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# The Tambolian Paradox

Book Six

Gifted

An Original Manuscript

by

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## Acknowledgement

The insight tests and other meditational practices are based on personal experience and lineage traditions. The scientific details are contemporary, though the applications can be controversial. The Tambolian Paradox is not AI-generated.

## Dedication

*Maria Moskina*  
*To those who know and know they know*  
*A Tamboilan Map Master*  
*Pilgrim Wanderers*  
*Teacher Friends*  
*Mystic Hermits*  
*and*  
*Shaman Healers*

## Odd Bits of Stuff

Most people wonder if Tambolia exists. It might be better to think, given all the time the universe has had to establish something like a Galactic Library, why wouldn't it exist? Of course, access is the key and the most challenging part. The Galactic Library has two initial conditions: one is the Mark of Emptiness; the other is Self-Secret. Once you understand these conditions, you can enter this library.

### The science

The science and scientific ideas in the Tambolian Paradox are contemporary, though clearly fringe and controversial, and sometimes prove to be true. All the yoga and meditational practices described are authentic and have lineage from traditional Buddhist Masters. Applying these practices is also conventional, although there are numerous ways to utilize them, some of which are more controversial than others. You will be mostly disappointed if you think you can be taught these practices at contemporary meditation centers. If you think you can do these practices without getting into at least as much trouble as the people in this book, good luck!

All the people portrayed in this narrative are mythical, as we all are to some extent. Some of the information in this narrative makes consummate good sense. Also, speaking mind to mind is mentioned. The Lamas called this upstairs telephone. It is easy to do, and, mysteriously enough, once you figure it out, it becomes a challenge to avoid. What you figure out first is what you are, and then anything extra is someone else's busy noise mind. Roger Sorenson (a mystical character) has often been quoted as saying, "Reading minds is a problem of stupidity management."

Discovering the content-rich information in ancient,

symbolic, and even megalithic structures was neither apparent nor straightforward. Temples, Mandalas, Yantras, Stupas, Statues, Celestial Mansions, Lineage visualizations, the hidden lines of Tibetan Cosmology, and other esoteric artifacts. According to Dr. Solt from Harvard University's School of Japanese Studies, this could only have been done under these specific conditions. First, one needs a technical background in physics and mathematics to understand the mathematical arrangement of the various ancient symbolic components. Second, have lineage access to these ancient esoteric pictographs and meditation techniques.

Esoteric and Symbolic Architectures have endured for thousands of years, establishing their durability and confidence in their sustainability. Noting that the information is content-rich, accessible, and culturally neutral is convenient. Deciding that all this information is obvious is not obvious and has been overlooked in contemporary times for obscure reasons. If the symbolism seems ambiguous, you might appreciate our ancient ancestors' ingenuity in the original allegorical organization and Mapping Strategies for Sustainable Decision-Making.

## The Silent Hand

There is no time, place, or culture that does not have a story about the Silent Hand. Martial Arts may be the most apparent contemporary application of the Silent Hand. The Silent Hand tells us the truth – relentlessly, especially when we least expect it.

## The Greek letter Ψ

The Greek letter Psi was added to the Phoenician alphabet by about 800 BC, but we intend to use it symbolically as a pictogram. It includes an (I) in an invested emotional sense

and a shadowed (I) as a ‘one’ that represents the unity of awareness, a (Y) as an acronym for the question of why, and a chalice that represents the feminine quality of partnership equanimity, our only hope to save humanity from itself, and finally a stylized trident, a Tantric symbol for mystical insight. The Bodhicariyans wear this symbol somewhere on their body, not as a talisman but possibly as a provocative visualization.

## The Bodhicariyan Dilemma

The Sanskrit words Bodhi, meaning enlightened wisdom, and Cariya, meaning reasonable action, are used as criteria to encourage people who have decided to become Bodhicariyan to remember that women and children are not the problem. In times of absolute despotism, those who have the ability to act must also bear the responsibility to act, regardless of the consequences. Unfortunately, the patriarchal delusions we currently suffer from mandate that men kill anyone who criticizes or disagrees with them. So, how do you explain to delusional men that they are delusional, without being martyred, a serious problem?

## The Tambolian Book of Deeds

At the beginning of each chapter, there is a quote from the Tambolian Book of Deeds. Yamantaka, the enigmatic guardian of Tambolia, proposed them, saying this was a very naughty thing to do. When asked to explain, he said, “In journalism, it is said that if two people know something, it is not a secret. In mystical traditions, it is said that if one person knows something, it is not a secret. What the Tambolian Book of Deeds explains is that everything essential to the human condition is still secret.

