

## Four Days with a Mermaid, Parts I and II



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#### Part I

She sent me an email: “I have always had the deep feeling of being different, even as a child. I have been learning about my empathic nature from your writing on mermaids. Your work is an ongoing source of inspiration and guidance in understanding my mermaid nature. I would very much like to connect with you during my journey to talk more about magic and mermaids.”

A few days later I read her aura. She posted my comments on her website. I told her--

“You definitely have the water element in your aura of a mermaid from the mermaid realm. I think it may have happened like this: As a mermaid you could read the thoughts of sailors though telepathy. But you noticed that one human had a soul like that of a merman.

“You followed his thoughts and his day to day experiences in the human realm. And then you decided to incarnate as a human being also. But it turned out to be a terrible experience since humans are so unlike the mer-folk.

“All the same, an adept in a magic school noticed you and invited you to train as one of them. In so doing you acquired a human soul, but for all practical purposes you remain *completely mermaid in outlook*. Your task while here is to discover what you can do that would benefit both realms—mermaid and human since in effect you belong equally to both.”

Thursday Afternoon

I have afternoons free. I pick her up at the airport at 4:30 PM as she flies in from Maui. We meet in the baggage claim. I kiss her on the cheek as I place a plumeria and carnation lei around her neck.

On the drive to the hotel we talk about mermaids and people. She has never met another incarnated mermaid. I mention how the aura of a mermaid increases the energy of those they are around. To make my case I point out to her how much more animated and vitalized I am now, twenty minutes later, after first meeting her in the baggage claim.

I check her into a hotel in Waikiki. It is now late afternoon as we go for a walk along the beach toward Diamond Head.

She tells me she is 23 years old. Her mother insisted she get a college degree so she majored in political science. She seems down to earth, alert, and well-adjusted. She is comfortable traveling by herself and finds places to stay using [couchsurfing.com](http://couchsurfing.com)

Her empathy is strong but she does not seem to have the hyper sensitivity that is such a problem for many of the mermaid women. And she does not have any of the astonishing psychic abilities that some of the mermaids bring with them into this life.

She is as she looks—young, sweet, innocent, and loving. By contrast, some of the incarnated mermaids are enchanting, even spellbinding. Without realizing what they are doing they are flirtatious employing body language that adds to their attractive energy. But this mermaid is not like that. Men do not stalk her or in an instant fall madly in love with her. Somehow she cloaks her mermaid nature from them.

Though I sense her to be a mermaid she looks and acts like a vivacious young woman, nothing more. This is great for me. I will be able to concentrate on the effects of her aura without those other kind of distractions.

We sit down on the beach and watch the sunset. She asks me, "How many mermaids have you met?"

I reply, "I have met about twenty in person and am following another twenty or so."

She asks, "What are the different kinds of mermaids?"

I answer, "In the beginning it was very simple. I would read the aura and if there is the one element of water that dominates then she is a mermaid. Human beings do not have elemental water in their auras no matter how many water signs are in their natal charts.

"But then I met other kinds. I have met five or so women that have acquired a mermaid's aura even though they have no direct contact with the mermaid realm. They usually feel at home in this world and do not long like other mermaids to return home. But their personalities are identical to mermaids.

"And then some mermaids are multidimensional. They belong to more realms than just human and mermaid. Others are here from water planets in other star systems. They too have the one element of water in their auras. But their minds are different. They are often members of civilizations that are more advanced than the human race.

"And any of the above mermaids can be what I call a solitary mermaid. I have learned to be very careful with them."

"How are they different?" She asks.

I answer, "They do neither seek to meet other mermaids nor do they wish to connect to mermaids on the inner planes. For example, they are not curious. They do not usually ask questions like you are asking me now.

"One of the most psychic mermaids I have met says people sometimes tell her she is a mermaid. She responds by saying, 'I am a mermaid having a human experience.'

"She read my essay on traits of mermaid women and called and asked, 'How can you know so

much about me?’ But the only other questions she asks me are about how to relate to men. For her, this world we are in is the real world. She does not wish to know about things that are not a part of her present life.

“And another mermaid had a lot of scary experiences during her childhood when she could sense negative entities that lived in her house. She does not want to explore the immense psychic powers she possesses. She wants to be loved and accepted and to love others. She does not want any contact with things that draw her away from this world.

“Another girl who is from South America is completely overwhelmed by her empathy. She constantly senses what anyone around her is feeling and she does not know how to turn off that level of sensitivity. So she does not want to open her senses and feelings to more than she now is experiencing.

