstrated in the temples [or heiaus], in-and outdoors. One of the monthly festivals will be dedicated to the task of making contact with the hierarchy.

“This festival will take place at the full moon of August, a month classically associated with the star ‘A‘A [Sirius], for ‘A‘A rises conjunct with the sun during that part of the year. In the future, the time of the year characterized by the heliacal rising of ‘A‘A shall again merit special attention. When this occurs, the work of ‘A‘A and its touch shall be brought full circle, for that which originally instituted the mysteries shall again be looked toward in their practice as a point of surpassing inspiration. Thus, in some way, an origin which beckons [to] us all shall be recognized in that comparable point of divinity called ‘A‘A, Burning Bright.”

At this point, I asked Makua a series of questions designed to bring the discussion down to earth at a more accessible level. His association with the star Sirius was a personal one as well as a Polynesian perspective, and I wasn't sure it was computing for these Westerners.

“To continue this dialogue on this subject of ancestral mysteries,” he continued with a smile, “we must anchor again the concept that all is energy. It is the ancestral thought that all history is but the record of man's reaction to the cyclic inflow of spiritual energy transmitted by the various gods, archetypes, spirits, et cetera.

“Hovering within the aura of Mother Earth are certain great spiritual forces and entities awaiting the opportunity to participate actively in the work of world redemption, readjustment [or justice], and reconstruction. To be precise, there are three gods who are expected to appear soon.

“First, one god will appear at the end of the sea and land trails, which are to be reopened by the trail keepers of the twentieth century. This deity will manifest as a teacher of love, wisdom, and unity, sounding a keynote of regeneration through aloha pouring forth on all, working primarily on the astral [spiritual] plane. The result of this astral-type impact is to be looked for in the formation of groups worldwide who will work for the furtherance of unity, cooperation, and brotherhood in every department of life.

“The second god is one of a lesser order, due in the beginning of the twenty-first century. Its task will be the revelation and rectification of man’s relationship with the animal kingdom, to be observed in many societies in the promoting of the protection and well-being of all animals, both wild and domestic.

“The third akua [deity] is a seventh-ray god, who will appear in the twenty-first century when the seventh ray has achieved complete manifestation. Through this god will flow the forces of law, order, and rhythm. This seventh-ray akua is expected to be instrumental in the reinstitution of the mysteries on Mother Earth. This akua is connected to the Hale Kea, the Longhouse, the Halau, the White Lodge, the Meeting Hall of ‘A‘A.”

There was more, much more, and at the end of this long afternoon talk, Makua observed the group closely. He had been sharing this knowledge freely with our workshop gathering. They were totally silent, absorbed in all that he had said. Suddenly, Makua threw back his head and laughed. He realized that they were “full,” so he ended his talk and said, “Allow this discourse to conclude for the present moment on the mysteries of the ancestors. I leave you in the love and in the light of the ancestors, The Source of Life, rejoicing in the power and the peace, braided with the cords that reveal the tapestry. Aloha.”

A silence returned for a few moments; then people began to stir. I sat and watched the workshop participants, thinking to myself that Makua’s words had revealed the essence of his wisdom as he had shared it. These individuals were Western spiritual seekers, and they had just received a pulse of indigenous wisdom that, once digested and understood, would change their way of understanding just about everything. It also appeared as if Makua had cast a spell on all of us while he talked, one from which we were now slowly emerging.

Makua’s words had also conveyed that he saw both Jill and me, as well as the participants in our gatherings, as “initiates” into the new mysteries that are coming into being in our time, and in his perception, the ancestors had brought us together at this critical interval as part of a greater plan. Accordingly, he responded to all of us with everything that he had to offer.

His words, recorded here, deserve meditative reflection, for much of what he perceived as a visionary is now manifesting in our time, the beginning of

the twenty-first century, just as he predicted. His thoughts about the archetypal forces, hovering just offstage of the human drama but willing to constellate within and through us to achieve certain objectives, were in complete alignment with what many nontribal Westerners are now experiencing.

I learned in time that Makua believed these gatherings were allied with the program that he understood as the “Ancestral Grand Plan,” as well as with those transpersonal forces that he called the ancestors, and this brought the three of us—Makua, Jill, and me—into a new and ever-deepening level of relationship with one another.

## The Spiritual Warrior Society

On the final afternoon of the gathering at the Frank Lloyd Wright house, the chief returned with a dozen Hawaiians to conduct a sacred ‘awa ceremony for the group. These Na Koa, or more correctly Na ‘Ao Koa, are the Big Island branch of the Hawaiian spiritual warrior society of which Makua was the council elder. *Na ‘Ao Koa* means “The Warriors of Light.”

The Na Koa came into being in 1991 to assist in the building of a more harmonious, positive, and promising future for the Hawaiians of Polynesian ancestry. The current Na Koa are the *hiapo*, or firstborn of the next seven generations who were called to the reunification ceremony at Pu‘ukohola Heiau to defend the flame of light as well as the love of the ancestors. The society was (and is) composed of individuals who have heard and answered the whisper of their ancestors and who have dedicated themselves to the next seven generations for the perpetuation of native Hawaiian culture.

According to Makua, “The Na Koa are like a woven body of people, braided with the cords of aloha.” Unlike the Western initiation myth in which the hero’s quest usually includes the overcoming of some enemy (such as nature), the initiation of Na ‘Ao Koa involves understanding the relationship between the self and the universe, with a special attunement to the Earth. In seeking this harmonious resonance, Na ‘Ao Koa become record keepers and the custodians of spiritual power.

The previous year, on November 6, 1997, these spiritual warriors had performed a sacred ‘awa ceremony on the twenty-first floor of the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco at the State of the World Forum. Makua was the kahuna nui and the Hono ‘Ele Makua, the council elder of this society, as well as the spiritual leader, adviser, and high priest, fulfilling the dying words of his ancestor Kamehameha Nui: “*E na ‘i wale no ‘oukou, I ku‘u pono ‘aole i pau.* Strive to pursue my unfinished good deeds.”



## THE ‘AWA CEREMONY

When the various representatives of the Na Koa converged on the Frank Lloyd Wright house that evening of the gathering's closing, the men arrived clad in the formerly ubiquitous *malo*, the loincloth, and the elders wore a *kihei*, which swung over the shoulder and draped down to cover their hips.

Woven *lauhala* mats were spread outside on the grassy lawn that fronted the house, and participants were encouraged to sit on them in the late afternoon light while the warriors created a mosaic of large wooden bowls on the mats in the center. In the largest bowl, one of the men commenced to make the ‘awa: he squeezed a prepared ‘awa root in a cheesecloth by hand, straining the water repeatedly until the brew resembled a weak solution of coffee with milk.

I noted the presence of several members of the Na Koa whom I had met before. The women sat to one side in support of the ceremony, eyes downcast, clad in an ‘a‘ahu (sarong-like wrap). The entire ritual was steeped in tradition, and the presence of the ancestors was palpable. In fact, the purpose of the ceremony was to reconnect with the ancestors.

As each participant was presented with their cup of ‘awa, the eldest first and working on down, they were encouraged to chant their ancestors while holding their cup, saying what they could about them as a way of honoring the ones who had given life to them. At the end of each testimonial, each person drank their cup of ‘awa, in the process becoming a holy woman or holy man for the rest of their lives. Then one of the warriors shouted “*pa‘i kalima*,” and we all clapped our hands three times as the cup was returned to the server who refilled it for the next recipient.

I sat on the mat in the center, with Jill on one side and Makua on the other. As the kumu (teacher), I was given the second-to-last cup, and as the kahuna elder who had called for the ceremony, Makua was given the last. We thus chanted our ancestors together for the first time, Makua choosing to honor his ancestral lineage to Kamehameha as we were just “up the hill” from the king’s heiau.

A wonderful dinner followed in which the Hawaiians stayed and joined the participants in celebration. In response, many new friendships came into being, some of which would be reaffirmed over and over again as many of our participants returned to sharpen their abilities with the work of

reconnecting with the ancestors. I was inspired by the force of it all—how everyone seemed to be moving ever deeper into relationship with themselves as well as with the transpersonal forces in service to them.

Once again Makua, Jill, and I were served plates of food by the Hawaiians present. It was through such small gestures that I continued to learn about correct protocol, and about respect. As elders, we were being acknowledged and supported by the younger generation, affirming who we (and they) were as well as what was coming into being between us. It was a wonderful event that lasted well into the night.

## **RECTIFICATION**

As I mentioned in the Introduction and in a previous chapter, I learned that I needed to be careful about the use of Makua's name without his permission or knowledge in my writing, an issue that came into my awareness when I used his name in my newsletter without his permission. I actually learned of his displeasure about this incident during the days that followed this gathering when the Na Koa visited. My letter of apology, with my aloha attached, was sent out to Makua when I returned to California. Here are some excerpts from the chief's reply to me, a testament once again to his great heart as well as to his ability to clarify and elucidate the process that was coming into being between us. I've inserted some commentary so that readers will be able to follow along with some of the Hawaiian terminology.

August 9, 1998

Aloha kakou. Received your letter today and hope all is well with you ... As for myself, I am doing all I can within our means, spiritually, to reconnect the isolated units called "The Polynesian Triangle." I am well.

Now: Looking in retrospect to our Retreat, and [our] meeting at my home in Kapoho, observing the Po Makole [the red rainbow] in the afternoon hours, [this] signified a weekend filled with the ancestors. Many healings take place at this time of perception, and the spirit family that is held within the rainbow knows our needs and tries to help us fulfill the families' commitments.

This is a time for family and a reawakening for those in the body and the understanding of “by rectification you shall find the hidden stone, the universal solvent, also known as the healing stone that [may] divide into two forms, male and female.” The healing stone is to fertilize and bring to manifested life the golden egg of the Nene, the sole property of Hi‘iakaikapoliopole.

The Nene is the Hawaiian goose, and Hi‘iakaikapoliopole is the volcano goddess’s sister—whose name means “Hi‘iaka in the bosom of Pele.” Where Jill sat at the crater of Kilauea is the home of the Nene.

We express who we are for the world to take notice of the message, not the messenger. The essence is not to be understood except by [direct] experience.

To those who are experiencing and feeling an active respect, honor, and reverence for our oldest mother, Papahānaumoku [the Earth goddess—“Papa who gives birth to the islands”]; to those reversing government and corporate polluters; and to those deeply committed to achieving [the] transformative experience, the art of living without fear, expanding inward toward the truth ... the important word in the injunction is “rectification.”

[This] implies the right leading of the new living substance, *mauri ora* [the Tahitian term for the life force], on the path of the true will, a directed will, grounding a determination to make it work, fighting narrow-minded practicality and wanting everybody, not just royalty, to attain their dignity.

Understand that those who are truly enlightened rarely advertise the fact and that history is a journey every one of us is making. It is not there for the convenience of the historian. The choices made for this life have been predicated on what has gone by before. Therefore, it is easier to know where you are going if you know where you have been. And [it] is easier to concentrate on the path you have chosen for this life if you know the paths you have walked before.

The lessons of this life are more easily identified and learned when the lessons of the past are recognized, rectified, and perceived as valid. Na Koa and myself are able to mix well with all other essence, but often [we] would prefer not to unless they choose to, [and] in this case, we tend to be intensely

gregarious.

This had proven to be the case at the last ‘awa ceremony when participants and Hawaiians alike had partied well into the night, enthusiastically enjoying each other’s company. At this point in his letter, Makua made direct reference to my descendent Nainoa, to his understanding that much of what was coming into being—as well as the sharing of the deep knowledge between us—was for Nainoa’s benefit and would be passed to him living in the future through me here, today, as his ancestor living in the present. Needless to say, this placed me, a practicing scientist, in an interesting position.

This was what was offered to Nainoa and supported by us Hawaiians with the ‘awa ceremony last October, 1997 [in San Francisco at the State of the World Forum]. Who would know more about our story than the Hawaiians? We hold spiritual beliefs and values that differ from those of the general public. Our social tolerance, our personal individualism as elders and Na Koa are highly valued. And as the host of this ‘*aina* [the land] in Hawai‘i, I asked for the ‘awa ceremony, and the Na Koa came in support of Nainoa’s education. It was for his eyes.

It was here that Makua began to refer to my transgression—my using of his name without permission on the Internet as well as in a newsletter.

I understand your motivation and enthusiasm toward myself and Na Koa, that it was done in the best of interest and intention, and your service was highly appreciated.

Makua then made an interesting observation about the Internet.

As for the Internet weaving, of course you must realize that a spiritually oriented group of persons where apono [approval, acceptance, correctness, rightness, harmony] is the cardinal rule will attract many lonely maladjusted persons searching for the reaffirmation of their humanness. Such persons will not be helped to grow spiritually [as long as] they simply dabble for a while. This is our past experience. What is apparent is that these spiritual interlopers are not going forward in growth at all, and are in fact acting as deadweight and making the path more difficult for others to climb. We must trust that those who are to kokua [assist] will come.

We, elders and Na Koa, have kept track of our ancestral mauri ora within our unbroken lineage through time. We are of the mound of the whale, the dispenser of time ... and our stories are being shared with those who forgot their own story. To all of us, elders and Na Koa, this is sacred ground, kapu. There cannot be new stories without rectifying the old where the link was broken, because all of life is continuous.

I felt Nainoa will have benefited from following the rhythm and trail of his ancestor [me]. Who would not be wise on the trail so long traveled by the ancestors? [Yet] the ancestral thought has always been that this spiritual knowledge is not for everyone. It is only for those who can hear and see, those who are ready.

There was another Po Makole lunar red rainbow last night. The Ancestral Grand Plan [is] returning to the equation of zero equals two. This is the great crystallization of energy that takes place far down the tree of life, at the apex of the third descending triangle.

This energy is called *ikaika* [strong], ruled by Mahina the moon. Now of all the important doctrines concerning equilibrium, this is the easiest to understand—that change [evolution] is stability and that stability is guaranteed by change. And ... if anything should stop changing [evolving], it would all go to pieces. Everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

Ask and you shall receive ... if it can be given.

Blessings to Nainoa, I leave you and Jill, with the Wesselman family, in the light and love of the ancestors, The Source of Life, rejoicing in the power and the peace, braided with the cords of patience, revealing the tapestry of aloha.

[signed] Hale Makua  
Hono 'Ele Makua

## THE CLASS OF TRANSFORMATION

In the fall of 1998, another weeklong gathering took form in the Frank Lloyd Wright house, and by the time it came to a close, Makua sensed that he

had been drawn into an entirely new level of connection with the wider public. The folks attending were well-educated and well-informed spiritual seekers, committed to finding, clarifying, and walking their path, and in response to what he perceived in them, as well as the quality of the conversations he had with them, the chief was delighted at being drawn into their company.

These folks were learning about traditional protocol as well—partly because Jill and I conveyed the shape of this to them before his visit. For example, we told our participants that it was disrespectful to write in our notebooks while the kahuna was speaking. In Makua’s perspective, if you were writing, you were not listening, and the first lesson was to learn how to listen. This was not easy for Westerners programmed to take extensive notes on just about everything.

We prepared the ground, so to speak, so they knew what kind of questions to ask as well as how. Jill and I were creating the field in which dialogue could take place at an elevated level. It was not so much that we or the participants needed to put Makua on a pedestal, although some were inclined to go in this direction. We tried to create what was more like a graduate seminar, a meeting of colleagues with similar levels of spiritual practice and orientation in the presence of a master. And although there was deference to him as the elder, these meetings were really about relationship, so by the time Makua joined us, our participants knew how to offer their respect, and in the correct way. This level of “correctness” is called *pono* or *apono* by the Hawaiians.

In response to that perceived level of pono, the next Tuesday afternoon session of talk-story went on until late in the afternoon. Afterward, Makua went home, and in response to his excitement at what he had experienced with the gathering, he composed a letter to the group—a letter that he addressed to the Class of Transformation. Everyone received a copy. And although his thoughts were offered specifically to this group, they have meaning for us all.

October 18–23, 1998

Greetings [in] return to all of you, Class of Transformation, in the love and the light of the ancestors, The Source of Life.

Kaonohi‘ulaokalani [the red rainbow of heaven] with Hokuloa [Venus, when seen as the morning star] means that our old wounds of the past in regard to deep, intimate relationships, where we share resources, are especially up for healing now.

How we focus our power within those relationships is the special focus. Do we try to control and dominate, or are we willing to share power through the power of ALOHA, the positive polarity of acceptance?

And ... do we let the new creations, anticipated for the future seven generations, emerge in their own freedom and wholeness—emerging from the murky waters of manaiakalani—unconsciousness?

Kaonohi‘ulaokalani and Hokuloa move fast compared to Makali‘i [the Pleiades] from November 12–15. Here we have an enormous opportunity for healing in regard to values.

What is really important to us is how far are we willing to go to support these values? Manaiakalani is complex and has four symbols. What is important to us? Revenge, transformation, perspective, or total regeneration?

With these words I take my leave, and leave with all of you the love and the light of the ancestors, The Source of Life, rejoicing in the power and the peace, braided with the cords of patience, Aloha.

[signed] Hale Makua

Hono ‘Ele Makua

As usual, Makua had given us all things to think about without overexplaining or defining his terms—his preferred way of sharing his thoughts. And those thoughts were always right on the mark with regard to the overall energy of the group.

## **AN APOLOGY TO THE HAWAIIANS**

It was at that ‘awa ceremony at the culmination of this particular gathering that something of considerable note took place. One of the participants was an older woman named Diane, and when she received her cup of ‘awa, she literally stopped the show.

In her chanting of her ancestors, she revealed herself to be a direct descendant of President William McKinley, the same man who with his corporate henchmen and the collusion of the U.S. military deposed the Hawaiian queen Lili'uokalani and literally stole the Hawaiian Islands from their rightful owners, illegally annexing the islands as a territory of the United States.

I was sitting beside Makua on the mat facing the Na Koa as Diane spoke of the politician McKinley's illegal actions and of his role in Queen Lili'uokalani's arrest and her fall from power. In response, the Hawaiians became absolutely still, and I felt Makua stiffen slightly. Even the Hawaiian man who was stirring the big bowl of 'awa became immobile when he heard her voice this truth.

In a halting voice that quavered with feeling, Diane acknowledged McKinley's heinous crimes against the Hawaiian people, and as his descendant she offered her heartfelt apology to them for his transgressions. When she concluded her speech, her voice cracked with her heightened emotion, and tears ran freely down her face.

For a moment, it was as though time had stopped. Even the light breeze halted entirely. Diane had everyone's attention, and the air crackled with energy. My own eyes welled with tears as I felt the emotional power of her revelation. Then the moment passed, and suddenly the world became ordinary once again. In response, the Hawaiian commenced to stir the 'awa and filled the next cup.

When Jill and I returned to California, we received a letter from the chief regarding this important event:

November 15, 1998

Greetings in return to you both, Jill and Hank, and family, in the love and the light of the ancestors, The Source of Life.

Greetings from KuKi'i, Keeper of the Dawn, and from Kumukahi, the healing stone and essence of Kaloa, I humbly greet you twice.

Greetings from the healing and birthing waters of Wai Kahala Lea, with reverence, I greet you thrice.



From myself, aloha kakou. Mahalo nui loa for allowing me to sit in with your mau haumana [class] and experiencing the healing session. Again, mahalo nui loa.

Jill and I had invited Makua to attend the healing ritual we had facilitated on behalf of two of the group's members one night during the gathering.

I received a letter last week from Diane explaining her ancestral situation, the words of William McKinley, and making amends at the 'awa ceremony. She asked in her letter if I had felt this small wave of contrition? And had I known all along? My answers to her questions were yes and no. And this is my response to her thought on "the galaxy being a stage and we are the players." I quote the following [from my letter in return to her]:

*Yes, the physical universe is an enormous stage, and all of the physical things within it are sets and actors. Now, shift your focus for a moment to the possibility of karma, or the systems of karma, which may in fact be looked upon as the director of the play of life. Souls experiencing all of life on the physical plane never have to seek spiritual growth.*

**NOT!**

*They can, and most do, go through the whole cycle of their life in the state of waking sleep. The moment they elect to commit their self to the path, they remove themselves from the list of the available actors equity or guild. Were it not for karma, souls would not experience much at all. They certainly would not experience all of life. That which we call essence, that which has access to higher expression, operates always in real space. The 'Aumakua soul is eternal, and these acts are temporal.*

*The KUPUNA [ancestors] remind us that between lives, the soul is capable of total review. The WHALE is the record keeper, [and] you, as you are now, are a script that you yourself have written for your earthbound soul to play. It is perpetual. Paying karmic debts is not disinterested. It is usually very difficult for both the owed and the owing to burn the karmic link. Karmic debts depart from the script and introduce the element of intrigue that makes the drama worth playing out on the stage of life.*

*Belief is not required. Acceptance is not required. If what the KUPUNA provide aids validation, then evolution occurs on all levels, including theirs. That does not mean that you, we, as students or actors, must validate. If the validation takes place, then the growth is shared by all. But that is the case in all growth. Validation and contact are the means to evolution in all planes of existence, for those are the tools of ALOHA.*

*Just as children go through many stages [of life], until the person is an adult, so the essence goes through many stages of evolution that permit growth and experience to bring about the evolution of the person back to the reuniting of the self-identity and then [with] the spiritual family. In terms of the physical plane, this fragmentation and reunity are what the Kupuna mean by infinity [the reincarnational cycle]. The greatest gift the past can give to any of us is the present; today is a gift, [and] that is why they call it the present. Thank you again, from Na Koa and myself, for your mana‘o [wisdom].*

With the permission of the Kupuna, I take my leave and I will see you in the near future, December or January. I leave you and family in the love and the light of the ancestors, The Source of Life; rejoicing in the power and the peace, braided with the cords of aloha.

[signed] Hale Makua

Hono ‘Ele Makua

Diane sent us a letter as well, dated the same day, and included a copy of the chief’s letter to her. Here is an excerpt from her narrative addressed to Jill and me:

Dear Ones—

I wanted to share with you the very wise and beautiful reply I received from Makua in response to my little narrative at the ‘awa ceremony ... Each time I read it, I find more—the way he chose to develop and elucidate my image of the “universe as a stage” (thank you, Will Shakespeare) is stunning.

What a privilege to know this noble person! And you made it happen.

*Me ke aloha pumehana —Diane*

These two letters reveal aspects of the so-called hidden agenda that was always working behind the scenes as Makua and Jill and I continued to come

together. There would be more than eighteen such gatherings in Hawai'i in the years to come. We always invited Makua to attend these events as our guest, and he always came.

Makua told us on more than one occasion that he was pleased at how we were utilizing time-tested principles of indigenous wisdom, in the process upgrading them into a new form that reflected who we are now and who we are becoming. My own knowledge, derived from those years that I spent living with indigenous tribal people, formed the foundation, and yet he could also see how this foundation was enhanced by our increasing appreciation of his Hawaiian perspective.

In February 1999, we returned to the islands, and this time Makua invited us to spend a couple of days with him on the island of O'ahu. There were places he wanted to show us.

## 8

### The Life Roles

The next meeting happened in Honolulu, where Jill and I were visiting with the chief. As always, I had prepared my questions in advance.

“Makua,” I opened tentatively, “we have talked about scholars, *mea ‘imi na‘au‘ao*, and we have talked about warriors, *na koa*. And we have mentioned priests, *na kahuna*. These appear to be major life roles.”

Makua smiled approvingly at my remembering the Hawaiian words he had used. We were having dinner at Sam Choy’s restaurant, a favorite haunt. We were working on the first round of a sumptuous feast complete with margaritas, Makua’s favorite.

“What are the other life roles, as well as the responsibilities that come with them, from the kahuna perspective? It seems that understanding this could be a key to answering your questions: Who are you? and Where are you?”

The elder turned into himself. Then, after several long pulls on his drink, he reemerged, looked at me, then Jill, and then came to his response.

“We live in an interesting time,” he began, “one in which an increasing number of aspirant disciples of the positive polarity of acceptance, aloha, are searching for truth in their journey of selfdiscovery. In accordance with this, there is an awareness that has appeared in the Western world, one that has been formalized in a way that appears to be meaningful to Western people. It involves what you would call an archetypal force—an Oversoul field—what we know as ‘Aumakua. This one calls itself Michael.

“This spiritual entity is a matrix that is said to be composed of more than one thousand personalities subsumed into one predominant expression. And this expression in turn is in communication with many human beings with whom it has come into relationship in order to be of service to humanity at large.”

Makua watched us to see if we were following his thoughtline. I recalled Makua’s mystical perception about the Oversoul as both the spiritual source from which we come into life and the repository that receives us home at the

end of life, an event in which our three souls, developed during life and including all our memories, life experiences, and ancestral imprints, are archived into our personal Oversoul field. As we continue to cycle in and out of life across time, this reveals that all of our former personalities are archived into our Oversoul, creating a mosaic of former selves, all of which continue to exist within the field. His description of the Michael Oversoul field reveals that it has achieved over a thousand lives, in the process acquiring a level of godlike wisdom. As such, it could be considered to be one of the higher organizing intelligences. Each of us is a manifested embodiment of such an Oversoul field.

“I have traveled to California where I attended a workshop focused upon the Michael material that is now being ‘channeled’ by many people,” Makua continued, “and I have heard what this being has to say. I am impressed with what I have perceived because the message that the Michael entity conveys is the closest that I have found in your Western world to a certain area within our Polynesian system of knowing—one that contributes greatly to our way of understanding who we are as well as where we are.[6]

“We have talked about the life role of the scholar.” Makua smiled at me. “The positive polarity of the scholar is knowledge, and the negative polarity is theory. We have also said something about the life role of the warrior, for whom the positive polarity is persuasion and whose negative is coercion. We have also talked about the priest, who is also the healer,” his eyebrows arched expressively, “whose positive polarity is compassion and whose negative is zeal.”

The big Hawaiian paused again, gripping between his knees his beloved carved walking stick surmounted by the face of Kanaloa. “The warrior is number three, the scholar is number four, and the priest is number six.”

I thought about this and tried to make sense of it. “What’s number one?” I asked.

“The ‘*iliwai*, the level that you would call level one— *papa kahi* —is *kauwa*,” he continued. “In our culture, *kauwa* refers to the slave. In your culture, this would be the level of the server. The majority of the souls who are here on this world at this time are servers. They have come to be of service, and they include all those folks who work in restaurants and in banks, as cab drivers and laborers, as farmers and fishermen. They are all servers. What do you think the positive polarity of the server is?”

Makua watched me intently as I thought about it.

“To be of service?” I put forward, hopefully.

“It is,” he confirmed with satisfaction. “They have come to serve, and all those good folks working in hotels and offices, in supermarkets and post offices and libraries and taxis and in restaurants,” he glanced around, “are servers. What do you think the negative polarity of the server is?”

I thought about it, yet failed to come up with a good answer. I shrugged.

“Bondage,” he answered. “Slavery. Think of all those souls trapped in jobs that they hate, all those who are in debt up to their ears from credit card bills and mortgage payments and car payments, all those students who emerge with a college degree and a student loan burden of hundreds of thousands of dollars—like a mortgage with no house.” He laughed. “They are all in bondage. We have a new form of slavery today—economic slavery.” Makua smiled to lessen the blow. “And this often brings the servers into a lifetime of endless, joyless striving. This is the negative polarity of the server.

“The negative polarity brings servers face to face with their fears, and when they do, they then go into self-deprecation— *iho hua*. This is not difficult because most servers are actually infant souls or young souls in their soul age. They are beginners in their cycle of embodied incarnations. This is what we call *kamali‘i* —children.”

I shivered. “What’s number two?”

“*Papa lua* —the second level, and this is the level of *kaha ki‘i* —the artist. The positive polarity for the artisan is creation. This is also the level of Kane the creator,” he said with satisfaction. “Kane is the masculine half of the force of creation. The female half is Wahine.”

“And the negative polarity?” I put in before he could ask me the same question.

“Deception. Artifice. How many artists become famous not because they have any genuine talent themselves, but because they are skilled at imitating or copying those who do have it? How many become successful not because they can create images of beauty and power, but because they produce images that are simply new or startling or even ugly and lack any semblance of the creative gift?

“The negative polarity, of course, leads artisans into their fears as well, which usually make them very cautious— *akahēle*. They fear rejection—

*ho‘ole* —and because they tend to be sensitive souls, this often brings them to behave in ways that guarantee their self-destruction— *iho make*. Many artisans are often baby souls— *kama*, and this contributes to their challenges.

“The warrior is number three— *papa kolu*—and this is the level of Ku. We have mentioned that the positive polarity of the warrior is persuasion, and the negative, coercion. The goal of the warrior is *ho‘o mahua kala* —submission to the higher authority—and his or her mode of operation requires *ho‘o manawa nui* —perseverance. Our merchants and politicians and corporate businessmen and women fall into this category as their primary purpose is enterprise. Soldiers, of course, are also warriors. Warriors often tend to be young souls— *‘opio*.

“The scholar is number four— *papa ha* —and the level of Kanaloa. The scholar is the pragmatist, the mature soul— *makua* —whose positive polarity is knowledge, whose mode of operation is *nana ana* —observation—and whose primary job is assimilation. As we have observed,” he laughed, “the negative polarity of the scholar is theory. And when scholars are in the negative polarity, this brings them into connection with *pa‘a kiki* —stubbornness.

“What life role do you suppose is number five— *papa lima*?” Makua asked me. I shrugged once again. I felt reluctant to step in, as I didn’t want to interrupt the flow of Makua’s thought train.

“*‘Imi loa* —the explorer, the sage—this is the level of the teacher, the *kumu*, whose goal is *apono*—acceptance. It’s a level of great responsibility because when we step forward as the teacher, we must synthesize and integrate an enormous amount of knowledge, like the scholar, expressing it in ways that inform and inspire our students and also fill them with encouragement. The future of the human race is in the hands of the teachers, yet they do not receive rewards in the form of financial salaries commensurate with their skills and responsibilities. This is why teachers go into their fears, and when they do, they go into *‘a‘ao* —greed.”

I nodded. I knew this one well. I remembered a long discussion about the quality of education in the United States with some French colleagues who were simply aghast at how little teachers were paid in the United States—the richest country in the world. I recalled those incredibly intense conflicts that tended to develop between colleagues in the ivory tower. Perhaps, I thought, the reason that these turf wars are so vicious is because the stakes are so low.

“The positive polarity of the sage is expression,” Makua continued. “The negative is oration—as when sages just talk and talk and talk to hear themselves talk, creating elaborate ways of being deceptive, elusive, and saying nothing of importance. Politicians are masters of this,” he laughed again. “Take the filibuster. But fully initiated sages tend to be older souls—*makua kua*.”

Makua glanced with affection at Jill. He understood something about her that was revealed in his next thought. “Sages tend to be funny and express their wisdom with a great sense of humor; they create harmony where there is disharmony and balance where there is imbalance.”

We all laughed hard and long. Makua had just described Jill perfectly.

“We have talked about the sixth level—*papa ‘eono*,” Makua went on, “the level of the priest, the prophet, the healer—the kahuna nui. The positive polarity at this level is compassion—aloha—as well as passion—*ko‘i ko‘i*.”

