

Journal of a Starseed

by Charis Brown Malloy



Discovering the Real World

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Dedication

This is to Terry, my real-life prince, Mark, my real-life wizard, and all of the other people who make my life magical. Thank you.

Acknowledgments

I'd like to thank everyone who has assisted me on my own path of discovery along the way as I had the experiences that I'll discuss in these pages. Susannah, of course, for teaching me so many things that would prove invaluable over the years and for unlocking the world for me. Rae, for playing tug of war with me over so many things, and helping me along when I needed it (even though I definitely didn't always like it.) To all of my friends and loved ones who I've mentioned in these pages, thanks for letting me write about you. Amanda, Noah (you know who you are, I know you may think I'm crazy nowadays, so thanks for putting up with my ravings from time to time,) Krishanti, AS, Giorgio, Joe and all of the not-quite-named people here who have helped make me who I am, and who showed me that I could be unafraid and open.

My parents. You guys probably think I'm a little nuts too. Thanks for loving me anyway.

Mark, of course, who pushes me so that I often never realized I was being pushed until I looked back and see that I'm in a completely different place as a result of gentle nudges that set me straight and reminded me that the most painful experiences are really just "grist for the mill."

Michal, for all you do and for how well you do it. A true Jane of all trades – where would I be without you?

Ward. I'm grateful for you every day.

Finally, to Terry, my love, who fights with me and loves me and walks with me through all of my days and down all of my twisting and turning paths. I love you.

Contents

Introduction: Disclaimers

Chapter 1: The Reason

Chapter 2: Library Aisles

Chapter 3: Beacon

Chapter 4: Spiral

Chapter 5: Weather

Chapter 6: Burning Bush

Chapter 7: New Life I

Chapter 8: Hurricane Ribbons

Chapter 9: Ekriem

Chapter 10: New Life II

Chapter 11: All Roads Lead to Aliens

Afterwords

About the Author

References

Introduction: Disclaimers

Before I really get into anything, I'd like to offer forth an explanation that yes, I'm fully aware that the things I'm about to say will sound completely bat guano bonkers crazy. This knowledge, in fact, is what has kept me quiet during this decade-long journey that I'm about to relate to you. Actually, to be more specific, the *fear* of what would happen to me if I “came out of the closet” and actually publicly told the truth of my experience is what has kept me quiet all these years. As my friend and mentor Mark said to me this morning, they used to burn folks like me at the stake. As I replied to him, they probably burned *me* at the stake a good time or two. That, or drowned me. Or maybe I was just hanged. There may have been an Iron Maiden involved. Ugh. Let's not think about it.

These things considered, I feel it necessary to acknowledge that I know how this will sound, or look, as the case may be. Although my subsequent research and digging over the years has uncovered evidence and information that *actually* reveals my experiences as making more sense than the status quo of our culture's knowledge of the things I'll discuss here does, that status quo is quite powerful – and it doesn't like to be nudged. So I'm aware of what can happen to me and my reputation after I publish this book.

However, I'll add that I've also sent out a few feelers here and there, gently (and progressively more directly) mentioning iffy information on social media sites and such, and I've been met with a definitely anticlimactic silence – no one, in actuality, seems to be nearly as freaked out as I'd feared. Combine that with this feeling I've had in recent months that I **MUST** write my experiences down and make them available for others to read, and you have me sitting here, typing away on this keyboard, not afraid any more. I've happily discovered, over and over again as of late, that I am **not** as unique as I thought. Others **do** experience what I experience, and, like I was, are often afraid to say anything or ask questions about them because they are similarly aware that even mentioning such things is likely to make them sound bat guano bonkers crazy. And that isn't a good look on most people, or so we think.

However, you've gotta do what you've gotta do, and right now, I've gotta write. So let's get started.

1: The Reason

When my awakening crashed upon me like rumbling mental thunder, when I knew things that I couldn't possibly logically know and felt things that I couldn't possibly logically feel, when I finally admitted to myself that yes, I *was* different in a way I'd only seen in movies and when I was seized with voracious cravings for knowledge such that I appeared, even to myself, to match the image of any insane person you may see rifling through papers, wide eyed, focused, me being the same in every detail except for the differences that my manicured fingernails and made-up face created between the street person chic look usually sported by such characters (no offense to street people, many of whom are quite interesting, by the way,) all that searching and rifling and admitting did not earn me any knowledge that actually helped *all that* much. The people I loved the most shook their heads, at a loss for anything to say in reply at best, and at worst, giving me those sidelong glances and the familiar “I believe that *you* believe it” comments that definitely make a person feel like they're going mad and there's nothing to be done about it.