## The Story Tellers

The Paleolithic period was before writing and the pyramids, before hieroglyphs and petroglyphs, before settlements and politics; it was a time when storytellers and secret dances wondered about what we were and what we knew. The campfire was the stage, the ceiling of stars, the theater. The old and ancient ones were trusted and believed because they were the custodians of the memories. There were many memories about being here. How to be safe? How to be a good person? The strangest and most magical memory was ‘How to get to where you need to be.’ This memory was called the Map, which has had many names throughout the centuries, and has traveled far, perhaps to every possible place.

When we settled into agricultural villages, the storytellers became the Map Masters, Shaman-Healers, the Mystic-Hermits, the Pilgrim-Wanders, the Teacher-Friend, and the memory of the Map persisted. The appeal included masks, tattoos, and secret movements, as well as hand gestures, the rhythm and cadence of the story, spectacle, and drama. Storytime was a time of enchantment and wonder when the children were quiet, the dogs were quiet, the fire was warm, and everyone could hear. There was a mystery, and the mystery was the Map itself.

The most recent version of the Map is still 2500 years old and was hidden in the Mandalas and visualizations of Tibetan Vajrayana practices. It was not translated, nor even appreciated, until 1971, when it was discovered hidden under an altar in an ancient monastery. At that time, an unrecognized, strange, and hidden Mystic Terton stumbled across these ancient teachings and was fascinated. Forty years later, the Map was complete again. The journey was made fresh by adventurous pilgrims searching for the next place, the place they needed to go, a place where the solutions to problems were found, a place not hidden but deeply unnoticed - Tambolia.

## Gifted

*“Those who know and know they know are in deep trouble.”*

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

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## Chapter 1

### Getting here is easy; being here is tough

*“The beginning time must be noticed.”*

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

The time of this story is in the future, hopefully, sooner rather than later. The place will be in the northwestern part of the United States, but not on the coast, since it is too busy for this kind of thing. Sometimes, a bit slower is fast enough. It is somewhat consoling that when odd things do happen in faraway, less noisy places, they can be noticed as mystical, unusual, and even interesting. Why mystical events seem to be happening more often and hopefully being more relevant is because the puritanical traditionalists have stopped oppressing and killing these people, and haven't been given an opportunity to start up again.

Avalon was small for her age, in the shortest 1% of her age group, but that didn't stop her from being heard. She had a loud, deep voice that carried far, even when she tried to whisper. Avalon was bossy, fussy, and demanding, but in a charming way. If you were not doing what she wanted, she would stop and look at you silently, with impatient tolerance, until you figured it out.

She had light blond hair that had never been cut and wrapped around her head, making it look oversized but nice. It was a bit messy, but managed. She might have been considered just another enchanting young person, but her presence overshadowed her appearance. Wherever she was, she was in charge. Other children accepted her for who she was, and that was helpful. Oddly, few adults noticed.

Upon entering the classroom, she would wander around the

room to make sure everything was clean and ready, and when class looked like it was beginning, she would walk up to Mrs. Munson and say:

“Billy forgot his lunch.”

“Nancy is not feeling well.”

“Robert needs to go to the boys’ washroom, or he’ll fuss all through the class.”

“Martha and Barbara are absent.”

“You have a different perfume on today,” then returned to her seat and looked expectant as if enlightenment was about to descend upon all their little heads.

Mrs. Munson had expected this and just waited with consummate perspicacity. Mrs. Munson had taught first grade for forty-five years and was probably enlightened in any mystical sense. She might have been mythical if she had lived in a society that valued such people. What she did was to explain and demonstrate to all the bright little faces what was obvious, not what was expected. She also loved Avalon beyond all rational bonds and waited breathlessly for her morning report.

As it often turns out, even in small towns like North Point, Idaho—a jewel in the northern heart of the Rocky Mountains, where thousands of beautiful places spread all over to be marveled at and valued—there were also all sorts of difficult people. Sand Point had young bullies, and it was the Wilson boy’s turn at this time. The four boys, whose ages ranged from eight to fourteen, meant that Billy Jo, who was the youngest and still in the second grade, had a lot of bullying to do. He was already held back a grade in school and was primarily responsible for beginning the drama.

