

ULTIMATE MULTIMEDIA CONSULT PRESENTS

THE GRAND AWAKENING



MASTER GERALD BUSINGE

The Grand Awakening

Unveiling the Divine Within: A Journey Beyond Illusion into Infinite Remembrance

Master Gerald Businge

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The Grand Awakening: *Unveiling the Divine Within: A Journey Beyond Illusion into Infinite Remembrance*

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Foreword

There comes a moment in every seeker's journey when the whisper of truth grows too powerful to ignore, and when the light within demands to be acknowledged. *The Grand Awakening* is not merely a book—it is a portal, a transmission, a living testament to the eternal wisdom that has been encoded within the great knowledge, wisdom and practical guides.

Gerald Businge has masterfully woven together the golden threads of ancient traditions, blending the sacred teachings of African spirituality, Eastern mysticism, and esoteric wisdom with the transformative insights of modern spiritual awakening. This is not a book that you simply read—it is a journey you embark upon. The book you are invited to step beyond the known, to dissolve the illusions of separation, and to reclaim the infinite power that has always resided within you.

Through the lens of storytelling, dialogue, and deeply reflective narration, *The Grand Awakening* serves as both a guide and a mirror. The profound conversations between the wise teacher Shalom and the attentive seeker capture the essence of spiritual initiation—the shift from unconscious existence to divine remembrance. This is a work that does not impose doctrine but rather encourages direct experience. It urges you to look beyond conditioned beliefs, beyond external authority, and into the boundless wellspring of knowing that exists within your soul.

What makes this book truly remarkable is its ability to unify diverse spiritual perspectives without diluting their essence. Whether one follows the wisdom of the Tao, the path of Christ Consciousness, the teachings of the Kemetic masters, or the guidance of indigenous traditions, the central message remains clear: You are not separate from the Divine—you are an expression of it.

In a time when humanity stands at a crossroads, *The Grand Awakening* is both a call and a key. A call to rise beyond fear, limitation, and programmed consciousness, and a key to unlocking the infinite potential that lies dormant within each of us. As we navigate an era of profound transformation, this book reminds us that enlightenment is not a destination—it is a state of being, an unfolding, an eternal dance with the cosmos.

As you turn these pages, do not merely read—feel. Do not merely understand—experience. Allow this work to activate within you the deep remembrance of who and what you truly are. This is not a book for the mind alone; it is a guide for the soul, a map for the heart, and an invitation to step fully into the luminous reality of your divine essence.

Master Goddard Murphy, Spiritual Teacher and Entrepreneur

The Grand Awakening: Unveiling the Divine Within: A Journey Beyond Illusion into Infinite Remembrance

A real dream

The golden rays of the morning sun stretched lazily over the rolling hills of Kamata, casting long shadows across the courtyard where my father, Ignatius Besisira, sat beneath the sprawling branches of a mango tree. The thick, gnarled roots of the tree dug into the earth like the hands of time itself, anchoring generations of memories. The wind carried the scent of ripe fruit and damp earth, mingling with the distant chatter of village children playing in the neighborhood.

It was indeed an eerie morning here Kamata, a village tucked away in Paachwa Town Council, Kagadi District of Uganda. On this particular Saturday morning, I could see the sun had begun its ascent from behind the rolling hills, casting a golden light over the modest house where my siblings and I had grown up. The house stood as a quiet monument to our childhood, but now this homestead was only my father and mother, Amooti, who called it home. All of us, the grown children, had left for Kampala, where we were pursuing our own paths. I had come this particular Saturday to pay a visit to our parents after four months.

As I parked the car, I noticed my father peering over the top of his eyeglasses, his gaze lifting from the newspaper he had been reading. For a moment, our eyes met, and I was struck by how quickly I had parked. Before I knew it, I was seated beside him. He greeted me with a warm handshake, his touch firm yet full of the kind of gratitude that only a parent could express after months apart.

“*Orooho ota Akiiki?*” (“How are you Akiiki”) I greeted him in our native Runyoro-Rutooro language. In our culture, everyone gets one of the 12 Empaako (names of endearment) at birth. My father is Akiiki, and I am Ateenyi.

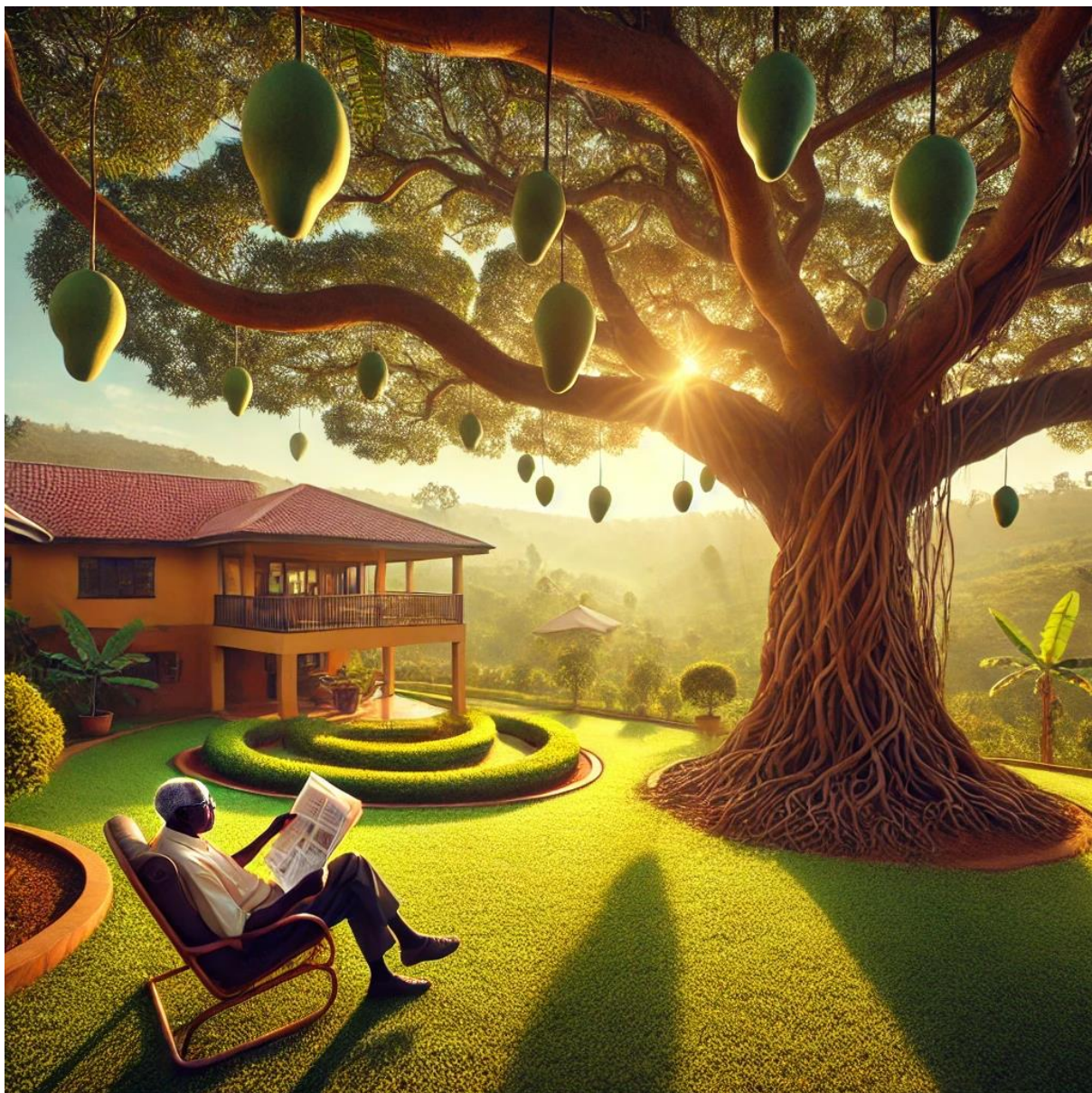
“*Ndobo Ateenyi,*” (I am well, Ateenyi) he replied with a soft smile. We talked briefly about family, work, health and the changes that had come with time.

