

The Seven Saintly Souls

Alain D Baillon

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Dedication of The Seven Saintly Souls

Inspired by my loving mother Julie who passed away on the 14th of January 2010, this workbook is about seven individual's journey seen through my eyes as they make their way through life towards a higher state of consciousness or enlightenment. See if you can see yourself in any of the characters. The meditations that accompany these seven short stories are fun and awakening. An easy e-book to read with lots of powerful messages – Enjoy.

The Light Bearer

Too often in life we dream of great achievements and aspirations that seem to only be limited by imagination. The Light Bearer is king. He is the alpha male and highly sought after for pleasure by women all over the country. He possesses a body most men would die for, his personality and charm only being surpassed by the man Bond. He traveled the country far and wide in his pursuits of highs. His sporting achievements of the past too structured, today's Light Bearer's fun is to tame the wild rivers, climb treacherous cliff faces and no building was too high or scary for this hero to conquer as an abseiler.

'Money is my friend' he once told me, and money he did have plenty. His financial interests largely from sources bordering the illegal are far and wide. No one was game enough to ask him how much he is worth or exactly how this income is generated. But no arguments his lifestyle did show the man was cashed up.

He roamed the land for years seemingly enjoying life at its fullest. Working appears to be more of a hobby than a chore. This interesting soul mysteriously one day got to a very low point. He had exhausted the world around him that he so loved and unconscious to him was actually starting to feel heavy and draining. The man that had once leaped from tall buildings was now too weak to even look up at the concrete monsters he so once enjoyed to own and wrestle its might as if these steel and dirt structures were living things.

All around him his world had lost its charm. The city lights looked the same. The energy of the life that seemed impenetrable had now appeared like a 'B' Grade movie in a language he could not understand.

More and more he tried to re-enact the times, places, feelings of his now former life, but more and more something seemed to dawn on him that 'it was time to shift gear' i.e. make a change.

The internal process was long and hard and seemed endless. The only change he knew was the chi ching stuff in his pockets or the upgrades at lonely hotels.

The years went by. The Light Bearer struggled labouringly with various potions, hocus pocus ideal and messiah. It felt like nothing would move this man into a heartfelt place, something like a joy that he once knew, without the toys.

Just at the point of no hope and no return our crusader had freed himself from his chains and looked quite contented with life again. He had managed to salvage most of his wealth and even a so called G.F.C has not dampened his enthusiasm. This magnificent human had through his seeking and searching found the key to open the next level of his journey. The resounding acceptance that life can co-exist in a material world and a spiritual world was what the Light Bearer has come to Realize.

Meditation

Simply lie back in a comfortable place and to the sounds of the Djembe. Just listen, really listen to the rhythm and vibration of this beautiful instrument well known as the heart of Guinea. There is a message coming through now or in the next 48 hours. The outer body too needs tenderness.

The Confused Being

Sadness is first emotion that comes to mind when the Confused Being came to light. Only the thoughtless world concludes that this person was anything but wounded.

February is a time of celebration for the Chinese and the mood of festivities filled the air, even in severely quiet locations. As migration has spread, so has culture, but for this Being, other people's joy and happiness is not felt. If any the so called feeling is pain, a pain long left there by a longing to be loved. This character does not easily take to anyone pointing to her that 'stuff' needs to be healed. Years of claustrophobic accumulation of emotional disasters had become a tidal wave of pain of a proportion too large to mention. This very Confused Being had experienced the worst of life could dish out. From a traumatic childhood, to deaths in the family, to broken marriages. The support of friends would never be enough to comfort her. Sadly few friends would stay around for long as her emotional healing was so demanding it would be way too hard.

Heading into the directions of wanting the peace of life, this fractured soul pursued a path of learning the skills of the prophets and the soothsayers. Through many spiritual practices she forayed, deeper and deeper into multiple types of meditations, psychic circles and even dabbled into the dark side. The further and more intense the studies the more she was awakening to her own demons. Emotion not previously healed was now coming forth like a runaway train. With no ceiling to hit and no one to really understand her wounds, the Confused Being was nearly now at a point of no return. No return to where? To a level of confusion that only the very wise could assist to a full recovery.

Total mayhem appears to be the law of the day. Life was so unreal, medication was needed to give her some commonsense. Strawberry hills forever was her favorite song. And why not? She had crossed over the unreality. Trouble rained all around, often with a nasty outcome. Evictions, rejections, pulverizations of her sanity but no redemption. At least not for now. No magician appeared. But one who did put his hand out to help had his fingers chewed off and nearly lost his shirt legally.

