

# *The Awakening Princess*

Marilyn Barry

An extract



Inner Way

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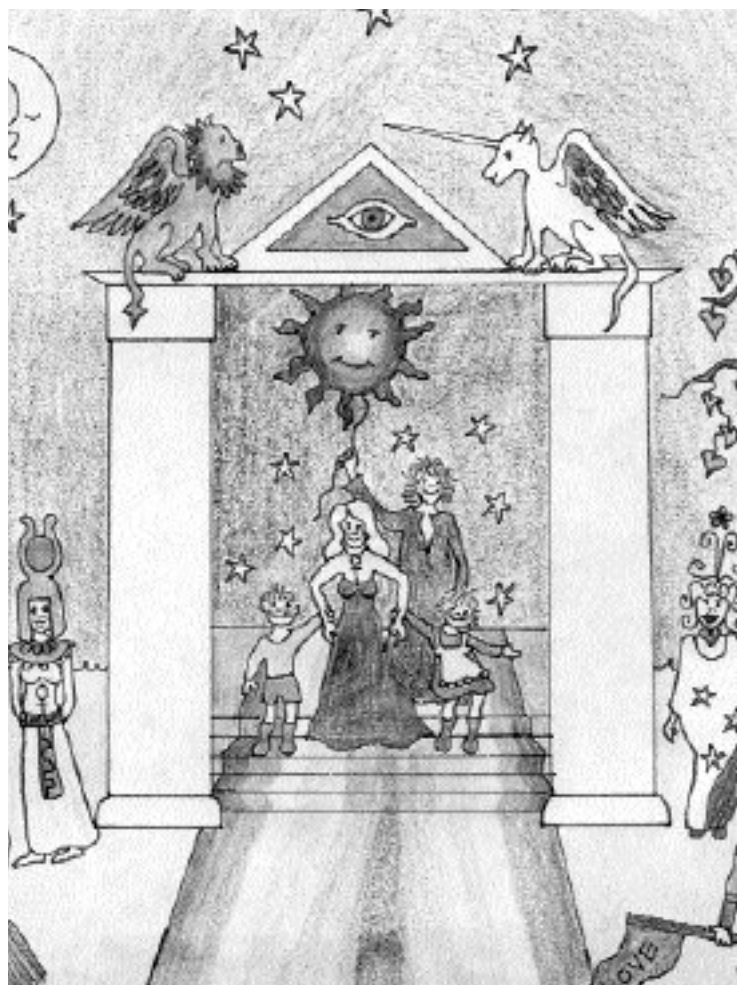
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## Five



*Déjà Vu*

I was being driven through a beautiful tree-lined suburb of Los Angeles. Large rambling houses, set back off the road in well-watered gardens, appeared to be guarded by tall spindly palm-trees, standing sentinel against the bright blue sky. We turned into Bellafontaine Street, on the corner of which stood Vivian King's house. It was an elegant old house, painted white, and dwarfed by an even older redwood tree in the front garden. I walked up a winding red brick path, and was greeted by a good-looking boy with dark hair and intelligent brown eyes. I introduced myself, and he told me his name was Mark, adding that he was Vivian's son. As he led me through a spacious living room full of plants, music and sunlight, I wondered if I was dreaming. Although I had never seen this house before, it was as familiar to me as an old lover.

"Mark, are you going to wash these dishes for me?"

We followed the voice into a large kitchen with an old-fashioned cooking stove. Vivian King was standing beside the sink. She was very beautiful with soft brown eyes and a radiant smile. I felt an immediate affinity with her. Mark started washing the dishes with a pained expression on his face, as his mother greeted me with a warm hug and invited me to make myself a hot drink. She pointed to an urn bubbling away in a corner of the kitchen, adding that she was busy preparing for class, and would talk to me later. I helped by putting mugs on the table beside the urn, while Mark continued to mumble to himself at the sink.

Vivian busied herself around the kitchen until the other members of the class arrived. Then she directed us into a large sunroom with plants, thick cream carpet and cushions on the floor. Golden sunlight streamed in through the windows as we arranged ourselves on the cushions. A candle was lit and we were guided in a short meditation before introducing ourselves.

Sharon, a vivacious blonde in her early fifties, spoke first:

"What's really remarkable about me is that I've managed to remain married to the same man for almost thirty years. I



John, half way between six and seven feet tall, was youthful and idealistic. Flicking his floppy fair hair out of his eyes, he described himself as a perpetual student.

“I’ll probably have to remain a student for the rest of my life,” he joked. “If I ever get a job, I’ll be giving all of my salary back to the government to pay off my loans. So, when I get my master’s degree, I’m going to study for a Ph.D.”

Theo, a writer and film-maker, shared that she was a recovered alcoholic. Now in her early sixties, she lived across the road from her cantankerous old father.

“I sure would welcome some tools for dealing with him,” she said, laughing. “I’ve been married a couple of times, my children are all grown up, and I now live alone, which I love.”

After I had introduced myself, Vivian talked about Psychosynthesis:

“The word synthesis is from the Greek root meaning ‘to unite’. In theory, Psychosynthesis blends psychology, religion and philosophy. In practice, it combines various psychotherapeutic tools and techniques. It is also a spiritual discipline.

“Roberto Assagioli, an Italian psychiatrist born in 1888, drew inspiration from both Freud and Jung, and also from Raja and Karma Yoga. He developed techniques for working with the unconscious and the soul, which he referred to as the Higher or Transpersonal Self. He likened the Self, with a capital ‘S’, to a radiant sun, not unlike our physical Sun. He recognized that humans have an eternal aspect: a limitless source of love, will and creativity, which can be accessed and utilized in daily life. Assagioli developed the Psychosynthetic process, which quite literally means the synthesis of the psyche.

“Assagioli said that an experience of the Self is one of freedom, mastery and joy. When we are aligned with the Self, we can expect to experience these qualities in our daily lives. We will be devoting a great deal of time to the Self, which traditional psychology tends to neglect. In Psychosynthesis we affirm that we are more than our minds, bodies and emotions.

We are centres of pure consciousness, which existed before we were born, and will continue to exist after we die.”

We asked her to tell us more about the psyche.

“The psyche is an energy field, which includes our ordinary daily consciousness, the middle unconscious where information is stored, and the lower and higher unconscious. If we liken the human psyche to a house, the lower unconscious is the basement. It is dark and we don’t know what’s down there until we explore it, but in order to do that we need a light. We will learn more about the Self before going down into the basement. The higher unconscious is the attic leading up to the sunroof. Through the higher unconscious, we make contact with the Self, which is a limitless source of love and wisdom. The collective unconscious is shared by everyone in the world.”

“How can we explore the unconscious when we’re not conscious of it?” Shakura asked.