Eventually I did find resources that provided some type of structure and container that my fundamentalist Jehovah's Witness upbringing until adolescence had lacked in the form of nonfiction books by Lynn V. Andrews and Mary Summer Rain, as well as fiction books by Marion Zimmer Bradley and other similar authors. These provided a much appreciated breath of fresh air, but there remained a big problem that ran me into some trouble. The women writing their accounts (yes, they had to be women, or else I wouldn't have been able to identify even *this* much) were brilliant, yes, but they were nothing like *me*. These were women who were already living adult lives, whose experiences were **very** different from mine, who had external encouragement and direction from real Medicine Women, priestesses, and books literally flying off of shelves and into their hands. They had careers, sometimes children, and almost always husbands. They were *grown up*, for goodness' sake. I was a 20 year old pageant queen, working her way through college, studying for hours on end to make a perfect GPA so as to end up with a good career and avoid the poverty that I'd lived in during my childhood and adolescence. A poverty that was so artfully hidden that I'm sure a person or two reading this, who knew me during those years, will raise their eyebrows in surprise as they discover in these words the actual truth that I starved my way through high school, eating nothing but tea and toast and an orange or two for days at a time.

The books I read were helpful, but, as I've said, not *that* helpful. Not when I could find loads and loads of literature telling me that my age often marked the onset of illnesses like adult schizophrenia and multiple personality disorder. Great. The voices I heard in my head from time to time certainly didn't make me feel at all better about *that* possibility.

Only years **later** would I learn that my age then was also the time during which our brains have their last great growth spurt – similar to the language growth spurt that happens at about three years old and the reasoning and social growth spurt at seven years – except that this later one is located in the frontal lobes, which control inhibition and impulses and *psychic activity*. More on that later.

Had I been able to take a book in my hands (or read it on my phone, for that matter,) that described a person who was young, reasonably normal, driven, and previously unconcerned with spirituality (even a full-out agnostic bordering on atheism,) who then had a spiritual awakening hit her in the head like a baseball bat coming from the *inside* – however, without any books flying off shelves and no Medicine Women showing me the way (at least, not at first) and really nothing external happening at all, but rather receiving internal directions and explosions and visions and experiences that were impossible to ignore because of their intensity. Now *that* would have been truly helpful.

And I'm aware of the teenagers today, and how out of place they feel in this world that not only can't see the things that they can and do see, but that tells them they're either imagining things or flat

out lying. I think that there are a lot of people the age that I was, right smack in the middle between adolescence and adulthood, who are likely, as I was, sitting in libraries, furtively visiting the spirituality section, “just for a minute,” or doing internet searches in the middle of insomniac nights, trying to figure out what the heck is happening to them. I've spoken to people like this who KNOW that there is more inside of them, like those visions and knowings that they've read about or seen in movies, that their hearts are *crying out for* but that they have no clue how to really **access**.

This book is for those guys and girls – and all of those people at various walks of life, waking up to these same feelings – to tell them that yes, this is **real**. It's real, but more importantly, it's *okay*. This is something that is a deep and eternal part of Human experience, and it's been happening to Humans since we've been Human at all. Now is the time that it's happening more than maybe ever before – and certainly more than has ever happened in our currently accepted (and ridiculously incorrect, mind you) official history books. I'm writing my experience so you guys can know that you're fine – and that, in fact, once you get a hang of what you can do (which will be different for everyone, as much as the noses on our faces are all different,) this is when thing will get *really* interesting. I should also warn you now that I won't be explaining everything that has happened. To be more specific, I won't be explaining much at *all*. Things are hardly ever as they seem, and from past experience I've learned that if you try to put a rigid definition on just about anything, you'll be eating your words sooner or later. I'm just going to take you through what I experienced as I experienced it, offering up the ways I've put it all together and am continuing to do so. I learn more every single day, and that holds true for these experiences. Also, it's important to say that I'm not including every experience I've ever had, or even that occurred in the time frames I'll be discussing. If I did, this book would instantly transform into a volume so large that no one would ever read it...no matter *how* interesting things became.

Speaking of getting interesting, I guess I'd better start at some semblance of the beginning.