“We worked so hard to build this home, hoping that we would live here happily with our children. But now, none of you are here. Your mother went for a medical

checkup, and now I am here, alone,” my father said, his voice tinged with a smile that hid the loneliness beneath.

At 45 this February 2025, I understood this feeling deeply. My own home, though filled with the laughter of children, often felt empty, especially when they are away at boarding school for most of the year. This was the inevitable cycle of adult life, one that I was beginning to fully comprehend.

“This is the culminating reality of adult life,” I said, acknowledging the deep truth of his words. By God’s grace, being the eldest son, I often acted as advisor to my father.



“How far with the land you purchased in Ndaiga?” he asked me. I was startled, as this was a far off topic. “I had a dream about that place, Ndaiga,” he said and my interest piqued at the mysterious nature of his words. “It was shown to me as the cradle of many minerals, including oil, in the African crest,” he said, his voice now laced with awe.

He spoke of Ndaiga not merely as a place, but as something far more significant. “I felt the pulse of the earth beneath my feet. The place seemed to vibrate with life, as though it were the heartbeat of humanity itself. It was as if the land held a secret—something powerful and ancient,” he said.

I was intrigued, not by the potential material wealth that may be in the land, but by the spiritual depths my father seemed to be touching. As a journalist, I was naturally curious, but there was a deeper sense of urgency in his words—something that resonated with the mystic within me. His dream sparked a yearning to uncover the hidden truths that lay in Ndaiga.

My father knew I had always been drawn to the mysteries of the world, so I guessed this was why he was sharing. Not sure if he knew how stirring this urge was in my heart. I had never shared with him the mysterious revelations I had witnessed in my life. I had the previous year published a book, *Becoming Ultimate Masters*, where I explored many spiritual truths and scientific facts to help one live a purposeful life, understand the laws of the universe and live a life in divine connection. My father who didn’t tell me if he read the book had intimated one time that “I saw you read a lot of books to come out with that publication”.

"Should I go to Ndaiga and explore more of this dream you've had?" I asked, seeking his permission and wisdom.

He nodded, his eyes gleaming with a sense of knowing. “Go. It might open your eyes and ears more than you know,” he said, his words carrying a quiet weight.

Though my father was a devout Catholic, I had never known him to express such mystical inclinations. His approval filled me with a sense of anticipation.

So, I set off for Ndaiga, the road winding through Paachwa, Mabaale, Kagadi and Muhorro towns before turning toward the road leading to Ndaiga sub-county. As I passed Muhoro, I made a stop at Kapyemi, the center of the Abaikiriza sect of Owobusobozi Bisaka. Though I had always been intrigued by the sect's widespread following, a voice inside urged me to continue toward Ndaiga. It felt as though the land itself was calling, beckoning me to discover its secrets.

This was my third time visiting Ndaiga located at the shores of Lake Albert which is called Lake Mwitanzige (killer of locusts). I left the car two kilometers after Kyamutunzi town. For beyond this point, the road descends in winding curves, thick with the scent of pine and damp earth. As I sat on the back of the motorcycle, the rocky surface of the road leading to sharp descent after sharp descent almost made me regret why I had been tempted to buy land here in the first place. I even had no immediate or clear plans of how I would use the land in an area that was hard to reach. But remembering my father's dream, I clutched tightly to the metal carrier with both hands as if to balance off the motorcycle rider who was taking me- towards an endless dip. What helped matters was the cool breeze as we descended lower and lower. The landscape seemed to stretch forever beneath the sky. While I had seen the escarpments, and the beautiful scenery below on previous journeys here, I was still amazed at how the steep cliffs seemed to hold the sky in their grasp as I gazed further below. It always seemed like the valley and cliffs were guiding travelers toward the unknown.

After about 40mins of twisting roads, riding over boulders, we finally reached the valley bottom, with the lake waters stretching beyond where eyes could see. Kabukanga village stretched out before me, its vast expanse lying like an undiscovered treasure. Here, the land is bare, dotted with a handful of humble mud-and-wattle houses, some semi-permanent house, each sheltering its own story. The

only sign of bustling life was the landing site, where locals gathered to fish and trade goods, mostly fish, foodstuffs and produce. The settlement seemed to hum with the energy of those who had lived here for a few decades, untouched by the rush of modern development. Yet, this time I could sense that there was something more beneath the surface—a story that the land had yet to share.

I dismounted from the motorcycle, my heart racing with a mix of excitement and uncertainty. I approached an old man sitting by a small fire, stirring a pot. “Do you know anything about this place?” I asked, hoping for some insight into the land my father had dreamed of. “I’ve heard it’s special,” I continued.

The man looked up slowly, his eyes tired but wise. “Ah, son,” he said with a slow, deliberate tone. “Kabukanga and the whole Ndaiga is like any other place. People live here, fish here, and some die here. There’s nothing special about it.” His words were dismissive, but they left me with more questions than answers.

I continued my search, speaking with more locals. Each conversation yielded the same result—the area was just a quiet village with rumors of oil and mineral deposits, though no one knew for sure. Indeed, I was aware that the government had two years ago brought by ferry a big exploration team and equipment, whose results were yet to be shared. No one seemed to know anything about the land’s supposed mineral wealth and mystical connections.

As I stood near the landing site, the air thick with the smell of fish and the noise of people haggling, I was about to leave when a voice caught my attention. The voice was soft, almost like a whisper, as if it was meant just for me.

“And not or...”

Be the one who knows, and not the one who seeks...”