“We will be using imagery and guided meditation to explore the unconscious. I will be guiding you in meditations and imagery exercises. Imagery and meditation are central to the guiding process, both being related to the creativity of the unconscious. We will be working with intuition and active imagination. Imagery is as much a psychological function as feeling, thinking and sensation. If you don’t believe me, imagine sucking a lemon, and see what happens. Profound transformations can occur through imagery with or without interpretation. In psychological law anything is possible. Through imagery early pre-verbal trauma, even birth trauma, can be accessed and released through catharsis, artwork and/or psychodrama. It may be that early pre-verbal trauma is blocking our potential. We’ve forgotten the original trauma, but it is still affecting our lives. Through imagery we access it, and when it has been released, we can become creators instead of reactors in life’s drama.

“Psychosynthesis is like helping Dorothy to find the Wizard of Oz. We will meet all kinds of interesting characters on the way, and all of them are parts of the personality

needing integration. We call them subpersonalities because they revolve around our personal self, like electrons whirling around the nucleus of an atom. Firstly, we need to recognize these primary identifications. When we dialogue with and role play them, we can begin to disidentify. We give them names because when we name something, we make it conscious.

“The most basic polarity, which is universal, is the Critic and the Hurt Child. Most of us have an internalized Critic who judges, ridicules, undermines or represses in some way. The Critic is nearly always accompanied by a Hurt Child who feels bullied, put down and rendered powerless. So, one of the primary tasks of Psychosynthesis is to redeem and re-parent the Hurt Child, as well as finding out what the Critic needs and fears.”

We nodded. It was obvious we all had one of these polarities. In my relationship with Jake, he had taken on the role of my Critic, just as I had taken on the role of his Hurt Child. With me acting out his Hurt Child for him, he did not have to face it, in the same way that I avoided facing my Critic for as long as he was willing to act it out for me. No wonder we never reached resolution with each other.

“We will be working with the Hurt Child and the Critic, as well as with other major polarities,” she continued. “To bring these parts of ourselves back home, we need to know where home is. We also need to recognize when we are not at home. In order for this to happen, we need to reconstruct our personality around the Self. When we practise Presence, we have a direct experience of the Self. As Presence is sustained being, and the Self is pure being, when we practise Presence, we have a direct experience of the Self. The Guiding process is based on this practice. Presence alone can heal. As a Guide, my task is not to lecture, advise or solve problems, but to awaken and enable my client to embody the Self. Then the client, who is sometimes referred to as the Traveller, will be able to solve his or her own problems. I can trust my clients’ inherent ability to heal themselves. Let’s practise

being present for each other. Then we will see what it feels like when we're not present."

When we paired off, I noticed that my silent presence enabled my partner to expand and gain valuable insights, but when I was preoccupied with my own thoughts and feelings, I did not listen to what he was saying. In his frustration with me, he could not think clearly.

"Psychosynthesis will change your lives," we were told after the exercise. "It will affect you and everyone you meet. To make this commitment to our own evolutionary growth is to make a commitment to the evolution of the planet. All we need is the courage and willingness to open doors within ourselves."

"What we are identified with we are controlled by," Vivian concluded. "Neurotics identify with their neurosis, scientists with their minds, athletes and movie stars with their bodies. What are you identified with? It takes practice and discipline to DISidentify, for our subpersonalities are always demanding our attention. They pull us off centre. The ultimate goal is effortless radiation."

In the lunch break we wandered outside into the garden to eat. It was a large garden with grass, flowers and trees. We sat on benches around a picnic table, which stood under a sprawling old tree. Vivian called it a yard but to me it was a garden.

After class Vivian suggested that I clean the house and type for her instead of paying rent and tuition fees. I was delighted with this offer and accepted.

"I'm writing a book about Psychosynthesis," she said. "I've been paying someone to edit and type it, but now you can help me with it."

She took me through the kitchen and along a narrow corridor to a small room overlooking the garden. The rose bushes just outside the window filled the room with their fragrance and a strange feeling of déjà vu. Although the room was familiar to me, I did not know why, and found myself wanting to say: "This has always been my room."

By the time we had our second class, I had settled into the house, and for the first time in six months I was able to unpack.

In the second class Vivian talked about the Field of Awareness. She drew a diagram on the big board in a corner of the sunroom to illustrate her point. An egg symbolized the psyche, which included the lower and higher unconscious. The Field of Awareness was tiny in comparison, and clearly demonstrated how much we are not yet aware of.

“In the middle unconscious we store information,” she explained. “It’s like a filing cabinet. It is not within our field of awareness, but it is readily available when we need it. This is where we store our conscious memories. The higher unconscious holds the pattern for our lives and gives us access to the Self, also called the Transpersonal Self because it transcends the personality. The Self is symbolized by this sun at the top of the egg. The lower unconscious contains our primitive drives, unconscious memories and any traumatic past events we may have suppressed. Problem-free experiences in the past do not create problems in the present. However, if a basic need was not met in the past, it will create problems in the present, and a subpersonality may develop around the need. This creates an energetic charge relating to an earlier stage of development. We can use imagery to access it.

“Today I’m going to guide you in an imagery exercise, in which you will explore your psyche. However, if I just told you to explore your psyche, you wouldn’t know where to begin. So, I will use the symbol of the house. You will explore an inner house to understand what is going on within your psyche. Find a comfortable position and close your eyes. As you approach the house, notice its general appearance. Is it well-cared for, neglected or dilapidated?”

My house was a double-fronted detached house on three floors. It needed to be renovated and there were no curtains at the windows.

“Be aware that this is an important house to you. There are many rooms inside it. As you enter the house, you notice

a central staircase, which you will explore later. Walk around and see if there is a meeting room, a kitchen, living room. You may see some doors with the names of subpersonalities on them. Do not enter, but notice where these rooms are and their relationship to other parts of the house. Notice if there is a basement, but do not explore it yet.”

My house was totally empty. There was not a stick of furniture anywhere, no pictures on the walls, and no doors with the names of subpersonalities on them. At the far end of a spacious living room double doors opened into a sunroom where an old man with a long white beard was working with a boy. They were too busy with their charts and diagrams to notice me. The old man, who looked like a magician, was obviously teaching the boy. I was intrigued by these two characters and wondered what they were doing inside my inner house.

“Return to the central staircase,” said Vivian, interrupting my preoccupation with the magician and his apprentice. “This staircase leads to an upper floor, where you will find the room of the Self.”

Half way up the staircase on a landing, I noticed a circular stained glass window, which needed cleaning. After some vigorous rubbing, sunlight streamed in through the glass revealing a beautiful stained glass angel. I was delighted and stood back to admire it.