2: Library Aisles

I blinked hard as I picked my head up and looked around me. Well, this was just starting to be embarrassing. What if someone I knew walked by? How would I explain what I was doing?

There I was, *again*, on the floor of my university's library. Again, I'd come here to do research for some paper or another, and again, after doing whatever research I needed to cross off of my "To Do List," I'd wound up here, in the 100's of the Dewy Decimal delineated spirituality section, sitting on the floor, with a circle of opened books around me.

Sometimes they were on Edgar Cayce or Atlantis or Alchemy. Often they were about Wicca and Earth Religions. Shamanism came up, and so did other indigenous spiritual practices. I couldn't predict what titles would jump out at me, calling to my awareness as strongly as if there were flashing neon signs there on the books' spines rather than ordinary lettering, but many books always did. No matter how rushed I was or how strongly I told myself that *this* time I'd leave the library as soon as I finished my research, I'd end up here, somewhere along these familiar two aisles. Somehow my steps would veer away from my intended path and I'd assure myself that I'd just spend a minute or two looking around, just to see what was there...and before I knew it, I was voraciously tearing book after book off of the shelf, fanning the pages with my thumb, skimming three or four of them, then setting the book down on the floor next to me, lying open to whatever page I'd ended on as another book caught my eye and I reached for it instead. I invariably found myself surrounded by opened volumes, with no idea what I actually wanted to check out and take home with me.

I never checked any of them out. I would gently close each one, finding its place on the shelf and returning it gently but quickly, as if the off-limits subject would scorch my fingertips if I held the book for too long.

None of this stuff was *real*, anyway. I was wasting my time. Everyone knew that these were just stories and made-up practices that were as silly as they were ancient. And yet...there was a tugging that always brought me here, and then a passion that took me more firmly than anything I'd ever felt before.

That winter, I called a college friend who I shared a microphone with during drunken karaoke, went to toga parties with, and occasionally took tests with using more, er, "collaborative" methods than were encouraged by the powers-that-be, and I told her in a shaking voice that I thought I was psychic, or crazy, waiting for laughter that never came. Rather, there was a silence, not an unkind one – just a feeling of confusion and a compassionate lack of anything to say in return.

Months later I would find my first teacher, a Reiki instructor named Susannah, who, after two classes and many late-night discussions, I'd never be able to find again, although I had visited her house many times and exchanged countless calls and emails with her while she was teaching me.

Years later I would learn while studying for a PhD. in Transpersonal Psychology that the brain's final growth spurt that I mentioned above, similar to the language and logic growth spurts that come during earlier years, was an explosion in the frontal lobe's number and complexity of neural connections. This is a time, recognized across continents and centuries (until Western culture blotted out the old knowledge of such things,) as the period of rites of passage and spiritual awakening. It happens at the end of adolescence and the beginning of true adulthood, at roughly two decades into a human life. When I found myself sitting in the 100's section of the library, I was 20 years old.



Trying to find an actual event that began the whole spiral is a useless task. I end up winding

through labyrinthine memories, wondering if *this* or *that* was the beginning, always deciding that it was. A moment later I'll suddenly land on another time, sometimes before, sometimes after, always making me wonder if there was ever a beginning.

Probably not, I decide, after I've let myself wonder about it for seconds, or minutes, or longer. And I make another decision, nested in the first one, that I won't ask again. I always do ask again, sooner or later.

I suppose as good a place to start as any is during one of what I call my “previews” - events that shook me, not enough to actually crack the rigid world that had been built around me by dogma and fear-based beliefs, but enough to serve as a funny thing to talk about, an exception shining in my mind like some faraway star.

I was driving home, late on a school night, after spending hours debating the existence of God with Amanda, my best friend. We were seniors, a state of mind which comes with a certain cockiness to begin with. Add to that a love of psychology and a fascination with analyzing everyone and everything around us, and you get a sum of many late night conversations, discussing what we thought were the mysteries of life, but what now, after the fact, feels more like our own flavor of teenage angst.

I was already feeling a certain non-verbal dissonance between what I believed to be true in my heart and what I was told from the fundamentalist dogma that was pounded into my mind three times a week. The constant threat of a lightning bolt at any time, in any place, as part of that ever-looming Armageddon, if I *didn't* believe what was being shoved down my throat kept me from ever taking the chance to truly examine these topics without a considerable amount of fear until my teenage years. My family had stopped attending meetings after my parents' divorce when I was 12 years old, and my young philosophical mind was finally left to its own devices from that point on.