He didn’t like how quickly Avalon did things and how she became popular without trying. He didn’t even like how she just sat by one of the trees in the schoolyard. Unknown to

anyone, he had planned an ambush, using a large branch he had brought to school early to make the incident appear to be an accident. He dropped it on her head and shoulder, almost knocking her out, and left minor abrasions on both. He took a couple of steps back and started to laugh.

Avalon thought a branch had fallen off the tree and was very surprised until she saw Billy Jo laughing at her and realized it was a prank. Billy Jo's face seemed to change rapidly from ridicule to fear, and then he collapsed backward unconscious. He was in a coma for a week, and no one seemed to know what had happened to him, even Avalon.

Billy Jo knew what happened to him because he didn't think he was in a coma; he thought he was in something like a Christian hell realm of his own making. However, this is a distinctly Buddhist way of thinking; it took him many years to come to this realization. He wandered in a dreamscape for an extended period of time, trying to figure something out that was just beyond his reach until he reached it and was devastated.

When he finally came out of the coma, his mind had changed; many people thought for the better, but not his family. He also knew it was Avalon who put him there. He didn't say anything to his belligerent family, who could only be described as conservative mountain men, government-hating, considered themselves part of the sovereign citizens, religious fundamentalists, stupid, and mean to the core. He understood that choices were available to those who might notice, and he made one that changed his life; he began reading books.

What Avalon was able to do was open a window to an Other-there, there are lots of them. What the *Other-there's* were took Avalon quite a few years to figure out, and she didn't even start figuring it out until the next time she was noticed.

Martin, Billy Jo's next-oldest brother, figured out that

Avalon was what happened to Billy Joan and decided to add to her some pain. The Wilsons were somewhat more irrational than most of the Idaho separatists, which made them more dangerous, devious, and calculating. Martin was a bit more devious than his other brothers and managed to get himself into significantly more trouble. He was on juvenile probation but still allowed to stay in public school, which gave him plenty of opportunity to bully and intimidate. He planned to make it appear to be a bicycle accident. He tracked Avalon on his bicycle as she walked from the school bus to the main building. He was about to run her over when she turned around and saw what he was going to do. How she might have known this was a mystery to Martin, but only for a fleeting moment. He swerved wildly off the sidewalk and into the bush hedge. By the time he hit the ground, he was very dead. He didn't bounce, even once. What others saw when they arrived to help was that Martin appeared asleep.

What the Medical Examiner's inquest discovered was that Martin was probably dead by the time he hit the ground, but they were unable to figure out how that might have happened. What they said, among themselves, was that Martins's brain had suffered a massive trauma from hitting something only seen in high-speed auto accidents. What they wrote in the deposition was that Martin had a cerebral aneurysm and hoped that no one would question the results.

Avalon was about twenty feet away from this accident, and no one thought to ask her what she might have known. What she did know was that she was both emotionally very frightened about what Martin was planning to do and a bit overwhelmed by what had interfered with his plan. She both saw and knew what had happened. Something smashed into Martin's head from both sides. What he heard sounded like a large plate-glass window shattering, and then everything

just went away. She was watching from inside Martin's head, watching everything vanish from him. Martin did not have time to say goodbye, be surprised, or wonder what was happening to him. He didn't even know he was dead.

Avalon wondered about this last part, the part about him not knowing he was dead for some time and finally deciding that Martin had not been fully alive. He was living his parents' idea of a life. For Avalon, being alive meant being amazed to be here and marveling at the wonders offered to the living, being surprised by sunsets and babies, and by how so many things worked: trees and water, how the wind blows, and the grass grows. Wonderment was necessary; without it, you were as good as dead, which she knew was sad. By this time, she had learned to keep quiet about such thoughts. She was about to learn that others thought a great deal about what had happened. They were the Rainbow Walkers.

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## Chapter 2

### Rainbow Walkers

*“When a student is ready, it is nice when they notice.”*

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

It was mid-afternoon, not long after the boys passed, when Avalon’s mother was working at home. She saw a small, older woman walking towards the cabin, adorned with lots of beads and feathers here and there, including traditional moccasins, and wearing a big, happy smile.

“Hello, I’m Wynona Running Water from Window Rock, Arizona. I am here to test your daughter.”

Everyone called Avalon’s mother Missy, and no one knew her name. Missy was also a delight and was well-liked in town. She had the only Pharmacy outside the Hospital and had all sorts of local herbal alternatives she collected when not at the pharmacy; she was a true apothecary. Missy just looked at Wynona and, for a moment, applying some sort of woman’s intuition, smiled a deep, consoling smile. “I wondered if someone might show up. Please, come into the house, and we can talk.” Missy was quite intelligent, ranking in the top 3% of the SATs, and a mystic, actually a psychic sensitive, an empathic, but kept quiet about such things for good reasons.