“As you enter the room of the Self, make a note of what is in the room. It contains whatever you need to make you feel comfortable and at ease. If it has windows, look out at the view.”

My room of the Self had nothing in it except two small children: a boy and a girl between three and four years old. The room was large and could be divided into two with sliding doors. In one half there was an open fireplace and in the other half double doors opening out onto a balcony with a view of rolling hills and forests. The children radiated joy and playfulness, and were delighted to see me. Taking hold of my hands, they pulled me back onto the landing, where I noticed

another staircase leading up to the attic. With one pulling and the other pushing, they took me up the stairs and into an attic space with a skylight. To my amazement, an ancient Egyptian priestess was sitting on the floor deep in meditation. She was bathed in golden sunlight from the skylight, and wore a transparent gown with a painted collar. She had a strange crown on her head and a golden key in her hand. I could not imagine what an ancient Egyptian priestess was doing in my attic, but as it was symbolic of the higher unconscious, I could only conclude that this bizarre character resided there. I hurried down both flights of stairs as we were guided back into the sunroom.

Over lunch, when I described my strange experiences in the inner house, Vivian suggested I see a therapist, recommending a woman she knew who practised Psychosynthesis.

"I feel I need to see a male therapist, so that I can work on my issues with men," I replied.

David, who was having lunch with us, said he was seeing the man Vivian had been in therapy with when her marriage with Mark's father broke up. After she had given me his telephone number, I called him, and we made an appointment when Vivian would be in the area picking up Mark from his school, which was close to the therapist's office.

Now that I was sleeping in the room that was so obviously my room, I was having weird dreams. In one dream, I was in a house that I knew belonged to a man who cut up bodies. In this dream, which repeated itself several times, I always found myself alone in the basement.

(I did not know then that I was dreaming about the future. I would be staying in this house, which belonged to a pathologist, when Vivian died fifteen years later. The house had a basement - unusual in Southern California.)

In another dream I saw a great flood approaching. I climbed a mountain, but the water was still rising, so I went up into a high tower. At the top of the tower I met many

people, some of whom I recognized.

“Do you want to hear the good news or the bad news?” I asked, laughing. “The bad news is you’re dead, but the good news is you are still in existence.”

In the dream I found this statement hilariously funny and awoke laughing.

As I busied myself cleaning, decorating and furnishing my room at the end of the corridor, I remembered where I had seen this room before. I had seen it in a dream six years previously when I was in Jungian analysis.

“In my dream I had been cleaning a house,” I told Vivian. “It was this house. I emptied my bucket of dirty water into that deep enamel sink you have by the back door, which I do when I wash the floor, and then I walked through the kitchen and down the corridor to my room; the one I now sleep in. The window was wide open, and I could see out into the garden and smell the fragrance of the roses. The bedclothes had been thrown aside as if someone had just awakened. Golden sunlight was streaming in across the bed, and there was a man standing in the doorway wearing black. He smiled mysteriously and as he embraced me, he said: “You don’t remember me, do you?” I felt embarrassed because it was true. Although he was as familiar to me as the room, I had no idea who he was.”

“I bet he’s someone you’re going to meet here,” said Vivian. “What did he look like?”

I described his dark hair and beard. “But why was he wearing black? Everything else was so luminous. My analyst and I called the room the Awakening Room. I’m amazed that I dreamt about this house six years before I actually saw it.”

“When the Psychosynthesis Centre in Pasadena was closing down, I tried to rent a house in the mountains,” Vivian explained. “But my signed letter of agreement was lost in the mail and someone else rented it instead. A student in one of my classes told me about this house.”

The morning of my appointment with the therapist, I decided to finish cleaning out the cupboards in the kitchen.

There was a cupboard high up near the ceiling which I had forgotten about, and I had to use the steps to reach it. I started removing the contents of the cupboard, and then found an object which took my breath away. It was a stained glass angel, exactly like the one I had found in my inner house. When I told Vivian about the stained glass window in my inner house, she gave me the angel to keep in my room.

That afternoon, when she drove to the other side of Los Angeles to collect Mark from school, she dropped me off at the therapist's office. When he opened the door in response to my knocking, I felt as if a ball of fire leapt out of him and hit me in my solar plexus.

"I'm with a client," he told me. "Take a seat. I'll be with you in a couple of minutes."

I staggered over to the chair. "Wow!" I gasped. "What was that?"

Later, he invited me into his office and pointed to a couch opposite an armchair. His office was small with a desk and a tree growing in a tub. There were no external windows, and I wondered how he could bear to work there without seeing the sky. It reminded me of a cell.

"How can I help you?" he asked.

I looked across the room at him, where he sat in his armchair with a note pad and pen on his knee. He was an attractive man in his forties with greying hair and a beard.

"There are things in my life I cannot explain or understand," I told him. "Since I was very small I've had visions and mystical experiences."

I told him about the angels, fairies and spirit children I played with as a child. "Of course, nobody believed me and I decided I must be crazy because I appeared to be the only one who could see them. Sometimes I dream about events in the future before they've happened, and I remember things that have never happened to me in this life."

"From previous lives?" he asked.

"I don't know. I've had a recurring nightmare for the last six years in which I'm falling through fire remembering what

I have forgotten to remember, but when I wake up I can't remember what it is. I've had this dream ever since I dreamt about Vivian's house."

"You dreamt about Vivian's house six years ago?"

"Yes. I also have some strange characters in my inner house."

I told him about the magician and his apprentice in the sunroom, the two children in the room of the Self, and the ancient Egyptian priestess in my attic. I also told him about the house in my dream which belonged to a man who cut up bodies.

"What was your relationship with your father like?" he asked.

I explained how my father had died in front of me in a fit of anger when I was six. "I loved him, but he was never really there for me. He excited and rejected me. This has continued to be a problem for me in my intimate relationships."

"This is definitely something we can work on."

"That's why I wanted to work with a male therapist," I agreed. "I do have a lot of issues around men, and spent most of this year pining for Jake, with whom I had a deep and meaningful relationship, but he was always angry."

"Like your father?"

I nodded, realizing how similar my father and Jake were.

"I thought that if I loved him enough, he'd stop being angry."

"Are you talking about Jake or your father?"

"Both," I sighed. "I felt that my father died because I didn't love him enough."

"It's very common for children to blame themselves when a parent dies," he pointed out.

"I'd like you to be my Guide Detective to help me solve the mystery of my life," I concluded at the end of the session. "I want to know if I'm psychic or psychotic."

"I'd love to be your Guide Detective," he responded with warmth. "Write down your dreams and ask for guidance on your life's purpose."

We made an appointment to meet in a week's time.