It only feels like yesterday that the Confused Being was living tormented by her own self. What looked like a painfully deserted soul was actually clearing out a truck load of karma.

Some say she ended her life through the bottle. Others say that family is now caring for her. Others still say that she has been put away for her own safety.

A face in the crowd at a concert looked distinctive. You know that feeling of 'I know you but not sure where'. A very gentle smile of acknowledgement cemented the recognition. The Confused Being was no more. A vision of Jesus had vaporized all her sins, good and bad, and she was now ready for her next level of awareness.

Meditation

Find a room in the house that you would not normally relax in. To the sounds of the Spanish guitar allow the music to permeate through your soul. Mentally call it to you as if you are enticing a dog to you. Now listen, really listen to what the music is telling you about your life at this moment. The care of the mind is an essential part of a spiritual crusader.

The Colourful One

That smile was so distinctive that you could use it as a lighthouse. Not that his teeth were neat and shiny to the oh contraire, beauty is really to the beholder.

The Colourful One's huge personality is how most people know him. It bounces off him like a basketball player gracefully scoring or not. He spent most of his years traveling. If you asked him where he's been his answer was always the same – just traveling. This intrepid warrior had actually been to many exotic destinations on the planet. Compared to other travelers he did things on a budget, but the quality of adventure was in the millionaire's row. Royalty entertained him, the poor would have their measly way with him and the women oh la la. To bed the Colourful One was a prize only some lucky many could claim. Surprisingly none talked, but all smiled cheekily. Some say that's how he got that contagious smile.

A man with an attitude he was. He had no problem taking no for an answer, but he wanted a good explanation to go with it. Turning things around in his favour was his gift. There was not much he could not do or achieve. Somewhat lazy his ability to manifest a fruitful life was his goal, and he certainly got there. Just like the golden setting sun of the Australian outback, his love protruded far and wide. His income source allowed him to travel and spread the good word. No he was not a priest. On occasions he did sound sort of religious. Making fun of biblical characters was a great past time. Getting himself in the 'sh..t' once from a well meaning creature. A well learned experience, but did not stop him.

The Colourful One had a rotter sad side to his journey. Unknown to most, he was not a well man. A debilitating illness was cutting into his time on this planet moment by moment. When once asked about his health he softly said that quality not quantity is his thing. He continued to say that your experiences are marred by your overloaded emotions and when worries come in if you feed them they control your life. Living less in your emotions makes your life more full and fulfilled. This person had weird concept of what would happen to the planet, its people and its animals. Strangely he did not say much but never seemed concerned. Maybe he was psychic or clairvoyant or something like that.

The Colourful One hit the road recently. He was like Lassie, job done move on. Exactly where he was off to wasn't quite clear. Expert opinion was that he was on another spiritual trek. He did not like the word enlightenment, but loved the word clear. Another expert felt that he would come back much the wiser.

On a windy road in a third world country our famous friend fell physically succumbing to his illness. With no way of letting his friends and family know of his whereabouts he suffered immensely for many days bordering on death. His own words, 'the devil doesn't want me yet'. If miracles exist this is one. The Colourful One was now healed of his life threatening illness with a message to give to whoever touched his presence. His next level awaited him.

Meditation

An outdoors place with a northeast aspect works here. To the sophisticated sounds of the grand piano pinpoint your attention to the high notes coming from this marvelous piece of ingenuity. Listen, really listen to this god like creation as if it was a thousand angels chanting. There is a message for you and your health quality here. Can you connect to it? It will reveal the real.

The All Loving Individual

Isn't it weird that we often judge and criticize with the very little knowledge of the circumstance at hand. A little bell in the head rings when that happens, so why is it that we are deaf in one ear and can't hear in the other.

The all loving individual had a knack of being able to accomplish projects. Sometimes away head of time. She relentlessly had many things on the go and without fail would achieve a high level of accomplishment. No doubt there was what appeared to be divine guidance at work here. She had mastered the physical world to the point where all seemed rather easy. Giving and receiving love, be in emotional or practical was light work for this divine individual. Days were spent in the confines of gracious people. Powerful people economically were regular friends. Whatever sex or preference you sure had no bearing on this All Loving Individual's ability to be fully present with you. Age, creed or colour – too easy. The respect that she commanded, but never demanded was awesome. Charitable and organized was often words that the town folk described her. If you were short of something, be it sugar or a hammer or a loving smile she was always there to give and plenty of. However never ask her for cash. She only gave to what she called the truly needy. No one really managed to work out what the meant and who she meant it for or whatever.