“You are Native American, I suspect?” Missy began after settling down in the kitchen in their small cabin at the edge of town about an hour before Avalon was due to return from school. Missy was home at this time of day because she had a local retired pharmacist as an assistant while she was away collecting and preparing herbs, tinctures, and ointments.

“Navajo, or as we refer to ourselves as the Diné, which translates as *The People*,” Winona began. “We notice when

something interesting happens, though, we only occasionally say anything.”

“I suspect you are interested in Avalon’s talents.” Missy said, “She will be difficult, and I might add that I am very interested in what you have in mind.”

“If she passes the test and you agree, we will manage her pilgrimage and eventually take her to our training grounds and teach her coping skills that will be essential for her own protection as well as to protect others. These places are very secret and known only to Rainbow Walkers.”

“And who are the Rainbow Walkers?”

“Rainbow Walkers are a Dine secret sorority that is older than the oldest memories of our heritage. The Rainbow Walkers are the Storytellers and the keepers of the secrets. I am telling you this because you might have been chosen if we had found you earlier. It is better to begin the training early, with fewer things to unlearn,” Wynona explained.

“And how is the test done?”

“It all happens rather quickly. We will know without words,” Wynona explained.

Eventually, they could see Avalon walking up the driveway from the kitchen window when Wynona stood up and walked out onto the porch to greet her. Avalon, upon seeing Wynona, immediately began to cry with wonder and joy. What she saw was wisdom itself, unbounded. Avalon ran the last few yards into her arms, burying her head and consciousness in the warm awareness of infinite compassion.

She passed the test, of course. It took quite a while for her to settle down and let go, knowing her life had just changed and probably for the better.

Missy was also consoled, though sad and apprehensive, wondering if she was going to lose her daughter.

“My name is Wynona, and you are Avalon,” she said and

smiled, taking Avalon by the hand and returning to the kitchen for a snack. I suspect we will be working together for quite a while.”

Avalon did not say anything but knew what that meant, then said, “I still need my mother. She is important.”

“Yes, she will stay with you until you reach puberty, probably much longer.”

“What’s puberty?”

“Good question, though usually a difficult time and often more difficult for others, especially in your case,” Wynona continued as if they had known each other for years and shared some everyday experiences in a friendly place.

Missy noticed this right off and was encouraged. She knew Avalon seemed like a very old soul, something like the Indigo Children’s myth at these times, and somehow, she just knew what to do, especially when it was important. “Avalon seems to notice things others miss. I don’t know how she knows.”

“*She doesn’t worry about things that don’t matter,*” observed Wynona, “Though I think she should be homeschooled, and I should stay with you for the time being.”

“Really, and it sounds good to me,” said Missy, figuring this out quite fast, knowing she needed help and that Avalon needed a sagacious person as well as a mystically accomplished one to answer her questions.

“There are several things we need to consider. One is keeping quiet about what we are doing. Another is that we need you, Avalon, to be very strong, like in the Olympic competition, strong and disciplined academically in many ways. T.H. Hexley had a question: *if a little bit of knowledge is dangerous, how much knowledge is needed to be out of danger?*”

“Very good. I wonder if Hexley ever figured it out. Though, you might be a bit more specific about what needs to be done?”

asked Missy, a bit concerned that she might not be keeping up with the conversation.

“Can you explain the problem, Avalon?” Wynona asked, already knowing the answer.

“I think I am dangerous,” she said, looking at her mother pensively.

“Yes,” acknowledged Wynona, “can you go on?”

Avalon didn’t look even remotely like a little girl when she did these things, as Missy had noticed from time to time.

“When those boys tried to hurt me, I went to a faraway place. It is a vast space, like a cave with candlelight. There are many other things, big things; I like it there, but something different is also present. I think it is where I come from.”

“Do you know this place?” asked Missy, wondering herself.

“It is where prayers go, a kind of dream state and a mystical crossroad of sorts,” added Wynona.

“Really...” stammered Missy, wondering what she had missed and hoping to catch up.

“Sensitive people and Mystics go there from time to time. Other things are always there. The Kachinas are the Dine people’s manifestations of these influences. The Rainbow Walkers have secret ways of contriving Kachina. Many of these secrets take a strong body and a disciplined mind to manage. Paying attention during these learning periods also takes a compassionate support team.”