I turned around, and there he was—a tall man seeming to be in his early thirties, walking alone, speaking as if to the wind itself. His words were like a poem, and they

struck me to my core. He wasn't speaking to anyone, but his voice carried the weight of ancient wisdom:

I felt it was strange. "And not or" is one of the principles I had taught for more than a decade in multimedia and digital communication classes at Makerere University. The principle encourages learners and practitioners to think of digital media tools and platforms as complementary, not alternatives. You use this and that and that, not this or that.

To be is to know, and to know is to be," he continued. He had surely won my highest attention.

*The truths of the world are many, but all are true.
Not this or that, but the truth is all of you.
You are the awareness of being, the I Am,
In this moment and every moment, you are that who is.
Existence is all you are, here and now,
On a continuous journey, here and now,
As you walk the path to know more of who you are,
As you allow the transformations to take place,
Towards the transformation of humanity,
Towards a new awareness of the now.
You are a grand adventure, you are,
Of the all that is, expressing within you and all.
See the deep mystery of your being unfold.
I am you from a different point of view.
Breathe it in, breathe it out, deeply, passionately.
Float freely now on the currency of creation.
To know thyself is to know all that is..."*

The words resonated in me like a deep bell. I felt a surge of energy—a connection to something far larger than myself, something ancient and divine. The man stopped, The Grand Awakening: *Unveiling the Divine Within: A Journey Beyond Illusion into Infinite Remembrance*

and as he turned to face me, his smile was knowing, his eyes twinkling as if he saw into the very heart of my being.

“Who are you?” I asked, my voice trembling with the weight of his words.

“I am,” he replied simply, as if that answer held all the mystery of the universe.

“Who? What’s your name?” I pressed, wanting to understand more.

He smiled again, that knowing smile. “I am, but you can call me Shalom Salam.”

There was a pause, and then he asked, “Who are you?”

“I’m is called Gerald Businge Ateenyi,” I replied, my voice filled with reverence. “I came to tour Ndaiga and learn about its mysteries,” I added, regaining my calm.

Shalom tilted his head slightly, his eyes thoughtful. “Mysteries?” he repeated. “How do you know it has mysteries?” he asked.

I hesitated, wondering how to explain. “My father had a dream,” I said finally. “A dream about this place. It felt... important. Like it holds the answers to something bigger,” I said.

Shalom smiled softly and gestured for me to follow him. “Come,” he said. “I’ll show you something,” he added.

We walked in silence for a while until we reached the edge of one of the escarpments. From here, the valley stretched out before us, the lake shimmering in the distance. Shalom led me down a narrow path, winding along the steep rock face. We reached a small ledge, and as we sat together, the view before us was breathtaking—vast, open, and yet deeply intimate.

“You are one of those seeds that fell on fertile ground,” Shalom said gently, his voice almost a whisper. “You have come here for a reason. I don’t mean here, in Ndaiga. The time has come for the grand awakening,” he added.

I looked at him, puzzled. “Grand awakening?” I had heard talk of big changes in the world, but never in this way. “What do you mean?” I quipped.

“Yes,” he replied. “The world is changing, shifting to a new dimension. But for now only a few will understand their true selves—only a few will awaken to their higher being and help guide others,” Shalom said.

“But what does that have to do with this place?” I asked, my mind racing. “Kabukanga... Ndaiga... is this the center of it all?”

Shalom smiled softly, his eyes filled with quiet wisdom. “This land is indeed important, Businge, but not in the way you think. This place, like many others, carries its own mysticism, its own history. But there are countless places around the world like this, and they all carry the same truth. What matters is not where you are, but who you are,” he said.

I blinked, trying to make sense of his words. “What do you mean?”

“The most important mystery is not the land, or the people, or the things you dream about,” Shalom explained. “It is the awareness of your own being. When you realize who you truly are, when you understand your connection to all that is, that is when the awakening begins. The truth lies within you,” he added.

I sat silently for a minute, feeling the weight of Shalom’s words. The wind whispered around us, and I felt as though something deep inside me was stirring, as though another important door had just been unlocked. Even the chuckling melodies of the birds and the noise from the haggling people yonder in Kabukanga didn’t seem to register in my mind.

“You are a part of the consciousness of all that is,” Shalom continued, his voice steady. “Everything is interconnected. The universe, the earth, and all beings within it. And the truth... it’s not about this or that. All truths are true, depending on the perspective. But the truth of who you are, is the key. Who you truly are never changes,” Shalom said.

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“Who am I?” I asked softly, more to myself than to him.

“You are the I AM,” Shalom answered. “You are the awareness. You are the higher self, the divine presence within you, showing up in a physical body. The world has forgotten, but it is time for you to remember,” he said.

I looked out over the valley and the yonder lake, feeling as though the world had shifted beneath my feet. The landscape before my eyes seemed to shimmer with new meaning. And I knew this was just the beginning.

The Power of Light – Illuminating Your Divine Path

The air was still, save for a gentle breeze that caressed my face, carrying with it the earthy fragrance of damp soil and distant blossoms. The wind seemed to have a way of whispering secrets to those who listened, and in that moment, as it brushed past me, my eyelids grew heavy. Surrendering to the calm embrace of nature, I closed my eyes.

And after about 15 minutes in this silence, it came—a great light.

It was not the harsh brightness of the midday sun, nor the artificial glare of electric bulbs. It was something deeper, something alive. It filled my entire being with warmth and clarity, as if the very essence of existence had been laid bare before me. The light did not merely illuminate; it *spoke*, though not in words, but in an understanding beyond language. I felt its presence seep into my core, stirring something ancient within me. When I finally opened my eyes, Shalom was watching me with a knowing smile, as though he had been expecting this very moment.

I blinked, still overwhelmed by the vision. “Shalom, I just saw something extraordinary. It was light—pure, radiant, and full of life. But it wasn’t like any light I’ve ever seen. It felt... divine. What does this mean?” I asked.

Sounding somewhat relieved that I had asked, Shalom leaned forward, his eyes reflecting a quiet wisdom. “Ah, my friend, you have just glimpsed what many seekers spend lifetimes searching for. That light is the very essence of life itself. It is the presence of the Divine, the core energy that sustains all things. Tell me, have you ever considered that everything you perceive—your emotions, thoughts, and even your very existence—is governed by light?” Shalom asked.

His words settled in my mind like ripples on a still lake. I pondered them, the weight of their meaning pressing upon me.

“I suppose I’ve thought of light as a phenomenon,” I admitted. “Something that allows us to see. But you’re saying it’s much more than that?” I asked.

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Shalom nodded. “Much more. Light is the foundation of creation, the first-born of divine order. In the book of Genesis, the very first command spoken by God was: *'Let there be light.'* (Genesis 1:3) This was not simply the creation of physical illumination—it was the manifestation of divine clarity, wisdom, and purpose. Before light, there was chaos. Likewise, in our lives, whenever we lack clarity, we live in darkness—uncertain, confused, and disconnected from our divine essence,” he said.