“Look at all those televangelists who become immensely wealthy and powerful and who exhibit great passion,” I suggested, “yet curiously, they are usually firmly anchored in the negative polarity—in zeal.”

Makua smiled and nodded. “They are on the wheel like all the rest of us, and they have great lessons to learn, and they will learn them. But as we have said, this is also the level of the healer, the level of Lono. This is where we come back to aloha.”

Jill and I were both puzzled, so the kahuna backtracked.

“Number one, the server, and number two, the artist, are about aloha, but number three, the warrior, is about the energy of Ku—competition. With the scholar at number four, we step back into aloha, but with number five, the sage, we go back into the energy of Ku,” Makua said, smiling at me. “The sage has to fight battles like the warrior, something you know much about from your own trials and travails in academia.”

I laughed. What he said was true. I had found my academic colleagues in the ivory tower to be a mixed crowd to say the least. I had been privileged to work with some of the greats, those in whose esteemed company important discoveries had been made under often challenging field conditions. Yet I had also had to deal with the narcissists and the sociopaths, devoted to their own self-aggrandizement, as well as with the misfits and the decidedly strange “technicians with advanced degrees,” many of whom functioned



primarily as “snipers” who did little or no original research, drawing attention to themselves by writing obscure and cryptic papers that cast doubt on others’ work.

“But when we step up to level six, the priest, the healer,” Makua continued, drawing me back from my ruminations into the discussion, “we step into the energy of Lono, and Lono is all about choice. The level of Lono is where the aloha returns, because in order to be effective as the priest or as the healer, we can only come from aloha, from love, from compassion, and *we have to choose it*. And this is why those of us operating on the sixth level tend to be astral souls.” Makua smiled, then looked at me and added, “Like the shaman.

“But it is the seventh level that we are all heading toward,” Makua added thoughtfully. “The seventh level— *papa ‘ehiku* —is the level of *ali‘i* —the chief, the king, the queen—the one who has achieved mastery of all the previous six levels. True kings and queens tend to be causal souls— *tahiti te papa nu‘u*,” he added, lapsing into Tahitian.

“The positive polarity of the true chief is mastery, and their goal is dominance— *kuhikuhi*. And mastery at this level means mastery of themselves. We are talking not about mastery of the craft of leadership, although that certainly comes with the territory. We are talking about self-mastery, and this is essential for the authentic chief.

“And there is more,” he continued. “The authentic rulers know that they are actually servants to their people, not vice versa. The chief is the truly accomplished and dedicated servant who takes care of everyone, not just the powerful and the privileged.”

“I saw this repeatedly in Africa across the years that I lived among traditional tribal peoples,” I said. “Among the Yoruba of Nigeria, for example, the chief of the village or the town (the *oba*) did not lead a lifestyle markedly different from those that he ruled, or rather served, until, of course, the colonialists arrived. Now many of them have a Mercedes and live in their own version of a palace.”

Makua nodded. “This is because the foundation stone of colonial mind is dominion, and this attitude was passed to the tribal chiefs by the colonials, corrupting them and their relationship with their people.” Makua paused so I could absorb this, then continued, “The foundation stones of colonial mind and Western mind are the same. They are about domination and control.”

“And indigenous mind?” I asked.

Makua smiled again. “The foundation stone for indigenous mind is respect, about reverence, a very different approach to life.”

I nodded. I had spent large sections of my life living and working with indigenous peoples in Africa, and I knew this to be true.

“Traditionally the village chief held responsibility for the wellbeing of everyone in the community,” Makua continued, “not just their own family members or political allies, but also for the lowliest street sweeper or dung carrier and for their families as well. Those who failed in their responsibilities to the whole community did not remain chiefs for long. But with the advent of colonialism and Christian missionary activity, separation was created and everything changed. True chiefs must be servants to their people. Thus the chief has an intimate connection with the servant. It is the servant who advises the chief, and all true chiefs know this. Everyone else will simply tell the chiefs what it is that they wish to hear. In this regard, the only difference between a ruler and a servant is that the ruler has infinitely greater levels of responsibility. All authentic chiefs thus tend to be very humble people.”

“What is the negative polarity of the chief?” I asked him warily.

“Tyranny,” Makua responded, as he looked intently into my eyes. “Inauthentic chiefs are a great and omnipresent danger to their people because they have not experienced authentic initiation. And lacking this, they go into the dark side of their own nature through which they are driven by their fears to acquire power and wealth, influence and prestige through *mi‘oi*—aggression, whether physical or mental or emotional. They want things to be done their way and no other. In a political sense, they want their voice to be the only voice at the table.” He grinned.

“And while inauthentic chiefs in the negative polarity can indeed acquire great power through their political and economic connections with other dark souls, they can never truly succeed as chiefs, and eventually they fall from grace. And when they fall, they learn some truly formidable lessons. This is the school of hard knocks from which there is no escape. No matter how well connected or how politically powerful we are, it’s all about lessons.”

Makua released a bellow of laughter, then brought his observations to his final points.

“The further we travel along the path of power, the more vulnerable we become to the flaws in our own character,” he said with a chuckle, causing me to wonder if he was listening to my thoughts. A few dramatic examples of his last point had come right up in my mind from our political and religious leadership.

At this very moment, a gecko barked from the corner of the room in the gathering twilight. “See,” Makua grinned, “the *mo‘o* [reptile] agrees with me.

“Some say that we have two roles, one primary and one secondary. Our primary life role tends to be one into which we continually reincarnate.” Makua glanced at me with affection. “You, for example, have been a scholar for a very long time. You are the scholar whose purpose is *ho‘o nui a ho‘o pa‘a*—to enlarge and make fast—consolidation.”

He thought for a moment longer, then chuckled again. “One primary role and one supportive role—but in Polynesia, we know that we actually have three.”

“My primary life role is scholar, as you have observed,” I affirmed, picking up the thread. Makua nodded. “My secondary role,” I continued, “would have to be artisan, as I am a writer and an artist.” Makua nodded again. “And my third, well, it’s difficult to say. I learned how to be a servant to my children and my family at large. I became a warrior through my travails in the academic world.”

Makua watched me with interest. “And when I stand in front of my college classes and my workshops, I am functioning as the teacher, the sage, the kumu, as you would say.” I looked at Makua with the thought that he might agree, but the elder remained silent, encouraging me to continue in my self-evaluation.

“In our gatherings, there are those shamanic healing rituals—the ones in which we invite the spirits into the circle to be of service to us, and us to them, so that we may facilitate the healing of those suffering. In such instances, I am definitely functioning in the role of the priest, the healer, the medicine man,” I said.

“And this reveals,” Makua affirmed with a warm smile, “that you are approaching your third role, the same one that will become your overriding first and foremost role when fully realized—and accepted.”

Makua waited for me to say it.

“The chief?” I said with some reluctance.

He nodded knowingly. “You are the descendant of rulers like me. The time is rapidly approaching when you must once again assume that level of responsibility. You must accept this fact and become the king once again.”

I thought about this as I watched Makua observe me closely. Unlike him, I had grown up in New York City with summers in the Hamptons, complete with private schools, the privileged lifestyle, and all that came with it. Yet I had always had mixed feelings about my peers, and about my parents’ peers as well. I had become aware early on of the presence of the dark side of the force that expressed itself through these levels of society. I had come to understand that there was some evil worm that infected the ruling classes everywhere, creating deception and thus separation.

As a young person, I perceived that there was something unsavory about the powerful and the privileged—something missing in their education. Maybe it was ethics. Maybe it was compassion. This was not true of all of the people I was surrounded by in my youth, of course, but it was always there, the good old boy club of “I’ll scratch your back while you scratch mine, and who cares what the rules are as long as we don’t get caught—and let’s see how much money and influence and power we can steal in the process.”

In that world, in the 1940s and 1950s, the only black or brown people to be seen in my world were servants. In my late teens and early twenties, I had responded to this perceived inequality by leaving my background behind, by rejecting my background and diving into the world at large, by emotionally divorcing myself from my parents and my past, and by entering the world of the everyman, seeking anonymity while engaging in the adventure of selfdiscovery.

Eventually I was introduced to the indigenous world through my Peace Corps experiences in Nigeria, and this was then confirmed through the years of my expeditionary fieldwork in Kenya and Ethiopia. Throughout these long and often hard years, I was always in search of something, something elusive, myself. But there was also something I wasn’t sure that I had yet found.

“Oh, but you have,” exclaimed the chief, smiling at me as we finished our dinner. Again I had forgotten his clairvoyance. He had been following my

thoughtline the entire time.

“The perception of foundation is of great importance in our time, for we are coming to the end of a world cycle, and everything is beginning to unravel,” he continued. “We cannot begin the next cycle of ages without a foundation on which to build. And that foundation will begin to take form with the reconsideration of the wisdom held by the ancestors.”

I thought about what the chief had just said. We had talked about the foundation before, yet he did not define it, and I knew that he felt that it is up to each of us to consider what the nature of our foundation is. And in this regard, what is the nature of our family’s foundation? The foundation of our respective cultures and countries—even the foundation of Western civilization?

“And if you, Hank Wesselman,” he continued, “can find that foundation, given the limitations of your elitist ruling class background, as well as the attitudes instilled into you during your early life, then anyone can do it. This is a good thing to discover, don’t you think?”

Makua looked at me with amusement. “Do you believe that it was accidental when you joined the Peace Corps? That experience took you, a New Yorker, straight into the indigenous world,” Makua laughed, “and it was among those tribal people in Africa that you first stumbled across the principles of spiritual practice that give each of us access to the inner worlds—and to the ancestors. And now, at this time in your life, you can draw on that ancestral wisdom and offer it to your students.”

I stared at Makua as the pieces of my life began to reorganize themselves in my mind; it was as if they were falling into place in a completely new pattern. I nodded to Makua in agreement. Curiously, in that moment, this new mosaic of my life felt familiar, like something dimly remembered, like it wasn’t a new pattern after all. It felt as if it was something from long ago and far away.

I recalled the words of the Zen master Robert Aitken Roshi, whom I had known briefly more than ten years ago: “Our job is not to clear up the mystery; it is to make the mystery clear.”

The chief continued to watch me; then he smiled as he reached out and patted me lightly with a chuckle.

“Welcome back!” he said.

## A TOUR OF O‘AHU

The following morning at the hotel where we were staying in Waikiki, Makua began to rub *kukui* nut oil into the skin of his brown arms and hands. Silently, I watched him for a few minutes, then he passed the bottle to me and began to explain the day ahead and the necessity of the oil.

“We are going to some sacred sites today,” he began. “Sometimes there are troubled spirits that hang out in these places. We rub oil on ourselves so that they cannot grab us and hang on. They just slip off and stay behind.”

I applied some of the soft, fragrant oil to my own arms and passed the bottle to Jill.

Skipping breakfast entirely, Makua got the car, tipped the bellhop, and we headed out down the canal called the Alawai before cutting through traffic over to the freeway that headed for the airport. Makua turned up into the hills and took us to a well-known place—a heiau called Kea‘iwa.

Kea‘iwa is a sacred site located on a 384-acre state recreational park at about a thousand feet of elevation above the town of ‘Aiea. When we arrived, a Hawaiian man who lived across the street came out and greeted the chief with great deference. It was in this way that we learned that Makua was an official kahu, an honored caretaker of the place by virtue of his ancestors.

Makua told us that this was a healing heiau, one of few, and as we entered the site, Makua offered a short prayer in Hawaiian. As we passed a long *ahu*—a stone altar with offerings left by others—we noticed the stone circle right in its center. Makua invited Jill to sit in the circle’s center, where he offered another long Hawaiian prayer, directed toward her—a healing.

“*Kea‘iwa* means mysterious,” he told us. He described how this heiau was originally served by healing *kahuna lapa‘au*. “It was built in the sixteenth century by a legendary chief named Kakuhihewa. My ancestor was the kahu of this place,” he confirmed, gesturing toward what appeared to be a long grave under a tree beyond the circle.

After exploring the entire site in silence, opening ourselves to its energies and absorbing its mana, we proceeded down the hill and on past Waianae out to the end of the road in Makua Valley on O‘ahu’s west end. He stopped the car near a long white sand beach that lay between the land and the ocean like a great crescent surrounding a blue bay with the vast Pacific beyond. We got

out to stretch our legs, and Makua pointed toward the valley's end, where we could just make out a dark heiau platform on the hillside. "That is Ukanipo Heiau. It served the Punapohaku area, and unfortunately, we cannot go there because it is now on military-controlled land."

When I asked him about the valley's name, Makua smiled. "These are all my family lands—although the military claims them today. But the military are simply passing through. These lands will be my family's kuleana once again when that time comes. We Hawaiians are very patient."

I felt very peaceful as we walked down toward the ocean to stand together on a wide shelf of hardened reddish earth just south of the long crescent of beach and watched the ocean water for several minutes. It was a flat day, with very little swell. I glanced at the kahuna. I could tell by the way he was watching the ocean that he was waiting for something to happen, a sign perhaps.

We continued to observe the ocean in silence, and then unexpectedly an enormous wave appeared, followed by the swells of several more. The first rose precipitously, then crashed, sending a rolling mass of foam and chop toward us. The wave came to a stop within just a few feet from us. The next one did the same, and then the next. When the set was done, the ocean was calm once again.

The chief smiled with satisfaction. "What we have just witnessed is Ku La'ila'i," he said with a smile. "This Hawaiian term describes the mana of the waves crashing on Papaloa, the long reef out there in the water," he said, gesturing toward the ocean. "The sacred coral outcrop projecting out of the sea on which we are actually standing is named 'Ohikilolo. This was the meeting place between Nanaue, the shark-man of Kaneana [some say goddess], and the mo'o, the lizard goddess Koiahi of Makua Valley.

"Nanaue arose from the ocean from Papaloa and Koiahi came from Makua's stream. Their meeting at this point marks the spawning season [new life], and this signifies the unity of land and sea. The fact that the waves came today to meet you both," Makua said, now glancing pointedly at Jill, "is very propitious. I was waiting to see if Kanaloa would respond—and he did, big time! And how could he not?" Makua glanced at me. "You're the scholar, and you belong to Kanaloa," he said, sending us all into laughter.

Jill and I were aware that Makua took many people on this tour. We also understood that he liked to take us out into nature to see how nature would

respond. Makua's ongoing delight at these constant confirmations of the sacred nature of our relationship with him was palpable.

Later, the chief took us into a cave at the foot of a steep outcropping of lava that soared vertically upward behind the shelf for hundreds of feet. As we walked carefully into the yawning opening, Makua, handicapped by his injured legs, waited near the entrance while I climbed down into the darkness in order to appreciate the intensity of the energy of the place. At the bottom, I found artifacts, fragments of stone tools made from fine-grained basalt. This was the cave of Nanaue—the shark-man.

It was also obviously a rock shelter that had been inhabited in the prehistoric period. A family group of locals came down at this point, their children shouting to create echoes, so I left and climbed back up toward the light where the chief was waiting.

## **THE HEALING STONES OF WAHIAWA**

We then headed back the way we had come, retracing our route until the chief turned onto the road that would take us to the north shore of the island. On the way, we passed the town of Wahiawa, and I asked him if we could see the famous healing stones that I had read about. Makua grinned at me approvingly, and we turned into the town, threading our way through traffic, until Makua parked the car across the street from the steeply angled roof of the Methodist church.

I looked at Makua questioningly; there didn't appear to be any large vertical stones around us like the ones I had seen in old photographs. Makua said nothing but beckoned us to leave the car and cross the street. We did as he wished and came upon a small, white stone crypt between the road and the church. Makua approached the iron doors, examined them to see if they were locked. They weren't, and so he opened them, and there within, were the famous stones.

I knew from photographs taken in the 1920s and 1930s that these stones had originally stood outdoors with a fence around them. The now-faded photos revealed them covered with flower leis placed there by folks who came from all over the world seeking healing for various ailments. I studied the stones carefully. I knew there had been two, but here there were three. In answer to my unasked question, Makua said, "The smaller of the two was



broken into two pieces when the Christians decided to move them into this stone prison. There was no respect. They simply moved them with machinery.”

“Why did they move them?” I asked. “Why did they put them in here?”

Makua glanced at the church. “Maybe the stones were just too powerful for the Methodists,” he surmised, laughing.

We studied them with reverence. They had considerable presence, and there were offerings of flowers, now faded, as well as money left on the flat white platform that enclosed the stones’ bases. “The tall one,” Makua said, “is named Pohaku Ho‘ola Kino. That means ‘stone for the health of the body.’”

Makua sat outside on a bench and waited while Jill and I each offered a short prayer to express our greetings, our reverence, and our aloha to these powerful stone people (for in the traditional perspective, stones are alive, infused with their own spiritual stone soul essence). Then I took off my twisted green ti-leaf lei that Makua had given me the day before and draped it around the tall one that stood about six feet high, placing my hands on it to share my mana with the stone.

“The story goes that two sisters of the island of Kaua‘i could fly to O‘ahu by means of their mana, their supernatural power. But they could only do it under the dark of night. On their last flight, they were struck by the first rays of the morning sun, and they turned into stone ... into these stones here,” Makua said, glancing at them. “When this event occurred, the sisters, now turned to stone, fell into a stream near a place called Kukaniloko, where the stones became known for their miraculous healings. I’ve been told that Pohaku Ho‘ola Kino is considered by the Hindus to be a manifestation of the god Shiva.”

“A lingam,” I replied. I studied the tall stone for long moments and could feel its presence, its mana. I wondered about its significance as a “standing stone,” for such monoliths, great and small, are found all over the Earth, placed by the Neolithic peoples with whom we have lost all cultural connection. This one definitely had energy, and so I gave it a hug as I left the shrine.

Our discussion about stones in general continued as we returned to the car and headed north, then east along the north shore drive. Makua peppered our passage with stories about this place and that. He had grown up on O‘ahu,

and we sensed his delight as he excavated cherished boyhood memories and shared them freely. It was as if he were experiencing them once again.

## **PU‘U ‘O MAHUKA**

Our next stop was the well-known heiau on the north shore above the famous surfing bay at Waimea called Pu‘u ‘O Mahuka. As we emerged from the car and entered the site, Makua told me that the large rectangular platform of the heiau of very low relief is believed to have been constructed a very long time ago by the mythic diminutive race of people who inhabited the islands before the Polynesians arrived, known today as the Menehune or the Manahuna. “Pu‘u ‘O Mahuka means,” Makua elucidated, “the hill of escape, and it is associated with the kahuna Ka‘opulupulu and the O‘ahu ruling chief Kahahana.” It was at this heiau, he stated, that the kahuna communed with the akua (deity) Mahuka who was, and is, the whale rider.

The chief looked across the site at the blue line on the horizon in the vast distance where sea and sky met and proclaimed that it was Mahuka who came to Hawai‘i from Aotearoa (New Zealand) riding on the back of a whale. The navigators have always used this place as the source of the line of connection between these two oceanic worlds—Hawai‘i and New Zealand—a line that they had followed with their great ocean-voyaging canoes.

Makua walked over to the *lele* —the altar that had been reconstructed by the current Hawaiian kahus of the place. It was loaded with fruit and farm produce. He looked at the altar with approval, and I knew his heart was warmed. The people were beginning to pay attention once again to their kuleana, their rightful responsibilities to their ancestors, and to the akua, the transpersonal forces that protected these islands and their inhabitants. These deities were not mythic, and these legends were not magical belief systems for the chief. These beings were real and omnipresent, and these stories were truths. Makua knew from direct experience that we could all interact with them directly through pule—prayer—and through meditation, using the indigenous foundation stone of respect.

I stood there with the chief as he admired the lele; then he gestured into the distance and communicated to me that this heiau was connected in its function with the smaller Kupopolo Heiau located across the road from Waimea Bay on private land. Makua smiled and said that Pu‘u ‘O Mahuka

was also a place where chiefesses gave birth.

As we observed the archeological site below us with the blue horizon of the Pacific beyond, Makua offhandedly acknowledged that there was still an interesting energy associated with this place. In 1794, he revealed, three of Captain Vancouver's men from the ship *Daedalus* were offered here as human sacrifices. In 1819, he continued, the year that the New England Christian missionaries arrived in Hawai'i in force, all the images at this site were ordered to be destroyed by Kamehameha II. Makua smiled again with satisfaction and gestured at the lele. "The ahu," he said, "is still located within the larger uppermost enclosure at its southern end ... its proper place."

## THE BIRTHING STONES

Our next stop was a retreat to the town of Haleiwa for a sumptuous lunch before we headed across the island back toward Honolulu with a stop at a sacred place he had mentioned before called Kukaniloko.

To get there, we turned off the main road and drove west toward what appeared to be an island of palms surrounded by hundreds of acres of agricultural land of low relief. As we approached, Makua told us that this was the first ancient site to be protected by the Daughters of Hawai'i in 1925. We parked the car and walked toward the palms, at the base of which was a small altar with offerings left by other visitors.

"These are the famous birthing *pohaku* [stones]," the chief intoned as he pointed toward two rows of large smooth black boulders worn into flowing, organic shapes. I counted eighteen stones that seemed to be arranged around what he indicated was the central birthing stone. "This was the birthplace of high ranking ali'i [chiefs] that was established by Chief Nanakaoko and his wife Kahihiokalani. There are 'Aumakua that inhabit these stones who can relieve the pains of childbirth."

As we walked among the stones, admiring their shapes and sensing their power, I thought about the births of my two children with Jill that I had witnessed, then the chief continued, "The ali'i birthing ritual conducted at this site involved the participation of forty-eight chiefs and the use of *kapu* drums to announce the birth. The newborn was then taken to Ho'olonopahu Heiau for the ceremonial cutting of the umbilical cord, making the newcomer a chief divine, a burning fire."

Suddenly, Makua stopped and pointed down between the stones. There we saw a cluster of eggs, laid by the feral chickens that lived in the bush around the site. The chief was delighted. Here was another response from nature, an affirmation that the site was still being used for birthing. In all the times he had been here before, he told us, he had never seen this. We took some photos, then returned to the car.

As we headed back to Honolulu, my thoughts returned to our discussion the previous evening about the life roles. I considered the extraordinary man with whom we had been drawn into relationship, and I felt the need to resolve something.

“And you, Makua,” I said. “You have indicated that you have been a warrior for much of your life.”

“And I am still,” he smiled.

“Would it be correct, based upon our discussion last evening, to consider you a warrior-king?”

“It would,” he agreed softly. “I am the descendant of a long line of chiefs ... and what do you feel my third role is?”

I thought about it, then offered my guess. “The priest—kahuna.”

Makua smiled. “Thank you for the honor,” he said, before turning to Jill.

“The sage ... the kumu,” she said.

Makua laughed.

“You can always tell a sage, as they tend to be funny,” she added. “Spoken like a true sage.” Makua beamed at her approvingly.

The chief looked thoughtful, then smiled somewhat sadly. “I would also say that, in all truth, I have come to be of service,” he concluded.

I understood. As he had already said, the authentic chief is a servant to his people. He had mastered all the other roles and was now coming forth as a true king, in service to all.

I considered the places with which he had brought us into connection on this day and realized that Makua was revisiting his past, and in doing so, he had shared something with us about himself and his ancestors. But I sensed that there was more to it than that. He had shown us certain places of power, places that remained as energetic footprints of a time that was now irretrievably gone.

I looked down the long slope of the island toward the Honolulu skyline in the distance and understood that everything that had existed before was blowing away on the winds. I wondered how many of those who would follow us would be interested in Makua's ancestral wisdom.

I wondered too if Makua was monitoring my thoughts with his clairvoyance when he suddenly turned to me with a smile and said, "It's over..."

Then he laughed with delight and merged into the flow of traffic back to Waikiki.

I think about this tour of O'ahu, now ten years in the past, from time to time. I sense that I could go back to these sites and relive the experiences that Makua brought into being for us on that day ... and then again, maybe not. Maybe it's complete and designed to live only in our memories, the way it lived in his.

# 9

## Initiations

As our friendship continued to deepen across the years, Makua took great delight in offering his knowledge to us, and on another occasion in Kona on Hawai‘i Island, Makua chose to share something with us that I found quite startling—something that fell more within the realm of “lore.” Yet I include it here because many who feel a sense of kinship with the dolphins and the whales of the water world will find it more than just meaningful. I myself found this story to be a mind-blower, as it reveals why the killing of these extraordinary creatures for any reason is simply unthinkable.

### **THE DOLPHINS AND THE WHALES AND THE STAR PEOPLE**

Over dinner with the chief at a sumptuous buffet in a large hotel one evening, I brought up the Hawaiian concept of Haloa—the immortal divine fire that you feed with your breath. We have mentioned previously that in Polynesian thought, each of us receives our Ha, our divine breath of life, from our ‘Aumakua, our immortal Oversoul self, at the beginning of life. When we release our Ha with our last breath at the end of life, our soul cluster (composed of body soul, mental soul, and the Oversoul seed) returns to our personal ‘Aumakua Source self.

Here are Makua’s words, written down almost verbatim about this wonderful piece of knowledge, a story that may be taken literally or not, yet an account that may contain eternal truths from which there are no escape:

“The dolphins represent Haloa, the divine fire and the breath of life. It is a fire, an action, an intelligence. The dolphins were the first to come from ‘A‘A [the star Sirius]. Their name was Vava‘u according to the people of Bora-Bora. The last to come were the whales Kohola—the record keepers,” Makua began.

The chief looked at me with deliberation.

“We have to speak about the star people now,” he added. “It is known among the Polynesians that humanity originally came from the stars, from out of another dimension, from out there.” Makua pointed his brown finger at the sky.

“We originally came from across the universe in celestial canoes made of light. We came as individual souls, as seeds of light, and we were accompanied by high spiritual guardians who held the knowledge of our purpose, our destiny.”

He looked as though he were drifting back in space and time. He was both there and here when he spoke. “I remember which seat I held. I came in the first canoe, and I remember who sat on my right, on my left, above me, and below me.” He watched me carefully, as if he were monitoring my scientist’s response. I smiled and made a reassuring gesture.

“The first who came was actually Kanaloa with his wife Malei‘ula.” Makua glanced down at his walking stick. “As I mentioned, they came from the star ‘A‘A. They came before us and found this water world to be acceptable. So they dove deep and remained here as water beings. They sent their celestial canoe back to ‘A‘A and the rest of us then followed.” Makua paused and looked at me with an earnest expression. “They are still here today. With the dolphin nation, Kanaloa is the keeper of the Ha—the Haloa, the divine breath of life. Kane, the creator, is the form, while Kanaloa is the essence within the form ... and that includes everything.”

I thought to myself that, yes, Kanaloa, the essence, is the blood that we carry in our bodies with the exact same concentration of salts as the ocean. This knowledge reveals that all life came out from the seas. The chief’s story was immensely intriguing. As my scientific colleagues know well, ‘A‘A is a binary star—two stars, actually, a larger and a smaller, and they orbit around each other.

Interestingly, on the other side of the planet, in Africa, the Dogon people who live along the Bandiagara Escarpment in Mali say that they originally came from the star Sirius that they know to be a double star, and that a godlike being from that place, fishlike in appearance, brought them here and conveyed their mythic knowledge to them.

Makua looked at me, curious as to what was passing through my mind, and asked, “How far back in time are you now working in your anthropological investigations of our early ancestors in Ethiopia?”

“Four to six million years,” I answered.

Makua looked pleased. “When you get back to eighteen and a half million, that’s where you’ll find me.”

I was startled by his response. Makua knew little to nothing about the fields of geology and paleontology, but this was one of my areas of expertise. I glanced at Jill as my mind raced. “Eighteen and a half million,” I said, still deep in thought. “This is the range of time that geologists call the early Miocene epoch.”

Makua smiled and said nothing. I could tell he was waiting for me to figure it out.

“The world was quite different then,” I said. “For starters, it was a greenhouse world, and great tropical forests blanketed the Earth, extending all the way up to the Arctic Circle in the northern hemisphere. The animals were quite different then as well, quite distinct from those of today, yet in those great forests of Africa and Eurasia lived scattered populations of an early anthropoid ape species. Actually, they looked more like monkeys, as they ran along the tops of branches rather than arm-swinging underneath them. But they were apes dentally, and they lacked tails.”

I paused and looked around at the milling clusters of tourists and locals, helping themselves from the buffet. People were filing past us with their plates mounded with delicacies. “You’ll note,” I offered with a smile, “that no one around us is sporting a tail.”

Makua exploded into a hearty laugh, and added, “At least none that we can see!” We joined him in laughter, then I returned to my thoughtline.

“But the fact remains,” I continued, “that we, or rather our physical embodiments, are descended from that original ancestral stock who lived here eighteen million years ago. These early apes, sometimes called the Dryopithecines, continued to diversify, producing many different species in different lineages over the next ten million years, and then around six to eight million years ago, there was a split.

“In one direction, a long lineage that is still relatively unknown due to lack of fossil evidence developed into the African apes known as the chimpanzees and the bonobos. In the other, our own human family came into being through a long line of increasingly complex species beginning with the taxon known as *Ardipithecus*, a very primitive hominid form now known to have



lived between roughly four and a half and six million years ago, perhaps earlier.

“Its descendant *Australopithecus* gave rise to the genus *Homo* between two and two and a half million years ago, producing an evolutionary succession of paleospecies that reveal our steadily increasing brain size as well as our ever-sophisticating stone tool technology, until *Homo sapiens* appeared around two hundred thousand years ago in Africa.”

I gave pause to my thoughtline and reconsidered Makua’s offhand comment that had gotten me started—that he, or rather his soul, had arrived here eighteen and a half million years ago, as a seed of light.

Makua picked up the story line from here.

“There was a migration from the stars—a migration of souls that came across the cosmos. We were brought here by the high guardians because there was a life-form that was ready to receive us,” Makua said, looking at me with approval, “as you have just confirmed. We descended and took up residence in these primitive beings, beginning our long stay here on this world. And what’s more, some of the high guardians who brought us here descended and took up residence as embodied beings as well so that they would be here when we were ready to receive the knowledge of our purpose and our destiny.

“And when that time came, they gave us this knowledge; then most of them departed, their job accomplished, but some of the guardians are still here.” Makua paused in order to make sure I was tracking his story. And I was. I was riveted.

I thought about this statement—that the guardians had embodied as well. My mind turned back toward the early Miocene and began a scan of the paleofauna that we know as the fossil record. In what “vehicle” would these high guardians embody, I wondered. I reasoned that it would have to have been a sentient species, an organism of high intelligence and self-awareness with a large brain, and with this thought, I had it. The cetaceans—the dolphins and the whales!

We know that there were early primitive cetaceans that appear in the Eocene, more than fifty million years ago, just as there were early primates, the prosimians, from this same time period, yet as I recalled, the first really “modern” cetaceans appeared in the early Miocene, at the same time as those early anthropoid apes. This suggests that the whales and the dolphins could

be the guardians that accompanied us across the universe.

“You got it!” the chief affirmed, reading my thoughts as they emerged in my mind. Jill looked puzzled, so I reiterated a quick summary of my thoughtline for us all; then I turned to the kahuna. “The whales and the dolphins are the guardians who brought us here as souls. But what was the knowledge that they gave to us?”