After much consideration, I came to the firm conclusion that God must be imaginary. At best, God was a perfect example of wishful thinking created by weak-minded individuals who could not fathom their own responsibility when it came to the more unpleasant aspects of life. At worst, God was a means of immoral social control. If neither of these things were true, then considering the information I had gathered from my childhood sermons and other people I spoke to throughout the subsequent years, God was nothing short of a sadist. If he could see the future, *and* if he was all powerful, then the fact that horrible Human suffering existed at all (my favorite example was any diseased, starving child, born into poverty just to die from malnutrition before preschool age) was proof that whatever God everyone was worshiping was a jackass. I would have no part of it.

The best I could get from any religious person I had this debate with was the idea that it all came down to “faith.”

Uh – huh.

At that point my eyes would glaze over and I'd roll up the windows in my mind, aware now that this individual was as empty-headed and brainwashed as the droves of people wasting their time and energy praying to an empty space (or a terrible creature, watching very real suffering with a cosmically huge bowl of popcorn sitting in his lap.) Unacceptable.

This was one of those nights. I loved Amanda, but when she gave me the faith line after an air-tight argument on my part (according to me of course,) the conversation pretty much ended. Again. This wasn't the first time we'd discussed this. I simply couldn't rectify both things – the logic and the faith. How could anyone have faith in such a monster? But I respected Amanda's opinion more than anyone else's. The whole ordeal was exhausting.

It was getting late anyway. I hopped down from her kitchen counter, where we'd been talking and munching on a chocolate stash. We tucked the plastic bag of goodies back into the cabinet, exchanged a hug, and I walked to my car to start my drive home.

I lived on the outskirts of the small Southern town where I spent much of my life until college.

On the way to the house was a long straight stretch down a country road. I regularly used the few minutes of brainless driving it gave me for an opportunity to stargaze – I'd tilt my head to the left, stealing glances at the shining sky with one eye on the road. Thank goodness no deer ever crossed my path – it's unlikely I would have come away from that encounter unscathed, judging by the amount of attention I gave my immediate task on those late, dark nights – which wasn't much.

On this particular evening, as I looked deeply into that network of stars, I **felt** something. An impossibly big, impossibly strong, impossibly intelligent something. Or *someone*, I should say. This presence was so big that measurement was impossible, and the interaction happened so quickly that I had no time to second guess it or question what my experience was. It just happened - there was no argument possible.

First came the pure awareness. It was like someone walking through a doorway and standing in front of you, squarely looking you in the face, silent and full of purpose. The message was pure existence. Only years later would I recognize the similarities that this wordless exchange had with the several Biblical accounts of a certain someone saying the words "I Am."

True to form with the egoic teenager that I was, my non-verbal response was something along the lines of the following:

"Well, fine. If you *do* exist, then explain all of the reasons I gave before," those reasons being poverty, war, suffering, and the like.

The response, also non-verbal, was a calm and completely assured knowledge that, although the order was not clear to me, everything that occurred down to the tiniest, most seemingly insignificant detail was inside of, directed by, and part of a complex balance and clockwork-like orchestration of matter and energy – so no, there were no loose ends. No such thing as meaningless suffering existed. And, just because I, in my limited scope of understanding, could not explain the reason behind every occurrence, this lack of perception in no way served as any real argument against the truth of what **was**.

"*Oh.*"

This happened too quickly, even, for me to be humbled by it. It *just happened*. For that matter, the entire conversation had probably begun and ended within a span of five seconds or less.

And then it was gone.

I tried to explain this to those around me, including Amanda, and while no one ever rejected or laughed at my experience, I could never adequately describe the immensity of what had happened that night. The interchange became one of those funny and odd stories relegated to late-night exchanges of ghost and UFO sightings that are only told after inebriation caused by either chemical or psychological means. Once people get really drunk or really relaxed, the strange stuff comes out. Before then, no one wants to talk about it.

I added the conversation to my list and tucked the list away in a drawer of my mind until two years later, when I was doing my best to make sense of my library experiences. The time span may even have been longer, as I may not have unpacked this particular conversation until I had more of a leg to stand on in my own mind than the one that came with a compulsion to go to the third floor and sit in the middle of the aisles, tearing books off the shelves, reading more quickly than I'd previously thought my comprehension would allow.