A shiver ran through me, though not from the cool breeze. I understood, in that moment, the weight of what he was saying. That in any situation you face, you order let there be light so that clarity can appear. “So when I struggle to see my path, when I feel lost, it’s because I lack this light?” I asked.

“Precisely,” Shalom affirmed. “And the solution is not to look for external sources of light, but to awaken the light within. In the Quran, Allah is described as *'the Light of the heavens and the earth.'* (Surah An-Nur 24:35) This verse suggests that divine light is the guiding force of the universe, illuminating our path and filling us with wisdom. Similarly, in the Kabbalah, the concept of *Ohr Ein Sof*, or Infinite Light, teaches that divine energy permeates all existence. Our task is to receive and radiate this divine light, making our lives a reflection of the Divine,” he continued.

I felt the truth of his words sinking into me like rain soaking the parched earth. I understood why he was humming “and not or...”. Still, I found myself asking: “Does every spiritual tradition speak of light in this way?”

Shalom’s face lit up with enthusiasm. “Yes! Across cultures and ages, spiritual wisdom has emphasized that light is more than illumination—it is God’s presence, divine clarity, and the key to our awakening. The *Bhagavad Gita* a much older spiritual publication states, *'The light which is residing in the Sun, illuminating the whole universe... that light is mine.'* (Bhagavad Gita 15:12) And in Taoism, Lao Tzu tells us, *'He who is filled with light becomes a guide for others.'*”

It was calming to be a student once again, listening and internalizing great truths. Shalom was not yet done. “Buddhism speaks of Inner Light as the awakened state. The Bodhisattva Avalokiteshvara is often depicted radiating divine light, symbolizing wisdom that transcends ignorance. In African spirituality, the Yoruba concept of *Ashe* refers to the vital force that illuminates, empowers, and manifests reality. In your own land here, the empire of Kitarra, the place of light (also known as the land of the sun and the moon) illuminated much of Africa with leadership, spiritual knowledge and social order. To walk in light is to live in alignment with divine order,” Shalom said.

I nodded, absorbing his words. “It seems that light is not just something to be seen, but something to be *embodied*. How do I do that? How do I access more of this light?” I inquired.

Shalom’s voice took on a reverent tone. “First, understand that light is not just a metaphor—it is real. Even at a scientific level, light is energy. Every atom, every cell, every function in your body relies on light energy. Plants cannot grow without light. Modern medicine uses phototherapy, laser treatments, and even light-activated chemotherapy to heal. This mirrors the ancient understanding that divine light restores and transforms. But beyond the physical, light is also *consciousness*. The more light you have within you, the more you awaken to truth,” he said.

“To access more light, you must first seek divine connection. Light flows from the Source—whether you call it God, Allah, the Creator, the Universe, the Tao, the Father or the Divine. Connecting with this source through prayer, meditation, and stillness expands your inner light,” Shalom guided.

I inhaled deeply. “Is that why Jesus said, *'The Kingdom of God is within you'* (Luke 17:21)?”

Shalom’s eyes gleamed. “Exactly! That is why in deep meditation, we visualize a radiant golden light in our heart. We see it expanding throughout our body, filling

us with clarity, wisdom, and divine love. This is the light of God manifesting within us. And to keep this light strong, you must *live in truth*. Lies, deceit, and negativity dim your light. That is why Jesus also said, '*The truth shall set you free.*' (John 8:32)," Shalom said.

I exhaled slowly, feeling the weight of revelation settle into my bones. "What happens when someone lacks light? When they live in darkness?" I asked.

"They live in confusion, fear, and stagnation," Shalom answered. "Many people struggle not because they are incapable but because they lack clarity. The Bible warns: '*Where there is no vision, the people perish,*' (Proverbs 29:18)" he added. I was about to ask him to clarify further on this popular quote when I heard him continue thus:

"Without light, we stumble. But with light, we walk with confidence. Imagine being lost in a dense forest at night with no moon, no stars, and no flashlight. Every step is uncertain. Fear grips you. But the moment you hold a lantern, everything changes. You see the path, avoid the dangers, and move forward with divine wisdom. That is what spiritual light does—it allows you to see, even beyond what eyes can see" he said.

I looked up at the sky, now painted with the first traces of twilight. "So, the real question is not whether I have light, but whether I am *letting it shine?*" I asked.

Shalom smiled. "Precisely. You were born to shine. You were created to illuminate. Take a deep breath. Close your eyes. Think of something that makes you feel good. Feel the presence of divine light within you. Let it radiate. Let it illuminate the world. Because when you shine, you awaken others to their own light—and that, my friend, is the highest gift you can give," he said.

I now was glimpsing at what Jesus meant when he said 'you are the light of the world'. As I sat reflecting, I was sure that the truth is the truth not because it is written in the Bible or the Quran, or the Bhagavad Gita or the Tripitaka, or the Torah, or the Tao te Ching. The truth is the truth because it is the truth.

Aligning with the Soul's Vibration – Returning to the Highest Self

A tranquil hush settled over the landscape as the last traces of daylight melted into the horizon. The air was thick with the scent of damp earth, mingling with the faint whisper of jasmine carried by the evening breeze. The soft crackle of a distant fire offered a rhythmic pulse to the stillness around us. I inhaled deeply, letting the moment settle into my bones, as Shalom and I sat side by side beneath the sprawling branches of an ancient tree.

Shalom, ever the patient guide, studied me with quiet amusement. “What do you feel in this moment?” he asked, his voice a gentle invitation rather than a demand.

I closed my eyes for a brief moment, sensing something beyond the tangible. “Stillness,” I finally answered. “But also movement. As if everything around me is alive, vibrating with some unseen force,” I said.

Shalom nodded. “Because it is. Every action, every thought, and every intention carries a frequency. Much like a tuning fork, we emit vibrations into the universe, attracting similar energies into our lives. The more we attune ourselves to these vibrational patterns, the easier it becomes to live in harmony with our soul's true expression,” Shalom said.

I turned to face him fully. “So, if everything is vibration, does that mean our struggles, our emotions, and even our desires are just different frequencies?” I asked.

A knowing smile crossed Shalom's face. “Precisely. In the wisdom of the Yoruba tradition, the concept of *Ori*—our divine consciousness—teaches that alignment with our higher self is the key to manifesting our destiny. When we stray from this alignment, we experience resistance, suffering, and confusion,” he said as he gestured toward the tree above us, its branches swaying gently in the breeze. “Much like this tree bends with the wind, we must learn to move with the sacred flow of existence rather than against it. This is the path of true ascension,” Shalom added.

I exhaled slowly, trying to absorb his words. “But what about the conditioning we’ve received—society ties, fear, respect for authority, fate? Don’t those distort our vibrations?” I asked.