As the years ticked by the All Loving Individual got more and more involved with other people's needs. Work became a hobby, fun was getting a little scarce and her needs got into the "I'll do it later" bracket. Her abilities did not only ride in the area of her compassion, she was also very, very creative. Without any formal training she painted beautifully although some would say rather eccentric. She never went for shows and awards preferring to captivate the thought and feelings that spontaneously came up and sharing her magical art pieces to those who could relate to them. Once one of the pieces did end up being exhibited at a Mind & Body expo and she unashamedly stood next to the master piece like a famous artist at a city exhibit. She wanted the experience of momentary fame. Many cameras clicked and as the day went on the All Loving Individual was back to her former glory as the apple of giving.

Her glowing energy always seemed to precede her. That day she got the news that both her parents had passed away. Peacefully they moved on in each other's arms to meet their maker. Accidental, coincidence or whatever, they were happy to be as one. Life was never gonna be same now. Her first Christmas as an orphan. The All Loving Individual felt that pumping feeling that something deeper than herself was moving in her gut, a movement equal to a major life change toward a much more fulfilling life. Hard to imagine, after how she had pursued this journey so far. She intuitively knew that it was time to move to the next level and she prepared herself spiritually and emotionally.

Meditation

A wild and windy place is not quite the place you would find someone meditating. Gently sit and feel your body succumb to the elements. To the sound of the howling saxophone stay in the dimension of time and space of where you are. Now listen really listen to that almost haunting screaming piece of metal. Allow it to pierce your skin with its sounds. A message of peace within is rolling out of spirit's mouth.

The Family Man

Have you ever wondered why things are like it is? Like why is it that the sky is blue, how about why is it that rainy days make you feel sleepy. And why do the dishes when they are going to get dirty again.

The family person liked to be loved. He has a ute and a trailer that he regularly loans out or partakes in moving people or rubbish. Such tasks, he just keeps on keeping on. Our man here does not have time to waste on working weekends, no he is too busy helping out some poor destitute individual. Never questions the fact that he may be used, he stretches his muscles to a painful place without a word of complaint.

The family man once moved state, not because he did not love where he was, it was because he felt more needed elsewhere. Intuition also told him there was gold in those hills nearby too, so a long time passion and insufficient funds for his long term future drew him to this new land. Friends gathered around him wherever he spoke of lost fortune in the caves in the hills. Not being sure where these where, he often joked about his bad memory. Really did they ever exist or was it just a need for attention as the years flew by?

Family person gathered the best of his flock one day and headed north. The seven musketeers had different skills relating to the jobs needed to seek and find bullion of gold that is.

His jovial nature was missed in town and more so his ute that had been such a lifeline for so many. Rumors abound about exactly where he was and what exactly he was doing. Secrecy fell over the project as those who knew the truth were not saying anything. This once very popular identity was now casting shadows as to his intent and sadly some believed the lies. Clouded by the rumors, his allies tried in vain to protest his innocence when a concocted story of the family person in a newspaper revealed that he was actually a con man in his history.

All the time our hero was out in the wild blue yonder enjoying the company and interaction of his adventures in search of utopia. Totally oblivious of what was being said and talked about he carried on his daily pace unaware of his immediate surroundings.

An eerie sunset one evening brought chills to his bones. This highly intuitive soul had learnt to read his body responses and they were telling him that he was very near a large find that would change his life forever. The next morning's air smelt full and rich. Quietly he studied his maps and beaming and after a very reflective light breakfast headed in the direction towards a rock face. There beyond just meters away exposed by recent storms lay a magnificent seam of gold. Words could not describe his feelings

A rifle shot sang in the air. Mayhem had set in. The seven once friendly troupers were now arch enemies, greedy animals attacking each other for the bootie. The battle was short and fatal and bloody. Miraculously only the Family Person had survived. He was now ready to move on to his next level of awareness.