We had been studying Psychosynthesis for a month when Vivian led us in the Rose Imagery:

This imagery will give you rich information because every image is symbolic of your life. You will become more conscious of your own personal dynamics. Find a comfortable position and relax. For the next ten minutes you will be focusing your attention on a rose, which represents you. Just allow the images to emerge spontaneously. If you were a rose, what kind of rose would you be?"

My rose was a Peace rose. It was just beginning to open and was the only rose on the bush, although there were other roses of different varieties on bushes nearby. My rose bush was healthy, but the earth was waterlogged. We were asked to examine the bush our rose was growing on and to follow its root system into the ground to see if anything needed to be done. Vivian asked us to make a note of the condition of our rose bushes, the environment and the weather.

"In order for this rose bush to produce the best roses and to be the most healthy and productive bush, what would need to be done to it?" she asked. "Now we are going to discuss our images before we move on to the next stage."

After we had opened our eyes, Vivian explained what the rose imagery symbolized.

"If your rose was just beginning to open, it may be that you've only recently started to express yourself. If it is a tight bud, you may be afraid of revealing yourself. For an older person it may indicate introversion or over-protection. If the rest of the imagery is healthy, a rose bud may indicate a readiness to unfold a new part of yourself. If completely open, you may be too open or in the latter part of your life. The root system represents early family influence. One woman's roots had been eaten away because she had been sexually abused as a child. Another woman, with a happy childhood and a healthy root system, had dry depleted soil. Her marriage was not nourishing her. Other roses on the bush can either indicate the number of people in your family or other aspects of

the personality. For example, a highly creative person may have a bush full of roses, indicating an abundance of creative energy. A lonely person, or someone who has spent a lot of time alone, may have only one rose on the bush. The person being guided will generally know what the other roses on the bush symbolize.

“The weather indicates the emotional or mental climate of the person being guided. The Sun represents the Self. A depressed person may have dark clouds obscuring the Sun. Patches of dark cloud can indicate a troubled relationship or unresolved issues. If there is fog or smog, you can go up in a helicopter to view the scene from a higher perspective.”

This made sense to me. I did see myself as a peaceful person, and I had always been alone. The waterlogged ground symbolized a highly traumatic childhood in which my parents, both emotionally unstable, were always fighting and shouting at each other.

During the second stage of the Rose Imagery, we could give our rose bushes exactly what they needed to be healthy. As I did not know what to do about the waterlogged ground, I called in the experts and asked if I should drain the soil. I was told to transplant my rose bush, which I did. They dug around in the soil until they discovered a natural spring running underneath where my rose bush had been growing. They told me it was running off a nearby mountain and contained crystal clear spring water. They built a well for me on the spot where my rose bush had stood, so that I could drink the water, which was delicious, and I soon realized I could bottle the water for others to drink.

When I shared this with the group afterwards, Vivian said it was obviously my task to transform the emotional trauma of my childhood, which would then enable me to be an empathetic guide for others.

She then guided us in a process of integration:

“Return to your rose bush and identify with the ideal image. Close your eyes and be willing to experience what you can really be. Imagine it is the crisp, clear dawning of a

new day. Dew is glistening on your rose as you approach the bush, which has been lovingly and skilfully cared for. Allow yourself to feel the impact of its presence. Notice your rose, which is fragrant and radiant. Notice its colour and the dewdrops on its petals glistening in the early morning Sun. Now identify with the rose. You are fragrant and radiant, with strong presence; effortless beauty.”

I was afraid that I had neglected my newly transplanted rose bush in all of the excitement over the mineral water and the well. However, when I found it in another part of the garden, it was looking healthy and my one rose was unfolding.

“The energy of the Sun brings you life. It is absorbed into your cells. The light literally permeates your being. Be aware of your roots taking in nutrients and moisture from the earth. Take time to fully experience this interchange of energy between the Sun and the Earth through your entire system. You are an integral rose, one with the Sun, the Earth, and all other rose bushes. You are creating a bouquet of colour and a symphony of joy for the Earth.”

Afterwards Vivian explained that if we did this exercise every day, it would bring integration, for it heals and integrates the personality.

A couple of days later I travelled across Los Angeles to see my therapist. I was early for my session, so I walked across the road to buy myself a cold drink in the supermarket. As I waited for the traffic lights to change from red to green, I saw a solitary male figure wearing dark glasses on the other side of the road. He was also waiting for the lights to change in order to cross over to my side of the road. Somewhere deep within my being a string was plucked. Yes, I was attracted to this mysterious man in black, but there was more: long forgotten memories ran through my mind like a distant train rumbling through a tunnel. He stood poised on the edge of the curb and on the tip of my tongue. Then the lights changed and we crossed over. When we passed each other in the middle of the road, I recognized who he was. Of course, he

was my therapist.

When we were sitting opposite each other in his office, I showed him the drawings I had done during the week. One of them illustrated my father's death, with his soul soaring out of the top of his head.

"This is remarkable!" he exclaimed.

"I didn't set out to draw his soul," I pointed out. "It drew itself. This has started to happen to me recently. When I draw, it's as if I have no control over what emerges. I feel like a channel."

I handed him a drawing in which I was giving birth to a large radiant Sun. "This is interesting because the two children I found in the room of the Self are looking on with ecstatic expressions on their faces, but why am I giving birth to the Sun, and who are these children?"

"Assagioli uses the Sun as a symbol for the Self," he responded. "How do you feel about the children?"

"They fill me with joy. They're so radiant and playful."

"Then they must be aspects of the Self," he concluded. "You found them in the room of the Self, so they must be related; radiance and joy being aspects of the Self."

"Then there's this drawing," I said, handing him another sheet of paper. "It looks like a tree, but if you look closely at it, you will see it's the love of two people. Look, here's the man and this is the woman. She's pregnant."

"Oh yes! There's the baby. These drawings are fascinating."

He handed them back to me, and I told him about a dream I'd had in which I saw a boat sailing out to sea. It had a casket tied to it with a rope, and as the boat sailed away from the shore, the casket sank. I knew if there was anyone inside the casket, he or she would die, but later in the dream, when the boat returned with the casket, I was able to lift the lid and there were those two children; the ones in the picture of me giving birth to the Sun. I knew then that they had survived their voyage sealed up inside the casket.

"What a wonderful dream," he said, smiling. "This is a very healthy dream clearly demonstrating that the childlike

part of you was not damaged, even though your childhood was so traumatic.”

“I feel damaged beyond repair,” I commented.

“I do feel that our relationship is going to be very important,” he told me at the end of the session. “Although I’m attracted to you, I do want to work with you. When I saw you crossing the road before our session, I was attracted to you before I recognized who you were.”

When I confessed that I was also attracted to him before I realized who he was, we both laughed.

“I think it’s really important for us not to seduce each other,” I found myself saying.