“Can you be more specific about how much training we are talking about?” asked Missy, interested in what that might mean.

“There is a Mystic affirmation that says being around enlightened people is easy, but *being around stupid people is difficult*. Avalon will have to endure a vast armada of irrational opposition if she is not careful and maybe even if she is careful.”

“Really, how might you know this?”

“I’ll show you. Avalon, come over here and stand up straight, take a deep breath, roll your shoulders back, and now move to the back of your mind; what do you see there?”

Avalon did what she was asked, moved to the back of her mind, and saw something sitting there. Well, not exactly sitting there, but there nevertheless. “It’s black and ancient and has deep-set eyes. It is looking at something far away.”

“Wow! I was not expecting that!” explained Wynona, very surprised. “That is very far away, almost at the beginning. We will have to be very careful, and I mean extremely careful, because that image is of a Sentinel, a Mystical Witness. This Sentinel protected her from those boys and us if we were not very careful. There are mystical ethics, however esoteric.”

“I know a little bit about protectors,” added Missy, “The herbs I collect do that sort of thing, and you have to be therapeutic in their application. Not enough, and there is no benefit; too much can be deadly. It might have been Avalon’s protector that caused the Watson boy’s outcome, but I suspect it was Avalon’s inexperience with this kind of threat that enabled such a devastating result.”

“This is what we expect and why extreme discipline in all things is recommended.”

“Do you understand this, Avalon?” asked her concerned Mother.

“No, not really.”

“It will take time, but we have the time.”

“I want to learn – everything.”

“That is a lot, and you might get close,” continued Wynona. “I suspect you have had her tested in a traditional Western way?”

“Yes, several of her IQ tests are in the 130s, but there are other profiles from Myers/Briggs, her being an INFJ, suggesting

some compromised social skills. Luscher's Diagnostic Color Test implies she might be too trusting of others. Her physical fitness is in the upper 2% of her age group. Though very short for her age, she has proportionally long legs."

"Well, that is a good beginning," said Wynona with a big smile, "though I am not sure where longer legs might be an asset. The historical training of these mystically gifted people needs to begin early and continue until the age of twenty-five or so. Very few pass the final tests before then, but 15 to 20 years of disciplined practice are typical. The traditional training of the Rainbow Walkers is not unlike the training the Tibetans do with their recognized Terton and senior Abbots. I saw the discipline scars on the head of Venerable DodrupChen Rinpoche as he was the recognized lineage holder of the Nyingmapa Dzogchen Tradition."

"Teachers can be tough," smiled Missy, "Do the Rainbow Walkers practice such discipline?"

"Sometimes, though not often, our initiates are normally highly motivated, though we keep them isolated as much as possible so they don't pick up bad habits."

"What are your practices?" asked Missy, "and what do you expect from Avalon?"

"She needs to be fluent in several languages for grammar and comprehension. Play a musical instrument, actually more than one is better; mathematics, up to topology; physics, up to fringe QED; chemistry, including organics; biology, up to chromosome architecture; geology; and all the time periods. Additionally, cosmology, including gravitational waves, and the Standard Model. Master mysticism up to remote influence, insightfulness up to no barrier awareness, including physically fit up to gymnastics competition level 8, martial arts, and corner true happiness along the way."

Missy had to laugh, but knew this would be important.

Learning a vast range of details gives one an advantage through simple effectiveness. “Isn’t all that on the internet?”

“Yes, and it is how we will access it. Some herbs can be adopted, but these have specific limitations, such as memorization, where there might be no recognizable horizon limits. This is where we can do the most effective work.”

“Memorizing seems a bit dated, given the current search engines and databases,” said Misty, “don’t you think?”

“Yes,” responded Wynona and had an inner laugh. “Memorization is thousands, possibly tens of thousands of years old, for the storytellers, oral traditions, and the keepers of the secrets. Also, essential and not just for the contents but for the mental discipline and the focus the practice enables.”

“You know more than this about learning and knowledge, don’t you?” wondered and asked Missy.

“Yes, and the research is quite convincing; though the Rainbow Walkers described these techniques differently, the outcomes are the same. There is a mental condition known as savant syndrome. They have unique and specialized talents but are often limited to high-speed computation and memory access. Unfortunately, most of these people are socially compromised, have to be managed, and are often put into mental institutions. It is neurologically argued that being a savant is a result of epilepsy or autism, and often a combination of both. The reason for this phenomenon is unknown, but it is a subject of compelling research in many universities. It appears that the savant has almost instant access to an immense, memorized database. What the Rainbow Walker’s practices do is a more reliable and trainable process known in the West as lucid dreaming.”