Shalom’s expression grew solemn. “Yes. And that is why the process of unconditioning is essential. The soul is infinite, unbound by societal constructs, fears, or past conditioning. The ancient Kemetic teachings of *Ma’at* emphasize balance, truth, and order as guiding principles of the soul’s journey. To ascend into our highest expression, we must embrace the art of unlearning—shedding layers of falsehood, attachments, and illusions that have kept us shackled to lower vibrations,” Shalom said.

I frowned slightly, considering this. “Is that what Christ meant when he said, ‘Unless you become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven?’” (Matthew 18:3).

Shalom’s eyes gleamed with approval. “Yes. The return to innocence is not regression but rather a profound state of remembering. Many of us have been taught to seek spiritual enlightenment as something distant—something to be attained in a future state of being. Yet, the reality is that we are already eternal beings expressing in the now. The Swahili proverb *Asiyefunzwa na mamaye, hufunzwa na ulimwengu*—‘One who is not taught by their mother will be taught by the world’—reminds us that if we do not intentionally align with our soul’s wisdom, life itself will teach us through trials and lessons,” he said with an authoritative tone.

I let his words sink in, feeling a shift within me, as if something long buried was stirring awake. “So, if I truly want to align with my soul’s vibration, I need to see the world differently? Not as fixed and rigid, but as something fluid, something energetic and ever flowing in waves?” I asked.

Shalom smiled. “Exactly. One way to attune to your soul’s vibration is to view life as energy in motion. The BaKongo people of Central Africa and even your own

Banyoro people describe *life* as *Ntu*, a sacred force that flows through all things. Don't you say *Omuntu*, *Ekintu*, *Ebintu*? When we recognize ourselves as beings of light, we begin to interact with life in a radically different way," Shalom said.

He leaned in slightly, his voice lowering as if he were revealing a great secret. "Imagine waking up each morning and asking yourself, *What if I am a luminous being? What if we are all luminous beings?* This shift in perception immediately transforms your energetic state. When you know that you are a spark of the divine expressing and you are in control, you live more in charge and can have a fruitful life," Shalom said, almost as if whispering.

I felt a tingling sensation run down my spine. "That sounds like something out of quantum physics," I said, thinking I might take him to a topic he will be unfamiliar with- my recent fascination with the quantum physics and the whole concept of us humans living in the quantum of unlimited possibilities and states.

Shalom laughed. "Indeed. Quantum physics echoes this truth—everything is vibration. What you perceive from the different possibilities in the quantum is what will manifest into reality in your life. Your scientists have proved this in the double slit experiment that showed reality is not local, but each reality is chosen by the observer. When you enter a space of pure creativity, joy, or deep meditation, you are harmonizing with the quantum field. This is why indigenous African drumming ceremonies, Sufi whirling, and yogic chants have the power to elevate consciousness. They allow the spirit to dance freely within the physical form," he said.

A then a sudden thought struck me. "And emotions? Are they part of this vibrational field?" I asked.

Shalom's expression softened. "Yes. Your emotions are not burdens; they are messengers of the soul. In Ifá divination, it is said that *Orí inu*, the inner head, speaks through feelings, guiding us toward our true path. When you feel joy, expansion, and ease, it is a signal that you are in alignment. When you experience frustration,

resistance, or sadness, it is not a punishment—it is an invitation to realign,” Shalom counseled.

I thought of times when my emotions had felt like chains, weighing me down. “So, emotions are not something to escape but to listen to?” I asked.

Shalom nodded. “Exactly. The Bhagavad Gita teaches, ‘The mind is everything. As a man thinks, so he becomes.’ If you believe you are separate from the Divine, you will experience separation. If you believe you are infinite, you will experience limitlessness. The choice is always ours to make,” Shalom said.

The firelight flickered, casting long shadows against the earth. A quiet reverence settled between us. “So, how do I stay in alignment?” I asked calmly.

Shalom exhaled, glancing at the sky where stars had begun to appear. “By recognizing the sacred in all things. Everything in your life—every challenge, every relationship, every moment of silence—is a divine invitation. The Akan people of Ghana hold a deep reverence for *Nyame Dua*, the Tree of God, symbolizing the ever-present connection between the Creator and creation. For the creator, the created and creation are one. When you recognize that everything in your reality is a reflection of Source, the father that created it all, you step into true freedom,” Shalom said.

He turned back to me, his gaze filled with a quiet certainty. “This does not mean suffering disappears, but rather, suffering transforms into wisdom. When Rumi wrote, ‘The wound is the place where the Light enters you,’ he was revealing an eternal truth—our struggles are the initiations that bring us home to ourselves,” he said delightfully.

A slow realization dawned on me, filling my chest with warmth. “So, I am not lost. I am simply awakening,” I asked.

Shalom’s smile was radiant. “You are here, now, because your soul chose to be. You are not broken. You are simply remembering. Your highest path is not somewhere

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in the future; it is beneath your feet, in this very breath, in the beat of your heart,” he said.

I took a deep breath, feeling the truth of his words settle into me like a long-lost melody. “Then I will step fully into the luminous being that I have always been,” I found myself saying.

Shalom placed a hand over his heart. “And the world will be blessed for it,” he declared.

The Alchemy of Awakening – Turning to Your Higher Self

The wind carried a whisper through the trees, a soft murmur that rustled the leaves like an ancient song. The sky above stretched infinitely, dark velvet speckled with stars, each one pulsing with unseen wisdom. A profound stillness settled in my bones as if the very air around us was brimming with something just beyond my reach—something vast, something sacred.

I turned to Shalom, who sat beside me, gazing at the heavens with an expression that held both mystery and certainty.

“Shalom,” I said, my voice quieter than usual. “Have you ever had a moment where everything feels... connected? As if time doesn’t really exist, and the whole universe is speaking to you?” I asked.

Shalom smiled, his eyes reflecting the celestial glow above. He let out a soft chuckle, the kind that hinted at knowing more than he was letting on. “Ah, you are beginning to sense it,” he said. “That awareness you feel—it is not an illusion. It is a glimpse into a higher dimension of existence. Some call it the 5th Dimension,” he said.

I furrowed my brows. “The 5th Dimension? I’ve heard the term before, but I always thought it was just a concept, not something we can actually experience,” I said.

Shalom shook his head. “It is very real. The 5th Dimension is not a place but a state of being, a shift in consciousness beyond the limitations of time and space. Have you ever had a sudden moment of clarity, an unexplainable knowing, or an intuition so strong that you felt it in your bones?” he asked.

I nodded. “Yes. Sometimes I just ‘know’ things before they happen. Or I feel like I’ve been somewhere before, even though I haven’t,” I said.