“I absolutely agree,” he nodded. “As a therapist, I have a clean track record. I have never become emotionally or sexually involved with any of my clients.”

A few days later I had an extraordinary experience with an angel, which I decided to work on in our Guiding Class. As it was a beautiful day, we sat outside in the garden on Vivian’s quilts. I sat on the one with camellia stains all over it. I loved this quilt because she had told me that a lover sprinkled it with camellias before he made love to her on it.

I explained how the previous night an angel had entered me.

“I felt totally loved and accepted by the angel, who had soft feathery wings. It was both mystical and erotic, and it was as if it entered me from above and below. It’s still inside me. I can feel it. Look, I’ve drawn a picture of the angel entering me.”

“It is giving you an experience of how it feels to be totally loved,” Vivian told me. “Can you become the angel and allow it to speak through you?”

“I have been waiting for you to open up to me,” said the angel through me. All I had to do was open my mouth and allow the words to come out. “I love you very much. You are precious. When I am inside you, there is ecstasy for both of us.

“You ask about the two children in your inner house. As

manifested aspects of the Self, they are not parts of your personality. They are beyond the ego and bring into matter the qualities of the Self. You cannot grow them into adults because they are ageless and appear symbolically as children. They are your gift to the world because they are your essence and will help you to bring forth great wisdom in simple language.”

This reminded me of Jake’s inner child, who had appeared to me as an angel child, and was his gift to the world. If these two symbolized angel children, why did I have two of them?

“They appear to you as male and female to show you that in this life you are integrating feminine and masculine qualities. The Self is androgynous and gives you the opportunity of becoming androgynous through these two inner children.

“In your dream they were not damaged. They cannot be damaged,” the angel continued. “As they are not parts of your personality, they were never caught up in the drama of your life. In simple language they are Divinity playing with its own creation. They carry the Kingdom of Heaven within them.”

“Who are you?” I asked.

“I am an aspect of Divinity seeking individuation. This is the highest purpose an angelic being can aspire to, but without a human instrument we cannot achieve this pearl of creation.”

“Am I your human instrument?”

“When an angel and a human become conscious of each other, the barriers between dimensions are burned away. The radiance of the Self, which is their point of contact, enables this burning to occur. Your purpose in this life is to become totally conscious; to burn away the barriers and to build a bridge for others to follow. You have now become conscious enough for me to enter you. As consciousness grows, the inner fire is clearly visible as radiance, but this fire destroys the ego. You have chosen this burning to reach higher levels of being. It is painful, but you have chosen it.”

Later that day I found a book in Vivian's office that described the Angel of the Presence. I read it with fascination:

"You, a Soul in incarnation, are consciously aware . . . of the solar Angel, who is the Angel of the Presence. Your problem is to deepen this realization, and to know yourself to be the Angel . . .

"The mystic is ever aware of duality . . . of the little self and the real Self; of human life expression and of spiritual life expression. Many other qualities stand for the same expression of reality. But, behind them all looms . . . immanent, stupendous, and glorious . . . that of which these dualities are but the aspects: the Presence, immanent yet transcendent, of Deity. In the nature of this One, all dualities are absorbed, and all distinctions and differences lose their meaning.

"When you are told to develop the consciousness of the Presence, it indicates, first of all, that you are at this time somewhat aware of the Angel and can now begin to respond, dimly and faintly, to that great Whole which lies . . . behind the physical, tangible world of every day life.

"A symbol of this can be seen in the knowledge that the entire planet lies outside of the room . . . and is only separated from you by the window and the extent of your conscious awareness . . . look through the window of the mind to that Light which reveals the Angel which, in its turn, veils and hides the vast unknown, yet alive and vibrant, Deity.

"Every human being is, in reality, like a miniature whirlpool in that great ocean of Being in which he lives and moves . . . ceaselessly in motion until such time as the soul 'breathes upon the waters' . . . and the Angel of the Presence descends into the whirlpool. Then all becomes still. The waters . . . stirred violently by the descent of the Angel, respond to the Angel's healing power and are changed 'into a quiet pool into which the little ones can enter and find the healing they need'. 1

I read this book many times and wondered if my angel was the Angel of the Presence. It was all very mysterious:

finding an angel in the cupboard, identical to the one in my inner house, and now being contacted by an angel. That night I decided to have another dialogue with my angel, and sat down with paper and pencil. I asked about the magician and his apprentice.

“The magician is training an apprentice, the way Vivian is training you,” my angel informed me. “This is your masculine counterpart who is involved in the alchemical changes taking place within your psyche. Rejoice, for you are awakening. You have heard the Call and can now take the Journey to the Bridal Chamber.”

“Where is the Bridal Chamber?”

“It is within the planetary psyche, and will be the greatest Journey you have ever taken.”

“When will this Journey begin?” I asked.

“Not until you have integrated the various parts of your psyche. There must be no opposition or resistance to this Journey. Call the Little Ones to a meeting and see what gifts they have for you.”

I could not imagine any of my subpersonalities having gifts for me. I had been burdened and battered by them most of my life, and felt resistance to my angel’s suggestion. Maybe I really was crazy. Just then the angel spoke with such tenderness and compassion, I wept.

“Dear Little One, you are not crazy. In this life you came to redeem a part of yourself. You could call it receptive feminine energy, which is now opening up to other dimensions. This part of you is awake and active, and is called Sheta Nut.”

“Is Sheta Nut the ancient Egyptian priestess I saw in my attic?”

“You found her in the higher unconscious because this is where she has her being, but now she is ready to complete her initiation through you.”

“What initiation?” I asked. “And why through me?”

“She is a part of you.”

“Is she from a past life?”

“In the unconscious there is no past or future. There is

only the present. You live in multiple realities; in many dimensions, but it is safer to remain unconscious until you are ready to handle these other states of being. A premature awakening could cause psychosis. As you become aware of other states of being, you may question your sanity," my angel explained, and then added: "The Journey will unfold in the form of an allegory, for this is the only way the personality can comprehend the nature of the psyche. Later you will share this Journey through your writing."

The following week when we met for our Guiding Class, Sharon suggested that I work with Caroline, a subpersonality she adored. I had brought Caroline to our subpersonality party, where she flirted with all the men. I had enormous resistance to working with Caroline, who I rarely allowed out. She was a flirtatious scatterbrain, who loved to paint her toenails and wear bright colours. She had a lot in common with Sharon.

"Ask Caroline who she symbolizes in you," Vivian suggested.

In order to dialogue with Caroline, I had literally to step into her shoes. Vivian ran upstairs and returned with her red high-heeled shoes, which Caroline loved.

"Now you can really identify with her," Vivian laughed.