“Don’t you have to be asleep to do lucid dreaming?” wondered Missy.

“In the beginning, yes, though after considerable practice,

one is able to access this process at will.”

“Really,” said Missy. “And you know how to do this?”

“I went through these practices myself.”

“You can do this. I mean, you have reliable access to a large memory base?” asked Missy.

“Yes.”

“Can I ask you some less-than-relevant questions, though? I need to go to the web to check the answers; I can’t do this without help.”

“Go for it,” smiled and encouraged Wynona.

“Okay, what is the capital city of Uruguay?”

“Montevideo.”

And its current population?”

“3.42 million.”

“Why would anyone need to know that?” laughed Missy, looking up at the next question,

“Who was the first person to propose String Theory?”

“John Wheeler in 1937.”

“Who is the author of these lines - *It was the best of times; it was the worst of times...*?”

“Charles Dickens, *The Tale of Two Cities*.”

“That was fast. You passed my car in the driveway; what is the license number?”

“1A 4776.”

“Okay, you’re terrific, and I guess it works. You don’t look like you might need institutionalization any time soon,” and laughed.

“Hopefully not now and not ever,” added Wynona, laughing.

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## Chapter 3

### The Early Years

*“Protecting the innocent matters, however innocent.”*

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

By this time in our technological history, many computers, the Internet, and even information had surpassed the capacity of every human mind. At this time, Kurzweil’s Singularity moment was when information gathering and search engine access exceeded all possible human applications. The problem with human comprehension and computation is this singularity argument; this threshold boundary hasn’t been crossed. Another issue is the information that did not get onto the network, and was not downloaded, or was overlooked; it could not be included. How much information this was could not be determined. How the absent information influenced the outcome was undecidable.

Eugene Wigner and Roger Penrose proposed that consciousness is located in the quantum gap between neurons, and this was demonstrated by observing wave-function collapse, which led to odd quantum phenomena such as entanglement and superposition. Suppose entanglement and superposition are genuine in relation to consciousness. In that case, there might be only a single entangled consciousness of the entire universe, a morphogenic field, posing a significant challenge for traditionalists in proving that a God-like consciousness actually exists quantum mechanically, rather than by faith. Classical mechanics cannot explain consciousness, where it resides, or whether it has only a biological component, which remains a significant unresolved issue for religious apologists.

The Rainbow Walkers had already decided in the impossibly

distant past that consciousness was everywhere, all the time, though only accessed through a *present-time window*. The student had to figure out how to find the present time and then stay there. In addition, for the more content-obsessed mystical wonk;

- *How big is your present time?*
- *Is the present time your only window into consciousness?*
- *Is consciousness a product of Complexity?*

Think of it this way: one must find a balance; it takes years for young people to achieve it. To be good at it, like gymnastics, dancing, or any other competitive sport, it takes many more years of practice to master balance.

Meditation is a way to slow down one's busy mind, but, more importantly, to cultivate attention in various ways. Noticing that paying attention and balance are only possible in the present time is one of the tests. Another analytical limitation is deciding if the computational mind is the only form of consciousness available to humans.

On one of the last days Avalon was going to attend public schools, she came home deeply frustrated.

"Avalon, you seem to have a problem?" Missy and Wynona asked, wondering what might have happened.

"I remember what you said about what I'd have to learn, and it sounded wonderful. And I do not know all or even any of the things you described, but I have noticed that public schools always teach us the basics, basic math, basic English, beginning history, basic tools, without explaining why we need these tools. It seems like a straightforward approach, but it is not particularly helpful. I suspect we will eventually figure out what they are trying to do, but I also expect we will have to give up important conditions."

Wynona asked right away, “What might one of those conditions be?”

For some time, Avalon was figuring out such questions and made strange comments on her face, “Wonderment, maybe creativity. I think these are more important than knowing the name of the capital city of Uruguay.”

“Good, outstanding; you are quite right in believing so, and we will do everything we can to keep creativity and wonderment whole and wholesome. What do you think, Missy?”

“I suspect we are in for a much different learning time, though we need to begin somewhere.”

Wynona thought for a bit and said, “Some music, the Four Seasons might be a good place to start.”