Makua thought about my question. “The gift that the guardians gave to us was the knowledge of our purpose and our destiny,” he offered, “and this shared wisdom is twofold.

“First, we were brought here to enjoy ourselves—to grow, increase, and become more than we were in the beauty of nature on this wonderful world. And second, we are to remember our divine origins through the experience of love for one another.

“This is it,” he continued. “This is what we are here to experience. All the rest, all our work and accomplishments, our successes and our failures, our families and friends, everything we do and become in our lives is simply the river of experience that carries us, the background against which we struggle or with which we go *nalū* [go with the flow] as we learn our life lessons and *huli* [transform] into our once and future selves.”

I was stunned. Makua’s ancestral wisdom revealed that the whales and the dolphins are the high guardians who brought us across the universe to this water world as souls of light. He had revealed them to be the ones who hold the dreaming of our uniquely human destiny. I thought about the killing of whales and dolphins for food still carried out by some of the world’s cultures and shuddered. Such a barbaric act was simply unthinkable with relation to what Makua had just shared. And to engage in such mindless slaughter of these great beings carried a karmic burden of considerable proportions. It also revealed something decidedly unsettling about who we are, as well as who we are not.

Since that time, I have never looked at the whale and dolphin nations in quite the same way. Having swum with wild dolphins in Hawai‘i, I know how telepathic they can be. I also understood why Makua called the whales the record keepers.

On a subsequent visit to Hawai‘i a year or so later, I brought Makua a gift—a round, flat stone I had picked up one blazing afternoon in eastern Africa many years before when I was doing survey work as a member of a research

expedition. I had been walking across some geological strata that were Miocene in age, and I picked up the stone at random for no reason in particular. It wasn't a valuable scientific specimen. It was just an ordinary stone, a water-worn pebble, yet it had attracted me. I had carried it around in my pocket for weeks and had inadvertently brought it back to California. I had kept it as a keepsake, a piece of Africa from long ago.

When I put it in Makua's hand, he looked at it curiously, then turned his attention toward me with a quizzical look. "From Africa," I said. "Eighteen and a half million years old."

He grinned and reconsidered the stone carefully. Then he raised it to the sunlight streaming down upon us and he kissed it—and put it in his pocket.

## **DREAMING AND THE FOUR DIRECTIONS**

It was on another afternoon on Hawai'i Island that the subjects of suffering, dreaming, and the four directions came up. Makua warmed to the topics. He had accompanied us as we brought one of our workshop groups to the well-known Pu'uhonua at Honaunau (the Place of Refuge, on the south Kona coast of the Big Island). We had specifically conveyed our gathering of kindred souls here to experience the mana of this place.

In old Hawai'i, there were many such places of refuge, localities within the *ahupua'a*, the land divisions that extended from the uplands to the ocean, where lawbreakers could be ritually cleansed of their sins, whatever they might have been, by the kahuna who were in charge of these places. They were then released back into the larger society free of their crimes. As a result, such localities were and are infused with the energy of healing and forgiveness.

Upon our arrival we released the group to explore the site, and we were greeted by one of the park rangers, an old friend of ours from the 1980s named Tom. Upon seeing the chief, he was quite impressed and asked me quizzically, "You know whom you're traveling with?" I knew that Tom was a member of Na Koa, although we had never done ceremony together. I assured him that I did, and I told him how we had been brought into relationship with each other. My friend smiled broadly and clasped my hand in his—a new level of connection now established between the two of us.

Shortly thereafter, Makua and I were sitting together on a couple of large

stones inside the sanctuary, watching our group spread out across the site. “When I was a boy,” Makua began, looking at the ocean beyond the edge of the land, “I used to go to my grandmother and complain about how hard my life was, how difficult. She would listen to me patiently as I went on and on, and when I was finished, she would hold out her right hand, and she would say to me, ‘Boy ... here is suffering.’ Then she held out her left and said, ‘And here is joy. You choose!’”

He laughed as he remembered the story. “The next time I went to her and complained about my life,” he said, “she listened patiently once more. And when I was finished, she asked me, ‘Who chose that?’”

We sat in silence for a few long moments before Makua continued on. “There is a difference between what we receive from our grandparents and that which we get from our parents. Grandparents pass their wisdom to their grandchildren, while parents tend to pass their children their fears. When you become a grandparent, you become a record keeper for the family—you become the whale. By comparison, parent to child is dolphin to dolphin.

“My grandmother used to tell me, ‘If you want to eat, you need to learn your genealogy.’ We have talked about that before. ‘There is no such thing in Polynesia as *I do not know*,” she would say to me. Everything exists, and therefore, everything can be known.”

Makua paused. I wondered where he was going with this.

“At the ‘awa ceremonies that the Na Koa warriors offer at your gatherings,” Makua continued, “many of your students struggle with trying to understand and remember their ancestors. They struggle because they’re not looking in the right places. Spirit knows your genealogy. In order for you to know, you must go there, to spirit. And this involves going back to the future. In Polynesia, to go back also means to go forward, *ne‘emua*.

Makua leaned in with a smile and lowered his voice to me as the trade winds rattled the palms overhead. “The great secret,” he whispered, “is that the future came first. We are actually living in the past, though most of us don’t know it.

“We are living in a dream,” Makua whispered to me as the waves crashed into the rock shelf that delineated the land. “And the dream was always here. The indigenous peoples know that everything originated in the dream, and having come into being there, everything was transferred into this reality here. It’s the process of transference that is interesting.”

Makua glanced around at our surroundings. “Take that *hale mana* over there,” he pointed, indicating the small thatched edifice on the surface of the heiau at the entrance to the sanctuary called Hale ‘o Keawe. “That building came into being through the dreaming of its builders, and then it was transferred into this world through the work of craftsmen, according to the plans created by the dreamers who dreamed it. The dream world is where this *hale* really exists. It has a dream aspect there, and it was from there that it was sourced. We have to learn to live in the dream once again, and to get back into the dream, we have to go through spirit— *hanau wawa*.”

I didn’t know what *hanau wawa* meant. Makua gave me a simple explanation: “Reincarnation. *Hanau* means to give birth, and *hanau wawa* means to be born repeatedly, again and again. And this is no big deal, no hidden esoteric secret. Simplicity is the way of spirit. Complexity is the way of humanity. We need to become simple once again.

“Men are in the east,” he continued. “Men are the keepers of the dawn, the light. The east is the *kuleana* [responsibility or rightful place] of the masculine, of Kane. This is also the domain of the nature spirits, because they form the origin, the foundation, from which everything came. We find the planet Jupiter, I‘ao, the morning star, in the east.

“The north is the *kuleana* of Lono. It’s about the wisdom of the intellect and about the ancestors, Na Kupuna. This is also the domain of natural phenomena, the elementals, the realm of mystery and stone and its stored memories. The north is about the power that comes from direct experiential knowing. And there we find Hoku Pa‘a, the North Star, the ancient being that you call Polaris. It wasn’t always there, you know—in the north I mean. When the first ancestors came to these islands, the star in the north was Keoe.” When I looked puzzled, he clarified, “The one you call Vega.”

I thought about this for a moment and had to admit that this meant little to me. Yet, on later reflection, I realized that due to the planetary wobble, called *precession* by science, the polar axis of the planet wanders, completing a “wobble” every twenty-six thousand years. That means that around thirteen thousand years ago, the polestar in the north would, in fact, have been Vega, in confirmation with Makua’s claim that there were people inhabiting Polynesia that long ago.

“And the west,” Makua said, pausing as he smiled at Jill, “the feminine is the keeper of the west, Na Wahine. This is because the feminine energy has

no boundaries. The feminine receives. The male energy gives. The male energy has a forward motion, while the feminine is rotary. This is why the women are the custodians of the healing stones in the west. Those stones signify death as well as healing, and we find the evening star Venus—Hoku Ahiahi—in the west as well.”

“I thought that stone was in the north,” I said.

“There are stones in all the directions,” he answered, “but they express different qualities.”

And the south?” I asked.

“The south is about fire, about energy. We’re all headed that way. It’s about heart and about spirit, and some say the planet Mars—Hoku ‘ula—dominates the south. This direction is about the warrior and about the akua Ku.”

## **THE POWER OF WOMEN AND THE POWER OF MEN**

In a discussion at the gathering soon after our visit to the Pu‘uhonua, a tall elder woman named Sandra with short blonde hair asked the chief a pointed question.

“What does it mean for women to reclaim their power?”

The room went silent. This was, in fact, a major area of discussion in our gatherings, and if it didn’t come up on its own, Jill or I often brought it up. For we are all in agreement that it is time for women to take back their power. And there is little consensus on exactly what this means. We looked at Makua beseechingly. He appeared serious, and after a few long moments, he turned to us and unfolded his thoughts for us.

“It is time for all the women to come together to generate a new vision. They must dream a new dream—a new vision that must be about what they want for their grandchildren and for the next seven generations.”

“And what about the men?” replied Sandra, who was clearly wanting to hear more. “We cannot simply exclude them from the dynamic. As you have observed, the energy is rotary.”

The chief smiled. “Women are the keepers of the culture, the family, the home, as well as the foundation of the world. The lesson that the women have to teach the men is how to be gentle.

“It’s the women who are going to change the world now, and so the men have to protect them.” Makua smiled again, then added, “The men need to follow the women for a change, because in doing so, men will become more selective. It’s about discrimination, about learning discernment.”

The women in the group were utterly still, their eyes glowing with focused attention. The men looked supportive, yet their eyes shifted uneasily. This was new to most of them.

“This is Mother Earth,” Makua went on. “It is not Father Earth. The energy of the Earth is feminine, about Haumea, and the lesson for the men is about gentleness. The job of the women is to teach the men how to be gentle. So, it’s time for the men to sit down and listen, and it is time for the women to stand up and speak.”

Jill caught Makua’s attention, and he waited for her to speak. “If I’ve got this right,” she began, “when you say that the energy is rotary, this is not simply about altruism in which we are selective to whom we extend our support in hope of reciprocation. It’s not about a unilateral direction in which the women continually give, and the men continually take. Rather, it’s about authentic and unconditional reciprocation, in which everyone extends support to everyone else, with nobody keeping tabs on who owes whom what. This alone would be truly rotary ... and this alone is the feminine impulse.”

Makua smiled at her in agreement. “That’s it precisely. The universe is always in balance. We are the ones who are out of balance. Yet the paradox is that to establish and experience balance here on this level, it always begins with us—with ourselves. And to establish this balance, this harmony, within yourself, you have to be in love. And when you are in love, you can offer yourself that love as well.

“This energy, this tapestry of aloha, is the most powerful of all the forces in the universe. And only when you are in the state of aloha, only then you can truly touch the universe. Only when you are in a state of love and practicing kindness, only then will the universe, as well as the ancestors, respond.

“This is why the greatest discovery that you will ever make,” the kahuna continued, “is the discovery of yourself, and particularly the discovery of your relationship with your Higher Self, your ‘Aumakua. This is the godlike being who really listens to your prayers, responds in ways that are

mysterious, and sends occasional messengers to Earth—you—who usually get treated very badly.” Makua burst into laughter, and we all joined him.

“There is no great messiah out there who is going to return to save us all,” he offered. “That is a myth, and yet this fiction contains an eternal truth—one that even a child can understand. Each one of us carries the potential to be a messiah. We carry this energy within us, but we have to choose it. It will always and forever be about choice.

“And when we understand this, when we understand who we are and where we are, then each one of us, both male and female, has the potential, as well as the kuleana—the responsibility—to become a world redeemer. This is what is meant by the statement that ‘each of us must become the change that we wish to experience.’ There simply is no other way. If we wish to create a new and better world, we must dream our new world into being ... and then we must act on our dreams to bring them into manifestation through ourselves.”

This brought up the subject of initiation.

## **MALE INITIATION**

“For all of us, the first initiation takes place at our birth,” Makua began, “and in Polynesia, the newborn is kapu—sacred. The second initiation takes place when the child is blessed, and it is at this time that the kapu is lifted. This lifting of the kapu is essential because the baby is actually a god who has come into this world. With the release from kapu, the baby’s energy is turned down and dimmed so that the baby can be human, so that it can live here.”

The elder paused and looked at each of us in turn. “We all came into this world as holy beings, and part of our path is to remember who we are as well as where we are. We are wounded and corrupted by our experiences of this world, and our job, really, is to become holy beings once again before we check out.” He chuckled.

“The responsibility of the kupuna [the elders] is to know the purpose for each child coming into the world so that they can gently remind them of this purpose when they stray from their path.”

This idea of the responsibility of elders at childbirth reminded me of something I had observed during my years living with tribal peoples in



Africa. “In an African tribal society, when a woman is in the last trimester of her pregnancy, and her baby is getting ready to be born,” I said, “she is usually approached by her women allies in her community who are shamans. With her permission, these powerful women connect with the spirit of her child that is coming into this world.

“Sometimes the mother herself is placed into a state of trance; sometimes it’s the shaman who enters the deep state. However the connection is achieved, when the child’s spirit is contacted, it is asked to speak using either the mother’s voice or that of the shaman who is acting as a medium. These powerful women then ask the child questions like ‘Who are you?’ and ‘Why are you coming into our community?’

“The spirit of the child answers, and it is in this way that the whole community learns about the child and what his or her purpose is for coming into the village. This means that the whole community knows who the child is and what his or her life purpose is right from the start. It also means that the community can gently steer the child back in the right direction if the child strays too far from his or her life’s purpose—like when they are teenagers,” I chuckled.

“But there is something else that deserves mention.” I continued looking at Makua. “From what the spirit of the child reports, it seems like they have gotten permission to be born from a council of elder spirits.”

“The ancestors!” Makua put in with great satisfaction.

“Yes, it seems that incoming souls have literally submitted a proposal to a council of ancestral spirits, and it is on the basis of this proposal that their soul seed is granted the right to come into life and inhabit a particular body—the one in which they will be able to maximize their opportunities to learn the life lessons on which they are currently working.

“When I first learned about this in West Africa back in the 1960s, I didn’t understand it. It seemed like wishful thinking to me. But since then, I have encountered variations of this practice among other tribal groups, and I have come to understanding. It’s quite stunning when you think of it,” I concluded. “This piece of indigenous wisdom implies that each one of us has such a council of elders.”

“And these elders brief us before we come into life,” Makua chimed in. “They also debrief us when we return to spirit at life’s end. They are not the highest authority in the spiritual hierarchy, but they seem to be the ones

responsible for us while we as souls are still embodying here on the physical plane. This is how the kupuna know each child's purpose. The child's spirit reveals to them the nature of its kuleana before it is born."

Makua looked directly at me. "Traditionally, the baby always lived in the mother's house with the women at the beginning of life. In Polynesia, it was the custom for each family compound to be divided into two halves—the women's half and the men's half. Then, when the boys reached the age of about five or six years, they would move into the men's house. And the first thing that the men would teach the boys is how to treat women with respect. And because of this, the abuse of women was virtually unknown.

"Boys would not experience the next initiation until between the ages of eleven and fourteen. That initiation was about putting them to the test and giving them back their power. The next initiation after that included what the Native American peoples call the vision quest. It's about getting into connection with the spiritual hierarchy and about magic. This has to do also with intuition and the feminine, and again, it's about knowing how to treat women.

"The initiation following that one is where the men become the haku, the captain, where they achieve varying degrees of mastery that have to do with their life purpose. When you are a haku, you have mastered yourself. And when you have discovered yourself, you have discovered love—and that is healing.

"We have talked about aloha before. The world is really quite simple," Makua digressed. "Either you're in fear or you're in love. In the process of discovering where we have sunk our anchor, we are all learning to become navigators—ho'okele—of our own destiny across time, and as we go in and out of fear, we discover that love is the only force in the universe that will get us out of fear. But when love moves out," he grinned, "fear moves in. Simple.

"As we face our life's challenges and learn our life's lessons, it's love that gets us from one level to the next. And, of course, once we learn the current lesson, there are more waiting for us." He laughed. "But this is how we become wise. Love and wisdom come together, just like knowledge and power."

## **FEMALE INITIATION**

One of the younger women in the group then asked, “What could you tell us about the initiations of women?” To which the chief gave a startling answer.

“In the indigenous world, women don’t need initiation,” Makua said, smiling as he noticed the ripple this caused in the group that was about 75 percent women. “Women belong to the Earth,” he continued, “and as such, they are the foundation of the world, the foundation of the culture, as well as the foundation of the family. The feminine is the foundation on which everything stands, and as that foundation, women already are initiated.”

In the silence that followed this revelation, I thought about what the chief had just said and decided to share some juicy chunks of anthropological lore about female initiation rituals in various indigenous groups. But I still wanted to know more. I turned to the chief and asked about his Hawaiian perspective on further levels of female initiation.

“The initiations for women,” he continued, “are physiological and part of nature, as women belong to the moon. There are the pre-childbearing years of childhood and adolescence in which girls work with and are initiated by their mothers and grandmothers, followed by those years in which they gather their family together and live as a married householder with children. Then there are those post-childbearing years in which women become wise elders who weave the fabric of the community together.

“But the initiations six through nine are for everyone, both the men as well as the women.” The women looked reassured. “They have to do with self-realization, with knowledge, with dealing with our fears, and then with silence.” Makua had everyone’s attention.

## **THE FOUR BOWLS**

The group watched him expectantly as he gathered his thoughts. Then he smiled.

“In talking about the levels of initiation that teach us who and what we are in each life, we must now discuss the four bowls of learning,” Makua began, his voice drifting off a bit as he considered how to convey what he wished to say.

“The first bowl is where we express our desire—our desire to learn, our desire to know—it’s about action. It’s the place where we jump in and

submerge ourselves in the flow of life. It's where we perceive through our body's senses, conditioned by our anticipation of the future as well as our memories of the past. It is through this vehicle of bodily consciousness—our physical soul—that we experience the everyday world to which we respond with emotions and feelings.

“The first bowl is where we experience pleasure in response to things, people, or situations that we like. The lesson of this first bowl is about obedience to our navigator, to spirit, but in actuality we often don't learn this until much later in the game.

“But it's the second bowl that is the tough one.” Makua chuckled. “The second bowl from which we all have to drink is the school of hard knocks. We have mentioned this one before. This is where we encounter those situations that we set up for ourselves in order to learn our lessons, the place where we experience pain and suffering. This is where we encounter all our fears that come and go with the process of learning. This is the place of initiation.

“And what is the lesson of the school of hard knocks? This is where we learn how to lose gracefully.” Makua smiled in a sad sort of way, a smile that revealed his great heart. The group remained silent as he continued.

“The third bowl is the bowl of intelligence,” Makua said, his eyebrows shooting up as if he were about to laugh. “This is where we're all gonna get smart! It is the third bowl that involves the actual learning. It's about intellectual pursuits and about intelligence,” he said, glancing at me. Everyone laughed at the fact that he had pointed me out. My sometimes overly mental side was well known. “This is where our will forces can work through intelligence to create forms of expression on the physical and mental planes of existence.”

I checked my notes and engaged Makua by quoting his own words back to him, much to his amusement. “I believe that you said, and I quote, ‘The third bowl is where we think in extended space-time, gaining knowledge, developing our authentic individuality, and achieving illumined understanding through our powers of discernment and discrimination.’”

Makua threw up his hands in surrender, and everyone clapped. He grinned at me. “You were obviously listening, but then again, maybe that's what you said.” Everyone laughed again.

“It's true,” he confirmed. “The third bowl is about our pursuit of the

mystery of existence—the mystery that is always just out there, just beyond our reach, attracting us forward always. This is the lure that draws us onward toward that which we are destined to become.

“This bowl is about the knowing that comes to us from the direct experience we achieve in the first and the second bowls. But it’s more than just about the knowing. It’s about the power that comes with the knowing when we finally learn the lesson.”

“And what lesson would that be?” someone asked.

“Whatever lesson you’re currently working on,” he replied with a laugh. “There are always lessons that are waiting for us in the wings.

“And when we achieve the healing, *ola mau loa*, that comes with discovery, the fourth bowl is manifested before us. The fourth bowl is about love, about aloha, and that’s what’s holding everything together. This is why you have to love yourself first. The fourth bowl is also about humility. This quality, humility, is the first expression that I look for when I am in the presence of someone who claims to be in the know.

“But the fourth bowl is also about silence,” Makua continued. “When we reach that place of knowing on our path of discovery, when we achieve the place of wisdom for ourselves and of ourselves, we must then maintain silence so as not to deny anyone else the opportunity to go on their path of discovery. It’s about respect.”

I thought about the three kapus of the spiritual warrior—love all that you see with humility, live all that you feel with respect, and know all that you possess with discipline. This really said it all.

“So summarizing initiations six through nine,” Makua continued, as he held up four fingers on his left hand and ticked them off, “to get to knowledge (eight), you have to know who you are (six), and you have to eliminate your fears (seven). And when you achieve knowledge (eight), you must maintain silence (nine), so that you don’t deprive others of the power that comes with their own discoveries.”

The kahuna paused and looked within himself for long moments. “When I find myself in the presence of someone who cannot stop talking about themselves and what they know, someone who assumes that they are important by virtue of their connection with this teacher or with that body of knowledge or school where they have trained for X number of years, I know

I am in the presence of a spiritual seeker, yes, but one who still has great lessons to learn. They are still on the wheel, and they are still at the level of the first bowl, not the fourth, although we cannot say that to them. This is because we must maintain our silence.”

Makua laughed with delight, then looked at Jill before turning his attention to the circle and making contact with each person. “Hank and Jill as your *kumus* [teachers] can draw you into the mystery and help you step onto the path of discovery and power. Yet your path, once you step onto it, is the one that only you walk on. No one else walks with you on your path.”

Makua paused as we all considered his words. “And what is your path?” he challenged. “Where is it, and what do you experience along it?”

“The nine fundamental needs that we depend upon for our happiness and our well-being are as follows: security, adventure, freedom, exchange, power, expression, acceptance, communion, and expansion. The order of priority will differ for each person,” he said softly. “Your top three determine what it is that you need to fulfill yourself.”

Makua beamed at us with light dancing in his dark eyes. He sensed accurately that we were all getting it and that our lives would be transformed by his shared ancestral wisdom. And over the years of our connection, as we heard him repeat his teachings with different groups, they were never quite the same. They were always new and fresh and vital, infused with his creative power, his mana.

“When you come to this place of realization, you understand that your life is your practice. When you have been drawn into connection with your ancestors and your ‘Aumakua, then these wise spiritual beings become your teachers and your advisers.

“At this point, it’s not about belief and faith anymore. It’s about your direct relationship with those spiritual elders who exist in the realm of things hidden—the ones who are poised to help you. And when you have been brought into connection with them, the rest then follows.”

# 10

## Levels of Reality

Makua's connections to his ancestors and his Higher Self were omnipresent. They were always advising him—and at the same time, he was often in service to many in the world. One of the greatest challenges that he faced across the years was how to bring his traditional knowledge forward in a way that was meaningful to modern people.

There was one of our groups in which he dug particularly deeply. Why this was so is hard to say. It's possible that he would simply look the group over and decide what they were ready for. In the group I have in mind, we had been discussing the nature of reality before his arrival, so perhaps Makua picked up on this. What follows is a distillation of our discussion about reality from his kahuna perspective, one in which his abilities as a net-weaver were fully expressed and fully appreciated.

### THE FIRST LEVEL

"The first level of reality is about spirit manifesting itself into form," the chief began. "It's about the great Source dividing itself with the emanations from its essence, taking form in lower dimensional levels of existence. The initial separation took place in the primordial darkness, the Po, allowing the world of light, Ao, to emerge.

"As the Infinite Intelligence of the Source emanated itself outward, the formation of the spiritual hierarchy was set into motion as the expressed aspects became smaller and smaller. Some of these parts took form as stars or suns."

The group waited expectantly. Processing what he had just said, I offered, "It's about the Tao, the true source that cannot be defined or described or even named, dividing itself and then projecting those separated aspects of itself outward into the dreamworld so that it could experience itself—and in

search of itself.”

Makua laughed. “Yes. That’s it. It’s about energy demonstrating itself as a concentrated center—and about Source expressing itself through manifestation, moving forward. And at this level of expression, the Infinite Intelligence and the Infinite Energy of the Source are still one. This state of nondual existence could simply be called ‘Being.’

“This initial event in which the Source decided to divide itself exists in the past as a blinding, singular instant in which our universe came into Being. This moment is known to you scientists as the Big Bang.” Makua laughed. “And when this happened, it brought us immediately to the second level, to the level of creation—the dual level of Kanewahine.”

## **THE SECOND LEVEL**

“On this second level, the Source emanated the two sacred forces of creation—the masculine, Kane, and the feminine, Wahine, and although they possess qualities and abilities that clearly distinguish them from each other, they are actually two halves of a whole. The Infinite Energy of Source, expressed through duality of Kanewahine, possessed the potential to become all things, and together they could bring any strongly needed or desired experience into being.

“But when we study the effects of this creative principle, we see that there were actually three polarities, not two,” he said, turning to me. “You perceived this quite accurately in your moments of vision described in your book, and this is part of what drew me to come into relationship with you.

“The second level, as we have just said, is about the manifestation of the Source into form, through the creative principle of the masculine and feminine halves of creation, yes. And these in turn gave rise to the worlds of matter, of energy, and of the awareness that each has of the other. These are the three that came into Being. So the second level is also about attraction.”

Makua waited to see who, if anyone, would pick up on his thoughtline. No one said a word. “Between these three,” he held up three fingers and then began to tick them off, “matter, energy, and consciousness, there exists the force of attraction that connects them to each other. The positive polarity of attraction is acceptance, and the negative is rejection.

“In alignment with this awareness,” Makua continued, “the positive



polarity of acceptance is aloha, revealing that the deep impulse within life itself is about acceptance—about the agreement to participate in the game. This reveals that the second level is about love. This energy is cyclic. It is like a spiral.”

He paused for a moment, his expression neutral. I was aware that he was probably checking in with his spirit advisers, the ones he referred to as the ancestors. How much was he being given permission to share without violating the rule of the fourth bowl, the bowl of silence, I wondered. “Can you tell us more about the spiral?” I asked.

“The spiral can remain static for a long time,” Makua continued with a smile. “But it can change rapidly as energy flows into the spiral, or out of it. This is why we see the symbol of the spiral everywhere in the world of form in designs or in petroglyphs or pictographs in rock art. The spiral is the symbol for life.

“The expression of this impulse toward existence is about pulling, like the fishhook. This reveals that the first and second levels were combined together. They had to be.” The chief glanced around at the circle, then at me and Jill. He made a point to visually check in with everyone as he unraveled his wisdom for us. “Eighteen and a half million years ago when we arrived here,” he laughed, “this was a time in which the gods walked the Earth. We were those gods whose positive polarity was about stability, our negative about balance. These two formed a harmony in which many things came into being, but through the long ages that followed, we forgot who we really are.” He smiled sadly.

“Number two, the second level, was the time of Kanewahine, the male and the female halves of creation expressed as the primordial forces of the masculine and the feminine. The energy was about aloha, and between them, this was the time of the coming into being of the first two races.”

“We Polynesians don’t talk about the first two races anymore, for they were all of us when we were still learning to create this form [the body]. Here in Polynesia, many say that they belonged to the Mu, the ancient race of people that lived here before we Polynesians arrived. The Mu were gods in becoming. So level number one was about unity, and level number two was about form, about stability, yes, but also about separation.”

Makua paused to see if we were getting it. The participants looked uncertain. “Can you tell us more about the Mu?” someone asked. “Are they

the people who lived in Lemuria?”

Makua considered this question. “The Mu were a diminutive race of people who lived here in the oceanic world. They were actually the third race, the result of the first two levels, and they were the ones called the Menehune in Hawai‘i today. They were the descendants of Maui, who lived here more than twelve thousand years ago in the mythic past. When the Polynesians arrived, the Mu decided to leave.”

“Why did they decide to go,” I asked, “and where did they go?”

“Well,” Makua laughed, “although no one likes to talk about this today, the Polynesians were cannibals.” Makua let the thought hang. The workshop participants looked uncertain and intrigued at the same time. I wondered about this. I knew from my studies that cannibalism had caught the attention of the early missionaries whose journals had found their way back to Europe during the colonial period. And although cannibalism was relatively rare as a subsistence strategy, it had engaged the sense of the macabre in the European mind.

“And so nobody wants to have cannibals for neighbors,” I added with a grin.

“You could say that,” the kahuna murmured, silencing the laughter that had taken place after my comment. “The Mu left here when the Polynesians arrived, and they went to Central America where they became the Maya.”

I made a mental note to ask the Maya about this when and if I ever got the chance. I did know that the Maya, like the Menehune of legend, were diminutive in stature and that they made big stone monuments. They also had a singular god they called Hunab Ku. But what, if any, connection this had with the Polynesian deity Ku (in the northern ocean) or Tu (in the southern ocean), remained to be found.

“You remember when we talked about the four bowls?” Makua asked me. I nodded. “The first two were about the first two races,” he reiterated. “They were about obedience and the learning of the lessons provided by the school of hard knocks. Those are the first two levels. The second level was also about developing the right brain.”

## **THE THIRD LEVEL**

“The Third Level is about the left brain,” Makua continued. “Interaction between the two, right and left, expresses a rotary energy that, in turn, produces an urge. The positive polarity of this urge was about enterprise. The negative was about versatility. And as these impulses are experienced and eventually mastered through both the positive as well as the negative, something interesting occurs.” Makua paused, looking as though he were searching for a concept.

“Maui’s fishhook is then lowered from the fourth level, which is where Maui, the Polynesian demigod, was at that time,” he said, then paused. The group was hanging on every word. I grasped the metaphor and went for the bait. “And we were the fish on the third level who bit the hook,” I asserted.

Makua smiled with obvious satisfaction. “Yes, and in choosing to bite the hook, we were then pulled up to the next level, the fourth. But we had to choose it.”

“So these levels were actually levels of our own evolutionary development as human beings?” I asked. “Yes ... and,” Makua answered slowly, “it was more like these were the lessons that we as embodied souls got to experience once we were in our human forms. And in response to these lessons, we grew and became more than we were.

“You see, the third level was the beginning of our awareness of [the goddess] Haumea who was and is this sacred Earth. It was also about Hina, the akua of the moon who was and is the foundation of this Earth.” Everyone looked puzzled. “Now why do you suppose the moon is the foundation of the Earth?” he asked no one in particular.

Makua didn’t answer his question, nor could we. Instead he just soldiered on.

## **THE FOURTH LEVEL**

“The third level created the fourth, which was about consolidation,” he continued. “This is one where we encountered the fourth bowl, the bowl of salvation (and the bowl of silence). This is where we began to experience the power of intuition through which we can connect directly with the Source through our association with the divinity that was and is the divine breath Haloa [of life] conveyed into us by our ‘Aumakua [our spiritual Oversoul or Higher Self].

“Our genealogy really starts at this level.” He smiled. “But this fourth level is also about materialism and the continuing of separation. It is also the level of the fourth race represented by Tiki. Some people call them the Atlanteans, and we don’t talk about them anymore. This is because, in order to achieve this fourth bowl, you have to give up the other three, and there is no going back because we are now in the bowl of silence.