"I wish you would let me out of the cellar," said Caroline through me, wobbling in Vivian's shoes, which were too big for her.

"Why were you locked up in the cellar?"

"Because of what happened when I was nine."

"You mean when I was sexually abused?" I asked, slipping back into my own shoes. When Vivian had us dialoguing with subpersonalities, she encouraged us to sit or stand in different positions to identify and then disidentify.

"I was blamed for what happened." Caroline explained. "It was because I was daddy's little play girl. I wanted to cuddle up to a man in bed, the way I had with daddy. It was lovely with him, but with the man who sexually abused me, it was confusing."

“He shouldn’t have done that to you,” said Vivian. “It was not your fault. You were just a little girl needing love and affection.”

“I know that, but she feels threatened by me.”

Caroline was referring to me. I knew this was related to my fear of intimacy. When I identified with Caroline, men turned on to me, and this was too threatening. She would want to respond, but I rarely allowed her to, unless I felt safe. Encouraged by my father, I had been a sensual child, but after being sexually abused, I decided it was not safe.

“But now you’re a woman,” Sharon pointed out. “Gee, sex is great!”

I smiled knowingly at Sharon, remembering what she had shared with me about her ability to experience multiple orgasms.

“Tell Caroline you are not going to lock her up in the cellar any more,” Vivian suggested. “You can now choose to let her out.”

I knew it was time to integrate her into my life, but I was afraid of her energy. There was a part of me still blaming her for what had happened when I was nine.

“I’m not going to lock you up in the cellar any more,” I said to the red high-heeled shoes, not convinced that I really meant it. “I want to integrate you into my life. You have zest and vitality.”

“There is a part of you still resisting,” Vivian pointed out at the end of the session. “I think another subpersonality is forming a polarity.”

“I know what I’ll do!” I exclaimed. “I’ll hold a Coming Out Party for Caroline. I’ll invite all the other subpersonalities and then I’ll find out which one is resisting. My angel told me to hold a meeting. I’ll have the party tonight.”

“I wish I could come to it,” said Sharon gaily. “I just love Caroline. She’s great. We’ll paint the town red one of these days.”

Vivian had told us there were various techniques for meeting our subpersonalities. She said we could imagine them

walking out of a house, travelling with them on a bus or train, or holding a meeting or a party. She said we would be surprised by who showed up.

My tools for contacting the unconscious were my writing and drawing. That evening I sat down with paper and coloured pencils ready to draw each subpersonality as it emerged. To my surprise a drawing of Caroline appeared at the top of a flight of stairs. I was standing behind her with a radiant sun on the end of a string, and on either side of her were my two inner children, who identified themselves as Joachim and Anna. Caroline looked very sexy in a red, off-the-shoulder dress. She stood between two columns supporting a plinth upon which sat a griffin and a unicorn, each facing inwards towards a triangle with an eye at its centre. We were all standing on a rainbow carpet.

“I’m not going to lock Caroline in the cellar any more,” I announced. “This is Caroline’s Coming Out Party and my preparation for our Journey to the Bridal Chamber. If you have any gifts or qualities you would like to contribute, please step forward. If you need a new name or a special role to play, please let me know.”

I wondered who would step out first. To my surprise, it was Prune Face.

“I wish you would stop calling me Prune Face,” she complained.

Prune Face came into existence after Caroline was locked up in the cellar. After being sexually abused, I became a plain, depressed little girl. From early photographs, it was obvious that the light had gone out of my life, but now Prune Face looked different. She was growing up, even though she had promised not to. She was still shy and sensitive, but now she longed for a new name. I asked her what she would prefer to be called. All subpersonalities have their own preferred names.

She told me she wanted to be called Lisa.

“I’m jealous of Caroline because she is receiving all the attention. You never gave me a Coming Out Party. You didn’t

even notice that I was growing up.”

I apologized and asked her what she needed.

“I need to be married with children to feel safe. All I ever wanted was a quiet life in the country, growing flowers and vegetables in my garden, cooking for my family, nurturing my children, and spending quiet evenings around the fire with my husband.”

I suspected Lisa was the other part of the polarity. She had always felt threatened when men turned on to Caroline. I told her she would have to be patient, as I first needed to love and heal myself.

“Lisa, you are precious to me. I acknowledge you for carrying my pain. I know how difficult it is for you to grow into a woman and how afraid you are of men. You still see yourself as an ugly duckling, but in reality you have the grace and beauty of a swan.”

Lisa’s face lit up. Then I had an idea. I could let Lisa marry on the inner. In psychological law anything is possible. As I had this thought, my animus stepped forward. Robert was the man of my dreams: mystical and artistic, yet grounded and practical. I had discovered him when I first entered therapy.

“I’d love to marry Lisa,” he said. “I have a ring for her.”

Lisa blushed as he placed a diamond ring on her engagement finger, and kissed her.

“I’ll build you a house in the country beside a stream, and together we will create a garden where we can grow flowers and vegetables.”

“It will really help me if you marry Robert because then I’ll stop searching for him in outer men,” I told Lisa.

“I have a gift for you,” she said, presenting me with a dove.

“Lisa, you carry the spirit of the dove. You help me to appreciate nature, to delight in simple pleasures, and to express feminine qualities.”

As Lisa and Robert walked away hand in hand, Sibylle, my saboteur, stepped forward. In a previous imagery, she had appeared with S.O.S. printed on her sweater, and a sword

in her hand. She rarely smiled and was very defensive. Her job had been to protect Prune Face from being hurt, but now that she had Robert to protect her, Sibylle felt redundant.

“I don’t want to be a saboteur any more,” she told me. “I’d prefer to be a knight on this Journey. I will give you my strength and my courage. My sword will become the sword of truth.”

I thanked Sibylle, feeling relieved that she was not going to sabotage my life any more, the way she usually did. Her transformation was instant. She changed into a knight in shining armour.

Freedom Fighter now stepped forward. He usually had a grim expression on his face, but now he was carrying a sword and shield instead of his usual banner with ‘ban the whatever’ on it.”

“I don’t want to fight any more,” he told me. “I’m always against instead of for something. I too would prefer to be a knight on this Journey, and I will bring my determination and integrity. Please call me Parsifal.”

As I thanked Sibylle and Parsifal for their willingness to be transformed, they glowed. Then they stepped aside and stood next to Sleepy Head, who was snoring under a tree.

“Don’t waste your life sleeping,” urged Parsifal.

Sleepy Head staggered towards me, still in her nightdress, and yawned. “I’m too tired to accompany you on this Journey,” she said, stifling another yawn, “I’ll have some good dreams instead.”