Missy said in a higher-pitched voice that her system recognized, “Vivaldi’s The Four Seasons.”

Her AI system was a bit outdated, and she had a funny memory of it. She was yelling at a raccoon that had gotten into the cabin, and her system booted up the *Flight of the Valkyries* by Richard Wagner, who frightened both of them to the point of panic. This time, it worked properly and filled the cabin with the grand, dynamic opening of Vivaldi’s Seasons as they sat back to listen and settle in for this lyrical concert.

Ultimately, Wynona proposed to Avalon, “I wonder if this project might interest you. The four seasons are a natural consequence of nature and the universe. The four elements of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water are macroscopic reflections of nature and our relationship with it. Might you be interested in composing a concerto-like Vivaldi using the four elements rather than the four seasons?”

“That seems like a big project,” said Avalon.

“Yes, very big, and the learning projects are to fill in the space between what you know and completing a forty-five-

minute full orchestra concerto.”

“Wow, I love it, and knowing the end is wonderful; now, where to begin and how to proceed,” laughed Avalon, ready to go.

“Where should you begin?” asked Wynona, smiling.

“Mother has an old Yamaha keyboard, so I had better learn how to reproduce melodies.” So, she did.

Missy had to fill out the homeschooling forms, and she agreed to be tested periodically. She also had to follow a specific program, which she did to keep them from looking too closely at what else they were doing.

A bit later, Wynona asked Avalon, interrupting her work on scales and cords, “What do you know about the Water element?”

“You have already told me water was one of the first original ideas for an elemental thing, and many cultures value water as essential, in one way or another, except Western technological cultures that seem to think clean water is nice to have around but little else. I suspect we have missed something there.”

“I suspect we have,” Wynona laughed, knowing water is essential to life itself. “The Astrophysicists think very highly of water and look for its signature in any remote planet they find. We also use water in all of our meditational cleansing strategies.”

“If water is elemental, might it have an opinion?” Avalon thought and asked in one of her reflective insights.

“We have Kachina dances, which we hope will bring the rain, and we work very hard at it, and it often works. But I would like to rearrange your question to - does water notice when it is valued?”

“There is memory there,” said Avalon instantly and with confidence.

There was a small creek in the woods behind Missy’s cabin

where Avalon spent many hours just looking at the water and listening to the natural sounds the water makes as it goes from here to there. “Water has a history from a single drop at the beginning to returning to its source, eventually, the ocean. Avalon also noticed that the river valley is the water’s memory, a very long memory.”

“That is what we think as well. You are doing fine. Now, how might you translate that idea into your concerto?”

“As we have been listening to many very gifted composers who have rendered all sorts of water sounds into music, waterfalls, rain, and fountain sounds and storms into theatrical and beautiful pieces, Beethoven’s Pastoral Symphony, and of course, Vivaldi’s Four Seasons and other works along with Handel’s and Telemann’s water music and many others have done well, but that is not what I suspect you want. I need to figure out what water is, all by itself; water alone, independent from any other thing.”

“How might you do that?”

“Why can’t water just tell me?” asked Avalon in a rather matter-of-fact sort of way.

“Sounds good to me,” Wynona was sometimes surprised by such simple insights unencumbered by social norms, technical explanations, and expectations – unencumbered creativity.

“I think there are places we can go to ask. We must tell your mother we will be gone for a while so she can cover for us and pack enough stuff for a couple of weeks.”

“Where are we going?”

“We are going to Death Valley, actually Panamint Valley, and it’s a bit further on.”

It took some organizing, and the trip from Sandpoint, Idaho, to Panamint Valley, California, took considerable time. Still, they arrived in a camper with enough supplies to last for a while. The area they went to is known as White Lake

to locals. It is 25 miles down a dirt road over some desolate passes and onto an arid Salt Lake bed, a very long way from anywhere.

“When was the water last here?” asked Avalon, looking out at some extraordinary gone over the horizon, surrounded by high mountains that never needed climbing because they were there. Another way to describe this level of emptiness is a vast horizon of nothingness, surrounded by little to nothing.

“Sometime after the last ice age, some ten thousand years ago, I suspect, but it does rain here every few years or so if you want to keep track of such things,” added Wynona, a bitwhelmed by the scene as well.

“The quiet seems a bit heavy, somehow.”

“No sound is being made for about 25 miles in all directions, and very little other electrometric interference. We can still get GPS and communications here, but we don’t need them because we are already where we want to be, and the information is not accessed that way. Also, we are very far out of town; the local natives called this place – long ago and far away.”