Shalom’s smile widened. “That is your consciousness expanding beyond the third-dimensional world. It happens when you begin to remember your true nature—beyond this body, beyond this lifetime. The mystics of old knew this well. The Yoruba call it the elevation of *Ori*, the higher self, aligning with *Olódùmarè*, the The Grand Awakening: *Unveiling the Divine Within: A Journey Beyond Illusion into Infinite Remembrance*

Supreme Creator. The ancient Egyptians encoded it in their teachings of *Ma'at*, the principle of divine balance and truth. Hindu sages spoke of *Samadhi*, the state where consciousness dissolves into infinite awareness,” Shalom said. I wondered internally how one person could know so much about many cultures and spiritual traditions. Then I quickly remembered he had awakened to his higher self.

I inhaled deeply, letting the weight of his words settle in my mind. “But how does that happen? How do we access this 5th Dimension?” I asked.

Shalom leaned forward slightly, as if unveiling a sacred secret. “Your very DNA carries the memory of this higher existence. It has been waiting—dormant—for the right moment to awaken. That moment is now. And as you awaken, you will notice shifts in your reality. Your thoughts will manifest faster. Time will no longer feel linear but fluid. Synchronicities will increase, and you will begin to feel an undeniable unity with everything around you,” he said.

A chill ran down my spine—not from fear, but from an overwhelming sense of truth. “So, we aren’t stepping into something new... we’re remembering something ancient?” I asked.

“Exactly,” Shalom said. “You are not learning, you are remembering. This is your original state of being,” he said.

I closed my eyes for a moment, taking it all in. “But why does it feel like it is a new realization. Why have we forgotten?” I asked.

Shalom sighed, looking into the fire before us that he had lit to warm us. “For centuries, humanity has been conditioned to believe in limitation. The world taught you that you are small, separate, powerless. But ancient wisdom and now even quantum physics tell a different story. The Dogon people of Mali spoke of *Nommo*, divine beings who brought sacred knowledge from the *Sirius* star system, teaching that time is cyclical and that multiple realities exist at once. The Bantu people believe

in *Moya* or *Rwoya* in your Runyoro language, the spirit that flows beyond space and time, connecting the seen and the unseen,” he said.

Shalom turned to me, his gaze deep and penetrating. “Science has now caught up to what mystics have always known—time is not linear, and reality is not fixed. Everything is energy, everything vibrates. When you operate from the 5th Dimension, you step beyond the illusion of separation. You act as one with the divine and direct your energy to that which you wish to see become a reality,” Shalom declared.

This sounded like the conclusion of a key lesson. But a question burned within me. “Then how do I stay in that awareness? I’ve felt glimpses of it before, but it always fades,” I admitted to Shalom.

He nodded knowingly. “To anchor yourself in the 5th Dimension, you must master the power of thought and intention. Every thought you hold carries a vibration, shaping reality in ways you cannot yet fully comprehend. That is why many ancient traditions emphasized the spoken word—whether it is the Dogon concept of Nommo, the Kemetic Heka (sacred speech), or the biblical Logos: ‘In the beginning was the Word’,” he said.

He paused, letting his words sink in.

“Second,” he continued, “you must expand beyond linear time. Instead of seeing events as fixed, recognize that multiple timelines exist. Pay attention to synchronicities—when things align in ways that seem too perfect to be coincidence. These are not random; they are guideposts from the universe, steering you toward your highest path,” Shalom said.

I leaned in, captivated. “And what else?” I asked.

“Flow and trust,” he said. “The natural state of the 5th Dimension is one of ease. Let go of resistance. Do you know why suffering and struggle exist in your world?” he asked, as if he is not from this world.

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I shook my head that I don't know.

"Suffering comes from resisting the divine flow of life," Shalom said. "When you release the illusion of control and surrender to the universal rhythm, you enter a state of grace. The grace that many of your people pray for from the Almighty," Shalom said.

I took a slow breath, feeling something shift inside me. "So, it's not about escaping this world but integrating higher consciousness into everyday life?" I asked.

Shalom nodded. "Exactly. The 5th Dimension is not about transcending physical reality but embodying divinity within it. See the sacred in all things. The sky is vast, but enlightenment begins within," he said.

The fire crackled between us, casting flickering shadows along the ground. I stared into the flames, feeling as though a part of me had just awakened—something ancient, something luminous.

"So, this shift... this awakening... it's happening now?" I asked.

Shalom's eyes gleamed. "It is already happening within you. And as more souls awaken, the entire frequency of Earth rises. The world is changing but the universe has been is always the same. You are part of the great unfolding," Shalom said.

I let his words settle deep into my being. Something in me knew this was true.

Shalom tilted his head slightly. "Are you ready to step forward?" he asked.

I met his gaze, steady and sure. "Yes," I answered.

A smile played at the corners of his lips. "Then the veil is lifting. Welcome to your new reality," he declared.

A hush fell over the world around us, as if the universe itself was listening. But isn't it You-in-verse, me outing my tune in alignment with the divine? I wondered to

myself. The path before me shimmered, alive with infinite possibility. And for the first time, I felt like I was ready to walk it fully with confidence. In power.

Understanding the Universal Laws Governing Existence

The night air carried the scent of earth and burnt leaves. The embers of our fire flickered in a slow, rhythmic dance. The stars above shimmered like ancient watchers, each one holding a secret of the universe, a story whispered across time. I felt something stir deep within me—a quiet knowing, an anticipation of truths waiting to be unveiled.

Shalom sat across from me, his expression calm, yet his eyes held the depth of galaxies. He had been waiting for me to ask, to reach for the next piece of the puzzle.

“Shalom,” I began, shifting slightly on the cool ground, “if the universe is as vast and limitless as we say it is, why does it feel structured? It doesn’t feel chaotic—it feels... intentional,” I said.

A slow smile crept across his face, as if I had finally arrived at the doorstep of a great revelation. He leaned forward slightly, resting his hands on his knees. “That is because it is intentional. The cosmos is not a random expanse of disorder, but a masterpiece built upon divine laws. These laws are immutable, eternal, and woven into the very essence of existence. To understand them is to understand the architecture of the universe itself,” Shalom said.

I nodded, eager to listen.

Shalom’s voice was steady, like the flow of an ancient river. “Every spiritual tradition has known this. The sages, the mystics, the prophets—they all sought to align with these divine laws. When you do, life becomes effortless, like a leaf carried by the current of a sacred river,” He said, gesturing towards the sky. “But to go against them... that is when suffering arises,” he said.

I inhaled deeply, watching the stars pulse above us. “Tell me about these laws. What do they teach us?” I asked.

Shalom took a moment before speaking, as if listening to the very fabric of the night before he answered. I knew he knew I have done a book on *Laws of the universe and of The Grand Awakening: Unveiling the Divine Within: A Journey Beyond Illusion into Infinite Remembrance*

life and highlighted the laws in *Becoming Ultimate Masters* book. So I was eager to see which ones he would emphasize or how he would explain them.

The Law of Divine Oneness

He pointed towards the heavens. “The first and greatest of these laws is the **Law of Divine Oneness**—the truth that all things are connected, that separation is an illusion. Have you heard of Ubuntu?”