“For us to give up the other three, there must be something that inspires us, because part of the fourth level also involves stagnation— *lana maile* ‘*opilopilo*. However, when we experience the inspiration sourced to us by our ‘Aumakua, purpose and intuition become merged, moving us onward to the next level.

“This is why the fourth level is also the realm of the scholar and about Kanaloa who is the essence as well as the keeper of the Ha, the divine breath of life, or as some say, the Haloa [ *Ha* equals “the breath of life,” and *loa* equals “long” or “forever”].

“When we achieve true knowing that is derived from direct experience (rather than from belief or faith), it links us to the lower levels as well as the higher. This linking up happens through the scholar,” he grinned at me, “and is about assimilation. The scholar is the link between the worlds, and the true job of the scholar is to create this link.

“And when the link is formed,” he turned to the group, “this leads us into the experience of personal transformation that, in turn, brings us up to the next level, the fifth.

“Now here’s something curious. The experiencing of levels one and two takes place through the power of aloha. When we engage at number three, this level is about the power of the warrior, about Ku, and we leave aloha behind. Then with number four, we connect with our essence and with Kanaloa who was and is that essence, and we are back in aloha. Yet with number five, we go back into the energy of Ku. It’s about becoming the sage, and this level is a level of action, like number three. Yet in addition to this, the fifth level is also about expansion— *ho‘akea ana*.”

## **THE FIFTH LEVEL**

“Is the fifth level about becoming the sage, the wise teacher?” I put in.

“Yes. Level five is where we become sages and teachers whose positive

polarity is expression and whose negative is oration. The sages are the actors of the universe.” Makua laughed as he watched us all scrambling to deal with his observations, as well as remember them.

As I have already mentioned, I had learned through Makua that it was not correct protocol to write in our notebooks while he was speaking, and so I had had to advise the participants in our gatherings about this before his visits. “If you are writing, you’re not listening,” he would admonish gently with a chuckle. “And the first lesson in the indigenous world is to learn how to listen.”

“The sages are connected to the artisans, linking level five to level two, and in this relationship, the lesson to be learned by both the artist as well as the teacher is perseverance. The artist searches cautiously [ *akahele*] for meaning through beauty, while the sage thirsts for knowledge and operates with power [mana]. Both possess a strong desire to pass it on to someone, whale to whale. The cluster of stars known as the Pleiades, Makali‘i, energizes the throat, and this is where the sage lives—through expression, while the artist lives at the second level and operates through creation.” Then Makua reflected briefly, looking around the circle of faces that were predominantly Anglo.

“The fifth-level races are the Aryans, the fire clan people—and also the Polynesians, who are mostly water clan. As we experience this level and master the lessons that are offered to us here, we discover that we are also linked to the sixth level, the level of the priest, the healer. This sixth level is the one that draws us upward from the fifth. This is why both Gandalf and Merlin are mythic examples of sages as well as high priests and thus regarded as wizards.”

## **THE SIXTH LEVEL**

Makua’s gaze dropped downward as he looked deeply into his own mind and considered what to say next. The group was riveted, aware that none of his millennia-old indigenous kahuna wisdom was written down in any book or source that they had ever encountered before. They were aware, I think, that they were being given an intimate view into the mind and thoughts of a world-class philosopher, one who could have held the attention of Pythagoras or Plato, Freud or Jung, or even Einstein.

“We are essentially through with the fifth level now ... and many of us,” he took all of us in with a sweep of his arm, “are fully immersed in the sixth. This is why Hank is fond of saying that the time of the guru is over.” He smiled. “We are working now on the sixth level—and this is the level on which we all become our own teachers. This is the lesson of the sixth, whose purpose is *lokahi* —harmony.

“You see,” Makua said, his dark eyes gazing deeply into the far distance, “it is at the sixth level that we really begin to establish an ongoing and formal connection with ‘Aumakua, our Higher Self, and when we do, we find something that is very important. This is when we discover that our ‘Aumakua, our personal god-self, was, is, and forever will be our true teacher in spirit. This is why we will never find a better teacher than ourselves.

“The sixth level is also the level of healing. This is where many of us are now. This is the level of integration with the Ancestral Grand Plan—the level at which we need to get rid of all things negative and replace them with the positive. This is the level on which we will all work, as we come to the end of this cycle of ages and the beginning of the next.”

“Does this have to do with that widely known date of 2012 from the end of the long count calendar of the Maya?” I asked him.

“Yes,” Makua answered, “it does. But it’s not the year 2012 that is important. It’s 2013. For this is when we will begin the next cycle of ages. This means that we have to create a new foundation for the next cycle, and what we decide to build on this will determine the spiritual focus as well as our lifeways for much of the next several thousand years.

“We have some hard decisions to make, and we have to make them now,” he laughed softly. “We are now in the position to create a new world for our descendants, and especially for the next seven generations. This will require a massive shift out of the negative and into the positive polarity, and at all levels of our lives.

“The sixth level is where we realize and fully experience ourselves as ‘Aumakua, as the Maitreya, as the once and future Buddha. This can be and will be the level on which we discover that we ourselves are that elusive messiah that folks have been waiting for over the past several thousand years.” He grinned. “The great misleading teaching conveyed by your Western religions is that the messiah is out there somewhere,” he said,

gesturing upward. “But it’s not out there. It’s in here, and always has been,” Makua said, then pointed to his own heart.

“This is why the positive polarity of the sixth level is about compassion and why the negative polarity is zeal,” Makua said, squinting. “Unfortunately, no amount of zeal will bring spiritual seekers into connection with what they conceive of as God. In their zealous attempts to worship God or inflict their concept of God on others, they are blind to the fact that their personal creator and savior, the holy spirit who created them, is in actuality their own god-self, their Higher Self, their ‘Aumakua—in a word, themselves.

“This is the great lesson of the sixth level, one of truly immense proportions. And there is something else of great importance. The personal ‘Aumakua that you call the Oversoul,” Makua looked at me, “can only be experienced through aloha, through love. It cannot be accessed through zeal ... and this means that we have to choose on which path we wish to walk.

“This is why the sixth level is also the level of Lono, because Lono is all about choice ... and in Polynesia, Lono is the archetypal healer.

“The sixth level is also where we may open up to the deep psychic level of experience, and this can only happen through the gateway of the heart and through the experiencing of joy. This is why the great plan that will save us all can only be about peace, both inner and outer peace.” Makua’s eyebrows shot up as he observed us all. “This is where we Polynesians are now. This level began to open up in 1991, as it was foretold by my ancestor High Chief Keoua Ku‘ahu‘ula two hundred years ago.

“In Polynesia, we are now at the sixth level, the head, the third eye, or the strong eye of the shaman— *kanuiokala*. The North Star, Hoku Pa‘a, energizes the third eye at this level. The sixth level is where we rid ourselves of our fears, and spiritual seekers who are still in their fears at this level tend to manifest them as arrogance— *koakoa* —and in response, they often become sorcerers in the negative polarity, *kahuna po‘oko‘i*.

“It is also at the sixth level that the feminine must take the lead ... and so today, if our priests and politicians, most of whom are men, opt for the negative polarity, they will step backward into the fifth level—the level of Ku—and this will create war. And should this happen,” he smiled sadly, “we will simply have more lessons to learn.”

The group looked very serious as they considered the options available to

us, so the chief shifted the energy.

“There is another migration coming in from the stars in our time. It is happening right now,” Makua added with a smile. “This is the arrival of the sixth race, and they are coming in now as souls in great numbers. The members of the sixth race are the Children of Joy. They are about change, great change, and about growth— *kupu*. They represent the heart— *pu‘uwai*. Some of them have been called the indigo children or the star kids. But these terms are misleading as not all who have been so named actually fall into this category.”

Makua looked satisfied with what he had conveyed, and the group then entered into a long discussion of the so-called indigos, a polyglot term often misused by well-intentioned yet misinformed New Agers to categorize and even give validation to children suffering from a wide variety of behavioral and mental disorders from hyperactivity to autism, bipolar disorder, and even schizophrenia. I had read some of the New Age stuff on the indigos, and my inner scientist had found the material filled with wishful thinking and misinformation.

“The sixth race, correctly understood,” Makua continued, “will be about creating harmony and integration, and these conditions must be given form by those of us who are here now to receive the ones coming in, because we and they cannot experience joy in the presence of havoc.

“Those who are coming in will reveal the path,” he continued, “and interestingly, this is the very same path that the ancestors put into place long ago. This is where our main work is to be done now ... to create harmony and balance, and in doing so, to create unity— *lokahi*. This is our job and our challenge as we learn from our life lessons and eventually become spiritual elders ourselves.”

We were all silent as we considered what Makua had just revealed. And there was more.

## **THE SEVENTH LEVEL**

“And the next level?” I asked. “Will this be the seventh?”

“Yes,” he replied thoughtfully. “This is the level that draws us forward as well as upward, the one that beckons to us even as we learn the lessons of the sixth. The seventh level is where we are all heading. As we have said before,



this is the level of the chief, the ali'i, and paradoxically, it is also about nature.

“And why would nature, the foundation of all that exists, be part of the seventh level?” he asked. “It is because it is the chiefs’ responsibility to create abundance through their relationship with nature.” He smiled. “And this necessitates our knowing who we are as well as where we are. It also demands reverence and a return to nature-focused spirituality. It requires a reenchantment of humanity as well as a reenchantment of nature.

“We human beings are creators. We have come here to develop that capacity for action as a function of our ‘uhane, the mental/intellectual soul aspect that you call the ego. We embody here specifically to develop this soul aspect, as it includes our ability to exercise choice and to create. We then choose to create what it is that we want, but once we have done so, once we have brought something into being, we acquire responsibility. We must be responsible for our creations.

“We humans have created much during the time in which we are now living. Just look at how the world has changed in the last ten years alone. We continue to create, create, and create, and we do so through the power of choice. Yet when we look at the monumental waste that has been generated at every level of the world capitalist system, we become aware that we create at the expense of nature. This simply cannot continue, for to do so will place the future generations in great peril.

“In the same manner that our ancestors set things into motion for us, we are the ancestors of those who will follow us. The chiefs among us [on level seven] are the ones who have to create the harmony, and this includes not only balancing what we desire against the trade-offs—what the expense will be for both nature as well as the future generations—it also includes the balancing of both the masculine and the feminine within ourselves.

“In Hawai‘i we call this *mahu*. This is also the word that is used for those who are gay or lesbian, or as our Native American cousins would say ‘two-spirited.’ Not many have this balance. It is to be found in the heart, where we connect with the energy of aloha. And the heart belongs to the land, and the land is the center of all things, and...” Makua grinned and looked at me and Jill. “I detect that you have many two-spirited people in your gatherings. I perceive them because I feel this balance in them.

“The positive polarity of the chief is mastery, and so the seventh level is

about self-mastery as well as mastery of our emotions and senses.” Makua paused. He was speaking slowly, as if he were being very careful with his words. “The chief is the one who is in service to his people, revealing that the chief and the servant are in relationship, one to seven. It’s about *ho‘oku‘ikahi*, about reunification.”

Makua looked at me and grinned. “Scholars, artisans, warriors, and chiefs have only one channel in the positive polarity. The scholar has knowledge, the artisan creation, the warrior persuasion, and the chief has mastery. But when the king or queen or chief sits in the chair, they also acquire responsibility.

“The chief is responsible for all those who are around him and their well-being. The energy that permeates the seventh level comes from Na Hiku, the Big Dipper, which also represents spirit.

“And when we, as chiefs, begin our work on the seventh level, it will be required that we will be masters of ourselves and our senses. This is because as chiefs, we must be able to hear what no one else is hearing, see what no one else is seeing, feel what no one else can feel. This can only be done by chiefs with acute observation as well as discipline, and by those aligning themselves with aloha.

“The true chiefs among us must adjust their energy and lower their vibration to their *na‘au*, to their center, for this is where power resides ... and to their *pu‘uwai*, their heart, for this is where true wisdom lives.

“It is there, at the level of the heart, that we will always be connected to the spiritual seed of light placed within us by our ‘Aumakua with our first breath. And it is only through that seed, through that probe, if you will,” he smiled, “that connection with our true god-self can be achieved. And this alone is the only true God—our personal as well as collective Oversoul field that exists always in the worlds of things hidden, yet is always and forever connected to us through that seed of light that resides within our heart.

“Despite all the proclamations and scriptures of our organized religions, despite all the prayer and pontification fired by zeal, this is what authentic connection with God really means. The Judeo-Christian-Islamic version of an alternately beneficent, alternately wrathful off-planet father God is a myth, one that was designed to create fear— *maka‘u*—and thus separation— *ka‘awale ‘ana*. And it was through separation and through domination— *kuhikuhi* —that your organized religions have ruled for the last two thousand

years. And in the process, so much was lost and so many innocents were sacrificed in the name of their version of God,” Makua added, with sorrow in his voice.

“As you have observed,” I said, “in the negative polarity, the chief becomes a tyrant, and if the political leaders were allied with those priesthoods anchored in the negative polarity, it was a sure recipe for disaster. The priests were the politicians.”

The kahuna nodded. “This was and is the supreme test of the leader, the king or the queen, the president or the prime minister, and this includes our spiritual leadership,” he said.

“It seems that we live in a time,” I observed gently, “in which the populace must be psychologically ready to elect an authentically initiated president or chief of state, because if we take an informed look at the world of today, we are all in great peril. We all seem to be anchored in the negative polarity, in fear, and this has progressively taken form in our time because of a monumental failure of our political and religious leadership.”

Makua held a light smile on his face as we all thought about this in silence. Then he brought us back to the present. “There are actually twelve levels of reality, awareness, and experience. We won’t talk about those that are coming up because those of us who know about them are now in the bowl of silence. To talk about them would deprive seekers of the power that comes with discovery.

“But I can say this. You can always perceive when you are dealing with a young soul, a mature soul, or an old soul.”

The energy shifted in the room as we all waited for him to continue. Makua himself began to smile in preparation for the next laugh.

“The young soul is the one who says, ‘Do it my way,’” he said with a grin. “The mature soul says, ‘Do what you want; just don’t do it here.’

“And the old soul says,” Makua concluded, “‘You do what you want; I’ll do what I want.’” Laughter filled the room.

# 11

## Speaking Woman

In the spring of 2003, Jill and I returned to the island, and as he had done many times before, Chief Makua joined us at the Keauhou Beach Hotel for an evening of talk-story, feasting from the sumptuous buffet, drinks from the bar, and the sharing of much sacred knowledge. The three of us were now very close friends, sharing a deep bond at the heart level. My affection for him was unlike any other relationship I had ever had with a fellow man, even with my father. It was a unique and deeply nurturing friendship that was firmly anchored in aloha. We simply loved each other dearly.

It was during this evening that Makua proposed to take me to a place on the island that I had never been to before, a locality up on the south side of the sacred mountain Mauna Kea—a crater on the slope that was and is, he told me, a direct entryway into the mythic Lower Worlds.

He and I left early the next morning in his four-wheel-drive truck. Jill had agreed to follow with a lag time of several hours so that she could pick me up on the saddle road at a particular spot and then drive me back to Waimea where we were going to host a gathering for the next week. Makua could then go in the other direction back to his home in Kapoho. As the chief and I drove alone together in his truck, we talked of many things. Among them was this gem:

“The spiritual teachers of the past who preceded us did not just set everything into motion from their perspective and then just walk away,” Makua said, looking at me with his eyes alight. “They left tracks for us to follow. The ancestors continue to offer us their help and support by providing us with clues as to how to find these tracks and follow them. In this way, we may help ourselves and each other as we all continue to change and become more than we were through the process of our personal evolution.

“And ... we must always remember that the exalted souls who are on the other side of the mirror care about us,” he continued.

“Is this a one-way mirror?” I asked.

“Yes,” he laughed. “They can see into our world, and all the time. But only a few of us, those with spirit vision, can see into theirs.

“The ancestors on the other side are deeply concerned at this time about our continued survival in the face of the truly daunting environmental issues that are coming up. Yet at the same time, they are not the conscience for humanity, and they will not interfere with our ongoing process nor with our free will to make choices, even bad ones.”

The chief looked thoughtful as his gaze ranged outward across the island that he loved.

“The challenge for each of us,” he continued, “is to understand that the ultimate solutions to all our problems lie within us. It is through our choices that those solutions will manifest ... or not.

“We all agreed to this process of continual personal evolution through problem solving before we came into this world. Our present embodiment within the physical form of a self-aware, [sentient] intelligent human being is happening within a difficult time, one that includes much pain and suffering as well as many levels of initiation. Yet it is forever and always about choice.

“Our present existence here on this Earth,” he added, “also includes the experience of great beauty as well as the potential that we know as ‘promise.’ And as we acknowledge and experience these potentials in our daily life, we are infused with courage—the courage to go on, to prevail, and to create a better world.”

Makua paused and looked deeply at me to emphasize the point. “We are encouraged by the hope of all that we may create, of all that may come into being through the choices that we make, and through all of our dreams and hopes of what we may become.”

“There is an old Chinese proverb that conveys this,” I chimed in, “We count our miseries carefully and accept our blessings without much thought.”

Makua exploded into laughter. “Clever, these Chinese,” he said, quoting an oft-repeated aphorism with yet another long laugh. Then his expression returned to serious.

“What you have said is true,” he admitted. “Perhaps it is time to count our blessings carefully and accept our suffering as simply part of our initiations, so that we may become who and what we agreed to become with the help of our teachers in spirit—the ancestors.”

The day was perfect, the sky clear as we ascended the western slope of the island north of the town of Kailua-Kona. There before us in the distance was the great dormant volcano Mauna Kea. It loomed like a domed shield almost fourteen thousand feet high, emerging from the Earth clear of clouds. It was a good day to approach the sacred mountain.

“You know, most Westerners are of the fire clan,” Makua continued. “They originally came as souls from a particular group of stars that we call Manaiakalani—the fishhook of Maui [Scorpio]. But for us Polynesians, it was from ‘A‘A, from Sirius, that the water clan people came, and it was at Hiva ‘Oa in the Marquesas Islands that we emerged into the world of light. The canoe we came on was called *Puuharatau*, and the first great navigator was a woman, an ali‘i wahine [chiefess] named Tewahitepua. She was the one who essentially and figuratively gave birth to us all.”

This was one of those pieces of indigenous Polynesian wisdom that peppered our conversations; then without further explanation, Makua’s thoughts shifted again.

“The goal for all of us is to seek truth above all things. The way to seek truth is to look for beauty and harmony in all that surrounds us in life. And the flame,” Makua said, his eyes glazing over as his body continued to drive the truck on automatic pilot, “the sacred flame exists within our pu‘uwai, within our heart, and it is this light that allows us to know truth. This is the gift that we received from our ancestors and from our ‘Aumakua—the seed of light that we received with our divine breath, our Ha, at the moment of our arrival into this life.”

We then drove in silence, until Makua achieved the apex of the saddle road between the two great mountains, Mauna Kea to the north and Mauna Loa to the south. The landscape was moonlike with little if any vegetation to cover the geologic sagas recorded in the tortured and crumpled flows of volcanic stone that were frozen in stark relief on all sides of us as dark rivers of silence.

## **THE PLACE OF POWER**

Makua turned left up the road that led to the top of Mauna Kea itself and began the climb. After a bit, at the nine-thousand-foot level or so, he abruptly pulled off the road and put the truck in four-wheel drive. We lurched across

the broken terrain, grimly hanging on until he finally brought the truck to a stop and turned off the engine.

Makua sat thoughtfully for long moments, then broke the silence to tell me that the place we were going to visit was called Ha'i Wahine—Speaking Woman.

Slowly we slipped out of the truck, and together walked up a rocky incline among scrubby keawe trees and bushes. The chief was leaning heavily on his stick at this altitude, and his mood seemed somber; then his eyes began to dart to the right and to the left as though he were expecting someone or something to welcome us. The environment was arid, as we were on the southern face of the great mountain and fully exposed to the sun.

When we reached the ridge directly above us, we found ourselves on the rim of an almost perfect circular crater, much like a steep bowl, several hundred yards across. It was midmorning, and the living air was still as the chief's eyes ranged outward and his lips whispered a longish prayer in Hawaiian. I waited respectfully to one side, taking in our surroundings.

To the west, we could see down the long divide between the two great volcanoes, all the way down to the ocean in the misty distance. Behind and above us to the north, the massif of the mountain Mauna Kea rose in all its multihumped magnificence. To the east, the arid slopes dropped away into the hazy blue of the ocean, capped by clouds far beyond Hilo. And to the south, we gazed upward across the unimaginable blue mass of the mountain Mauna Loa. This was without doubt one of the most prepossessing and powerful places to which I had ever been invited.

Makua finished his prayer, then directed my eyes to the bottom of the bowl-shaped crater at our feet with his walking stick. The reddish cindery slopes below us were quite steep near the top and studded with lava bombs and curiously shaped cinder stones, eventually descending to a relatively smooth and level floor at the bottom. There I could make out three largish stones, two black ones and one reddish one. They were enclosed in a long rectangle of black lava rocks.

"That is a small heiau," he indicated with his stick. "I made it," he grinned, causing me to wonder how he had gotten himself down there and back with his damaged legs. "The red stone is Hina, the daughter of Haumea, the Earth. Hina is the goddess of the moon, whose changing phases will forever influence the destiny of the Earth. The moonlight, *malamalama 'o ka*

*mahina*, conveys to all women the power of the female creative principle. Hina is also the ancestral mother of the Hawaiians, and so she represents all that is feminine.

“What you now need to do,” he grinned at me, “is this. First you must walk the circumference of this crater rim three times,” gesturing to his right. “Then I will tell you what comes next.”

Makua watched me speculatively as I considered the landscape around us. There was no trail to follow, but there was no getting out of it. I nodded and set off along the crater rim to the west that abruptly rose in altitude. Shortly thereafter, a most amazing thing happened. As I walked along the ridge, carefully picking my way between the stones and admiring the view when I dared take my eyes away from the ground, I began to pray. It was as though I had wandered into some “prayer field,” for lack of a better term, and almost immediately, I was praying hard.

I prayed for myself and for my family, for Makua and for his family, for the ancestors and for the spirits, and for all of humanity who seemed to have lost their way. I prayed for our often-misguided administration in Washington, and for the leadership at all levels of human society, everywhere, and I prayed for all the peoples of the world. And as I prayed, I walked, and each intake and out-breath of air was a prayer.

Throughout, my scientist’s mind was monitoring all this, taking it all in. I had never engaged in prayer at this level before, yet prayer, I reasoned, was a way of talking to the gods, Ke Akua, and to the ancestors, Na Kupuna, and it was my educated guess that I had wandered into a “prayer zone” that had been established here long before my time.

Then, almost at the opposite side of the crater, I abruptly came to a smallish structure, a rectangular pile of lava stones that created a crude open shelter several feet high. I stopped praying and observed it for several moments. Perhaps it had been constructed by the Hawaiians who had come up here to spend the night. Perhaps it had provided some protection from the cold air flowing down the immense mountain hovering immediately above me.

I looked back across the crater to where Makua sat on the rim on the other side. The big man looked tiny from this distance, yet I was still able to see and feel that he was observing me.

I got out Jill’s small camera from my pocket and took some photographs.



When I developed them, interestingly, there was a dim but definite vertical shaft of rose-colored light that emerged straight up from the shelter, with the blue mass of Mauna Loa beyond in the distance.

I continued walking around the rim, and suddenly a second phenomenon manifested. I began to sing.

Now I've never been able to carry a tune well, and so I virtually never sing in public, but here I was alone on the side of this craggy volcano in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and before you know it, I was bellowing out all sorts of off-key songs at the top of my lungs, songs I'd never heard before, almost as though I were "singing in tongues." Again, it was as though I had wandered into another zone—a song zone. When I approached the chief at the end of my first circuit, my songs suddenly ceased. He was watching me with interest as I walked up to him.

"You see that stone over there?" Makua asked me, pointing to his right.

I searched carefully among the rubble with my eyes, and there on the rocky substrate was a small lava bomb about the size and shape of an American football that was pointed at both ends. Because of the cast of the light and a curious layering of the stone itself, it appeared to have two eyes. And those eyes were looking straight at me.

"I was sitting here watching you circumnavigating the rim, and that stone spoke to me. It said, 'Hey, who's that guy?' So I looked at the stone and replied, 'And who are you?' We then had an interesting conversation in which I told the stone who you are as well as what you are. That stone then said to me, 'Oh!'"

Makua watched me as I looked at the stone carefully.

"The stone said that you don't have to walk around again," Makua said. "It said that you're ready to go down into the crater."

I took all this in, and a curious impulse appeared within me. "Makua, I have to walk it one more time. I have to check on something." Makua nodded graciously, and so I moved onward once more, and sure enough, before I had gone fifty yards I was praying hard once again. This continued until I got to the stone shelter. And once more, I was singing my guts out. There were definitely zones, I concluded, and they must be recorded in some way in the "energetics" of this crater.

When I rejoined the chief after my second round, he used his walking stick

to draw a diagram in the cindery substrate, a map, conveying the correct protocol for descending into the crater and entering a particular corner of his heiau. “As you go into the crater,” he admonished me seriously, “you must offer your pule [prayers] to this place and to the woman who will speak to you here.” He glanced at the reddish stone in the rectangular perimeter at the bottom.

“First, you must offer her your aloha, and then when you enter the heiau, you must confess all your wrongs. You must bring up in your mind all those people who injured you in this life, and one by one, you must offer them your unconditional forgiveness.” He was watching me digest this. A few real beauties had come right up. “Then, one at a time, once you have offered to them your unconditional forgiveness, you must just let them go. Gently. One at a time. Do you think you can do this?”

With this man in my corner, anything was possible. “I can,” I replied with conviction.

“Good,” he smiled. “Then, having done this, you must bring up in your mind all those people who you have injured, in full awareness or not—even those who were injured by your words or thoughts or deeds by accident or without intention. And one at a time, you must offer yourself that same unconditional forgiveness, and then just let them go.”

As I thought about it, his clairvoyance allowed him access to my thinking mind. He gently said to me, “Yes. This is about cleansing, about *kala*, and about shedding burdens. And once you let these burdens go, you are releasing distortions that you have been carrying all these years in your energetic field—and you will be free. This is about liberation. It’s also about healing.”

Makua beamed at me and continued, “Having confessed and released all your wrongs, you must then ask what you intend.” Makua paused, then rephrased what he was trying to communicate. “You must state your intentions and ask for what it is that you want.” He nodded and smiled once more. “And then, finally, you must open yourself fully and listen to what she says. That is why this place is called Ha‘i Wahine—Speaking Woman.”

Makua pointed down into the depths of the circular bowl-shaped crater and smiled. It was very steep at the top, even hazardous, the soft, reddish, powdery substrate inviting extreme instability on such a slope. And it was several hundred feet deep, evening out at the bottom. I glanced up at the sun

beaming down on me directly overhead and then looked down again at the cindery slope at my feet. With a last, thoughtful look at the lava bomb, I began my descent. There was no trail, and I picked my way carefully, traversing the treacherous, steep sides in long zigzags, wishing I had brought climbing boots as I saw my go-to-town shoes getting carved up by the rocks. Thank the gods I had not worn sandals, as my feet would have been torn and bleeding within moments.

As I scrambled carefully downward, my inner geologist emerged, and I began to study the cinder stones as I descended. In response, I began to feel upwellings of spontaneous joy. What a fabulous place Makua had brought me to—treacherous, yet fabulous. I wondered if these feelings were surfacing from the rocks around me, perhaps in response to my presence, then I offered my heartfelt aloha to the feminine spirit of this place and fervently hoped that I would not sprain an ankle. I took my time, enjoying the environs and studying the curious shape of the reddish cinder rocks on the sandy slopes. At the bottom, I finally paused, looking around carefully. The sun was directly overhead, literally cooking me *in situ*, rendering me down in this geological convection oven.

I entered the heiau in the manner Makua had prescribed. I looked thoughtfully at the stone representing Hina, the feminine essence and symbol of the goddess of the moon who gives us everything we've got and never asks for anything in return. I gathered my thoughts into some sort of order and announced out loud who I was and stated my purpose for coming into this sacred place. The heat was intense, and through it I could feel the presence of our star.

I began my list of "wrongs." It was a pretty long list. I forgave all those who had wronged me, one at a time. Then I forgave myself for all the intended and unintended wrongs I had brought into this world through my conscious and unconscious acts, letting go of all my grudges and distorted thoughts. When I got to the end of both lists, I looked back up at the rim to where Makua was sitting, still watching me, and for the first time in my life I felt truly clear, as though all my wounds were healed and all the pains and the grudges I had carried within me for so long were gone.

I was clean.

I then stated my intentions for this life and for the next lives to come, offering myself in service to what the chief often spoke of as the Ancestral

Grand Plan—and then I listened. And after a few long moments of silence, the flow of words began.

### **The Presence**

The flow came through as a voice within my mind. It wasn't a human voice, yet I could hear it, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that it just came to me, through my body, so that I just knew what was conveyed with a sense of absolute surety. Was it a feminine voice? It seemed so, and within my mind's eye I perceived a cloud of milky white light that seemed to descend upon me and then surround me; it was this mysterious mist that conveyed a vast intelligence that was completely aware of me. Yes, the presence was most definitely feminine, and I understood in those moments the challenges of all the mystics across time to record, remember, and accurately describe such experiences to the uninitiated masses of the world at large.

I sat down because I could no longer stand, and I remained in the heiau for some time as the visions, thoughts, and impressions continued to move through my mind and body, filling me with feelings of ecstatic wonder and awe as well as the courage to persevere in this life and in lives to come with the work that Jill and I and so many others, including the chief, had set into motion. I was shown in those moments that Jill and I had been taking the teachings and spiritual perspectives of Hale Makua out into the world since our very first meeting in 1996, and that we would continue to do so, carrying his words and stories on our Ha, our sacred breath, sharing them orally with those who were ready to receive them in the time-honored tradition of the old mystery schools of the past.

It was a sacrament, I realized, one that had come into being between the three of us many millennia ago, a sacred contract that would go on in this lifetime and in those to come as our trails continued to cross and recross on our long journey across eternity.

And there was more—much, much more—that came to me, some of which I understood, and some that would take time to ponder and absorb to discern its deeper meanings. There was indeed a doorway here, a portal as Makua had affirmed, and I was being taken through it into the heart of the Great Mystery of existence.

I also knew that much of what I was shown was for my eyes only. The level of information seemed to be in keeping with my evolutionary status as a soul journeying toward the future, and I sensed that this was always the way in which the mystery revealed itself to its devotees.

The sun and the winds and the earth and the rocks were witness to it all, and my tears fell freely in response, watering Hina's stone with my *wai 'ola*, my water of life.

When the train of thoughts and emotions and intuitive revelations slowly came to a close, I noted that others who had been here before me had made small offerings in the form of shells and stones and crystals. I was still wearing the white ginger flower lei that Makua had given me the previous evening, so I took it off with reverence, and with a whispered prayer, I infused it with my aloha and my gratitude, mine as well as Makua's, and draped it around the red stone of Hina. Then I opened my water bottle and sprinkled all three stones with my love.