I knew I could not expect more of her, and I had to admit: she did have good dreams. I had always experienced difficulty waking up in the mornings, which was why I drank so much coffee. If I ever had to get up at dawn, I would be grumpy for the entire day. For some bizarre reason the sight of an early morning sunrise traumatized me! Sleepy Head stumbled back to her tree and promptly fell asleep.

Up skipped a character dressed like the Pied Piper, playing a merry tune on his flute. He wore colourful clothes, and had a mop of unruly blond hair. I had met him in a previous

imagery when he emerged from under the robe of my Witch.

"I'd like to dedicate this Journey to all the children of the World," said the Pied Piper. "I hope you will decide to write about it in a book for the children to read. I love to dance with my special friend, the Witch."

I did not fully understand the relationship of these two characters. Were they a team or a polarity, or did they help to balance each other? He was as light as she was dark. The Witch had joined us and was wearing her usual black robe, which she had hitched up to accommodate her broomstick. She was wearing little black boots on the ends of her spindly white legs, and her long black hair hung in thin strands from beneath her pointed witch's hat.

"I can cast smells," she croaked. "I mean spells. What the hell! I can cast smells if I want to, like the smell of freshly ground coffee and rose petals."

The Pied Piper accompanied her in a merry dance, which she did astride her broomstick.

The Magician waited until they had finished. He was wearing a pointed hat and a long blue and green robe with two snakes on the back forming a figure eight, and he had a fatherly arm around his young apprentice.

"I'm an alchemist," he explained. "I can change almost anything into gold. My name is Merlin and this is Arthur, my apprentice. I have a gift for Caroline. It's a Frog Prince."

In the palm of his hand sat a small green frog. Caroline was thrilled with it, but I was doubtful. I didn't want any more of those Prince fantasies.

"This is rubbish!" shouted my Pragmatist, who was dressed in a dark suit and sensible shoes. "These aren't subpersonalities at all. They're figments of your imagination."

"We're archetypes," Merlin explained. "We live in the higher unconscious."

The Pragmatist pulled a face: "What on earth are archetypes?"

"We're upgraded qualities of the personality. Subpersonalities are downgraded qualities."

The Pragmatist was not convinced and told me to stay grounded.

"I'm afraid this Frog Prince is a bit ugly, but you have the power to make him beautiful," Merlin continued.

"I don't care what he looks like," Caroline giggled. "Will he make me laugh?"

"You never know what might happen when you kiss a frog," croaked the frog. "If frogs were meant to fly, God would have given them wings."

Caroline laughed loudly.

"Caroline has the power to make the frog beautiful," Merlin pointed out. "She could transform him back into a Prince."

"So could I," said the Witch.

"You would put a spell on him, which is how he became a frog in the first place," Merlin told her. "Caroline would transform him by helping him to bring out his princely qualities. There's a difference between casting spells and helping someone to express their potential."

"I like him just the way he is," laughed Caroline.

"That will transform him faster than anything," said Merlin. "Love and acceptance break spells."

At this point Aluna, the star-spangled lady, stepped forward. I had only met her recently, and suspected she was related to my creativity. She was exotic with golden curls piled high on her head, where a star sparkled. She wore crescent-moon earrings, a gown decorated with stars and rainbows, and she carried a wand.

"I have a magic wand for you to take on the Journey," she told me. "It grants only good and beautiful wishes. I will give you my creativity and my imagination. I can make elephants fly and catch moonbeams for your delight."

"This is a stupid party," Mona complained. "Who are these silly people? This is a complete waste of time, and I want to go to bed."

Mona was the part of me that is always moaning. She wore grey and sounded like my mother. The Pragmatist agreed

with her, adding that these people weren't real.

"How dare you insinuate that we're not real," the Witch snorted. "If we're not real, how come we've been written about throughout the ages?"

"Only in fairy tales," the Pragmatist pointed out dryly. "Everyone knows fairy tales aren't real."

"Fairy tales are the unspeakable clothed in words," said Sheta Nut, suddenly emerging from the attic. "Fairy tales and myths never grow old or go out of fashion. They are passed down from generation to generation."

Sheta Nut was wearing a long pleated gown with her breasts hanging out, and a matching painted collar and belt. On her head she wore a crown looking like the astrological sign for Taurus the bull.

"You should cover up your breasts," said the Critic.

"In ancient Egypt women were not ashamed of their breasts, and men did not ogle them, the way they do in this culture," Sheta Nut pointed out. "The naked body was revered and depicted on the walls of our temples."

"What's that stupid thing on your head?" the Pragmatist asked.

"It's my Isis crown," Sheta Nut replied indignantly. "These are the horns of intelligence surrounding the solar disc."

"They don't look very intelligent to me," mocked the Critic.

"They look ridiculous," Mona agreed.

"What purpose do they serve?" the Pragmatist demanded to know.

"Isis is my personal deity," said Sheta Nut. "I bring my ability to channel higher energies and my transcendence, and I give you my name, which means Secret of the Sky. Travel with me in the solar boat, and I will teach you how to dance like a star. I give this key to Caroline."

She handed Caroline the key I had seen in her hand in the attic.

"It is the key of the Gateway to Heaven," Sheta Nut

announced.

I wanted to ask her to explain, but already I was beginning to identify with Sleepy Head.

"I have one concern," I told them all. "I feel that Mona, the Critic and the Pragmatist are resisting. If you cannot accompany me on this Journey without moaning, criticizing or disbelieving what you see, then I won't be able to go."

There was a long silence.

"If I stop criticizing you, I don't trust you not to do stupid things," said the Critic, who asked to be called Clara. "I need to be reassured that you won't embarrass me in public. If you wore that thing on your head, I'd die of embarrassment."

"I need your help," I told Clara. "There is no need to criticize me; just whisper in my ear when you have a concern."

Clara was delighted to hear this. Critics love to be needed.

"I need your help too," I told the Pragmatist, who wanted to be called Frank. "Please help me to stay grounded."

Frank beamed at me.

"You know how much I hate moaning," said Mona, bursting into tears. "Why don't you stop me?"

I promised to stop her every time I heard her complaining.

After thanking them all, I crawled into bed wondering how I could contain so many different characters without going crazy. The following day I wrote a long letter to my therapist, telling him about the angel, Sheta Nut and Caroline's Coming Out Party. At the end of the letter I wrote:

"I hope together we can unravel this mystery."

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1 The Soul, the Quality of Life, Alice Bailey. Lucis Press, 1974.