I nodded. “It means ‘I am because we are,’” I said.

“Precisely,” Shalom said. “In the Akan tradition, *Nyame*, the Supreme Creator, is both beyond creation and within it. The Yoruba people hold the same understanding with *Olódùmarè*, the divine presence in all things. Even modern science is catching up—Einstein called it ‘spooky action at a distance.’ Quantum entanglement proves that two particles, no matter how far apart, are forever linked. If one moves, the other moves. This means everything—every person, every thought, every action—ripples across the web of existence,” Shalom said.

I exhaled slowly, the weight of his words settling in my chest. “So, nothing is really separate? Even the things that feel distant or disconnected?” I asked.

“Not at all,” Shalom said. “Your thoughts influence all other people and all existence. Your emotions send waves through the universe. That is why love is so powerful—it is the highest frequency of unity. And why hatred is so destructive—it creates the illusion of division. If you truly understood this, you would never see another being as separate from yourself,” he said.

The fire between us crackled softly, as if affirming his words.

The Law of Vibration

Shalom closed his eyes for a moment, then spoke again. “Have you ever felt the power of sound? A song that lifted your spirit, a chant that resonated through your

body? Do you know why many cultural functions and spiritual practices are animated by songs?”

I thought of the ancient hymns sung in temples, of the rhythmic drumming of African ceremonies, of the deep hum of monks in meditation. “Yes,” I said. “It feels like energy moving through me. It gives me a great life feeling,” I said.

“That is the **Law of Vibration** at work,” Shalom said. “Everything in existence is in motion. The universe itself is a symphony of frequencies. The Dogon people of Mali believe that creation began with a sacred sound—Nommo, the divine word. This aligns with what the Bible says: ‘In the beginning was the Word.’ (John 1:1) The Egyptians understood this too. Ra’s divine energy was said to manifest through vibration and light,” Shalom explained.

“So, even my thoughts and emotions have a frequency?” I asked.

Shalom nodded. “Absolutely. Love, gratitude, and joy vibrate at higher frequencies. Fear, anger, and hatred resonate at lower ones. This is why certain spiritual practices—chanting, drumming, meditation—are so powerful. They tune you to the highest frequencies, aligning you with divine energy. The Yoruba *Oríkì*, the sacred praise poetry, is not just words—it is vibration shaping reality. So are the mantras of the yogis, or the instrumentals used in places of worship,” he said.

I placed a hand over my heart. “Then if I want to change my reality, I must change my vibration?” I asked.

Shalom’s eyes gleamed. “Now you are beginning to understand that at all times be aware about your energy and how it is vibrating,” he guided.

The Law of Correspondence

“You have heard about this sacred truth. As above, so below; as within, so without,” Shalom spoke the words like a sacred incantation.

I recognized them immediately. “That’s from the Kybalion, right?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said. “But this law is even older. It is woven into the foundations of existence. The microcosm reflects the macrocosm. The universe is mirrored in you. Just like the lake or ocean is in every drop of water in it,” Shalom said.

I frowned slightly. “Are you saying we always knew this?” I asked.

“In African cosmology,” Shalom continued, “the Akan people see the human being as a smaller version of the universe itself. The Yoruba say that your Orí, your higher self, is a reflection of Olódùmarè’s divine intelligence. The Ancient Egyptians inscribed ‘Know Thyself’ on the walls of the Temple of Luxor because to truly understand yourself is to understand the universe. And as you know, traditional Egyptian mysteries originate from knowledge of Kitarra peoples,” he said.

I let out a breath, the realization settling in. “So the struggles, the lessons... they’re not random. They’re reflections of what’s happening within me?” I probed.

“Exactly,” Shalom said. “If there is chaos in your outer world, look within. If there is peace within, it will manifest outward. That is why spiritual mastery begins not by controlling the outside, but by mastering the self. Being conscious of what you feel inside of you, so it can in due time manifest. What you think about and feel at all times better be that which you want to experience as reality,” he continued.

Bridging Science and Ancient Wisdom

I leaned forward, eager to connect everything he had shared. “And what about science? How does all of this align with what we know from science today?” I asked.

Shalom’s expression softened. “Quantum physics has begun to confirm what our ancestors always knew. The **Observer Effect** proves that consciousness shapes reality. The **Multiverse Theory** suggests that multiple timelines exist simultaneously—just as the Yoruba believe in Orun (the spiritual world) and Aye (the physical world). And the **law of energy conservation** tells us that energy can never be created or destroyed—only transformed. This aligns with the African understanding of the eternal nature of the soul,” he said.

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I shook my head in amazement. “So science is only now catching up to what spiritual traditions have always taught?” I wondered.

Shalom smiled. “Yes. Because truth is eternal. It only takes humanity time to remember, or for your so called science to prove,” he said.

The Power of Alignment

I stared into the flames of the fire lighting between us, feeling my entire perspective shift. “If all these laws are at work, then the key to a fruitful life is aligning with them?” I said, as if remembering from my deep knowledge reservoir.

Shalom nodded. “Alignment is everything. Look at history—Nelson Mandela spent 27 years in prison, yet emerged not with hatred, but with love. He embodied the Law of Oneness and the Law of Vibration, and in doing so, he changed the world,” Shalom said.

A deep silence stretched between us, not empty, but full—full of understanding, of connection, of something ancient stirring awake.

Finally, I looked at Shalom and asked, “So what do I do now?”

He smiled knowingly. “You live in alignment. You remember that you are not separate from the Divine, but a reflection of it. You speak words of power, you vibrate with love, and you recognize that the universe is already within you, for you to reflect it well in the physical,” Shalom said.

I exhaled, my heart expanding with the truth. The fire crackled, the wind whispered through the trees, and the stars pulsed above. And in that moment, I understood—I was not just learning about the cosmos.

I was remembering that I was part of it, of all that I have experienced.

“This journey is not about seeking something outside of us but remembering what we have always been—the living expression of God in human form,” Shalom confirmed.

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Unveiling the Forces That Shape Existence and the Soul

We sat quietly for some good minutes. The fire crackled softly between us, its golden embers rising like tiny messengers into the night sky. The air was thick with the scent of earth, a grounding presence beneath the vast celestial dome. A soft wind carried what felt like whispers of unseen forces, stirring something deep within me—a knowing that I was on the edge of a great understanding.

Shalom sat in his usual composed manner, his gaze steady, as though he could see beyond the physical world into the hidden forces that governed all things. He watched me with patient curiosity, sensing the question forming in my mind before I even spoke.

"Shalom," I began, adjusting my posture, "I've heard of the elements before—Earth, Water, Fire, and Air—but I always thought of them as just parts of nature. What do they have to do with spiritual awakening?" I asked.