#### **The Source**

When I regained the rim about half an hour later, Makua looked me over with obvious satisfaction. Smiling, he said, "Ka Po'ihi—the mysteries." As I thought about the sacred red stone at the bottom of the crater, Makua, in his clairvoyance, smiled and touched me on the chest. "We must remember," he said, "that no one thing is sacred. This is because everything is sacred. All, including the akua, the gods, are manifestations of Teave [pronounced *Tay-ah-vay*], the eternal and sacred Source from which all life flows and from which the world of form came into being."

I looked at the extraordinary landscape around me as I thought about this statement, and then I asked Makua to say more about Teave.

He thought about my question for a few long moments, with the full power of the afternoon sun now streaming down on us. And glancing briefly upward at the blazing orb, he replied, "The chants of the ancestors reveal to us that there was a beginning before time began, and it only happened once. In the eternal darkness of the Po, the empty vastness of space in which there was nothing, a primordial seed of light floated." Makua thought about this mystery and grinned broadly. "That seed of light was and is Teave, an eternal force that will always exist."

The chief looked directly at me as he continued, “In our chants, that seed of light suddenly lit up the darkness of the Po with a tremendous blaze, and the world of light, Ao, came into being.” Makua laughed with delight as I considered his words from my perspective as a scientist.

“It was at this point that Teave emerged fully and breathed forth its energy into the void,” Makua said. “This was Teave’s mana—the creative vital force that permeates everything, everywhere, and provides the *mauri ora*, the life force to every living thing [ *mauli ola* in Hawaiian]. It was in this way that order began to emerge out of chaos. It was this singular event in which Teave encouraged the cosmic forces of creation into action by whispering the sacred word *ORA* [literally ‘life of Ra,’ the sun], and in response, Tau Tahi, the first shining white light, expanded outward into the darkness. It was in this way that life began in the empty primordial abyss of the Po.”

Makua waited until I had digested this; then he continued by speaking of sacred concepts or names, often lapsing into Tahitian or sometimes Proto-Polynesian. I’ve added the Hawaiian equivalents to his words here.

“As we have discussed,” he said, “it was from the great Source, Teave, that the male and female principles of creation emerged. The male creative force was called Tane [Kane in Hawaiian], and the female force was called Na Vahine [Wahine]. The kapu [sacred] name of Kane is ‘Eri ‘Eri [‘Eli ‘Eli in Hawaiian], and the kapu name of Wahine is ‘Uri ‘Uri [‘Uli ‘Uli].

“In Polynesian thought, these three—Teave and the masculine and feminine forces of creation, Kanewahine—form the highest trinity. And creation, a function produced by the interaction of the masculine and feminine forces, is based upon three primary emanations of the Source. Some would call them laws or expressions. Some call them distortions. The first of these is the Law of Free Will—the free will of the Infinite Creative Intelligence of Teave to know and experience itself through its emanations. The second law is Aloha—the love emanated by the Source through its emanations as Kanewahine that can in turn create an endless array of thoughtforms that become Reality.”

Makua paused. It looked as though he were thinking about what he was saying, choosing his words with care. We were both sweating due to the intense heat of the full sun bearing down upon us, and I was also fully aware in those moments that Makua was bringing forth previously unspoken concepts and wisdom from the kahuna tradition in response to my inner

scholar in search of truth.

It was not so much that I, whoever I am, was special in any sort of way. It was more about the fact that he had suddenly and unexpectedly (in all humility) had a captive and receptive audience who was very well-informed, very well-read, as well as very wellconnected with a wide international audience (in all humility).

“These thoughtforms brought into being by Kanewahine are also dimensions—or what some call densities,” Makua continued. “You see ... it is through its manifested thoughtforms that the Source Teave can know and experience itself. And it was in this manner that the physical universes came into being.

“The first and second laws of the Source we call Teave are the Law of Free Will and the Law of Aloha. The third emanation or law of Teave is the Law of Light, and it is through this divine Light that the life force mauri ora was and is carried to bring the spiritual hierarchies into being.

“The goal, the universal impulse, for all manifested life-forms is to engage in relationship with each other within these levels of creation, and as they do, they experience the positive and negative polarities of expression through which harmony can be realized and established ... or not as the case may be.

“This reveals that the true nature of all form is Light—the Light that is the physically manifested Intelligent Energy of the Source,” Makua added.

Makua paused again and watched me as if to see if I was getting all this; then he glanced up at the sun and summarized everything he had revealed to me.

“As we have said before, Teave—the Source—or as some call it, the Great Central Sun, doesn’t create. It emanates, and it does so all the time. It emanates through its manifestation of free will and through its force of aloha, called Logos by some.

“This Aloha, this Logos, in turn, uses Light to design and physically manifest the vast universes of space-time. In doing so, the continual emanations of the Source step down through the spiritual hierarchy, through which the creative force Kanewahine manifests the endless galaxies composed of countless numbers of lesser yet still central suns, each of which in turn becomes a cocreator of its own system.

“The wonder of it all is that each star, each sun,” Makua stated, glancing

upward, “is a fragment, an emanation, an aspect of Teave, the great singular and Infinite Originator that contains within itself the essence of Intelligent Infinity.

“Because of this, each star, drawing on the power of the Originator, is able to create its own version of reality, and through its creations, the Source can experience itself as a creator being. And, as we have discussed previously, the first level is where a planetary being experiences consciousness. This occurs through the elementals—through the building blocks of fire and water, earth and stone and air, and even the mosaic of nature herself, each taking form and becoming conscious of the other. This awareness of ‘being’ emanates to and through the second level of reality, in which the process of evolution begins—the dynamic of change.

“As the elementals become aware of each other and merge and change form in response to each other, they evolve and then move toward the third level of self-conscious awareness—the level of self-awareness—or sentience. And it is at this level that we arrived here to take up residence in those primitive life-forms that in time would become what we call human.

“The children of Kane and Na Wahine, to use their common names, are the three princes of heaven, Ku, Lono, and Kanaloa.” Makua glanced at the sun, now descending from the zenith of the sky. “So Teave was and forever will be the Source, the Supreme Flame of Creation, and the primordial lord of all the suns, each of which are direct gateways into the Source.

“And here comes something curious.” Makua paused, looking at me. “These seeds of light inside of us—we could call them souls or soul fragments—began to yearn for something right from the beginning of their taking up residence within us at our birth. And what do you think they are yearning for?” he asked me.

I had never considered these thoughts before and felt myself at a total loss. I shrugged hopefully, and once again the chief bailed me out.

“They yearn to return to the Light and to the Aloha from which they originally came. The seeds of light within us all are emanations of Teave, and they all yearn to return to their Source ... and yet once the initial separation occurred, it was too late. Without knowing it, in taking up residence within us, the seeds of light had begun their long journey back home. This journey moves us and them inexorably upward through the spiritual hierarchy—a journey from which there is no escape.” Makua laughed. “We are all making



this long journey across time to return to the oneness, the nondual unity of Teave.”

The kahuna seemed to be looking deeply into his heart, and through that gateway into the core of the mystery itself. “This reveals that everything in existence is a manifestation of the eternal Source, the Originator, the One Infinite Emanator, through its creative forces of Kanewahine. We, as souls inhabiting human bodies, are at the sub-sub-sub-sub-sub-sub-sub-sub-levels of the spiritual hierarchy,” Makua said cheerfully, laughing as he ticked the “subs” off on his fingers.

“The ancestors, including our own personal creative principle, our ‘Aumakua, higher Oversoul, or as some would say, our god-self, exist on a sublevel above us, on which we come to discover that each of us belongs to a family of souls. These are Oversouls that have frequent and ongoing contact with each other as we journey toward the future. And they, in turn, are members of the ancestral group soul matrix, the Ka Po‘e ‘Aumakua, the great gathering of human Oversouls. This is what people call The Human Spirit, although most who use this term do not understand what it really means.”

Makua was watching me closely. He knew that what he had just conveyed to me dovetailed closely with what I had been shown in my visions during the “Spiritwalker experiences.” “What about the organizing intelligences, those that are higher in the spiritual hierarchy than our Oversouls?” I asked.

“The higher organizing intelligences, as you call them, exist as group souls on the higher levels of the hierarchy, and they often appear to those who can perceive them as brilliant beings of light. Some of these decide to be of service to others on the lower sublevels by passing down their wisdom and guidance to those of us who become aware of them, as well as to those who approach them and ask for their help. This requires that each initiate call upon them from their own place of free will. The initiate cannot be coerced or persuaded by religious dogma or faith, because to do so would be inauthentic. This is the law.

“Among these higher organizing intelligences, each of us has a council of elder spirits who serve us as guardians and guides—as teachers really—and they know that without free will, the souls that they are in service to will not grow. It is in response to the choices that we make, between the positive and negative polarity, that we grow, or not. And so, each physical lifetime is an intricate game, a game in which we, as manifested aspects of the Source that

have forgotten who and what we really are, can begin to recapture what was lost, remembering and experiencing ourselves as a creator being.”

My mind was dealing with all this information that was at definite odds with all I had absorbed as a scientist. Makua, who was able to pick up on how this challenged so much of what I had learned, paused in his thoughtline. He smiled compassionately at me, then resumed his sharing from his Hawaiian perspective.

“The chants, of course, carry a cultural shape from those who came before us, and yet they reveal that Teave’s daughter, ‘Uri ‘Uri, took many forms. For example, she became what we might call the Holy Mother of the Heavens, and as such, she is Marama [Malama], what we Hawaiians call Hina, the goddess of the moon.” Makua glanced down into the crater again, focusing his gaze on the red stone. “And she, by her primordial nature, is also and forever the goddess of the sun, the goddess Ra, who is the one and only absolute goddess, a direct manifestation of ‘Uri ‘Uri, and thus of the Source.

“So you can understand from this enhanced perspective that the goddess and god of creation, ‘Uri ‘Uri and ‘Eri ‘Eri, are actually two halves of a singularity, a oneness that is both masculine and feminine, and these two were emanated into being by the creative Source Teave when it pronounced the sacred sound ‘Ora.’ It is in this manner that the Source continues to manifest itself into our world of form.”

“Is the Source,” I asked, “what the monotheists call Yahweh, Jehovah, God, or Allah?”

“No,” Makua replied. “That is different. Your Judeo-Christian-Islamic god is a concept, a thoughtform that was created by human beings and that now resides as a guest within the human mind where it is fed and maintained by the belief systems of its followers.” “So Teave is not some father figure sitting up in heaven, listening to our prayers,” I concluded.

“No. Teave is a dimension, one that is unapproachable, utterly remote, a vast and impenetrable magnitude that emanates the universal impulse that continually emerges through Kanewahine and through the core of our galaxy and through the centers of all galaxies. We cannot connect with Teave in any way that is meaningful to us as long as we are still souls embodied in human form. We have to go through intermediaries to do that—through the ancestors, Na Kupuna, and through the spirits, Ke Akua. These beings are

like extension cords between us and the higher intelligences, and these in turn serve as links to the great Source Teave that dreamed everything into existence.

“And yet the paradox is that the Source lives and operates within and through each one of us, in fact within and through everything everywhere.”

“The bowl of light,” I put in.

Makua nodded.

“What about those well-intentioned souls who have spoken and written about their ‘conversations with God’?” I asked Makua.

“Well, we must always acknowledge that they may, in fact, be doing so,” he answered with a smile. “But most often, if not always, the source of that ‘uncommon dialogue,’” he smiled again, “is actually themselves. They are talking to themselves, or to be more precise, they are communicating with their own Higher Self, their ‘Aumakua, the one who serves them as their teacher in spirit. This is why I always say that people will never find a better teacher than themselves.” Makua laughed.

“This has been my own experience as well,” I added. “I always feel uneasy when I encounter folks in workshops who say that spirit is telling them to do this or telling them to go there. In my own meditations, my spirit self never tells me what to do or where to go. In response to my questions, spirit usually shows me the spread of available possibilities, depending on the decisions that I make in the here and now.” Makua laughed again, nodding his shaggy head in agreement.

I went on. “The Algonquin peoples around the Great Lakes in North America held a similar cultural concept to Teave—one vested in what they call Kitchi Manitou, which they regard as the greatest of all the *manitou* spirits. They perceive it as an unapproachable and utterly remote force that was, and is, highly dispersed throughout the universe, found in everything everywhere, but densely concentrated in living beings as life force. And when a warrior or medicine woman had a dream or vision of the sun, this was regarded as a visitation from mighty Kitchi Manitou and thus a great blessing.”

“That’s what we call Teave,” the chief affirmed with satisfaction. “The word *Teave* is derived from two words— *Te’a* which means glowing orb, flame, source of light, or progenitor, and *Ve*, the one who sees all. Teave was

also called 'Io, which has implications to do with the soul of the world and the inner self within us, our Higher Self, which is and will forever be our personal 'Aumakua.

"Teave was also called Mauriora, the heart of life or breath of life, and is known as well as 'IAO, the sacred name that implies Infinite Light and thus the Light of the World. That seed of light that we received when we took our first breath is a fragment of the one Source, Teave, that exists in its own level above and far beyond the spirit world of Ke Akua. Yet paradoxically, it is everything." [7]

Makua paused, and after a few quiet moments spoke again, "True wealth comes from knowing that each one of us and the great universal Source are really one."

"There was an Egyptian king," I said, "whose name was Akhenaten and who created a monotheist religion in which the sun, Ra, or the sun disc that he called the Aten, was the sole expression of God. In reality, it was the light of the sun that he worshiped, not the sun itself. His real name was Amenhotep IV, but his taken name, Akhenaten, meant something like 'shadow of the sun.'" I stopped for a moment, collecting my thoughts, then continued, "The priesthoods of his time branded him a heretic and eventually drove him into exile or killed him. We don't really know. But he understood what you have just told me—that the Light is the creator of everything in its system. Is the Egyptian word for the sun god, *Ra*, the same as *Ra* in Tahitian?"

"It is," the chief replied. "And in Hawaiian, the word is *La*. The Egyptian king was ahead of his time. The world wasn't ready for him and his revelations." Makua's demeanor revealed an inner focus as he considered this issue. His face appeared expressionless as he considered what we had been discussing.

Both of us continued standing on the crater rim, lost in silence for long moments. Then Makua turned to me with a last thought.

"Some years ago, I referred to you as the wanderer, as paku'iku'i—the Achilles tang, who is one of the surgeon fish. The true wanderers are really those who have chosen to come into life from a higher dimension. They have chosen to come in here, at this time, in order to be of service to others. There are many of us now, yet having come through the veil into life once again, we still have to remember who we really are. The power of the illusion of

life is so strong now that some don't make it."

Makua grinned. "We have come in to awaken to who and what we are, and then to help others awaken so that we can turn the game around. In our time, humanity has gone so deeply into the negative polarity that nothing is certain," Makua said with a shrug. "The negative polarity is about being of service to oneself. The positive is about being in service to others. They are quite opposite from each other, and there are no guarantees we will choose correctly, but there is always hope."

I nodded as Makua finally subsided into silence. We stood there together on the side of this great mountain, silent in each other's company. We were aware, I think, that we might never stand on this place together again in this life, and we never did.

Later, after a last glance at the lava bomb, still watching us with its dark eyes, we turned and descended the crater's wall and got back into Makua's truck. I mentioned then the prayer and song zones I had wandered through. He simply smiled and said nothing. But when I mentioned the shelter, he murmured, "The kupuna, the ancestors, built that."

Makua's eyes swept out to the blue line of the ocean on the horizon in the distance. He gestured toward it and said, "There is *ka moana kahiko*, the ancient ocean, sacred too as it is the essence within us all, like our tears with which we water the Earth in our moments of joy or grief." Makua then said something to himself in Hawaiian that I didn't understand. He glanced at me and repeated it. "*Lawe 'ika ma'alea 'aku 'ono'ono.*" It is our job to take wisdom and make it deep. We then drove back down the rest of the mountain in silence.

After crossing trails briefly with Jill at our agreed-upon rendezvous point, Makua headed back to the east side of the island in his truck, and we headed west. On our way down the mountain we saw four *pueos*, Hawaiian owls, who swooped around the car, landing on fence posts ahead of us to look straight into our eyes as we passed. They followed us down the road, repeating the process again and again, landing on posts before us to watch us pass. Were they our escorts off the sacred mountain, I wondered, or perhaps 'aumakua—totemic power animals in owl form with a message for us?

We called the chief using our cell phone and told him of this happening. He laughed aloud, saying it was a blessing on us and an affirmation of our work in the world. The owls stayed with us until we connected with the

upper belt road, and then we turned north for Waimea town and the gathering to come. The owls stayed behind on their mountain.

## **THE WALKING STICK**

In the summer of that year, 2003, our regular workshop venue on Hawai‘i Island was unable to accommodate the planned gathering, and our facilitator had lined up an alternative location near Hawi, toward the northern tip of the island. This one became known in retrospect as the Survivor Workshop because of its “environmental challenges.”

On the first night, we were inundated with mosquitoes; on the second night, as everyone unraveled their newly placed mosquito nets over their beds, they discovered scorpions and centipedes in their nets, some of the latter almost a foot long. On the third day, the trade winds died, and as we were holding the workshop in a large yurt put up for the occasion, we all began to roast from the heat. In response, the participants decided to raise the tentlike sides of the yurt to increase air circulation, whereupon masses of flies moved into our shade from the cattle pastures next door. It is very difficult for Western urbanites to stay focused in their comfort zone with flies crawling on them. And if this was not enough, we were then inundated by clouds of moths at dinner.

It was on that same day that Makua came to talk-story with the group, enthralling us all as always by sharing what was passing through his mind. He stayed for dinner, and when we talked about our invertebrate guests, Makua’s humor-filled comment was that these natural agencies were most likely the participants’ fears that were approaching them, attracted by the collective negative emotional states within the individuals in the group. This gave us all pause for thought.

When Jill and I escorted the chief out to his car in the light of the full moon after dinner, he engaged us in a half-hour discussion while standing in the darkness. He talked about his plans for all of us as well as what appeared to be manifesting in the immediate future. It was obvious to us in those moments that he included us in what he was conjuring up, and then something happened for which I simply could not have been prepared.

As the chief wound up his narrative and prepared to leave, he suddenly looked at me and said, “Oh, I have something for you.”

He reached into the back of his car and pulled out a long object wrapped in a white cloth marked with a complex pattern. He handed the object to me, and then he watched with his full attention and a warm smile. My fingers found the opening at one end, and as I undid the closure and unwrapped it, I found myself holding a magnificent replica of the walking stick Makua had held in Kathy Long's image of him made in 1991. In the moonlight, I studied the stick, made of reddish brown koa wood, as Makua looked at me with obvious delight.

"Yes," he said. "This ko'oko'o is an exact replica of the chief's stick that came on the canoe of my ancestor from Rarotonga to Hawai'i three hundred years ago. I asked one of the Na Koa to make a copy of that stick for me back in 1991. At that time, the carver asked me, 'Why do you want me to copy this walking stick for you?' My answer to him was that I was going to give it to someone. But I just didn't know who that person would be."

Makua smiled at me, his long beard and thick hair catching the mysterious light of the Hawaiian night as I absorbed the implications of this truly great honor. "But why are you giving it to me, Makua?" I asked him. Makua's dark eyes locked with my own. "Because you have earned it," came his reply.

And there was more to his answer—unspoken words that arose in my mind, appearing like gossamer ghosts on the light night breeze. I was surrounded by them as I was simply stunned beyond saying anything in response. I was honored beyond belief. The chief knew this and grinned at my obvious emotional surge, and then (always the pragmatist) he instructed me on how to deal with this walking stick in airport security. He also told me in those moments what all the symbols carved into the stick meant. It was his story. My mind was reeling as I sought to remember all he was saying.

When Makua departed in his car, promising to return for the 'awa ceremony on Friday evening, Jill and I returned to the group and told them what had just transpired. Everyone stared at the magnificently carved walking stick, and no one knew quite what to say. In the days that followed, Makua's stick served as silent witness to all that occurred.

We held the 'awa ceremony outside on the grassy lawn that last evening, Jill sitting behind me and Makua sitting next to me on the mats spread out on the soft ground, our walking sticks now positioned between us, side by side. All who were there will remember that this event was much in keeping with the "survivor" motif that had characterized this gathering.

We sat on the mats spread out in the twilight as one of the Na Koa stirred the big bowl of ‘awa, with the others in attendance. As always, the servers passed the cups of ‘awa to the elders first and then worked on down. As this was taking place, Makua and I watched a small cloud take form above the ocean between the northern tip of our island and the island of Maui across the Ale‘nuihaha Channel. The cloud grew in mass and promptly began to develop into a rainstorm that increased in intensity and darkened ominously—and then it began to advance toward us as the ceremony continued.

By the end, we were all being pelted by a hard rain in the growing darkness. Once on the mat, nobody gets up until the ceremony is finished, and some of the Na Koa threw covers over the elder women’s hairdos to help preserve them. The chief and I simply leaned into each other, soaked to the skin, sharing our body heat as we watched the young Hawaiian boy serving the ‘awa shivering with the cold in his minimalist malo. When the ceremony was finally complete, we bolted for the shelter of the covered lanai of the main house where we all towed off and then had dinner.

Fortunately, our participants took all these happenings goodnaturedly as part of the process in which they were being drawn into who and what they were becoming—holy people. It was about initiation, and throughout I gripped my stick. The chief, watching me, was delighted.

Once again he pointed out that the tiki, the carved image near the top of my stick, was Tu Marae Nui, or in the northern ocean Ku Malae Nui—Ku of the great Marae (heiau) from whose forehead the original creative act had taken place, the original beginning that had only happened once, one that was carved right there into the stick.

“Ku was and is the foundation upon which everything can be built,” Makua assured me. “This is why this walking stick is perfect for you,” he went on. “You as the kumu, the teacher, must be in touch with that same foundation so that you can teach with authenticity.”

We would not see the chief again until the following March, in 2004.



## The Ancestral Grand Plan

In late March of 2004, Jill and I spent much of the last week of Makua's life with him, before, during, and after the gathering in which he participated as always as the visiting elder.

Over dinner one evening before the gathering, Makua returned to what had become a familiar subject, the ancestors, and specifically to what he called the Ancestral Grand Plan. We asked him to say more about this.

"The plan is as much of the divine purpose as can be brought into expression upon this planet at any one time," Makua began. "The one thing that humanity needs to know today is that there *is* an Ancestral Grand Plan, one that is definitely working out through all the world's happenings—and through all that has happened in humanity's historical past as well." Makua paused and then observed with a smile, "Because of this, we can be reassured that everything is right on track.

"As I have said before, from the perspective of the average person who thinks in terms of earthly happiness, the plan should be something joyful as well as something that makes material life easier.

"But from the perspective of those of us who have moved into the spiritual hierarchy, and these include those spiritual seekers who attend your gatherings, the plan of the ancestors involves creating those circumstances that will raise and expand the consciousness of humankind.

"Only this will enable all of us to discover the spiritual values that will allow us to make the needed changes to our own character of our own free will." Makua's hair and beard had turned mostly white over the years we had known him, and in these moments, with his carved walking stick resting between his knees, he looked every inch the patriarch, the wise elder, the kahuna nui that he was.

"These circumstances alone will produce the betterment of the individual,

the family, the culture, and the environment, accompanied by a continuing, unfolding spiritual recognition.” Makua gazed upward, where the first stars could now be seen winking into existence in the sunset sky. “The wonder and immensity of the drama unfolding in the universe,” he said, gesturing upward, “is proof of its reality, and our individual grasp of it, though small, is a firm guarantee of our essential divinity, of our own divine nature.

“Stage by stage, moment by moment, we approach the goal of expanded consciousness and deepened intelligence. Step by step, we master the material world as our awareness expands and our connection with the greater whole is enhanced. Little by little, the human family is approaching the place of recognition, and as we do, we as illumined individuals are preparing to climb the mountain of vision.

“And where is this place of recognition?” the kahuna asked, addressing his question to the living air around him as though the invisible audience of the ancestors possessed the answer. Makua gestured with a small smile toward his own heart, briefly touching the carved bone talisman that hung around his neck, given to him by an Inuit shaman long ago. Jill and I understood.

“The heart, our pu‘uwai, is that place of recognition. We cannot approach the mountain of vision until we have achieved connection with our hearts. The heart is and forever will be, the doorway, allowing us to weave our part of the pattern into the tapestry of aloha.

“And what do you suppose is the mountain of vision?” Makua said, looking at me with hope in his eyes. “It is Mauna Kea, the most sacred mountain in all of Polynesia—the place to which I took you. The entire mountain is a temple, a heiau, and the mountain itself is kapu—sacred.” Suddenly Makua appeared whimsical and sad at the same moment.

“The scientists didn’t know this when they built their telescopes on the mountain’s summit. Nor did they ask permission to do so from the caretakers of that sacred place, and the mountain does have kahus. Yet we cannot be too hard on the scientists, for they were simply operating from a place of ignorance, a place of theory, and they are just passing through.”

The chief grinned at me and asked, “What is the negative polarity of the scholar?”

“Theory,” I answered.

And together we laughed long and deeply before we returned to his

thoughts about the ancestors.

## **THE VISION AND THE PLAN**

“There is something most important that the world, both Western and indigenous, needs to comprehend. The vision itself, and by association the Ancestral Grand Plan, cannot be appropriated by any one group or culture,” Makua said, smiling. “The vision lies ever ahead of each aspirant once they step up to become a member of the spiritual hierarchy that serves as an evolutionary stairway.”

The chief looked at me and asked, “And what does this mean—this evolutionary stairway?” I knew he was interested in my perspective on this as an evolutionary scientist, and under the influence of his presence, I gave the following response.

“The word *evolution* means change, and like it or not, the law of evolution reveals that everything changes—everything, and at every level. That means,” I said, grinning at him, “that you and I are changing, even as we speak. As we travel across eternity as souls, experiencing life through the fabric of our countless lives, we change. We grow, and we become more than we were as we ascend the evolutionary stairway toward the luminous horizon of our personal and collective destiny.”

The chief smiled, and reaching over, he touched the walking stick he had given me, propped next to me in my chair. “And the story is all there.” He smiled and nodded at the carved symbols, reiterating and reaffirming an ancient relationship between the two of us. He stroked the stick affectionately, then placed it next to his, stick to stick, as our conversation continued.

## **STAGES OF THE PLAN**

“Can you say more about the plan?” I asked. He had never talked about it in quite this level of detail before.

“The plan represents a united effort by the collective planetary spiritual hierarchy,” he observed. “It was originally initiated by and is now supported by the ancestors, and it is designed to expand the consciousness of our children, our society, as well as humanity as a whole. The plan has two initial

goals.

“The first is the expansion of each individual’s horizons of thought as well as the increasing and strengthening of our spirituality, our self-assurance, and our knowledge at all levels. This is necessary in order to clear up areas of doubt—and these doubts are formidable adversaries to all of us because they keep us in confusion and thus create separation.

“If you doubt, you’re out!” Makua exclaimed with a hearty laugh.

“The second goal of the plan,” he continued, “is to more closely link all of our spiritual elders with each other, with our family members, with our communities, and with the workers in the world. It’s about creating connection rather than separation.

“To this end, all our elders, both indigenous and Western, must bring their personal groups of family members, students, spiritual aspirants, and colleagues into connection with each other. This needs to be done objectively, subjectively, intuitively—and eventually it will take place telepathically.

“These two goals are the initial stages of the plan.” Makua looked satisfied.

“Once we step up to become members of the spiritual hierarchy,” he continued, “our responsibilities, our kuleana, include discovering what it is that we are meant to bridge into this world.” Makua’s eyebrows shot up. “And this is in addition to the gifts that we are here to offer, in addition to our life roles and our own personal growth as an immortal embodied soul, in addition to our lessons that we are here to work on.

“This is about each of us clarifying and refining the vision, for the vision itself permeates all of us, and it evolves and changes even as we grow and change ourselves. Nothing is set in stone, not scripture, not sutras, not ceremony.”

With this emphatic proclamation, the chief looked nostalgic, his expression wistful, even sad, as though he were longing for something that has been lost. “It was in response to the Ancestral Grand Plan that the Na Koa, the diplomatic servers, came into being. We have all of us talked at some length about the plan, and in the minds of Na Koa, the plan falls into three divisions.”

#### **The Three Levels of the Plan**

“The first division is *political* in nature: the objective of the work at this level is to develop international links throughout the world through the vehicle of consciousness itself.

“The foundation for these links must be based in compassion—in aloha. This consciousness will create a foundation and then embody a spirit of international interdependence and interrelation based on that aloha. Isolation, separateness, exclusiveness, and the cultivation of nationalism must go. Likewise, all of our nationalist egoisms, colored by our sense of superiority and furthered by class and tribal hatreds, as well as racial and religious antagonisms, must go as well. These constitute a formidable barrier to the true development of our humanity and our interconnection in spirit.

“This spiritual awareness must be acknowledged and absorbed by each one of us so that we can then begin to move up and into the true spiritual hierarchy. And this is above and beyond our participation in or involvement with any organized religion or sect, any political party or socioeconomic stratum, or even any cultural identity.

“In relation to this, the longing to increase our individual possessions is a serious deterrent to our real expansion, both spiritually and personally,” Makua added, smiling. “The time has come for us to shed the burdens that we no longer need to carry.”

I chortled. “The merchants aren’t going to like that one,” I said, as Makua grimaced appreciatively. “Western economic theory is based upon the concept of scarce resources. That means that they want folks to hurry up and get what they want, need, or feel they deserve before supplies run out—and they have to do it sooner, rather than later. And if whatever it is is on sale, so much the better. This is the mind-set that came into being during the Renaissance when the guilds took form as the infrastructure of today’s world corporate state. The merchants have been in control ever since. It’s now all about continued economic growth, and this is the engine that drives abundance in the Western world.”

Makua simply swept my thoughts aside by observing, “Yet that is only a perceived abundance. Everything is about to change, even that. The time has come to return to the wisdom of our ancestors, and they are in agreement that we must reconsider these perceived needs. And,” Makua added, “we must begin to produce that which we need at the local level of our communities. In fact, this is about the renewal and the reforming of community.”

Makua watched me as I absorbed this. He was proposing a revolutionary prospectus in today's world of high finance and borrowed money. He was talking about establishing a new foundation based upon the rebuilding of the structure of our communities and our families—a foundation upon which the next cycle of ages could be established. He was talking about re-creating social balance and harmony, in which everyone everywhere had a place of refuge and everyone would be taken care of. It made perfect sense to me.

“The second division of the plan could be called *religious*. The time has come to establish a comprehensive and universal understanding about the nature of reality and the nature of our selves—physical, mental-emotional, and spiritual—a perspective that fosters the growth of our spiritual consciousness.

“Our organized religions have been, on the whole, a serious impediment to the growth of this awareness in humanity for the last two thousand years. Yet as you have observed, everything changes.” He smiled. “Religious differences are the hardest to bridge or heal, yet we live in a time in which everything is changing—and so progress is being made.”