Meditation

With a view of the distant mountains, feel the space around you. To the sounds of the fingers and observing the click click of that unique sound with the timing as if it is the heart beating. Listen, really listen and get the message of life and death. Focus on the point of contact where the finger hits the base of the thumb. The point of frustration. Time to face your mortality.

The Experienced Creator

If you saw a roll of money tied by a ribbon, would you pick it up? The fact that it appears to belong to someone would you hand it over to the law? A physical law that condemns most spiritual laws.

The experienced creator looks out of her top floor apartment in a very ritzy part of the city and stretches to the morning like a lazy cat. Nothing there you might say but to this kitten of the energetic world, a feeling of glee. Achievements are measured materially and this soul certainly considers that aspect clearly. The magic of this person is that she has the capacity to bend, play out and reshape her life - she controls her emotions like very few people can. Looks like a trick from a sorcerer's hand but she has managed to go to the depth of understanding unlike few mortals have. Luck plays a big part in her world - she prefers to call that the Divine

The Experienced Creator has everything. Looks, cash, great opportunistic experiences and list goes on and on. Yes even a set of steak knives. The invincible one she was once called. Not shy for more fame and fortune she was also spiritually powerful and the compassion to boot it too. Way down the ladder of her success was confidence. She seemed to exude a great sense of this character but underneath lurked a monster persona. Well covered by the label of fancy clothes, jewelry and the right friends. A storm was ready to unleash its fury on the Experienced Creator.

The social circle was her playground. No party would be right without this fantastic creator. First name basis from the whos who of her fair city. It was a place of highs for her to be in that environment and those who frequented her presence were equally basking in that euphoric energy. Like a fireworks display, the anticipation of what her visit would bring to a function was always a buzz.

This Creator made many people happy, helped many others achieve great community heights. Boosted dozens more to meteoric acclaim. Her ability to bolster people through from helplessness to magnificence was just breathtaking. She had no qualms to sharing her magic as well. If asked she gladly explained the unexplained to whoever wanted to listen and maybe learn. Her motto is 'The cause has got to be bigger than you'. Few comprehended this.

A night on the town saw this magnificent soul push the universe to its limit. As a limitless that does not make sense, but this is what happened that night. The alcohol flowed freely. The service and setting irreplaceable. The later the night moved on the louder it became. Moments of blank started to fall upon our experienced creator. Gaps of light, sounds, smells, an unusual sensation for her but as she had never experienced such sensations before, she partied on until a deafening silence took over.

As if the plug were being pulled on a very dark room, everything went chaotic. Blood, screams, shock was now the go. The scene looked like carnage had taken place. The emotions of the watchers and the helpers was of disbelief. Get this, do that, panic and mayhem had fast set in. No one seemed to have a clue as to what was the appropriate action.

A beautiful goddess holding a teddy bear looked on as two angels make a mad dash to the hospital which saw the experienced creator bleeding to near death. Morphine, visions and operations and a long night of many truths was the affect of the meltdown of the ego. She was now ready to enter a new level of consciousness.

Meditation

Grab a bunch of your favorite friends and after sharing a sweets treat bring out a mouth organ in the key of g. Lubricate your mouth and then let your spirit rip out any sounds that you can muster from that little instrument between your lips. If you know how now slide into a bluesy rendition of Johnny b good. Now listen, really listen to the agonizing growl of that mouth organ and the tune. Is it telling you that life has or has not passed you by?

The Connected Magician

In darkness we go where we can. A bird in a room has difficulty finding its way out the open window. Super heroes overlook the fact that their underpants are on the outside of their suits.

To the Connected Magician all these have no reference point. He has attained such a high level of consciousness that he overlooks the trivialities of life. He does not bother straightening his jeep at the shopping centre car park. How it fit in is just right, luckily by choice always between the lines. Watching him peel a mango or a lychee is quite a laugh. Mouth and hands everywhere. That is what sleeves are for as he wipes the juices off his strong hands. I suppose being natural is this soul's main character. Courteous, curious, compassionate and caring to self first then others are his great attributes. Without sounding selfish he really does not care for and of other people's opinions and judgments. Not loved by all, but mystified by most. The story of how he came about to be on this planet is too farfetched but here goes anyway.