“So in effect many of them tell me they know they are not like other people. Some say they know they are not human. But they already have all the challenges their coping skills allow them to deal with. They do not need or want to go beyond what they already know—their families, parents, children, partners, and job. That is enough for them to work with for now.

“And even some of the very curious and open mermaids have been told not to contact the mermaid realm because it would greatly interfere with their ability to live in a human form in this world. I welcome incarnated mermaids into this world. But it is not my job to take them where they do not want to go or do anything with them that they are not comfortable with.”

Sitting here next to this young woman I feel the influence of her aura on me. I not only feel relaxed. I feel a release of tension as if I have been sailing across the Pacific Ocean for the last seven days.

Mermaids do that. You do not have to go out into nature to get away. Being around them nature gets inside of you.

In astronomy, spectroscopy is used to examine the light emitted by a star. You lay out the spectrum of visible light and from it determine the star’s chemical composition, temperature, density, mass, distance, etc. I pause and concentrate on her energy.

Her aura alters my perception. It amplifies sensory impressions. It alters feelings and also my brain waves. It removes the compulsion to think and the need to refer back to oneself. I am more in the present moment and this present moment feels complete.

And there is an innocence she transfers to me. There is no need to refer to the past as a reference point to interpret or view the present moment. She has sweet quality of naturally giving of herself to others. Sitting here next to her the sea is not just in front of me. I can feel its soft touch as if in the air surrounding me has changed into fluid water.

I have previously written in my book, *Undines*, about four steps to toward the realm of mermaids. But I think perhaps that the aura of each mermaid, like the stars in the sky, has its own spectrum of feelings and vibrations.

Perhaps the first step is already known to most of us. Next to her I feel what she feels—unusually calm, relaxed, peaceful, and serene. There is a sense of being sheltered, protected, nurtured, and surrounded by affection. It is not the feeling of being “home” becomes home requires a human self.

It takes no effort or meditation on my part to feel these things. I relax and let go and her aura flows through me. The sea is beginning to become a part of me.

Later I take her to the Oceanarium Restaurant in the Pacific Beach Hotel in Waikiki. The restaurant has a two story aquarium with large glass windows in one wall. There are nearly 400 fish and around 70 different species. She likes the manta rays because of the way they swim. With their wide triangular “wings” they seem to fly through the water.

She asks me, “Have you been able to guide anyone to the realm of mermaids?”

I reply, “Not human beings. Sometimes when I do a certain meditation mermaids will suddenly appear in the air around two of the mermaid women I know. I have to be careful not to connect to

them when I meditate like that. They tell me when that the mermaids are so real that the physical world vanishes.

“Some who read my books mention that mermaids appear to them. And I had a seminar with a couple. When I began reading about a mermaid queen or a merman they would see that spirit enter the room and interact with them. I have to concentrate to sense mermaids. Many of the actual mermaids see and feel the presence of mermaids without any effort on their part.

Friday

We drive along Sandy Beach which looks out at Molokai. I hesitate to take her swimming here. Sandy beach is sometimes called “breakneck beach.” It has a very powerful pounding shore break which results in more lifeguard rescues than just about any beach in Hawaii.

So I take her a little farther to Waimanalo Beach where she goes swimming. When she floats on her back she wants waves big enough to get that rising and falling sensation that she says make her feel free. She floats and swims for two hours without a break.

Waimanalo Beach is maybe a mile long. Oddly enough, a heavy set, middle aged man walks by and goes swimming about twenty-five feet from her. There is almost no one else swimming anywhere on the beach. But the waves seem too big for him to handle so he gets out and leaves.

I again study her aura. In addition to the calmness and stillness is another step toward the realm of mermaids. It is flowing, releasing, healing, soothing, and blissful. It is similar to her aura that has the sensation of swirling, bubbly water like a wave curling and breaking. This is where she seems most focused.

This kind of letting go is sometimes called zoning. Sensing and feeling are like a stream of consciousness without thoughts or evaluating going on. Zoning has the sensitivity and quality of a lucid dream state without the dream. It is a thicker, denser and emotionally charged energy field kind of like sitting in a stream of water. There is motion and movement but no tracking of time.

She mentions that she often has lucid dreams in which she is flying. She says, “Playing in the astral through lucid dreaming the dreams are just as real, sometimes more so, than waking reality. It is like seeing everything in hyper-HD where colors are more vibrant and things can manifest instantly.”

It is funny. I also have lucid dreams about flying. In them I am always trying to teach others to fly but with little success. However in one lucid dream I was flying around Waikiki with another person by my side. When we were flying we were in an altered state of reality. But when we came down and put our feet on the ground we fit in just like everyone else.