## Epilogue

*The Awakening Princess* is an accurate account of the strange events prior to and following Sheta Nut's appearance in November 1985. I had travelled to Southern California to study Psychosynthesis, not to write a book about an initiation in the Great Pyramid during the reign of Akhenaten, but within six months I had written a six-hundred-page manuscript, with illustrations. To be more precise, *it wrote me!*

In 1987 I returned to Scotland to build up my Psychosynthesis practice. The manuscript was placed in a cupboard and dismissed as a figment of my overactive imagination. It remained there until January 1989 when I received a mysterious telephone call from Egypt. A stranger, the wife of an English engineer contracted to build a new sewer under Cairo, had met a client of mine on the Giza plateau, and wanted to offer me a house overlooking the Great Pyramid. When I had recovered from the shock, I accepted her offer and travelled to Egypt at the beginning of February. The house, which her family used as a weekend retreat, did indeed overlook the Great Pyramid. It was framed in the bedroom window. I took up residence in the house, which stood in the grounds of a children's weaving school, on the 4th February 1989. The significance of the children's weaving school was obvious, but it took eight years for me to discover the significance of this date.

As the Great Pyramid was being cleaned, it was closed to the public. Everyone I knew, including the engineer, applied for permission for me to enter, but the authorities were adamant: absolutely *no* admittance. I was disappointed for several reasons. The Nile did not run anywhere near the Giza plateau and there was no sign of a causeway under the Sphinx. However, I did see a boat similar to the one described by Sheta Nut, which had been found buried in a stone pit beside the Great Pyramid in 1954. It is now in a special museum, and when I saw the boat I cried uncontrollably as I re-

lived Sheta Nut's final voyage along the Nile.

I also met an American Egyptologist who confirmed that Sheta Nut's name in ancient Egyptian means Secret of the Sky. After I found a book in which Herodotus described an underground causeway leading from the Nile to the Great Pyramid, I was even more determined to gain entry. Then I realised that I had not asked the Great Pyramid itself for permission to enter.

I arrived during the workers' tea break and indicated that I wanted to enter. They replied in Arabic which a passerby translated for me. They were telling me to ask the Inspector of Giza, and pointed to a building in the distance. To my astonishment the Inspector of Giza not only gave permission, he accompanied me and insisted on using my camera to take photographs of me inside the Queen's and King's Chambers. Normally cameras are not allowed inside any of the pyramids. He also allowed me to go down into the area beneath the Great Pyramid known as the Pit, which has been closed to the public since it was discovered that it sent people crazy. Ascending through the Grand Gallery to the King's Chamber was the most exhilarating experience of my life, enabling me to understand Sheta Nut's longing for initiation in the Great Pyramid, which has been described as the greatest House of Light on Earth; a record in stone of the history and development of humanity.

When I walked out afterwards into the bright Egyptian sunlight, I was both laughing and crying. Sheta Nut had not failed her initiation. Through many lives and many deaths, she had survived, and her immortal spirit lives on through me.

Later that day I was travelling in a car through Heliopolis when it was involved in a crash. I thought this was bizarre considering what Sheta Nut had told me about her ka (pronounced car) crashing onto the lid of the sarcophagus. The crash occurred in Heliopolis where she had been prepared for final initiation and where her vow of celibacy was broken with Akara.

A recent seismic survey has revealed several unexplored tunnels and cavities beneath the Sphinx, including a large rectangular chamber beneath the monument's front paws. There is also a fresco in a temple at Abydos depicting aeroplanes, a helicopter, and tanks facing an eagle. How else could the ancient Egyptians have known about twentieth-century technology, and America's confrontation with Iraq, but through time-travel? What powerful message were they sending us over three thousand years ago?

Recently I watched the video recordings of Drunvalo Melchizedek's Flower of Life workshop, in which he talks about initiation in the Great Pyramid during the reign of Akhenaten whose mystery school prepared its students for unity consciousness. He also describes the Christ consciousness grid, which he says was completed on the 4th February 1989, the day I moved into the house overlooking the Great Pyramid. At the very end of his workshop, he says the planet's awakening will come through the children acting in unison. Everything Drunvalo describes I have experienced. As he also talks about what I saw beyond the third locked door, I now have no choice but to take myself seriously and go public with what I know.

When the manuscript was being typeset, I found 'The Coming Avatar' in *A Treatise on Cosmic Fire*<sup>1</sup> by Alice Bailey, and realized that this is what *The Awakening Princess* is about.

Marilyn Barry  
Findhorn.  
May 1997

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<sup>1</sup>Published by Lucis Press, 1925.

## *The Coming Avatar*

From the zenith to the nadir, from dawn to fall of night, from the emergence into being of all that is or may be to the passing into peace of all that hath achieved, gleameth the orb of blue and the inner radiant fire.

From the gates of gold down to the pit of earth, out from the flaming fire down to the circle of gloom, rideth the secret Avatar, bearing the sword that pierceth.

Naught can arrest His approach, and none may say Him nay. To the darkness of our sphere He rideth alone, and on His approach is seen the uttermost disaster, and the chaos of that which seeketh to withstand. The Asuras veil their faces, and the pit of maya reeleth to the foundation. The stars of the eternal Lhas vibrate to that sound – the WORD uttered with sevenfold intensity,

Greater the chaos becometh; the major centre with all the seven circulating spheres rock with the echoes of disintegration. The fumes of utter blackness mount upwards in dissipation. The noise discordant of the warring elements greets the oncoming One, and deters Him not. The strife and cries of the fourth great Hierarchy, blending with the softer note of the Builders of the fifth and sixth, meet His approach. Yet He passeth on His way, sweeping the circle of the spheres, and sounding forth the WORD.

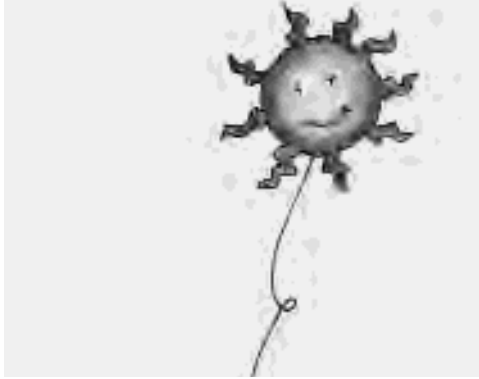
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From the nadir to the zenith, from eve unto the Day be with us, from the circle of manifestation to the centre of pralayoic peace, is seen the enveloping blue, lost in the flame of achievement.

Up from the pit of maya back to the portals of gold, forth from the gloom and darkness back to the splendour of day, rideth the Manifested One, the Avatar, bearing the shattered Cross.

Naught can arrest His return, non can impede His Path, for He passeth along the upper way, bearing His people with Him. Cometh the dissolution of pain, cometh the end of strife, cometh the merging of the spheres and the blending of the hierarchies. All then is re-absorbed within the orb, the circle of manifestation. The forms that exist in maya, and the flame that devoureth all, are garnered by the One Who rideth the Heaven and entereth into the timeless Aeon.

*From the Archives of the Lodge*



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