“Tell me again why this place is the beginning of the water practice?” Avalon wondered and asked.

“This is the driest place in the continental US and the easiest to get to. The Sahara, in North Africa, and the Atacama in Chile are drier, but I suspect this will do. It is where I did my practice.”

“I like it here; it is extraordinarily quiet, almost oppressively so.”

“We are here for you to know what *no water* is like, as a contrast, but it takes a while to figure out. It was more than a week before Avalon was ready for the first Water Test.

“What does *no water* mean?”

“The days are hot, and the nights are cold.”

“What does *no water* mean?”

“There is no place to like.”

“What does *no water* mean?”

“Being dry is not the opposite of being wet.”

“What does *no water* mean?”

“Things don’t live here because there is no water, but because there is no information.”

“What does *no water* mean?”

“There is water memory here; it is in the emptiness of the entire valley.”

“What does *no water* mean?”

“There is no color.”

“What does *no water* mean?”

“It is the inside of quiet.”

“What does *no water* mean?”

“You can’t take it with you.”

“Good, again, very good, you did well,” concluded Wynona.” You can come back here or remember this place from time to time. No one will look for you here if you need to hide.”

They eventually prepared a nice dinner and then sat back to enjoy the place while they were there.

“There are other reasons why you brought me here, right?”

“Well, yes, can you figure them out?”

“Other things here seem interesting in what we are doing, but I can’t figure them out.”

“I suspect it would be better if you left them alone, at least for now. They are what might be described as residue.”

“Residue?”

“When extraordinary events happen, they leave a kind of residue behind that can be noticed if you are quiet enough,” began Wynona in what was becoming a familiar explanatory dialogue.

Avalon added, “Noticing something changes things, I can see that now. I suspect noticing sunsets changes me, but I wonder - if I notice something, do I change it?”

“Did you notice anything else?”

“This part of the Earth, the environment, or possibly the desert, doesn’t care if we are here or even what we do. Is that right?”

“Seems right to me, it is why pilgrims on spiritual quests are more easily done in the deserts. The deserts are not bothered by these unsettled, even crazy minds, and are given the time to either figure things out or die. Dying is often a rather good choice for many of these people. Obviously, the desert doesn’t kill all of them, given Moses’s supposed pilgrimage.”

“Seems a bit hard.”

“It is a Dine prophecy that fanatical religious fundamentalism will be the most destructive and inhumane influence in the galaxy.”

“Really.”

“Really, and there are many kinds of crazies with religious fundamentalists possibly the worst,” added Wynona. “Have you noticed anything else?” she wondered.

Avalon sat for quite a while, then said, “No, I think I’m dry.”

“You’re a hilarious girl. I suspect we had better be getting back to Sand Point. Since you have been able to discern a traditional influence of water and other sensitive information, though there is more from another tradition, there was an old sailor who told a story about the ocean: The mysteries of the sea hide in its depths. Some of these mysteries have dreams; some of these dreams are malevolent. If you do not respect these dreams, they can take you to the deepest possible place. A place where you can listen and get to know them.

I will introduce you to the formal visualization of the water practice, which is part of the Rainbow Walkers’ insight practices.

## Water

*Imagine a vast reservoir of water above your head with a valve that controls the water dripping onto your head. Allow a single drop of water to fall onto your head, and then imagine it falling through your body, first through your head and then the chest, stomach, hips, legs, and finally falling a long distance into another reservoir, where it makes splashes and ripples that extend out into the unknown darkness. Then do it again and again until you are clean of all the things water can clean. Increase the flow of water through your body until every drop of water in all the oceans in the entire world has passed through you and then returns to where these oceans came from.”*

What the sailor did not explain is that the surface of the ocean reflects all the wisdom of the sea. The ocean’s surface is a Rosetta stone of its consciousness. Some sailors can read this message, but seldom talk about it for very good reasons.

What water was ultimately able to do and know took Avalon many more years to figure out. The Four Element Concerto will not be done for a very long time. The only place it will be heard and highly valued is at the Shiloh Station on the Culture Collectors Ring World, which is a long time from now and very far away.

The introduction of the *Four Element Concerto*, which began with the resounding thud of a Gamelan percussion gong, was like the rolling of deep-water waves. The oboes eventually began a lyrical melody, octaves above, wandering into the unexplored, pagan mystery melodies: medieval, mystical, and Shakespearean.