Later on we eat at a restaurant called Mac 24/7 in Waikiki. She says to me, “I like what you wrote about the inner and outer mermaid—part of a mermaid woman is her human personality and part belongs to another realm.

“In many ways I remain detached from my outer identity. It is a social construction that only skims the surface of the depth inside. When people ask me ‘What do you do?’ or career/school related questions, I answer but it feels weird to me, like that is not who I am.

“At times I feel too sensitive for this world, feeling alienated and awkward among humans. Spending time near waterfalls on Maui and swimming in the ocean has been very healing, inspiring, and rejuvenating.”

And then she asks, “What do you sense is my purpose in life?”

She has already told me earlier that she has her sun in Aries, her moon in Aquarius, Virgo ascendant, and her Mars in Cancer.

I hold up my hand to sense what I can pick up with clairsentience. I reply, “Mars in Cancer is difficult. Mars is all about accomplishing the mission. Mars likes to overcome obstacles by focuses

completely on what you are doing whereas Cancer is sweet, nurturing, tender, soft, and gentle.

“Your purpose in life is to develop and extend that nurturing, happy tenderness to those around you. For you, however, Mars does something interesting. It gives you the power to guarantee happiness for others.”

## Part II

### Saturday

I take her to a secluded beach at Paiko Nature Preserve on the way to Hawaii Kai. This is quiet beach where I like to do photo shoots. There is rarely anyone nearby. The water is calm without waves because of a reef a half mile out. We sit and talk.

I ask her a question relating to empathy. “Do you sense your aura sometimes flows through people who are physically near to you?”

She replies, “Yes. I can feel my aura flowing through people near me. I cannot fall asleep when somebody is touching or close to me. I feel depleted after being around people for too long. I easily take on their emotions. I need a lot of time every day to recharge and balance my energy through yoga, meditation and energy healing.”

I ask her another question, “Are you loving and nurturing and yet independent of those whom you love and nurture?”

She says, “This is exactly how I feel in relationships. It is nice to be in love with someone, or feel like I am in love, but I don’t need a relationship to feel happy or fulfilled. When I am not with my boyfriend, I don’t miss him. I feel the most at ease when I am alone.”

The water is calm. She wants bigger waves.

We get back in the car and stop at Hanuama Bay, another nature preserve. A small bay with a coral reef, it has over 450 species of tropical fishes.

We ask a ranger about the best time to enter the park and go swimming. The parking lot fills up quickly and then no one else is allowed in. He says the best time to come is between 6 and 8 AM in the morning. We drive on to Waimanalo Beach. There are only a few fishermen on the beach with fixed lines out into the sea. Otherwise, we have a half mile of beach to ourselves.

I spend two hours floating with her in the waves. Rain falls a half mile away on three sides of us. She points to a rainbow.

While swimming I concentrate on the third step toward the realm of mermaids. There is another vibration within her aura that is more than the calm, stillness of the first step and the being totally in the present moment, letting go and flowing of the second step.

In this step there is the sense of being the sea that operates in a geologic time frame. Out on the open ocean there is little sense of the seasons and the ocean is the same over millions of years.

And so there is no “I am a self” but rather “I am nature--vast, an entire ocean encompassing millennia and eons.” This is definitely free of ego. There is no perspective or point of view that comes from being in a human body at a specific location in space. The sea extends one’s perception and nervous system far beyond the body. These brain waves of hers that have the vibration of water are not found in the traditions of human masters.

You will know when you have entered this step. You sense that you are of nature and outside of historical time. Human history, by contrast, is transient. Though you are always learning new things, in your essence you are unchanging, part of a vast energy field that nurtures and fulfills. And you are free.

We leave as the sun sets. Later on I drop her off at her hotel where a relative of hers on Oahu takes her out to dinner.

Sunday

We part near the Waikiki Yacht Harbor behind Ilikai Hotel. There is a small beach and the waves are just right.

There are lots of activities out on the ocean today. I grew up near Lake St. Clair next to Detroit. Lake St. Clair has more boats per square mile than anywhere else in the world. Coming to Oahu, the ocean looks bare because there are often no boats to be seen.

I sit on a rock as she swims out. There are about seventy surfers a little over a half mile out. They are spread out over a mile along where the waves break.

There is parasailer dangling from his parachute a hundred feet up in the air a mile past the surfers. There is a forty foot catamaran sailing out of the harbor and a few charter sailboats. In the distance is a Matson container ship. And there are six power boats moving in slow motion between the beach and the horizon.