“The conferences that I attend as a presenter reveal unequivocally that science and spirituality are beginning to come together in our time,” I put in. “The nature of reality as well as the self are areas of major investigation. The quantum physicists and the molecular biologists, the shamans and the Zen Buddhists, and a few of the priests and theologians are all working together.”

“Just what I mean,” Makua said. “A new perspective on the nature of the All-That-Is is coming into being, and our archaic religious views from the last two thousand years are in serious need of an upgrade.” He laughed. “The old traditional religious perspectives of who we are and what we are vis-à-vis the cosmos are no longer serving us. In the sphere of religious thought and practice, we need to grow. This is about the new spiritual complex coming into being, as you often observe. The time has come to create connection rather than separation. Through connection, everything becomes possible; through separation, we just have more lessons to learn. And we will learn them, sooner or later,” he chuckled.

Makua smiled at me. “This brings us to the third division of the plan. This involves the *scientific*, and to be specific, a new synthesis that must come into being—a conjoining of the tangible and intangible levels of reality that bring science and spirituality together. This synthesis will be brought into

being by those working in the fields of education and science, theology and psychology, anthropology and philosophy, enabling an extension of our senses and allowing us to access the hidden worlds that lie behind the veil of ignorance and matter.

“All the spiritual teachers and seekers out there on their path of discovery need to know this. They need to consider what their piece of the action in the Ancestral Grand Plan is—and they need to do it right now.”

## **THE PATH**

Later that week, we discussed Makua’s thoughts about the Ancestral Grand Plan with the group, and Makua’s talk-story on that Tuesday afternoon went longer than ever before. Everyone expressed immediate interest in knowing more about the plan, but Makua gently shook his shaggy head and laughed. “You already know all this information. You possessed it when you came into this world. It’s just that you don’t remember because you all passed through the veil, giving each of you a fresh start. This is what makes life interesting.

“The first thing that we must remember is that separation only begins when you create it. This usually happens when we go into our fears. And how can we recognize our fears? They are the ones who are always trying to save us, the ones that tell us just what we want to hear.

“Conversely, when you lower your attention, and by association your vibration, to your heart, this is where the wisdom of your ancestors lives, and it is here that you will always be connected, for this is and forever will be the place of recognition. This is where we connect with the tapestry of aloha, the woven fabric of our three souls that is braided with the cords of patience.”

“And the second thing to remember?” I prompted.

Makua grinned. “The only way for us to succeed in a way that contributes to our own growth as well as to the greater good of the communities in which we live is to align ourselves with the positive polarity. In practice, this involves our focused intentionality expressed through the vehicles of service, creation, persuasion, knowledge, expression, compassion, and self-mastery.” Makua ticked them off on his strong, brown fingers.

“At the same time, we are all learning our lessons in the school of hard knocks. This is the second bowl, as we have already observed. This is where

we encounter the negative polarity in all its power through the experience of bondage, deception, coercion, theory, oration, zeal, and tyranny.

“And as you already know, the path we walk on is constrained by those three sacred directives—we must love all that we see with humility, we must live all that we feel with reverence, and we must know who we are, as well as where we are, through self-discipline.

“The new religion coming into being is about *ha‘aha‘a* —humility, *ho‘ano* —reverence, and *a‘o ikaika* —discipline.”

We all thought about what Makua had said. He had created the outlines of the foundation upon which a new world order could be created as we move into the next cycle. The question that came up for me in response was this: “Are we ready yet?” But I kept it to myself and decided to move more fully into what he called the positive polarity. I knew that if tens of millions of concerned people did the same, the cultural shape of humanity at large would change in response—and for the better.

It was just a matter of time.

“As you ponder this,” Makua concluded, “I would ask you to consider that a hierarchy is not a group of people working under the tutelage of some elder. This is an important point to remember. It is a magnetic point of tension, a fusion of energies, directed toward a common center, and involving two magnetic factors—positive and negative. The magnetic pull of the positive center at the heart of the group is the magnetic pull of the ancestors.”



# 13

## The Last Meeting

On Friday afternoon, March 26, 2004, Makua arrived early at the retreat center in Waimea. We were not expecting him until around 5:00p.m. for the ‘awa ceremony, and when he appeared more than three hours before that, I detected an unusual sense of urgency in him.

Jill and I set our plans for the afternoon aside and sequestered ourselves with Makua in council for those next three hours, during which many things were discussed and many plans put into motion, including the work to be done that would support our return to live on the island once again.

Some of this information was startling, and as the conversation found its way into deeper waters, the chief’s thoughts and words included sacred knowledge that is kapu. For example, for reasons that were obscure at that moment, Makua decided to tell us the kapu name of his family. He looked at me thoughtfully as he revealed this sacred word, even telling me the meaning of it.

“I don’t know why I am telling you this. You,” and he took in Jill with his glance as well, “are only the second people to whom I have ever told my family’s sacred name.” Then he thought for a minute and chuckled. “Maybe it’s a secret code that will be of use to you.” Makua’s humor erupted into a full-fledged laugh.

I recall that on that afternoon Makua waxed poetic about his military experiences and wandered through his memories of the past, finally telling us of a close friend who had emerged from deep water too quickly and who had died of the bends.

He also talked about all the things we were going to do together, including a trip to Lanai as well as another to the South Seas. He described his vision quest on Lanai as a boy and of how his parents had dropped him off there when he was eleven years old, instructing him to find his way, effectively abandoning him to his fate for an entire year, without money or anyone he

knew to care for him. He talked about sitting alone on the end of a pier and watching fireballs roll down the slopes of the hills into the water and of how he felt a presence near him. When I asked him who he thought the presence could have been, he looked at me with satisfaction and answered, “The ancestors.”

He talked about his mother’s dream of establishing a school with a projected community around it that would reestablish a traditional Hawaiian *ahupua‘a* (land division) with a sacred heiau at the community center. He even had the dimensions of the heiau already worked out. He spoke of the school’s curriculum, how it would include traditional Polynesian crafts and the knowledge of how to survive on oceanic islands. He also talked about what our roles in this project might be when and if it came to pass. And when we asked him, “How can we be of further service to you in this project?” Makua’s response came with his usual smile: “I am sure you will think of something.”

“You see,” he observed, “it is through entering into relationship with the other that aloha can be truly experienced. You can’t do aloha alone in a room by yourself. Friendship is based upon an established and pervading sense of mutual respect and trust. When folks wake up to the existence of the positive polarity within themselves, they discover that they are already doing what they need to be doing. And if not ... they must *huli* —they must shapeshift and ride the wave of change, ho‘onalu, but they can do that only if they choose to engage the positive polarity.”

That afternoon we also discussed the new religious complex coming into being, a topic we had talked about many times before. I mentioned to Makua that from my perspective, this emerging spiritual complex appears to be integral in nature, drawing on all the world’s wisdom traditions, from the East to the West, from animism to Zen (hence our interest in Makua’s spiritual legacy).

What was and is surprising to me (as I reiterated to the chief) is that right at the core of this new complex can be found a cluster of principles that were embraced at one time by all the world’s indigenous peoples.

In response to this observation, Chief Makua beamed. I was aware of him monitoring my thoughts, so I acknowledged that in approaching the idea that ancient principles of indigenous wisdom are involved in the genesis of a new spiritual complex in the West, I was broadly concerned with the general

mystical insights that were once held in common by virtually all of the traditionals and that are thus the birthright of all people everywhere.

The singular, distinguishing feature of the new complex involves the realization that each of us can acquire spiritual knowledge and power ourselves, making the direct, transpersonal contact with the inner worlds of the sacred realms that defines the mystic, without the need for any priest or religious organization to do it for us. In this dynamic, each person acquires the freedom to become his or her own teacher, his or her own priest, his or her own prophet, thus receiving his or her own spiritual revelations directly from the highest sources themselves.

“And that is precisely it,” Makua affirmed. “As we engage in this ancient human experience, each of us inevitably discovers that our personal consciousness is part of a greater field of consciousness at large, through which everything, everywhere, is connected, a deep insight currently being illuminated and confirmed by science. This is the direct path of the mystic at its absolute best, one that leads the aspirant into the experience of self-realization and spiritual empowerment.”

“And at its inception,” I put in, “this quest is usually experienced as intensely our own, yet paradoxically it leads us toward a universal and ultimately altruistic perspective, one that takes us straight into the irreversible vortex of personal transformation. This advance, once begun, changes us profoundly and forever because it conveys to each of us the experience of authentic initiation.”

“This insight,” Makua observed, “confirms that the transformational community taking form in the West is of great importance, for this new spiritual complex that you have described has the power to alter the direction of world history in much the same way that the emergence of Christianity utterly changed the Roman world, as well as the Western mind, almost two thousand years ago.”

I looked at the chief and he, in his flashy aloha shirt, smiled beatifically. “While the time frame for this shift may vary with the ebb and flow of current events, there are no maybes here. The proverbial handwriting is on the wall. The history of the world’s peoples will be profoundly and inescapably changed by the spiritual awakening going on in the West. The results will be felt at every level of society, in every country, and will, by association, determine much of the politics and individual lifeways of the

twenty-first century and beyond.

“Seven generations,” the chief mused aloud. I waited. Glancing intently at me, Makua said, “The new spiritual complex is taking form now, and by the time of the seventh generation, it will be well established, with regional variants of it most likely quietly replacing all of our current organized religious traditions everywhere in the world, even here in Polynesia.”

He thought for several long moments; then he added, “And we who are here now in the oceanic world have much to contribute. The ancestors have been waiting to help us do this for a long time.”

## **THE LAST SUPPER**

The Na Koa arrived late in the afternoon as our workshop group gathered on the lanai of the retreat center, with everyone wearing their best. The lauhala mats were placed precisely in the main room, a large U-shaped arrangement with the four wooden bowls arranged in the open center. As all were seated, and one of the Hawaiians began to mix the ‘awa by hand, dressed in his traditional malo and kihei, he instructed our participants in the correct protocol to be followed in the ceremony.

This ‘awa ceremony was a memorable one. Makua and I sat next to each other, our two walking sticks resting beside each other on the mat between us as each participant in turn, receiving their cup of ‘awa, chanted their ancestors before drinking, in the process reactivating those connections across the space-time continuum.

As before, I as the kumu received the next-to-last cup, and Chief Makua, as the kahuna nui who had called for the ceremony, received the last, chanting his ancestral lineage derived through Kamehameha Nui, since we were on the west side of the island above the great heiau at Pu‘ukohola. I did not know it then, but this would be the last time we would do ceremony together.

In fact, it would be Makua’s last ‘awa ceremony.

We all chanted our ancestors together, followed by the customary feast, and as always, Makua, Jill, and I sat together (in this case in the bar). As before, we were served by one of the Hawaiian warriors while the group took form around us, and everyone listened, rapt, as Makua shared his wisdom, and the conversation drifted this way and that. At one point, Jill asked him if

this was to be his last life. Makua laughed and beamed at her and told her no, that he had come with the first canoe, and he would leave with the last.

One of our students then asked him if he had had glimpses of his next life. Makua paused and looked at me deeply for a few long moments, our eyes locked; then he said almost wistfully that he had received glimpses of several upcoming future lives, smiling as he spoke. I wondered if there was more, if there was something he was holding back.

Little did we know that his destiny was now approaching him. Yet remembering his expression in those moments, I have a strong sense that he was already thinking about those things and those activities that he is meant to do in his next life, that his attention was already being drawn in that direction.

And now, writing these words many years after this event, I wonder if Makua knew that he was about to make his transition and had already accepted this as well as his new level of kuleana. Instead of being the kahuna nui of the school he had proposed, perhaps he would be one of the children in attendance, giving everyone a run for their money, a chief among them.

At that moment, I asked the chief again how Jill and I could be of service to him. He looked at me; then his eyes dropped to the walking stick he had given me. When he met my eyes again, he smiled and said, "Just keep doing what you're doing. It's all part of the plan that we all signed up for."

There was a finality in what he conveyed, and I retreated into contemplation, a deep listening as the conversation continued to flow around us, with pictures being taken by our participants, affirming new friendships coming into being. Toward the end of this extraordinary evening, with dinner finished, Makua beckoned to me and asked me to come out to his car. We made our way in the dark through a light drizzle, the chief lurching along aided by his stick, and then we sat in the second seat of his van, the light on overhead and our walking sticks between our knees.

"I want to show you something," he opened. Reaching back, he brought forward a cardboard box. It was filled with a stack of pads of paper, and as I looked at them curiously, I saw the top one was filled with his handwritten notes.

"What are these?" I asked.

Makua grinned at me and invited me to thumb through them. I was

stunned. There were thirty or more pads of paper completely filled with his handwritten notes. The one I picked out on top concerned his genealogy. I looked at him questioningly.

“Yes,” he said, “that one is about my genealogy. I have decided to write it down, but it is not yet finished.” I flipped the pages, and amazed that he had chosen to break kapu to do this, I asked him, “How many generations will there be?”

“Twelve hundred and sixty,” he replied with a quiet smile.

I mentally multiplied 1,260 by 20 and came up with 25,200 years. I was simply staggered.

“But that’s impossible,” I proclaimed. “That would take us back into the Upper Paleolithic, into the Late Stone Age when modern humans were still migrating out of Africa and into the rest of the Old World...”

I stopped midsentence and considered what I had just said. Human migrations. This was what Makua knew. He possessed this extraordinary story, and it lived within his own mind. He was a walking library, beyond anything I could have imagined.

“Yes,” he smiled gently, reading my thoughts as always. “It is all there in the chants that came down to me through my family. I am the last living holder of this knowledge.”

He looked wistful; then he turned to me and said, “Today, there are many Hawaiian kupuna, many elders, even some who claim to be kahuna, but in all humility, allow me to observe that I am really the last Hawaiian elder because of the depth of my knowledge. The last elder. No one else carries this burden now. Just me.”

A long silence enveloped us as I sat beside him. “You have asked me repeatedly across the years of our friendship to write a book with you. I have always gently refused because much of my mana‘o, my knowledge, is restricted by kapu. That includes some of the knowledge written here by me,” Makua said, gesturing toward the pads of paper.

“But who are you going to pass these papers on to?” I asked.

“They’re not finished yet,” he continued, “but when you return in July, I will have finished them, and I am going to give this box of my written papers to you. I wish to place them into your care as you understand the nature of kapu as well as the meaning of pono, and you will know how they are to be

handled. You, like me, walk in the many worlds.”

His voice drifted off as he saw that I was in shock. His response was to laugh boisterously, grounding me again in an instant. He had succeeded in astonishing me, the anthropologist, beyond my wildest imagining.

“Will you receive my papers into your care?” he asked me gently, yet formally. “You are my *hoaloha* [heart-friend].”

I gathered my wits so that I could respond. “I will,” I said. God, I thought, this is like a marriage.

“It is indeed,” he affirmed, reading my mind with another laugh, and then we embraced each other and shared the sacred breath in the honi, our faces pressed together, nose to nose, and the bond between us and with the Great Mystery confirmed, chief to chief, sealed with this ritual.

In this way, Makua asked me to become the kahu, the caretaker, of his sacred writings. They became kapu at that moment, as I took on the kuleana, the responsibility that came with my agreeing to receive them. This meant that no one could lift this kapu, this restriction, but myself.

“This is all good,” he affirmed with a smile, then he gestured at the stack of pads of paper in the box once more. “There are several stages that will eventuate now.” He paused and looked into himself. “I created these papers for you ... and you will continue to bring my story into the wider world.” He smiled beatifically, and then his expression slowly turned serious. “I know that you will write about our friendship as well as the nature of our philosophical discussions, and this was meant to be. It was part of the reason we were brought together at this time. It is part of the plan. Yet we cannot know now how the world will respond.” He thought for a moment, then his humor returned and he laughed.

“At this time, few will understand this mana‘o [wisdom] or its implications ... but you will, and Jill will, and some of your students will as well. This knowledge is also for those Hawaiians who are spiritual seekers, those who are ready to step up into the spiritual hierarchy, but many are not ready to progress beyond their churches and the belief systems that were inflicted upon them by the colonialists. Those who are ready to step up are still few—but their numbers are growing.”

Then he looked at me speculatively, his dark eyes probing into the recesses of my soul, and added, “Your descendant Nainoa will find this knowledge

useful as well. I have created this account of this knowledge specifically for him.”

I was simply overwhelmed at this unanticipated turn of events. I sensed at a deep soul level that something, some deep, energetic, karmic pattern, was turning, twisting, opening, and approaching us both. I felt unable to compute this, so I sought to recover by saying something transitional.

“It’s really about the mysteries, isn’t it?” I said, gesturing toward the box. He nodded. “Why have the people in the Western world forgotten the mysteries, Makua?”

“Oh, they haven’t really forgotten them,” he answered thoughtfully. “They just don’t remember them.”

I watched Makua as he sought words to explain.

“You see, the real problem is that up until now, the average person has found the mysteries too difficult to understand. They simply wanted to have a father figure to take care of them—a God who would not ask them to struggle for wisdom and enlightenment, lifetime after lifetime, a deity who would accept them just the way they were, sins and all.” He burst out laughing.

“And the amazing thing is that for most of the past two thousand years, these good people have been misled by the priesthoods of their various organized religious sects to believe that this mythic, off-planet father figure in the sky would take away their sins if they simply repented them and believed in Jesus as their redeemer.”

I smiled and replied, “Perhaps humankind has simply not been ready for a spiritual practice that demands that everyone must work hard, lifetime after lifetime, growing in response to learning their life lessons. Many simply do not have the patience to work for the grace that awaits them at the end of the trail. They want it all now, every Sunday morning with no delayed gratification. This is the lure that the priesthoods have been dangling in front of them for seventeen hundred years. ‘Suffering is hard, but if you accept our rules and our guy as your redeemer, you will be saved.’”

Makua nodded again, yet he continued to look sad. “In the ancient time of the ancestors, the deities, Ke Akua, were perceived by the people as generous and life-affirming. The mysteries revealed that these deities were symbolic aspects of nature, and that it is nature who is the true deity, a living god



infused with the life force, the maui ola. This life force was always experienced as benevolent and life-giving. And it was unconditionally free for all.”

We sat in silence for long moments then, considering the resonance of what had been said as well as the shape of what was now coming into being. Perhaps people are now ready to remember the mysteries, I thought. Makua had shared many of them with me, and I hoped there would be more to come.

The chief shifted his weight with a brief grimace, and I saw he was in discomfort. He looked around into the darkness that surrounded us. The lights of the retreat center were just there before us. Then Makua offered this last thought to me: “The question that is confronting us now is this: ‘Have we learned the lesson yet, or are we going to settle for another two thousand years of spiritual blindness and applied barbarism?’”

We sat with his potent question for a while; then, as the chief prepared to return to his home in Kapoho, Jill came out to say good-bye and asked him about his plans for the next day. He looked thoughtful, standing there in the drizzly dark, then said with just a hint of annoyance that he was going to have lunch with someone in Hilo, his hand giving a gesture of dismissal, as though this were something he was reluctant to do.

We understood. He was in great demand, and a lot of folks wanted to spend time with him. This could become constraining, even draining of his energy. Jill and I shared the honi with him, and then he climbed into his car, his walking stick in the back with his box of papers, and with a cheery wave and a merry laugh, he was gone into the long night.

# 14

## Departure

The following morning, Jill and I packed up and left the retreat center early to catch our flights back to the mainland. As we headed down the mountainside from Waimea toward the coastal port of Kawaihae, Jill suddenly pointed upward toward the slopes of the Kohala Mountains to the north.

Following her glance, I saw that the hillsides were blanketed with what appeared to be a blue mist, closely carpeting the Earth. We had never seen such a phenomenon in the islands before and began to speculate on what it might mean. We were both suddenly aware of a story Makua had told us. He had been traveling in England, and he had been invited to stay in the abode of a woman in Glastonbury, who he told us is the current High Priestess of Avalon.

While sleeping in her guest room, Makua had awakened in the night, aware of a powerful presence in proximity to himself. On turning on a small light, he had seen a blue mist flowing through the open window, pouring over the sill like a smoky waterfall and filling the floor of the room. As he eyed the blue fog with interest, he asked a very typical Makua question. Pointing at the mist, he had inquired, “Who are you, and what is your intention?”

Without pause, the answer came, “I am Metatron.” Makua had never heard the name before, and in the conversation that followed, he learned that Metatron is a transpersonal being, one of those higher organizing intelligences in the spiritual hierarchy that is poised to help us in various ways. I would later discover that in Judeo-Christian mythology, Metatron is considered to be an archangel, and in fact the “chief” of all the angels.

As we continued our descent, Jill and I watched the blue mist on the mountainside with interest. On achieving connection with the Queen Ka‘ahumanu Highway down to Kailua, the mist dissipated, and we turned

south and headed for the Kona International Airport at Keahole for our flight to Honolulu.

It was when we transferred to our mainland flight in the Honolulu airport that something decidedly strange happened. At precisely 1:30p.m., we were waiting at the cavernous boarding gate to get on our plane to Sacramento, when I suddenly fell into a deep sleep for about ten minutes. On emerging from this state, I saw momentary blue spots before my eyes and felt confusion. My mind was spacey, as though my thoughts and focus were somewhere else, perhaps deep underwater.

This mental fog continued on the flight all the way to Sacramento. I felt disoriented, unable to focus, but had no clue as to why. After arriving and gathering our luggage, we recovered our car from the parking lot and began the long drive home in the dark on the freeway. At this point Jill decided to check our voice mail on her cell phone. There was a message from one of the Na Koa asking us to call him.

In this way, Jill and I learned of Makua's passing—that he had gone to have lunch in Hilo with a friend and that the one who had wanted to meet him had never showed up. On the way home, driving in a heavy tropical rain near Pahoa, two tourists from West Virginia had crossed the center line of the road in their rental car and had run straight into Makua's car—a headon collision. The tourists had been killed instantly. When the police arrived on the scene, Makua was still breathing. And then at exactly 1:30p.m., he had passed.

The chief was dead.

## **CLOSURE**

The time that followed included days of great grief and personal suffering. I got through my college classes for the week somehow, and then on the following Sunday, Jill and I were scheduled to begin a workshop group at the well-known Esalen Institute in Big Sur on California's central coast. We had also been informed by one of the Na Koa that this was the same morning that ceremony was going to be done for the chief at his "office" at the crater on the Big Island.

Jill and I were in conflict between our overwhelming wish to be there and our responsibilities to the thirty people in the upcoming group at Esalen.

In the end, we elected to remain with our responsibilities, as Makua would have done in our place. We composed and sent our heartfelt words to a friend on the island by e-mail and asked him to speak them aloud at the ceremony when the moment was appropriate. In the weeks that followed, many accounts of what transpired on that morning were sent to us by those who were there.

We heard of how the Na Koa had claimed Makua's body from the morgue in Hilo and how they, dressed in black malos, had prepared it for cremation in the traditional way. We were told that when they all spontaneously began to sing a song Makua was fond of, his face, dead for many days, had suddenly cracked a smile.

What follows is an edited version of what occurred on that day, based upon many testimonials.

#### **HALE MAKUA MEMORIAL SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 2004, 5:30A.M. AT 'UWE KAHUNA, VOLCANOES NATIONAL PARK**

The dawn sky was clear and the temperature was cold, punctuated by gusty winds. At the horizon, a pink line revealed the first trace of sunlight. Wearing only their traditional kihei robes and malos, the Na Koa warriors braved the weather with arms and legs fully exposed.

The officiator of the ceremony stood among the crowd of perhaps two hundred people who were silhouetted in silence, waiting to pay their respects to the Kahuna Nui Hale Kealohalani Makua. There were several of our former workshop participants present.

Once all were assembled in the parking lot near the crater, a conch shell was blown three times, signaling that the ceremony would begin, followed by the sound of wooden flutes. The Na Koa orchestrated the order in which those assembled would begin their quarter-mile walk along the crater's rim. The chanters went first, voicing their chants, followed by Makua's immediate family members. Then came the Na Koa warriors, followed by the crew of the voyaging canoe *Makali'i* and their friends. All followed the trail along the rim and walked between many guardians who had been stationed along the way, flanking each side of the trail along the ridge called 'Uwe Kahuna, every two hundred feet.

The procession came to a halt at the place of gathering, right on the edge

of the vast caldera of Kilauea. There was a woven lauhala mat placed on the ground on which a large pu'olo rested, a traditional ti-leaf bundle containing Makua's ashes and covered in more ti leaves. This bundle was accompanied by a single, unadorned Hawaiian drum.

The crowd made a large semicircle around the altar. The sun was breaking the horizon as Makua's family members gathered in front, where they were ceremonially seated on a large stone in a place of honor. There were three elderly women, one of whom was Makua's sister, and a tall, lean man who was his brother.

Off to the right side were the chanters, five drummers, and the crew of the voyaging *Makali'i*. For perhaps forty-five minutes, the service was conducted by them entirely in the Hawaiian language, infused with chant. For many who had lived long in the islands, it was the first time they had heard native Hawaiian spoken at such length.

Then Makua's family, as well as a number of those who had been close to him, were asked to come forward to the edge of the crater to make their offerings. A priest, dressed in black and wearing a yellow-and red-feathered shoulder cape, then opened the pu'olo at the crater's edge and launched Makua's ashes into the great crater spread out below. Some of the ashes drifted back into the crowd, and those so touched wept openly.

At this point, a Hawaiian woman spoke in deep and nurturing tones about what Makua had meant to her and the difference he had made in her life. She was followed by another very lean and gray-haired Hawaiian woman who chanted and danced her way forward, offering a hilarious series of short stories about some special moments with Makua.

It was then that our friend read our message aloud to the assembled gathering. These were our words:

From Hank Wesselman and Jill Kuykendall:

April 4, 2004

Aloha kakou!

Our heartfelt greetings to all of you gathered at 'Uwe Kahuna to celebrate the passage of Kahu Hale Kealohalani Makua back into the great company of

his ancestors.

On this day, we are committed to begin a weeklong retreat for thirty seekers at the Esalen Institute on the Big Sur coast of central California, and it grieves us greatly that we cannot be with you in body, but rest assured that we are with you in spirit.

We will be doing ceremony here at the same time that you will be doing ceremony there, connected through the cords of compassion and powered by the force of our warmhearted aloha for our great friend.

In the midst of our profound sorrow at his passing, we are sustained by the time we spent with Makua during the last week of his life, and we are grateful beyond measure to have been present at his last ‘awa ceremony, where we sat beside him on the mat, honoring our ancestors together.

During the many years that we knew Makua, he enriched our lives beyond measure with his wisdom and compassion, his humility and laughter, his gallantry and grace.

He brought us great joy.

We look forward with anticipation to reconnection with his great soul, in this lifetime and in those to come, so that we may continue the work we all began together so very long ago.

Until that time, we leave you in the love and the light of the ancestors, assuring you all that from this time forward, on the altar within our circles and on the altar within our hearts, a candle will always burn for the spirit of Hale Makua.

*‘E ola mau loa*

*‘E Makua ‘e*

*‘Eli‘eli kau mai*

Immortality to you

Makua...

and may a profound reverence alight on you.

*‘Amama ‘ua noa* —our prayer has lifted; it is free.

The sun was now rising into the sky, and the third phase of the formalities

had begun. The chanters began a very quiet round of *mele* (song) and the folded lauhala mat was laid open to its full size, inviting all to bring their personal offerings and flowers. There was the widest possible array of woven ti leis and medicine bundles. One lei was at least ten feet in length, and many commented that it was reminiscent of the long leis tethered to the masts of the great oceangoing canoes. Flower leis continued to be offered until the mat was inundated to the depth of several feet.

A revered chiefess who had come all the way from Rapa Nui (Easter Island) then began a less formal round of spoken offerings that signaled the end of the formal ceremony. She sang in a sweet and lifting way about water and its presence in all events earthly. She gracefully anointed the crowd with her soft gestures, while holding two long ti leaves with her left hand. She then shared that Makua had told her the previous September that he had completed his work on Earth.

As all looked around at the gathering of kindred spirits, it was clear that Makua had created many bridges between many cultures. One woman, a shaman, had come all the way from Africa to be present.

As this was only a week after the accident, many were still in shock at Makua's sudden and unexpected passing. Yet several who knew him well confirmed that the chief, although he had never showed it, had been in a great deal of pain from his injured legs and that he had also been greatly fatigued. Others reported to us that Makua's presence was already being felt by those who were closest to him and that he was now working from the other side.

As the ceremony came to a close, the retinue slowly left the ceremonial ground chatting about the man they once knew and how he had drawn them all together in this special way. Everyone then retired to a nearby hall for Hawaiian food. Displayed there was the original photograph made by the artist Kathy Long in 1991, from which she had crafted her black-and-white drawing of the chief that was so well known, the same image that he had sent to us on that card in the winter of 1997.

On the place where Makua's ashes had rested, a small heiau remained, a square perimeter of stones only inches high, assembled for the occasion just beyond the men's place at the edge of the crater, where he had made his prayers every morning at dawn for the past several decades.

## **A YEAR LATER**

A year after Makua's passing, Jill and I returned to the crater at the invitation of the Na Koa to participate in the ceremony that would create the closure of the year of mourning for the chief. We made a point to be there, despite my teaching responsibilities in California, and on another cold, windy morning at dawn, a cluster of perhaps fifty people gathered to honor Makua, some of them Makua's family members, and others that included some of our former students.

In the ritual that followed, precisely on the place his ceremony had occurred the year before, I stepped forward and spoke about my relationship with Makua while holding his walking stick as well as a flowering ti plant from our land in Honaunau. I spoke about how we had met, how we had worked together to contribute to the greater good, and how he had affected my life. Yet as the ceremony came to a close, I could feel the separation that had taken form within this group with his passing. Makua was a magnetic chief, and without his presence, the center was gone, the energy was dispersed, and everyone seemed to be pulling in their own direction.

This was a very sad experience for me because in those moments, I had an overwhelming sense that something immeasurable had been lost, something irretrievable, and yet with this closure, something wonderful occurred when Jill dropped me at the Hilo airport so I could return to my teaching responsibilities in California.

As I checked in at the Hawaiian Airlines desk, a tall, robust Hawaiian man in an aloha shirt looked me over carefully as he tagged my suitcase; then he turned his attention for long moments toward Makua's walking stick. As I watched him take me in, holding Makua's stick, I asked him gently, "Did you know the man who carried this ko'oko'o?"

After a long pause, this man bowed to me with reverence and respect and answered that he did, that he had known Makua for many years. And how could he not, as the chief had flown in and out of the Hilo airport on his travels for all that time. I then informed him that I had just attended the ceremony of closure of the year of mourning at the crater the day before, and I asked the Hawaiian, "Would you like to hold this stick?" and I passed it to him before he could answer.

The Hawaiian held Makua's stick in his strong brown hands for long



moments, studying its design with reverence, looking it up and down. As there was no one waiting behind me, I told him the story of how Makua had gifted the walking stick to me as well as the nature of our relationship across the many years. Since he looked receptive, I indicated this area and that on the stick, relating the information that it carried.

As the Hawaiian slowly passed the walking stick back to me, he said clearly, “This is his story. In giving this stick to you, he has asked you to carry his story out into the world. You must now do this, and accordingly, I offer you my blessings, for I, among many others, loved him dearly.”