Once upon a time on a distant planet far far there lived an evolved race of souls. They had reached financial, emotional and spiritual wisdom way beyond those of the mere mortals of this planet earth. Attaining close to what we call enlightenment here, they lived a peaceful existence and manifested the life that they wanted at the click of a finger. Thought and reality had met a happy union. Life could not be any more perfect for these godly creatures even their plant and animal kingdoms were of a superior elevation. Colour, feel, texture could be experienced as far only as the imagination. The Connected Magician had reached to the point of total realization - Or had he? As there was no time in his universe, nothing to long for and no need to seek, it would be almost weird to say that one of those faithful souls would want to venture off that existence and want to try to experience life anywhere else. As this crusader gazed into the cosmos with an intention of just being he noticed planet earth in the distance. Often the thoughts of what life would be like there? or better still why does this place touch a cord for him? Questions questions. Goodbye planet Niala.

Whosh! As his little space machine whizzed off into outer space past the stars and the other planets. Steering well clear of the meteorites he headed toward the blue planet that he had often observed with a funny question on his face. Not the most gracious landing and location, but our intergalactic friend immediately headed off to the task on hand. After a few days of solitude and giving thanks to the great universe he started roaming these lands. He did this for sometime experiencing much. A journey not done before on his evolved planet. Something was different. With super powers he tuned in.

He met the Light Bearer outside a bank, then passed the Confused One clearing depression on a hill. The Colourful Being was busy resolving past issues and had little time to chat. The All Loving Individual was holding a charity fair flanked by a large following. The Family Man sitting alone but not lonely, wondering head down. The Experienced Creator lay calmly on a bench eating grapes. The Connected Magician viewed this existence through different eyes, so different than what he could have ever imagined. Committed to do whatever he was called upon to do, he invoked his Maker and his Guides to give him his tasks. Before he could finish his asking he was told to go forth and bring this planet into a new state of consciousness - known to few on earth. This new magic will be simply known by its knowing. Or Truth

This loving man incarnate went about connecting with the many from all walks of life infusing this beautiful medicine of truth. In his preachings he said although there were

many paths to spirit and intuition plays a vital role in this journey, check in to see if the truth is also at work here. Meaning is this the utmost best route for this person's peace?

Emotions need to be worked through so that feelings can come alive to both physical earth and the heavenly bodies. Romantic love has its place in the 3rd dimensional world. Be mindful of its power. Amongst his many teachings, he inferred the fact that the love and care of one's psychical body was a must. Enjoy being in your own skin whatever age, creed and colour you are born in. Most good things starts with F he was often saying. The focus on healing using any chosen modality and tool of old wounds although sometimes expensive and draining was an integral part of higher awakening. Loving fearlessly, he grinned was on par to enjoying your most delicious experiences, remembering to love at any age as the heart does not have any wrinkles. The constant changes in mother earth needs to be seen for what it really is. The many destructions happening around the globe is how earth responds to long times of mismanagement by so called power - more on this topic in another book to come called 'Tackle the waves at your own Risks'. Environment is a reflection of our inner spirit playing a game. Does your game empower you? The Connected Magician would say that spiritual practice of any form enhances your connection to the divine. Throw in some religion too, that's ok. Great masters spend hours meditating, but make it simple and fun and joyous to your living. Respect our children's beliefs and values because one day they will be our leaders. There is no poverty if we all give a little, do with a little less. Balance our greed. Prosperity is a great word - pass it on and around. Like technology it has its place in the greater scheme of things.

This grateful man took a deep breath from his many many dialogues looked into the void and with a full smile said - Why are inlaws called inlaws?

A flash in the night sky herald his time had come for him to return home. He psychically scanned the entire planet for unfinished business on all levels. Green lights from his fellow aliens hovering above gave him the go now order and also ripped into him the answer as to his question and quests of what his journey to planet earth was all about. As the summer evening wore on the Connected Magician headed for the moonlit beach and gently walked along alone recollecting in his mind and heart his earthly adventures. His footsteps being the only visible marks as his body started evaporating, almost Hollywood style. Within moments he was no more.

A loving couple walking hand in hand at sunrise chatting, hugging, stopping to occasionally kiss stumbled upon an imprint in the sand. Surrounded by little hearts made of shells were the words - R U living The Life That You Want To Live ?.....

Meditation

No matter where you are, who you are with, what is going on

Shut out the outer world for a few seconds and Feel really Feel the Peace.

Cheers Alain



.....Are you living the life that you want to live?.....

PS If you have enjoyed this book, check out my website for other e-books and products. I also appreciate your comments.

<http://alain-psychic.com.au>

alain.28.10.1@gmail.com