On the beach are three tents set up by locals with barbeques. The sun breaks out from the cloudy overcast. The wind is off shore at eight miles an hour. There is an incoming tide.

The waves crisscross coming in from three directions but there is no riptide or strong current. The girl is floating now among the waves. She is in her element, in her groove, zoning, going with the flow and in the moment.

I take a look at some of the other people near and far. There is a girl thirty feet away carrying her surfboard stepping into the water and now paddling out. For her the ocean is like an amusement park. She is looking for a wild ride and a challenge that has that on the edge of the moment excitement.

There is a class A sailboat one and a half miles out. I focus on the mind of the skipper. He is calm, at ease, relaxing, and enjoying the day. He likes the open space feeling of being on the sea, the broad expanse. It is that same feeling of flying in a glider or floating in a balloon. It is not about water actually but rather he enjoys the sense of freedom.

There is a kayaker. For him, working the paddles is like training on a machine in the gym. It is a pleasant, physical workout.

A young man and his girlfriend enter the water to go surfing. For him it is all about timing, being in sync with the right set of waves. He views surfing as a day long experience. It is not about riding a particular set of waves but blending with the surf of the ocean.

There is a girl sitting on a rock with her arms wrapped around her legs and leaning down to her lower left. She is not sad, unhappy, or depressed. Instead, sitting next to the ocean for her has the feeling of soaking in a warm bath.

Another surfer. This one rides a wave into the beach. Surfing for him is about self-mastery. He has skill indicated by the way he moves his board with such ease and dexterity. He is the only one to notice the incarnated mermaid floating in the waves.

He keeps looking at her and notices me also sitting on shore. But he is on drugs. His mind is completely spaced out and yet he is fully alert at the same time.

There is a dog about fifteen feet from me. A man gives the dog a bone, a discard from the barbeque. The dog nudges it, accidently burying it in the sand. The dog spends five minutes pushing the sand back and forth with his nose until he finally finds it.

There is a lady in a blue and white skirt sitting by the water. She feels that the sea is like a party in your backyard. Everyone is happy and enjoying themselves.

A Class C sailboat, smaller than the Class A, sails south. There is tension in the sails and fine tuning in the way the helmsman rides the waves. He sails as if he is racing. I can translate his brain waves, the way he concentrates: "You have to be in sync with the sea. You have to know your limitations and

the sea's moods. The sea can be dangerous too."

And now I focus on how the incarnated mermaid's aura affects me. I sense the three previous steps I have already described. I feel still and calm inside. Then I feel as she feels now like I am floating, relaxing, letting go, and that only this moment exists. The sensations of water and waves are the only things in my awareness.

And within these sensations is also the third step. I feel the sea and I are blended together. I am millions of years of time. I am geologic time. I am a part of nature, that part that was there before the human race was invented.

And then I go deeper—the fourth step. Mermaids suddenly appear swimming all around me and I am with them, one of them—a merman. These mermaids swim with such eloquence and grace. They slide through the water without effort or physical exertion. These mermaids and I are the same family.

In this realm others are part of you and you are a part of them. There are no conflicts, no demands by others on you and no competition for scarce resources. All around me and flowing through me is tender, sweet love.

It is a magical realm. Though closely aligned with the ocean and water in nature, it is all the same completely separate from nature and from the physical world, and it is free of linear time.

She herself has dreamed of mermaids but not like this. When a mermaid incarnates, she is often separated from her place of origin. Yet she is still connected, surrounded by a dream of innocent love in which the images and contents of her realm have been removed so she can stay focused on the human world.

This is what she is channeling through her aura. The vibration surrounding her originates from this magical realm hidden within nature. If you sense her aura, her energy takes you to its source. Being within and a part of the realm of mermaids is the fourth step.

I can get here on my own when I concentrate in deep meditation. But focusing on her aura, I easily slip into this realm that is hidden within her. This encounter with mermaids is completely spontaneous. No concentration or meditation is required.

Her "inner" mermaid comes right up to me. Her colors are emerald green and various shades of blue that radiate the feelings of hope, happiness, and love. Her presence communicates to me the vastness of sea and fills me with the love that is inside of her.

The mermaid expresses to me that her hope, happiness, and love possess an irresistible power that make them effective under all conditions of life. Creating love is part of the mysterious power of the sea.

The sun sets. We walk in the rain following along the beach behind the hotels. I pull out of my backpack two miniature, plastic raincoats for us to wear. I pause and ask a security guard if there is a Starbucks nearby. He says around the corner.