On the heels of this extraordinary encounter, I then went upstairs to the boarding gate, and when the time came to get on the plane, that same unnamed Hawaiian man appeared. He looked at me sitting with the chief’s stick for long moments, and as he opened the door, he beckoned to me to board first.

We shared the honi, briefly looking deeply into each other’s soul, eye to eye, breath to breath, and then I entered the jetway to the plane carrying Makua’s stick.

## **THE MYTHMAKING**

In that year following Makua’s passing, Makua’s spirit seemed to companion me in many moments, in dream when I was asleep as well as at odd moments when I was very much awake. During these trail crossings, I perceived him as a presence, one that emanated an overwhelming sense of love and compassion that filled me with light and joy.

Sometimes in my moments of vision, I actually perceived him as a consolidated radiance of a particular hue, one that always emanated that same sense of peace and tranquility, one that often conveyed information through his thoughts that appeared in my mind. I did not see him in his physical form, yet these ongoing contacts somewhat lessened the great loss I felt at his passing. It was through these connections that his permission and encouragement to write this book were confirmed.

A similar process manifested in many people who had met Makua briefly, or who had known him only a little, and there were some who began to assume levels of personal intimacy and closeness to him that hadn’t existed in life. It was a time of personal mythmaking, a natural process following the

passing of someone of Makua's stature and charisma. Some began to claim him as their teacher, close friend, or even brother or extended family member, and there were even some who claimed to be channeling him from the other side.

Allow me to observe that many had asked him in life to be their teacher, and he had always gently turned them down. In response to their obvious disappointment, he had always stayed true to his old adage: "You will never find a better teacher than yourself." Makua simply never made exceptions to this rule with anyone.

Given this absolute known, as well as the diversity and even opposing nature of the reports we received from many well-intentioned folks, Jill felt that if it was actually Makua's spirit who was coming in, he appeared to be "flipping" each person's lens of perception so that it mirrored their own impressions of him and their own words back at themselves.

"This would be very much in keeping with his teaching," affirmed Jill, "so that while his presence may be felt, everyone gets the benefit of themselves as their own teacher."

Occasionally, someone would inform us that they had channeled information that Makua had asked them to convey to us. Yet knowing him as we did, this also struck us as questionable because he would never have done this in life, as he would have regarded this as a form of coercion.

While Makua was in service to many, he was intensely selective in his personal friendships. In this respect, the connection between the two of us—really the three of us, since he loved Jill dearly—still seems to be alive and well, even immediate at times. So in those moments of connection, we simply enjoy his presence, accepting it for what it is, and we offer him our aloha.

## On Becoming Gods

Several years before Makua's departure, Jill and I were visiting with him in Honolulu, and he and I decided to spend some time together, just the two of us, man to man. Recounting, as well as reconstructing what we talked about on that day, puts me in a position of considerable responsibility, as I am now the only one who remembers what transpired between us, some of which we had never discussed before, and much of which we would never talk about again. As before, I have recorded his words and thoughts in colloquial English, editing out his continual lapses into pidgin or "Hawaiian English."

At that time, Makua had a small apartment in Waikiki, funded by the Ford Foundation in support of him and his work in the world, and on this occasion, he and I headed out early and had breakfast at a well-known local restaurant that was one of the chief's favorites. Supported by this foundation, we then headed west past the airport with Makua doing the driving. On impulse, he suddenly turned and drove up into the hills behind 'Aiea, heading once again for the healing heiau of Keia'iwa. We checked in and made our prayers, then fortified by our intent (as well as the presence and protection of our spiritual allies), we headed out once again.

### MAKUA VALLEY REVISITED

We continued westward past Waianae toward Makua Valley, where the chief had taken Jill and me once before. We passed by the place where we had been greeted by Kanaloa, the akua of the oceanic realms, and then farther on Makua parked the car near the beach. We got out and walked down toward the ocean, then made ourselves comfortable, semi-reclining on a steep shelf of sand.

As we watched the ocean in silence, there was something on my mind,

something to which Makua had often made allusion—his assertion that we are all gods, or gods-in-becoming. So I decided to ask him about this because he rarely volunteered information unless asked a direct question about something in particular.

I had come to understand that this method was his preferred mode of sharing information. When initiates (for we are all initiates) are ready, they learn how to ask the right questions at the right time. Then—and only then—are they ready to receive the answers. Therefore, it wasn't easy for Makua to simply share his wisdom in front of a group without a foundation of carefully considered questions on which he could build the answers. Knowing this, I looked at my great friend with affection and planned my strategy.

“Makua, you have often inferred that we humans are actually gods, or gods-in-becoming. The reason we don't know this is because we have forgotten who and what we really are. I understand that when we come into this world for another action-packed round of life on the physical plane of existence for seventy or eighty years, we all go through the veil, wiping the slate of our soul memories clean, thus giving us a fresh start for this walkabout. This frees us from all our sorrows and trauma, preoccupations and overlays in general from our former lives.

“Now,” I continued, “what else could be said about our kuleana, our rightful responsibility to become who and what we are supposed to become in each life—and especially in this life? And what more can we say about this idea that we are actually gods? If you look at the state of the world today, we're certainly not behaving like gods.”

The kahuna nodded and observed the ocean thoughtfully for a while as he considered my questions; then he turned his attention to me and the flow of his *ka'ana mana'o*, his shared wisdom, began.

## **MAKUA'S SHARED WISDOM**

“What we know about the spirit world, or what some call the divine, comes through to us while we are embodied in three primary ways: through our direct experience of nature,” he smiled and gestured at the sky and the ocean, the beach and the valley behind us, “through our dreams and visions and insights often gained in meditation, and through the testimonials of those authentic mystics who have been gifted visions in an awakened state of

consciousness. The positive polarity of direct spiritual experience is validation, and this conveys to each of us the confirmation of something that we already know, but have temporarily forgotten.

“When we enter into such an awakened state,” he continued, “many opportunities then become available to us. These opportunities allow us to experience the higher levels of spiritual experience. This has nothing to do with organized religion, by the way, which is why our religious traditions have always been so threatened by genuine mystics and visionaries.” He glanced at me with a smile that became a grimace, and then he laughed. “In fact, some have claimed that organized religion is actually a defense against having visionary experiences.

“You see, as we unfold spiritually, we have to step up and out of our belief systems. These can be very sustaining at the personal level for the short term. But beliefs are mental constructs at best, and although they may have a strong emotional appeal, not much changes in our lives in the long term. In other words, at the level of our spiritual unfoldment, there’s no growth.

“However, as our belief systems begin to falter, faith soldiers on!” Makua exclaimed, laughing. “But faith can take us in two very different directions. In one, faith spirals us back down into egocentric and narcissistic belief systems once again. This is what religious fundamentalism is, and when we look at the state of our world today, we can see the result. Fundamentalism, including evangelism, is the dark side of religion and a huge trap on the spiritual path. No amount of proclamation and pontification, ritual and rapture and zeal will bring spiritual pilgrims into connection with what they are seeking.

“In truth, when faith is doing its job, it takes us in precisely the opposite direction, up the hill, not down. And when we transcend our belief systems and our faiths as well, this alone will bring us into the direct experience of spirit. And this is the goal. When we have had the genuine transpersonal one-on-one experience of the divine, we are transformed. We are never the same again—and this is what is waiting for each one of us who chooses to step up and into the spiritual hierarchy.

“We have talked about the Ancestral Grand Plan. We have also discussed that, when we become aware of the plan, the time finally arrives in our lives for us all to breathe deeply of the Haloa, the divine breath of life. Those who elect to do so will grow, increase and become more than they were. And for

those who sense it for the first time,” he grinned, “they will wonder what this wonderful essence is. They may not know, but they can sense it, and this is how the ascent to true power as well as authentic spiritual illumination can begin.

“At this point,” Makua continued, “there will be many who will be too distracted by the illusions and the belief systems of the old paradigm to notice what’s really going on. Such people often try to fit their new experiences into their old belief systems, even trying to use them to justify what they already believe to be true.

“We live in an interesting time, a period in which much that has been taken for granted as real in the religious realm is now being revealed to be culturally crafted illusion, designed to distract us and keep us from discovering who and where we really are. It is because of these illusions that many have not yet ascended, because first they need to break through the dark control of the ‘e‘epa.”

“Who are the ‘e‘epa?” I asked.

Makua watched me evenly for several moments, aware that he had just given part of the game away. He took a long time to think about what he was going to say before he replied.

## **THE DECEIVERS**

“The ‘e‘epa are the deceivers. Some call them the masters of deception.” He continued to think. “The ‘e‘epa are not spirits. They are free-ranging psychic entities, invisible beings who function as mind parasites. As such, they prey on those who are vulnerable to their influence.” Long pause.

“Are they the ones that assault schizophrenics?” I asked.

“Yes, some do that, although those you call schizophrenics are also vulnerable to being influenced by the spirits of the dead, and especially those earthbound souls that are confused, deluded, or somewhat less than wholesome.”

Makua looked uncomfortable as he considered this issue. He didn’t like to talk about the negative polarity, and this was one of the only times in our friendship that he talked about it in such detail.

“The deceivers are those who are encountered during what you call the

alien abduction experience. They often appear in two forms, the small ones that look humanoid with big heads and large, dark eyes, and the tall, linear ones often described as insectlike beings or reptilians.”

“I have read that some meet up with them through the mindexpanding psychedelics that contain DMT as well,” I put in.[8]

“Yes,” Makua said, before continuing further, “psychics who channel are also particularly vulnerable to them. This is because the deceivers reside in the same realm in which psychics operate—the mental-emotional levels of awareness and experience. The ‘e‘epa are accomplished shape-shifters who are good at mimicking. They can assume forms that are meaningful to the ones they choose to deceive. They can simply pluck them out of the mind of the psychic, then appear to them in that form. And unless psychics are adept at checking their sources, it is very easy for them to be deceived. The ‘e‘epa then simply tell psychics what they wish to hear.

I watched the chief as he picked his words carefully. We had never talked about this area before, and we never would again.

“It’s not so much that the ‘e‘epa are evil, but they are devious, and their motivation is deception. They operate through illusion, and they are masters of this practice.” He thought for a moment, then laughed. “Demons—they could be called interdimensional demons.

“The ‘e‘epa encourage human beings to go into the negative polarity ... into the dark side of their personality,” he added. “And as we continue to go there, we reach that point where we can no longer self-correct. It is at this point that the deceivers encourage us to continue in that direction. It is then that we step across a threshold and into the realm of evil. We humans were actually the ones who created evil, but the ‘e‘epa had a piece of the action.” He laughed. “They continue to urge us to go in this direction as we engage in our natural tendency to make bad decisions, erroneous judgments, and outright blunders and then act on them.”

Makua looked at me quite seriously and observed, “If we look at the state of the world today, we can see their influence everywhere, and at every level. They could be thought of as psychic vampires. This is who and what vampires really are. And despite what Hollywood may propose, they are not good guys.

“The ‘e‘epa are mental forces that have the ability to intrude into the human mind ... and all the time. They operate through subterfuge and

psychic stealth. They are adversaries who are drawn to humans because they wish to acquire our human capacity for creative imagination. You see ... this they lack completely. Humans are creators, and they are not. Because of this, the deceivers will always be thwarted by the superiority of our human species.” [9]

“Do all those we call aliens fall into this category?” I asked.

He smiled. “No. There are many who come here as visitors whose motivations are honorable. Some are merely curious, sort of like tourists. Still others, the ones you call the higher organizing intelligences, are playing various roles as things continue to unfold here on this planet as well as elsewhere. These are true spirits, however, and the deceivers are not spirits. They are mental phenomena that reside at the psychic and mental-emotional levels, and that’s where they attach to us.”

Makua looked deeply at me. “And they especially attach themselves to our political, economic, and religious leaders—to all the major players in the game—and in all fairness, these worthies are quite unaware of their negative influence.”

I thought furiously and responded, “The Christian massacre of the pagans ... the Dark Ages ... the Thirty Years’ War ... the Inquisition ... the witch hunts ... the Holocaust ... 9/11...” Makua smiled sadly and simply nodded in agreement.

## **TOWARD OUR DESTINY**

I thought about what Makua had revealed to me at some length. This was heady stuff, and it resonated. I had never considered the existence of such entities before, yet as I thought about politics and religion in the Western world since the Roman period, what the chief had said made perfect sense—an arch-deceiver had straddled our major religious or political systems for hundreds or even thousands of years creating havoc as the ‘e‘epa encouraged us to go ever deeper into the negative polarity. Then I shifted back into the positive and offered this: “Increasing numbers of Western spiritual seekers are currently becoming aware of indigenous spiritual wisdom once again, and in doing so, we are rediscovering one of our birthrights—our innate ability to have the authentic visionary experience.

“In the process, we are developing our capacity to participate in the



transformational process through which we may find solutions to the ongoing problems of humanity as they are currently perceived. Many believe that the energies with which we may enter into relationship at this point—the ancestors, as well as our ‘Aumakua, our Higher Self—will provide the impetus for us to move toward experiencing our higher levels of being and awareness.”

Makua smiled. “It is true. There currently exist few viable solutions to our growing political, economic, and social crises. In reaction, the two primary human responses that will take form will either be ever-increasing levels of social unrest ... or a quiet personal withdrawal from the whole societal game at large.

“Some who withdraw will choose to do so through embracing new and ever more sophisticated forms of distraction—and those will become ever more fascinated by the glitter of our new gadgets and technologies. But others will choose to move into the inner worlds through spiritual practice, and these are the ones who possess the potential to produce the new world order.

“Among them, some will choose to participate in new forms of cooperative relationships, both individually as well as collectively at the community level. Their practice will take the form of detachment, yes, but a detachment that will include a deep and compassionate sense of caring, especially for the Earth and for the animal and plant nations.

“This reveals that they are not dropouts!” He laughed boisterously. “These worthies are not completely opting out of the system. Rather, these are the ones who will create the new foundation that will include local, self-sustainable communities that will support them and all those around them.

“These are the ones who are graciously declining to participate any longer in the old, outdated paradigm, because they are ready to step up to the next level. These are the ones who will orient toward the Ancestral Grand Plan and create the new cultural mythos, working both individually and collectively.

“But to achieve this, it will be necessary not to be distracted or seduced by the false security offered by the old patterns. The ‘e‘epa are waiting for us on the mental-emotional-psyche level, and when we turn in our thoughts toward those familiar yet outdated belief systems, especially those that help us maintain our sense of separation and superiority, the deceivers encourage

us to stay with those beliefs, to not rock the boat.” He chuckled.

“There is something else that needs to be said,” Makua said, looking at me seriously. “As we become aware of our connection to the ancestors as well as to our Higher Self aspect, our spiritual growth intensifies, yes, and yet this must not be a form of escapism. We still have to deal with the world that we have created. This is about taking responsibility for our creations.

“As we turn inward toward the positive polarity, toward the tapestry woven by our aloha, there we encounter spirit through which we can abruptly be transported into the higher realms—and even into the matrix of creation itself and the greater vastness beyond.

“The high spiritual guardians who brought us to this world as soul seeds knew that humanity already existed as a dream. We as individuals are the manifested aspects of that dream—aspects that have now grown to the point where we have become creator beings unlike any that have existed on this world before.”

“We are talking about the true golden age of humanity,” he proclaimed, “a time in which our spiritual revelations will be derived entirely from our individual reconnection to the ancestors and to our ‘Aumakua. And it will be through these two all-important relationships that we will understand the true nature of God. This is because the authentic and true God that folks talk about is and forever will be our own Higher Self—our god-self.

“The relationship between ourselves and our ancestors as well as our god-self can only be achieved through the positive polarity. It cannot be realized through any negativity or any religious fervor or fundamentalism. It is solely through embracing the positive that we will grow and change and become more than we were until we will eventually achieve reunion with the great Source and its Infinite Intelligence.”

Makua paused as he sought for words. “You see, the field of existence,” his arm followed his gaze to take in everything around us, “is like a great spiral that can maintain its stability for very long periods of time. But the system can change very rapidly when energy flows into or out of the spiral. This is what many call the Great Wheel, and it is through our experiences on the Wheel that we discover that our destiny is part of a vast complex of universal impulses, a complex that is set into motion each time that our ‘Aumakua divides itself, sending in another seed of its light to embody as a human being for another life.

“As our immortal soul self-expresses itself into embodied life across time, those incoming seeds of our light contain within themselves the forces that will determine how high or how low we will fly in each lifetime, as well as how and when that energy will return to its source at life’s end. The quality of our immortal character and the direction of our destiny are determined by those same forces, the collective result of our countless past lives through which we grew and became more than we were.”

“A co-creative relationship between us here and us there,” I murmured.

“Yes,” he responded. “All of our past deeds and our past accomplishments, actions, and reactions are stored within our ‘Aumakua, our immortal soul-self in the dreamtime to which our embodied soul matrix returns at life’s end. This creates a pattern, a shape that manifests within us in each lifetime, reflecting what is becoming predominant in our immortal character.

“It is in this way that our ‘Aumakua influences the course of its destiny. This physical everyday world is where it’s all worked out—the plane of action.” He laughed. “There is a contract between us and our Oversoul, as well as with our Oversoul’s teachers and guardians—and each of us has such guardians.”

Makua laughed with the delight of it. “The truth already exists within each one of us. This is why no outside agency or religious authority can give it to us. We already have it! We just have to remember it.” He laughed again. “But to do this, we must each turn within ourselves, because that is where the true God resides.”

Makua then stared at the ocean for long moments. “This is why I never agree to become another person’s teacher.” He chuckled. “Each one of us is our own best teacher, and I would never deprive spiritual seekers of the power that comes with that discovery.”

## **THE DARKNESS**

“Sooner or later, all of us become aware of the presence of a darkness within ourselves—the darkness into which we have fallen with the help of the adversaries, the deceivers.” Makua grinned. “As we have said, this can create an ever-deepening negativity within us—and within our ‘Aumakua as well.

“The healing of such distortions within our current embodied selves, as

well as the healing of those distortions in our 'Aumakua, can only happen if both are cleared of all dark force patterning. You see, in order to advance in our soul's growth, we must choose it, and when we make that choice, the creation of a new world order then becomes possible—one in which there is simply no place for the dark.

“Our immortal self, our 'Aumakua, lives forever in the dreamworld, which is the spirit world. As it grows across time in response to who and what we become in each life, it acquires its creative power to dream. These dreams could be called picture-making forces, because from them, energetic streams are manifested within us to become dream pictures.

“These dream pictures radiate out into each of our incarnated lives, in which they have the potential to guide us toward our destiny. Whether they manifest themselves into created 'reality' or whether they remain as dream pictures, as potential levels of experience, depends on whether we choose to manifest our dreams.” He paused for a moment.

“Our personal destiny could really be thought of as a complex of manifested dreams and dreams-in-becoming.” Makua smiled thoughtfully and then added something extraordinary.

“If we choose to follow the cosmic impulses projected into us through the dreaming of our ancestors and through our 'Aumakua, what will happen during our life is what our immortal spirit self actually wants. And as we embrace those ancestral impulses that our Higher Self dreams, our 'uhane, our conscious mental soul, can then choose to transform those impulses into reality. When we walk this path, we are in control of our destiny. We actually create our destiny.

“However, if we identify with those impulses that are originating in our human body, those that originate from within our body soul, what then happens to us is no longer what spirit wants but rather what our physical body desires, even though we may be convinced that this is what 'we' really want. When this happens, we lose control of our destiny, placing ourselves squarely on the receiving end of the forces of fate.” The kahuna smiled sadly.

“As we move up into the spiritual hierarchy, our access to the higher orders of consciousness will provide each of us with the understanding of our soul's origination from Source, allowing us to realize where we came from, who and where we are now, as well as where we are headed. It is this experience that reveals to us that we are actually gods-in-becoming.”

I said, “At the baseline, it’s really about achieving an ongoing and functional connection with a higher vibrational state available to us through our Oversoul, isn’t it?”

“It is,” Makua confirmed, “and those who have mystical visions understand what lies in wait for us out there.” He gestured toward the sky. “When we turn in this direction, the level of healing, divine love, transcendence, and exalted awareness that we may experience is truly beyond description.

“While we may care deeply about the state of our world, as well as our tenuous human situation, more and more of us are finding ourselves happily disengaging from it just as I have just said, practicing acceptance teamed with detachment.”

“I understand.” I searched for words. Makua had spoken often of his practice of acceptance of the inevitable and detachment from the results, whatever these might be. I had come to accept that this was essential for my well-being as well as my sanity and that the surges of the world at large had little or nothing to do with me. It brought me back to the issue of kuleana—that Hawaiian concept of responsibility, our rightful place in the scheme of things. Discernment was essential in knowing what I was responsible for as well as those issues for which I was simply not responsible—those things that I could do something about and those that I could not.

“More and more of us watch the questionable machinations of our politicians,” Makua continued, “virtually all of whom are allied with the corporate world and the military, and we come to understand quite clearly that there is virtually nothing we as individuals can do to make it better. But we can encourage, advise, and help each other to find our way quite independently of the corrupted world state that our politicians and our lobbyists have created and thrust upon us.

“And the way?” Makua smiled and ticked it off on his fingers. “When we enter the state of expanded awareness [one finger], we then can engage with an enhanced experience of our own creative power, our own mana [second finger] ... and this, when finetuned with our focused concentration, our makia [third finger], may actually allow us to change the fabric of reality itself, the aka field [fourth finger].

“This is what it means to become a god, and this is where we are all headed. Human beings alone on this world possess this potential. It is a soul

force that exists within all of us that allows us to create bridges between the consciousness of form and the consciousness of formlessness.

“This bridge is the point of power where we may connect with eternity, allowing each of us to intentionally work with the fabric of reality using our own creative energy. This is why the mystics across time have all encouraged us to look within ourselves, for that is precisely where god/spirit resides. This is why they have always affirmed that we are gods.” He looked at me to emphasize the point. “It’s that seed of light that was given to us with our first breath.

“Here’s the problem,” Makua said, pausing reflectively. “More and more of us are coming to accept that we are all connected to the human social collective, but millions of people are in confusion because they don’t know what this collective is or what this really means.”

Makua and I watched the ocean for long moments. “This is why it is important to become aware of the Ancestral Grand Plan. Those with a more awakened level of consciousness now have the potential to join the greater collective of awakened souls, and by doing so, they will enhance the matrix of creation itself.

“As this takes place on an ever-widening platform, a new foundation will be built on which it will become easier for those who are in the process of still getting there to move forward into their own state of awakening. This is happening right now, and this is why the year 2013 is what’s really important, not 2012. That’s when the next cycle of ages will begin, and whatever we choose to create now will form the foundation of that next cycle.”

“Sounds like an event horizon that many have defined as a zone of intense transformational changes, like a great river of energies or cosmic consciousness,” I said.

“Yes,” the chief agreed, “a river of higher vibrational differentiation has now begun to be available to us, and this one has the potential to truly change the entire world.” He looked thoughtful then added, “As we have observed, it is very important for us not to go into distraction, for it is our tendency to do so driven by our need to feel good. We like to be entertained, we like to be distracted, and we like to believe that what our politicians and religious leaders tell us is true.” He smiled.

“It is important at this time for all of us to draw upon our knowledge of the

past in order to create the new shape of what is coming into being now. When we do this, we can then move onward and upward through practiced discernment in alignment with the positive polarity of our aloha. This alone will allow us to access a higher place of knowing, enabling us to observe everything that makes up our world today from a more ascended perspective.

“It is in this manner, step by step, that everything will shift, including ourselves, and in this way, the new order will come into being.”

## **BECOMING GODS**

I could feel myself shifting in response to this extraordinary conversation. It was as though a new sense of self, a new sense of purpose, was taking form within me.

“The ability to make such choices and then act on them reveals our inherent godlike qualities,” Makua continued. “As more and more people do so and step up to the next level, the overall light quotient available to us will become higher, giving us access to a higher vibrational zone. At this point, our former patterns, our personal attachments, and our preoccupations with the material world and our belief systems and faiths will be reduced.

“Those who get there for the first time may initially think, ‘Wow, this is it,’” he grinned, “not realizing they have only taken the first step. We always have to deal with our own lower impulses that are continually encouraged by the deceivers, and we all run up against them, and every day. They have been here a long time, and they know the human mind intimately, as that is where they reside. Dealing with them and recognizing who and what they are is the first stage of the transformational process—yet it is the one that may lead us to cross that event horizon you have mentioned, beyond which nothing is ever the same again.

“This is where our potentials for spiritual and evolutionary growth become limitless,” Makua continued. “This is where we become gods.

“Yet it’s always about readiness, and it’s always about choice.” Makua smiled brightly. “And this is what the mental ‘uhane soul is all about, what you call the ego. This is the soul level that possesses the ability to choose as well as to create. And this reveals that we are actually here to develop the ego, not discard or drop it. This is the sixth level, the level of Lono, and we have talked about that.”

“Based upon what you have said,” I tentatively put in, “as we choose to engage with those cosmic impulses originating within our Higher Self, help from above, from that spiritual source, then becomes available to us, and it is precisely this that encourages our evolutionary growth as souls traveling across eternity.

“This is the law of evolution as I understand it—that everything changes,” I went on. “Nothing stays the same for very long, or if it does, it stagnates and dies. You have revealed that there is a pressure from the past, the ancestors, that pushes us from behind, and there is also a drawing power from the future, our descendants, that pulls us forward.”

Makua nodded vigorously. “This push-pull dynamic takes place at all levels of creation, and within all structures, individual as well as collective, and even planetary. Everything everywhere, even in the universe itself, is in a constant, relentless, process of change. No escape!” He threw up his hands in mock resignation, and we both laughed.

“The human species is now at the stage of its evolutionary development where it is possible to discern the great questions of our physical existence. Who are we and where are we? Where did we come from and where are we going?”

## **THE ASCENT**

We got up then and walked along the beach for a bit to stretch our legs. I considered what Makua had shared—that we are in the process of becoming gods—then offered these thoughts. “Makua, we are talking about what many now think of as ‘The Ascent,’ and many are now ready or are getting ready to access higher levels of conscious awareness to achieve this.”

Makua nodded in agreement.

“It is said by yogis and advanced practitioners of meditation that the subtle energy body that each of us possesses will alter in response to this higher vibrational state. And our light being—our Oversoul/‘Aumakua—will be accordingly enhanced, implying that our overall state of existence may be amplified far beyond what it is now.”

Makua nodded again. “Through active and conscious participation in this process,” I went on, “many of us discover the presence of a mysterious godlike mind within us. But from your mystical perspective, this is not some



monotheist father deity talking to us who claims to be the creator of the universe. It is none other than our own Higher Self—our Oversoul—through which each of us can participate in our own evolution as well as our personal and collective destiny.”

He nodded, his eyes luminous. “You got it!” he proclaimed with a laugh.

“We have spoken about this before,” I continued. “And you revealed that the higher vibrational states of being are connected to the Light that emanates from the Source. This in turn reveals unequivocally that our being of light, our Oversoul, is a fragment of the great spiritual Light that is not subject to the distortion of the dark forces nor to the control of any alleged religious authority. This suggests that the ascent is not an end point, but rather the beginning of a new stage in our evolution. This must be the ‘why’ of our existence.[10]

“Up until now, our understanding of our human existence has been limited by our belief systems and our faiths that have been continually subject to the dominion of the dark forces and their influence upon our religious and political authorities. Once we recognize the full extent of this vast deception, our transformation into beings who can consciously create their personal and collective reality is enhanced.”

Makua nodded vigorously. “The ‘New Mysteries’ coming into being will facilitate this transformation, stimulating our dormant capacities for spiritual growth that were seeded into us at our life’s beginning, giving each of us a much-needed jump-start. For those who are predisposed in this direction, they will find that experiencing visionary states of awareness will result in an increase in their overall light quotient, and this, in turn, will contribute toward their becoming godlike beings.

“Simply expressed,” Makua added, “we are in the process of a long-needed upgrade, as you would put it. However, we are not all at the same level. Many are still running the energy of Ku, the level of the warrior. It isn’t that this is bad, but they are choosing to run it in the negative polarity. But there are others now who are working at level six, the level of Lono where aloha returns into the dynamic.

“And a few are working at the seventh level, the level of the authentic chief in the positive polarity. When we achieve the seventh level, there are only four more levels to go before we return home. But we can’t talk about those, because those of us who know this are in the bowl of silence.

“As we have said,” he observed with a smile, “meditation is most useful in the process once we choose to ascend into the hierarchy. Everything becomes much clearer then, and meditation helps us to see that our human personalities that we develop in each life must be understood for what they are, and they must intentionally be transcended in order to shift into that higher vibrational state.

“The ancestors revealed to us that it is possible to live in such an ascended state. How successfully we can achieve this is dependent on our intentions, on our life as we live it, as well as on our capacity for disciplined and focused concentration. Many today have chosen this path, and many may find themselves providing valuable assistance and information to those who are ready to awaken.”

## **THE GLOBAL CONSEQUENCE**

“Those who have progressed beyond the physical limitations of their bodies, as well as the distractions of their everyday existence, reveal what is possible for all of us when we reach the point of truly discovering who we are, where we are, and what we are destined to become. Only a few, however, have succeeded in doing this at this time,” Makua said.

“For humanity at large to experience a true global awakening,” he continued, “we will have to accurately perceive and understand the everyday world that we all take so much for granted. And seeing it as it is, as well as what it could be, we must consciously choose to change it. Our cultural resistance to doing this is partially due to the dark programming of the deceivers. But we, too, have a piece of the action through our acceptance of and even enjoyment of the dark side of our own human natures. The end result is that if we continue to do this, everyone ‘goes down with the ship.’”

Makua laughed, then looked at the horizon, so far away, and observed quietly, “The ultimate goal for us is to fully experience our three souls and intentionally combine them into a singular being that is fully awake, fully aware, and fully loving. This reveals how and when we may become gods. At some point, each of us will then step up to the next level, where we will exist solely as ‘Aumakua—but to do this, we will have to give up our humanness.

“We come to understand then that it is not the Oversoul that is human. Our Higher Self is an immortal soul traveling across time. It is our host bodies

that are human, and these are the vehicles that we are currently inhabiting as we seek to achieve our destiny—the one prescribed for us by the guardians who brought us to this beautiful world. We are all going in this direction. It's just a question of how and when we will get there.

“When we reach the stage in which we will no longer embody, we will be engaged in doing our specialty work at a higher dimensional level. In this way, we will continue to grow as we move toward becoming godlike beings, eventually joining the community of those you call the higher organizing intelligences. And it goes on from there, step by step, until we eventually experience reunion with Teave, which will grow, increase, and become more in response to the gifts we will bear with us when we return. These are the gifts of everything that we have done and become on our long journey across the stars back to our true celestial home, the Source.”

I was quite overwhelmed by the implications of our discussion. There was nothing more to be said, and Makua sensed this. So we returned to the car and drove in silence across the island to Waimanalo on O‘ahu’s eastern side. We just drove as friends sometimes do, preoccupied with our own thoughts and meditations, observing the world as it turns, with all its warts and wrinkles, serving as witnesses to all that is flowing across the screen.