I sip my latte outside next to a table covered above by a large, leaky umbrella. She sits next to me.

I begin formulating a question as I explain to her, "My thesis or hypothesis is that mermaids possess the love, innocence, and empathy of the water element that is missing from the human conscience. Without it, humans feel half dead inside and so they take risks that threaten their own existence.

"They need external stimulation and excitement to mask the emptiness they feel inside. They are unable to appreciate and protect with nurturing love the wonder and beauty of life that surrounds. Obsessed with acquiring knowledge, power, and technology, they are unable to change themselves, only the outer world."

I put my question to her, "Can you sense that what you are is what is missing in people?"

She replies, "As a child, my mother would get angry if I showed any sign of emotion or tears. Adults would tell me to stop crying and say anything to make me forget my feelings. Nobody told me it was

okay to be highly sensitive.

“I learned to shield and disguise myself in order to appear normal. I still feel like the little girl version of me although I’ve gained some perspective and self-understanding. So it is in stillness, feeling the waves flowing through me, that I am filled with a renewed sense of purpose. Yet when I commune with nature I remember the true order of reality, ever-flowing change, abundance, child-like wonder and joy.

“I sense I am to step into a role as a spiritual guide and bringer of light and compassion.”

We walk around looking for a place to eat but she is put off by the smell of cooked meat in the air. We go back to the restaurant Mac 24/7.

At one point I put my hand on her upper arm saying, “Give me one minute.”

I concentrate just on the physical sensation of touch. Her body tells me about itself. The sensation in the touch is very tender and nurturing.

I say to her, “You will never meet a human man who appreciates how sensual and affectionate you are.”

I tell her about a week long seminar I attended with one of the Dalai Lama’s translators. The small group of eight had gotten to know each other well over the week. At the end of the seminar, the instructor had us stand up and slowly walk around and stand in front of each of the other people present.

We were to say aloud as gazed into the other person’s eyes, “You are the \_\_\_\_\_ in me.” The Dalai Lama’s translator stopped in front of me. He looked into my eyes. He paused. And then he said, “You are the emptiness inside of me.” He meant emptiness as in being free of ego.

I took at the incarnated mermaid and said, “You are the innocence inside of me. You teach me to not be desperate to make breakthroughs in my endless projects to discover wisdom and be more loving.”

I drive her back to her hotel and drop her. She will catch a shuttle in the morning that will take her to the airport to fly to Kauai. A brief hug and then a goodbye.

Afterward

As a mermaid greeter, if I have learned anything about incarnated mermaids, it is to not make demands on them and to give them as much space as they want. And to do that I have to be ready in any moment to accept that I may never speak or meet with a specific girl again. But Saturn has trained me well. This I can usually do with ease.

All the same, just being around one of these women is to be saturated with the vitality of the water element that they possess. It amplifies perceptions, rejuvenates, and immerses you in sensations of feeling alive.

On the other hand, leaving one of them is a little like being on a tropical beach—gentle, warm winds, waves, surf, spray, sounds of the sea and the open expanse. And then, when she is gone, you walk through a door and enter a land where the temperature is below zero. Your body goes into defensive mode.

And so you have to be careful and ready. Addictive behaviors crop up. Your nervous system wants to return to that level of being energized and feeling alive. But it does not know how to do so. At this point it is easy to crave stimulation of any kind to fill in for what is now missing.

With the four seasons, there is a gradual shift from spring, to summer, to fall, and to winter. But here the shift occurs suddenly, all at once.

As I mentioned earlier, men look at these women and think to themselves, “Can I make her mine?” The far better question to ask oneself is, “Can I make her realm of origin my home so I am one of their own.”



## Conclusion

I used to wonder where fairy tales comes from—stories of dragons, unicorns, angels in disguise, radiant beams from heaven above, houses made of ginger bread, gnomes hiding behind stones, flowers blossoming as you walk by, etc. Perhaps fairy tales arose from hallucinations or the imagination of individuals who were at times out of touch with the real world.

And then, as I carefully interviewed individuals, I began to meet people who were completely rational, alert, and successful who would say straight out as if discussing the weather or local news —“I can stop time,” or “I can see through others’ eyes,” or “I often have conversations with famous people who have died. They sit in my living room and tell me stories of their lives.”

I have experience things repeatedly that no previous systems of interpretation can explain. And so I, like writers of mythology, turn to the genre of fairy tales to share my experiences with others.

A story is above all entertaining. It gives us a break from our own lives. And if a story is really good, it enables us to see and to feel new things and to make better decisions in life. May we always have good stories so that wonder walks by our side.