The chief and I continued southward back toward Waikiki, and on the way, he pointed out a massive hill facing the coast near Makapu‘u Point on the island’s eastern tip, and he told me that this was where Namakaokaha‘i lives, the oceanic goddess who is Pele’s sister.

The mythic was always part of Makua’s experienced reality. He lived in two worlds—in the world of things seen, as well as the world of things hidden, and in those moments, I felt tremendous gratitude. Makua had enriched my life beyond all imagining, and for that I, and many others, will forever be in his debt.

As if on cue, he pointed out the distinctive long-winged, forktailed silhouette of a large frigate bird soaring on the wind above the coast, a visitor from the Southern Ocean. “Otaha‘oro‘oro,” he proclaimed with delight, lapsing into Tahitian, but he didn’t explain the significance of this trail crossing, and we drove on in silence back to Honolulu, nourished by the tapestry of our great friendship, by our aloha, as well as by all that we had shared with each other.

# Epilogue

In May 2010 Jill and I were on the road teaching in California. Early one morning at about 4:00a.m., I became aware of a presence in the room with us. Jill was asleep beside me, and upon slowly opening my eyes, I saw that the darkness surrounding us was infused with a subtle blue illumination that seemed to be confined to the center of the room. I could see the sheets and bed coverings quite clearly in this blue light, while the rest of the room remained in total darkness.

This is a known experience to me in my shamanic practice, and I recognized it as a spiritual apparition. Someone or something was approaching me. And so I asked (as is my custom), “Who are you, and what is your intention?”

Makua’s energetic signature then slipped gently into my mind infused with his aloha. I was immediately fully awake and welcomed him with affection in return. And then, as is our protocol, I asked him what his family kapu name is. With a blast of amusement, he gave me the correct password. He knows that I do this to ensure that I am dealing with the real Makua and not one of the deceivers who are masquerading as him.

In the mental conversation that followed, we discussed several issues on the table, including certain responsibilities that he had put into my hands before his passing. One of them included this book, which was then still in manuscript stage. In response, he expressed pleasure at my continued efforts to bring his spiritual wisdom forward into the world, and he conveyed this to me in no uncertain terms.

Makua’s thoughts and his teachings are his legacy. I came to understand in those last days of his life in the spring of 2004 that he suspected that his contract was up. The urgency I sensed on that afternoon when Jill and I sat in council with him revealed that he was racing against time to complete something that he wished to set into motion.

Makua saw me as the scholar and his trusted friend, and he was aware on that last day that I would write about my relationship with him. He understood that this would be a continuation of what Jill and I have been

doing since our first meeting with him in 1996. And above all, he saw that our continued efforts would contribute toward a greater connection within an ever-growing community of kindred souls in alignment with the Ancestral Grand Plan.

As a holy man, Makua understood that his teachings were not just for some but rather for all of us in every culture, and most especially for those who are ready to step up and out of archaic religious dogma and into the spiritual hierarchy.

It was also Makua's hope that his thoughts might contribute to the revitalization of Hawaiian culture. He knew that to accomplish this would require a new foundation upon which to build. Because of our friendship and my "literary outreach," the chief saw this book as part of that foundation.

Accordingly, I continue to embrace and respect Makua's teachings as well as his practice of acceptance and detachment, and I continue to carry his bowl of light, his walking stick, and his story out into the world.

By doing so, I honor him and my friendship with him and my connection with his shared wisdom. That is what this book is about.

In the years following his passing, Makua's words about the three kapus of the spiritual warrior were translated into Hawaiian by Kumu Pua Case, and recently, one of our close friends here on island shared them with us.[11]

*'E aloha 'e, 'i ka 'ike maka me ka ha'aha'a e ... 'E aloha 'e  
'E ola 'e, 'i ka 'ike na'au me ka ho'ano e ... 'E aloha 'e  
'E 'ike 'e, 'i ka 'ike loa'a i ka pu'uwai e, a'o ikaika ... 'E aloha 'e  
'E aloha 'e, 'e aloha 'e, 'e aloha 'e...*  
Love all that you see with humility  
Live all that you feel with reverence  
Know all that you possess with the heart of discipline.  
With love ... with love ... with love...

And so in closing, allow me to invoke the spirit of Hale Kealohalani Makua, my great Hawaiian friend. With his blessing (and his words), I extend to each of you "the Light and the love of the ancestors, The Source of Life, rejoicing in the power and the peace, braided with the cords of patience, revealing the tapestry of the strongest force in the universe—your aloha."

# Postscript

To be in the company of Hale Makua was to feel his aloha as well as his goodness, his humor, his power, and the rewards of his shared wisdom. To become one of his close friends was extraordinary, as this afforded us with opportunities to reciprocate, as well as to share in moments of fun and pure joy. These were moments of grace.

As Hank and I slowly got to know Makua, we realized that each of us had a distinct and singular friendship with him. We also became aware that we were not just “spending time” with Makua. We were enhancing each other’s lives in a multiplicity of ways as friends do, yes, yet there was also a growing awareness that there was some unseen agenda that was at work behind the scenes.

During this time, I had the unique experience of observing Hank’s friendship with Makua grow and deepen. Here were two men, contemporaries in age, yet vastly different in background. Their outward differences were also reflected in what can best be described as the very different “shapes” of their minds. They would speak about the same things from their own experiences: Hank reported on prehistorical discoveries and his shamanic practice from his scientific perspective, while Makua shared information about kahuna wisdom and soul migrations from his perspective as an indigenous Hawaiian elder.

During their extended philosophical dialogues across those years, they would “feed” each other information and stories, sharing their insights about who we are and why we are here. In response, their narratives were mutually enhanced and supported by the awareness of the very profound need for all of us to shift away from the negative and into the positive polarity, both in our inner thoughts, emotions, and intentions, as well as in our outer lifeways and relationships, moving us from the head to the heart.

In response, the heart connection between these two men grew and grew, to include mutual confidences, trust, and *big* respect. And then I noticed something else: there was an enhanced energetic field that came into being between them when they met, an expanded space between their physical

bodies in which to meet and share, in spoken and unspoken ways. They were both aware of this, and they both contributed to this soul space spontaneously, heart to heart. And this, in turn, afforded a place for their great immortal Oversouls to be present with each other as well. When this occurred, I perceived that the space between them had become blessed. It had become a sacred space that allowed for their long association across time to be experienced once again—one that had come into being so very long ago.

I am so grateful to have been befriended by Makua over the last eight years of his life, for I was there as witness for most of these events, just as I was there with them in lifetimes before. It was just something that the three of us understood and accepted without question—something that nurtured us all at the level of our souls.

—Jill Kuykendall  
Honaunau, Hawai‘i



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A special *mahalo nui loa* is offered to all the members of the Na ‘Ao Koa o Pu‘ukohola Heiau.

My wise, compassionate, and lovely wife, Jill Kuykendall, has been my ally and collaborator across all this time, and this book could not have come into being without her support, guidance, and critical input. My great and enduring love to her!

Great gratitude is offered as well to my literary agent, Barbara Moulton, my editor Haven Iverson, and to all the good folks at Sounds True. I am greatly honored to be a member of your community of mystics, spiritual elders, writers, and teachers. Thanks also to my colleague and friend Sandra Ingerman for her insightful and gracious Foreword.

Finally, my gratitude once again to you, the reader, for who you are and who you are becoming. As Makua so aptly observed, it’s time for us to *huli* (transform) and to create the world that we wish to pass on to our descendants. The ancestors are supporting us—so what are we waiting for?



# Notes

[1] See the chapter titled “Hawaiian Encounters” in my book *Visionseeker: Shared Wisdom from the Place of Refuge* (Carlsbad, CA: Hay House, 2001) for more details of this extraordinary encounter with Pele.

[2] In response to my question, Makua took my notebook and pen and wrote the name of Kamehameha’s third wife, Kahaku Ha’a Ko’i Wahine Pi’o. He then created a handwritten list that culminated in his mother’s name.

[3] Some of this material has now been published. See *Science* magazine (October 2, 2009), in which eleven papers published by forty-seven authors, including myself, describe the discovery of a 4.4-million-year-old skeleton named *Ardipithecus ramidus* (Ardi) that may be the famous missing link between humans and apes that none other than Charles Darwin predicted we would eventually find in Africa. I was among several specialists who reconstructed the paleoenvironments of the sites. My own contributions were sourced through my field excavations and the subsequent analysis of my recovered microvertebrate fossils. Ardi’s discovery was also the cover story in the July 2010 issue of *National Geographic*.

[4] This image of Makua is reproduced in my book *Spirit Medicine*, page 224, with the permission of artist Kathy Long.

[5] For more about the transformationals, see my essay ‘The Transformational Community’ in *Awakening to the Spirit World: The Shamanic Path of Direct Revelation*, coauthored with Sandra Ingerman (Boulder, CO: Sounds True, 2010).

[6] For more information about the Michael material, see José Stevens and Simon Warwick-Smith, *The Michael Handbook: A Channeled System for Self Understanding*, (Warwick, NY: Warwick Press, 1988).

[7] For more about the primordial force called Teave and the great creation chants of the Kumulipo, see Leinani Melville’s *Children of the Rainbow: The Religion, Legends, and Gods of Pre-Christian Hawaii* (Wheaton, IL: Theosophical Publishing House, 1969).

[8] I have since read some of the literature about the alien abduction experience as well as the DMT psychedelic experience. See, for example: *Inner Paths to Outer Space: Journeys to Alien Worlds through Psychedelics and Other Spiritual Technologies* by Richard Strassman, Slawek Wojtowicz, Luis Eduardo Luna, and Ede Frecska (Rochester, VT: Park Street Press, 2008). See also:

*Passport to the Cosmos: Human Transformation and Alien Encounters* by John E. Mack (New York: Three Rivers Press, 1999).

[9] For more about the masters of deception, I suggest the seminal book by John Lamb Lash, *Not in His Image: Gnostic Vision, Sacred Ecology, and the Future of Belief* (White River Junction, VT: Chelsea Green Publishing, 2006). Lash reveals that the triumph of the deceivers, those whom the Gnostics called the archons, will come when humans can no longer tell plastic from pearl, and when imitation (virtual reality) becomes so prevalent that human beings begin to feel like aliens on their own planet. The archons insinuate their influence through our belief systems, and the effect of their influences upon our sense of humanity and human potential cannot be underestimated.

[10] See Lash (note 9) and his rendering of the new cultural mythos that may lead humanity back on track, and especially the Gnostic perception of the great wisdom goddess Sophia/Gaia, whose physical embodiment is our sacred Earth, and whose spiritual essence is that visible, organic white light with a voice that expresses a vast intelligence.

[11] With gratitude to John and Leslie Hall.

# Glossary

With my abject apologies to and profound respect for all those who are island-born, *maka ‘ainana*—and who are thus the “eyes of the land” and may be more cognizant of the subtleties of the Hawaiian language than myself—these are the Hawaiian words used by Hale Makua during our talk-stories.

**‘A‘A:** The (binary) star Sirius.

**‘A‘ao:** Greed.

**Ahu:** Altar, shrine, or cairn.

**Ahupua‘a:** Land division; in old Hawai‘i each ahupua‘a extending from the uplands to the sea was determined by suitable canoe landings, fresh water, and arable soil, and could stand alone in times of famine or civil war; traditionally each had its own ruling family.

**‘Aina:** The land, the earth.

**Aka:** The primordial “stuff” out of which everything in the universe is made; in contemporary usage: shadow, reflection, or image. Possibly the “dark matter” of theoretical physics that forms the invisible scaffolding upon which the building blocks of ordinary matter (the baryons—protons, neutrons, and electrons) may assemble.

**Akahele:** Cautious, prudent.

**Akua:** In the outer tradition, those major supernatural deities or high gods and goddesses of old Hawai‘i; in the inner tradition, identified with transpersonal aspects of the self.

**Aloah:** A greeting of love and compassion; also means “to be in the presence of the divinity” or in the presence of ( *alo*) the “divine breath of life” ( *Ha*).

**Aloha kakou:** Greetings with love to you all.

**Aloha nui loa:** Great love forever.

**Me ke aloha pumehana:** With warm-hearted aloha.

**Ali‘i:** Chief, or chiefess.

**Apono:** To approve; confirm; justify; accept; confirm; right; on the mark; also *pono*.

**Ao:** The world of light.

**Ao ‘Aumakua:** The place in the Upper Worlds of spirit/dreamtime occupied by the human ‘Aumakua spirits; the collective Oversoul field.

**A‘o ikaika:** Discipline.

**‘Aumakua:** (*capitalized*) Personal, ancestral, and immortal spiritual aspect or Oversoul; Higher Self, god-self, angelic self, spiritual self from which we are sourced into life and into which all our former lives are archived. Makua most often referred to the ‘Aumakua as “the ancestors” implying a spiritual connection with all of one’s personal ancestral past selves.

**‘aumakua:** (*lowercase*) Totemic spirit helper often associated with families or clans—the owl, shark, whale, marlin, mo‘o, and so on, who provide power, protection, and support to both individuals as well as families. **‘awa** Ceremonial Polynesian drink known also as kava.

**‘E‘epa:** Masters of deception.

**‘Eha‘eha:** Pain and suffering.

**‘Ehiku:** The number seven.

**‘Eli ‘Eli:** Sacred name used by the priestly class of old for the masculine force of creation; ‘ Eri ‘ Eri in Tahitian.

**‘Eono:** Number six.

**Ha:** The breath; received at birth and released upon the death of the physical body; the vehicle that carries the spark of light from the personal immortal Oversoul into the physical body at life’s beginning, and carries the composite soul cluster back to its ‘Aumakua Oversoul source at life’s end; also number four.

**Ha‘aha‘a:** Humility.

**Haku:** Lord or master; the captain (of a canoe).

**Hale:** House.

**Haloo:** The divine fire fed by our breath.

**Hanau:** To give birth.

**Hanau wawa:** Reincarnation; to be born repeatedly.

**Haole:** White person; formerly any person of foreign origin.

**Heiau:** Sacred place of power and spiritual practice; usually surmounted by a temple platform including sacred buildings, altars, and symbolic images ( *tiki* or *ki‘i*) of deities (in the outer tradition) and/or aspects of the self (in the inner tradition).

**Ho‘akea ana:** Expansion.

**Ho‘an o:** Reverence.

**Hokuloo:** Venus seen as the evening star; also known as Hoku Ahiahi.

**Hokupa‘a:** The North Star, Polaris.

**Hoku ‘Ula:** The planet Mars.

**Honi:** Polynesian greeting in which two people approach each other; press their faces together, forehead to forehead, nose to nose; gaze straight into each other’s eyes; and share the breath (the divine breath of life).

**Ho'okele:** Navigator.

**Ho'okuano'o:** Meditation.

**Ho'oku'ikahi:** Reunification; to stand together as one.

**Ho'ole:** To deny, repudiate.

**Ho'o mahua:** To increase; *ho'o mahua kala* —submission to a higher authority.

**Ho'omana:** The spiritual knowledge and practices of the kahuna mystics and shamans of Hawai'i; literal meaning: to empower, to place in authority, revealing the relationship between power and knowledge.

**Ho'o manawa nui:** Perseverance; patience.

**Ho'onalu:** To go with the flow; another term for meditation.

**Ho'o nui a ho'o pa'a:** To enlarge and make fast; consolidation.

**Huli:** Change, transform, shapeshift.

**Huna:** Literally, hidden or secret; colloquial term sometimes used by outsiders and non-Hawaiians for Ho'omana.

**'IAO:** Infinite Light; the Light of the World, and thus another name for the sacred Source Teave. Spelled ' Iao, this means Jupiter, the morning star.

**Iho hua:** Self-deprecation.

**Iho make:** To descend ( *iho*) into death ( *make*);self-destruction.

**Ikaika:** Strong; powerful.

**'ike:** Spiritual power, revelations.

**'Imi loa:** The discoverer; the explorer; the sage.

**'IO:** A word that has to do with the soul of the world and also our Higher Self.

**Ka'a wale 'ana:** Separation.

**Kaha ki'i:** The artist.

**Kahi:** The number one. *Papa kahi* means level one.

**Kahu:** Honored attendant, keeper, or caretaker of a heiau, body of sacred knowledge, or a sacred object.

**Kahuna:** A term that implies mastery or expertise; in colloquial expression a priest, shaman, or mystic. There were many different kinds of kahuna depending on their area of expertise. The plural is spelled kahuna.

**Kahuna la'au lapa'au:** Medical kahuna, herbalist, or master healer.

**Kahuna po'oko'i:** Sorcerer; also *kahuna ana'ana*.

**Kahuna pule:** Master of prayer; ceremonialist or priest.

**Kahuna kupua:** Master of spirits; mystic or shaman.

**Kala:** Cleansing; forgiveness; clearing.

**Kaloa:** Literally, standing first.

**Kamali'i:** Children; *kama* means child.

**Ka'ana mana'o:** Shared wisdom.

**Kane:** In its outer aspect, the akua and masculine force of creation with more

than seven hundred recorded names; the creator god; in its inner aspect, symbolic of the dualnatured (both male and female) god-self ( *Kane-wahine*) or dualnatured Higher Self of the individual; analogous to the ‘Aumakua, the personal ancestral spiritfield. *Tane* in Tahitian.

**Kanaloa:** In its outer aspect, the akua (deity) of the ocean, the ancient progenitor and sustainer of life and the life essence within everything; in its inner aspect, the fully awakened or enlightened state in which all three soul aspects of the self are fully formed, fully aware, and fully experienced. *Tangaroa* in Tahitian.

**Kaonohiulaokalani:** Term used by Makua for the red rainbow of Heaven.

**Kanuiokala:** The strong eye of the shaman, the visionary; literally, the great eye of the sun.

**Kaonohiulaokalani:** The collective gathering or mosaic of all the human ‘Aumakua Higher Selves; the composite Human Spirit.

**Ka Po‘ihi:** The mysteries. Literally, *ka* —the; *Po* —realm of the gods; ‘ *ihi* —sacred.

**Kapu:** Sacred, forbidden, taboo, holy, something under restriction, and also a sacred directive. *Tapu* in Tahitian.

**Kaua:** The server; in the negative polarity, the slave.

**Kihe:** Traditional cloak tied in a knot over one shoulder, worn by males, draping down to cover the hips.

**Kino aka:** Energybody; as such, the energetic matrix around and within which the physical body— *kino* —is formed and maintained.

**Kino lau:** An embodiment or form often adopted temporarily by a spirit or deity; for example, Pele as a human woman or Nene, or the ocean deity Kanaloa as an octopus.

**Na Ao Koa:** The spiritual warriors of light.

**Koakoa:** Arrogance.

**Koiahi:** The lizard goddess (mo‘o) who lived in the steam of Makua Valley on O‘ahu’s western shore.

**Ko‘i ko‘i:** Passion; heaviness, seriousness.

**Kolu:** Number three.

**Ko‘oko‘o:** Walking stick or staff.

**Ku:** In its outer aspect, the akua of rain, fertility, sorcery, warfare, and business; in its inner aspect, the subconscious mind or body soul of the individual; also known as the ‘*unhipili*; the spiritual foundation upon which things can be established or built; associated primarily with this physical world.

**Kuhikuhi:** Dominance; dominion; to give directions.

**KuKi‘i:** Keeper of the dawn.

**Kuleana:** Responsibilities; rightful place; property; rights; concern; estate;

jurisdiction; privilege.

**Kumu:** Honored teacher.

**Kumukahi:** Eastern cape of Hawai‘i Island near Makua’s home in Kapoho; the name of a healing stone located there; also the origin, the beginning, the first teacher.

**Kupu:** Growth; *ho‘okupu* —to grow.

**Kupuna:** Honored elder; *tupuna* in Tahitian. Plural=Kupuna.

**Lei:** A wreath or necklace of flowers.

**Lele:** Sacrificial altar or stand at a heiau; also means to fly.

**Lima:** The number five; also five fingers.

**Loa:** Long; distance. *Ola mau loa* —long life, immortality. *Aloha nui loa* —great love forever.

**Lokahi:** Balance; harmony; unity, especially unity between the three souls.

**Lono:** In its outer aspect, the akua of agriculture, medicine, medicinal herbs, navigation, science, music/sound, and consciousness; in its inner aspect, the conscious mind or mental soul, and as such, the thinker, analyzer, inner director, and decisionmaker—the intellectual aspect of the self. Analogous to the ‘uhane. In the southern ocean known as Rono or Ro‘o.

**Lua:** The number two. Also the slang term for bathroom.

**Mahalo:** Thank you.

**Mahalo nui loa:** Thankyou with magnitude.

**Mahina:** The moon; goddess of the moon.

**Makali‘i:** The Pleiades.

**Maka‘u:** Fear.

**Makia:** Focused and sustained concentration.

**Makua:** Parent or progenitor or ancestor. *Hale Makua* thus means house of the parent/ancestors, and *ho‘omakua*, to grow into maturity.

**Makua kua:** Older souls.

**Malamalama:** Light of knowledge; clarity of thinking; enlightenment.

**Malamalama‘okamahina:** Moonlight.

**Malei‘ula:** A fish goddess and the wife of Kanaloa.

**Malo:** The formerly ubiquitous loincloth worn by Hawaiian men.

**Mana:** One’s personal creative, mystical power, or force.

**Manaiakalani:** Term used by Makua for unconsciousness; also the cluster of stars known as Scorpio.

**Mana‘o:** Knowledge.

**Marae:** Term used in the southern ocean for a heiau, or sacred temple.

**Mauli Ola:** The universal life force; in Tahitian, *Mauri Ora*.

**Mea ‘imin a‘au‘ao:** The scholar.

**Mele:** Song.

**Mi‘oi:** Aggression; forward; bold.

**Mo‘o:** Water spirit or lizard spirit.

**Na‘au:** The center or core of our being; the gut, and by association, the “gut feeling.”

**Na Hiku:** The constellation of stars known as the Big Dipper or the Great Bear; also represents spirit.

**Namakaokaha‘i:** The oceanic goddess and Pele’s sister.

**Nana ana:** Observation.

**Nanaue:** The shark god (some say goddess) of Kaneana on O‘ahu’s western shore.

**Ne‘emua:** Progress; as a verb *ho‘one‘emua* —to go forward.

**Nui:** Big, large, great.

**Ola:** Life; in Tahitian, *ora* —literally, life of Ra, the sun; *ka wai ola* —the water of life.

**Ola mau loa:** Long life; immortality; healing.

**‘Opio:** Juvenile; youngster.

**Pa‘a kiki:** Difficult; stubborn.

**Papa:** The spirit of the Earth; also something that is flat, or a level.

**Papahanaumoku:** The spirit of the Earth who gave birth to the islands; in Maori, Papatuanuku.

**Pele:** The mythical mountain spirit who currently lives in the Hawaiian volcano Kilauea.

**Pilikia:** Trouble or difficulty.

**Po:** The primordial darkness of the abyss from which everything, including the world of light, emerged.

**Pohaku:** Stone.

**Pomakole:** A night rainbow around the moon.

**Pono:** Correctness; goodness; correct or proper procedure; accurate; excellence.

**Puaharatau:** The canoe of light that brought the souls of the water clan people to Hiva ‘Oa (in the Marquesas Islands) from the stars.

**Pumehana:** Warmhearted, affection.

**Pu‘olo:** An offering tied into a bundle, usually of ti leaves.

**Pu‘uhonua:** A place of refuge within an ahupua‘a in which lawbreakers could be cleansed of their sins; a place of healing and forgiveness.

**Pu‘uwai:** The heart.

**Tau Tahi:** The first shining white light that emerged from the primordial darkness of the Po; in Hawaiian, *kau kahi* —standing alone, solitary, perseverance of purpose.



**Teave:** The Source; the great central sun that divided itself at the beginning; the originator that emanates all; the Tao; the source of the all including the life force *mauli ola*; it is derived from two words: *tea* —glowing orb, flame, source of light, or progenitor; and *Ve* —the one who sees all. Also known as IAO or I'O.

**Tewahitepua:** The first great navigator, a woman, of the celestial canoe *Puaharatau* that brought the water clan people here from 'A'A (Sirius).

**'Uhane:** Literally, spirit, soul, or ghost; another term for the conscious mind, the intellect, the higher mental soul, or Lono aspect of the self.

**'Uhane hemo lele:** The Holy Spirit or Holy Ghost of Christian thought.

**'Uli 'Uli:** Sacred name used by the priestly class for the feminine half of the force of creation; 'Uri 'Uri in Tahitian.

**'Unihipili:** Alternate term for the Ku; the inner subconscious or body soul; also the spirit of a deceased person able to be conjured up by a sorcerer, analogous to the Egyptian concept of the Ka.

**Wahine:** Woman or feminine aspect.

**Wai:** Water.

**Wai ola:** Water of Life.

**Wai Kahala Le'a:** Streams of Joy.

# Recommended Reading

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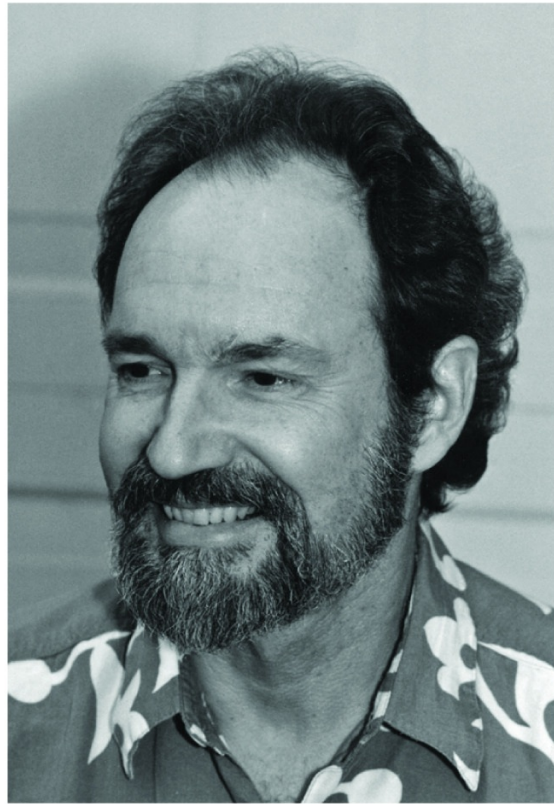
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# About the Author



Hank Wesselman earned his bachelor's and master's degrees in zoology at the University of Colorado at Boulder. Later, he served in the U.S. Peace Corps in western Nigeria, where he first became interested in indigenous spiritual traditions and then went on to receive his doctorate in anthropology from the University of California at Berkeley. For much of the past forty years he has conducted research with an international group of scientists who have been exploring eastern Africa's Great Rift Valley in search of answers to the mystery of human origins. His fieldwork has allowed him to spend portions of his life with tribal peoples who are rarely visited by outsiders.

Dr. Wesselman has taught for the University of Hawai'i at Hilo's West Hawai'i campus, the University of California at San Diego, California State University at Sacramento, American River College and Sierra College in northern California, and Adeola Odutola College and Kirigi Memorial

College in western Nigeria. He is a shamanic practitioner and teacher, now in the twenty-ninth year of his apprenticeship, and he currently offers training workshops at many internationally recognized learning and spiritual centers such as the Esalen Institute in California and the Omega Institute near Rhinebeck, New York.

The books in his autobiographical trilogy— *Spiritwalker*, *Medicinemaker*, and *Visionseeker* —have been translated into thirteen languages. His most recent book is *Awakening to the Spirit World: The Shamanic Path of Direct Revelation* (with Sandra Ingerman).

Hank and his wife, Jill, currently live on their organic farm on Hawai'i Island. Visit their website at [sharedwisdom.com](http://sharedwisdom.com).

# About Sounds True

Sounds True is a multimedia publisher whose mission is to inspire and support personal transformation and spiritual awakening. Founded in 1985 and located in Boulder, Colorado, we work with many of the leading spiritual teachers, thinkers, healers, and visionary artists of our time. We strive with every title to preserve the essential “living wisdom” of the author or artist. It is our goal to create products that not only provide information to a reader or listener, but that also embody the quality of a wisdom transmission.

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For a podcast interview between Hank Wesselman and Sounds True publisher Tami Simon, go to [SoundsTrue.com/bonus/Hank\\_Wesselman\\_bowl](http://SoundsTrue.com/bonus/Hank_Wesselman_bowl)



# Back Cover Material

“This book moved me to tears of joy with the depth of its compassionate wisdom and spiritual good humor. A series of philosophical dialogues between Hank Wesselman, a visionary anthropologist, and the revered Hawaiian elder Hale Makua, *The Bowl of Light* reveals the profoundly beautiful cosmology of the ancient Polynesian, ocean-spanning culture. May it serve as an inspiration for all seekers in our turbulent times!”

—RALPH METZNER, PhD, author of *The Expansion of Consciousness*

“Anthropologist Hank Wesselman shares the ancestral wisdom of Hawaiian elder and spiritual teacher Hale Makua with enormous eloquence, grace, precision, and depth. Always the consummate storyteller, Dr. Wesselman braids his discourses with this remarkable man into a powerful narrative that communicates the magical context of their friendship.”

—NICKI SCULLY, author of *Alchemical Healing and Shamanic Mysteries of Egypt*

“The Bowl of Light provides powerful teachings of deep and profound Hawaiian ancestral wisdom to the ever-growing numbers of students of the mysteries of our ancient world. Another fantastic book by Hank Wesselman!”

—LYNN ANDREWS, author of the *Medicine Woman Series*

“A fascinating tribute to the life and teachings of a great Hawaiian spiritual warrior. In this literary luau, you’ll be fed rich stories of the life in a stone, of why dolphins and whales are keepers of memory, and of why you should put on slippery oil if you are traveling among troubled spirits.”

—ROBERT MOSS, author of *Conscious Dreaming, Dreamgates, and Active Dreaming*

“*The Bowl of Light* is a treasure. Revealing profound principles of indigenous Polynesian wisdom, it gets richer and richer by the page as we look through Hank Wesselman’s eyes into a body of knowledge we might otherwise never see, and through it our spiritual understanding and empowerment of ourselves can only deepen.”

—BROOKE MEDICINE EAGLE, author of *Buffalo Woman Comes Singing*



In 1996, a revered Hawaiian elder befriended an American anthropologist—and from their rare and intimate rapport, something miraculous emerged. Through the words and teachings of the kahuna wisdom-keeper Hale Makua, Dr. Hank Wesselman was gifted with an enhanced perspective into the sacred knowledge of ancient Hawai‘i. Before his passing, elder Makua encouraged Dr. Wesselman to convey much of what had passed between them to the wider world, giving him his permission to share his spiritual knowledge—and now, with *The Bowl of Light*, you are invited to share in the sacred wisdom of one of the world’s most powerful indigenous traditions, including:

- The “Bowl of Light”—how we can restore our natural divine radiance
- The three directives of the spiritual warrior—love with humility, live with reverence, and know with self-discipline
- Rituals for communing with nature, receiving wisdom from the spirit world, purifying our consciousness, and moreline
- The Ancestral Grand Plan—exploring the path our ancestors set in motion millennia ago, and how the Plan is playing out across the world today