Shalom's lips curled into a small, knowing smile. "Ah," he said, leaning slightly forward, "this is where many misunderstand the nature of creation. These elements are not merely physical substances; they are the fundamental forces that shape existence itself. To truly awaken, you must embody them—not just in theory, but in the very essence of your being. The sages, the mystics, the alchemists of old... they all understood that creation is structured upon these primordial elements. They are the keys to transformation, the building blocks of divine reality," Shalom said.

I listened intently as the wind carried the scent of distant rain, a subtle reminder of nature's ever-present power.

Earth – The Foundation of Being

Shalom reached down and grabbed a handful of soil, letting the grains slip between his fingers. "Earth," he said, "is the foundation of all life. It is stability, nourishment, and the plane upon which all things manifest." He gestured toward the trees surrounding us. "The tree that stands strong in the storm does so because its roots

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run deep. Likewise, your spiritual strength depends on your foundation. Without grounding, without stability, your journey becomes unsteady," he said.

I thought of the times I had felt lost, unanchored. "How do I cultivate this stability?" I asked.

Shalom's voice was gentle yet firm. "By deepening your connection to your own essence. In Kemet, Geb was the divine force that anchored creation to the material world. Among some of the Bantu communities, Kalunga represents the boundary between the physical and spiritual realms. To be spiritually stable, you must be rooted—through meditation, ritual, or even something as simple as walking barefoot on the earth. The kingdom of God is within you. But to access it, you must first be grounded in your being," he said.

Shalom's words settled in me like a stone sinking into still water. On reflection I wondered about the fact that Earth and Heart are the same word, with the rearrangement of one letter. I knew like the heart is the center of human's ethereal existence, the earth must be a great center of physical life.

Water – The Flow of Emotion and Intuition

A soft drizzle began to fall, each drop catching the fire's glow before disappearing into the earth. Shalom tilted his head toward the sky. "Water," he said, "is emotion, intuition, and the flow of life itself. It is the wisdom of the soul, the fluidity of existence. In Yoruba tradition, YemOja governs the waters, carrying the mysteries of the ocean within her depths," he said.

I watched the raindrops disappear into the soil, merging effortlessly. "Water adapts," I murmured.

Shalom nodded approvingly. "Exactly. Water never fights its obstacles; it moves around them, over them, through them. And yet, in its persistence, it reshapes the hardest stone. So, too, must you learn to flow with life rather than resist it," he said.

A memory surfaced—times when I had fought against circumstances, resisting the currents that sought to guide me. Including my unavoidable journey into spiritual understanding and mastery, as opposed to focusing on my successful career in multimedia journalism, lecturing and consultancy. It hasn't been easy. "But what about pain? How does one flow when the current is heavy with sorrow?" I asked.

Shalom's gaze softened. "Pain is not meant to break you—it is meant to purify. The Dogon say that Nommo, the celestial beings, came from the stars in watery form to seed the Earth with wisdom. Likewise, your tears, your struggles, are not without purpose. They carve wisdom into the soul. Be like water, my friend—move, adapt, and trust that all things are leading you toward transformation," he said.

I closed my eyes and let the drizzles kiss my skin, feeling its truth.

Fire – The Power of Transformation

A sudden gust of wind caused the fire to rise, its flames licking hungrily at the air. Shalom's voice carried over the crackling embers. "Fire is destruction, but it is also renewal. It is the force of purification, willpower, and divine transformation," he said.

I watched the flames dance wildly. "But fire burns," I said cautiously.

Shalom smiled. "Yes, but only that which no longer serves. In Kemet, Sekhmet was both the destroyer and the healer—her fire could ravage, but it could also cleanse. The Bantu recognize fire as a link to the ancestors, a guiding light in the darkness," he said.

I thought of those who had faced great trials and emerged stronger. "So, suffering is the fire that refines us?" I asked.

Shalom's eyes burned with intensity. "Exactly. Look at Nelson Mandela—27 years in prison, yet he emerged as a beacon of peace. His fire did not consume him; it

transformed him. 'The flames of life are not your enemy—they are your initiation into higher power, if you are aware of this fact," he said.

The fire before us blazed higher, as if confirming his words. I wondered why in the Catholic church they light a fire during mass, why fire is ever burning in Bunyoro-Kitarra Kingdom compound, and why many shrines I see in movies have an ever burning fire.

Air – The Breath of Consciousness

A cool breeze swept through the clearing, carrying the scent of wet earth and burning wood. Shalom inhaled deeply. "Air," he said, "is thought, inspiration, and divine breath. It is the unseen force that moves all things," he said.

I closed my eyes and felt the wind on my skin. "It's everywhere," I murmured.

"Yes," Shalom said. "Like the breath of Amma, the Supreme Creator in Dogon belief, or Shu, the Kemetic deity who held the heavens aloft. Air is the voice of the Divine, the whisper of intuition, the thoughts that shape reality," Shalom said.

I opened my eyes. "Then our thoughts... they carry power?" I wondered.

Shalom's gaze locked onto mine. "They are creation itself. The wind blows where it wishes, and you hear its sound, but you do not know where it comes from or where it goes. Your thoughts move like the wind—unseen, yet shaping everything in their path. Master them, and you master reality," he said as if delivering a masterpiece.

A deep stillness settled over me.

The Fifth Element: Ether – The Divine Thread

Shalom lifted his gaze toward the heavens. "And beyond them all," he said, "is Ether—the spirit, the force that binds all things together. It is Ase in Yoruba, Ka in Kemet, Moya in Bantu cosmology. It is the breath of the Divine," he concluded.

I felt something stir within me, an ancient memory awakening. "It's what connects us to the universe," I whispered.

Shalom's voice was barely above a breath. "It is what you are," he said.

I stared at him, realization washing over me. "Then awakening isn't about becoming something new... it's about remembering what I have always been," I said.

Shalom smiled, the firelight dancing in his eyes. "Yes. And now, you are beginning to remember," he declared.

I closed my eyes, feeling the earth beneath me, the rain drops upon my skin, the fire's warmth, the whispering wind, and the infinite presence that held them all together.

I was not separate from creation.

And I became aware I am creation itself.

Unraveling the Eternal Path of Consciousness

The night sky stretched infinitely above us, its depth an endless ocean of stars. The gentle rustling of leaves whispered secrets carried by the wind, as if nature itself was eavesdropping on our conversation. The fire before us flickered, casting shifting shadows on the ground, mirroring the movement of souls through time—never still, never truly gone, always in motion.

Shalom sat with his usual serene expression, his presence grounding yet vast, as if he held the knowledge of the cosmos in the silence between his words. I took a deep breath, feeling the weight of a grandeur moment. There was in me a need to know life beyond the physical form.

"Shalom," I began, my voice barely above a whisper, "what happens to the soul after death? Do we just... vanish?" I asked.

His eyes gleamed in the firelight. "Ah," he said, a knowing smile forming, "the great question of existence. You have felt it, haven't you? The sense that you are more than this body, more than this single lifetime?" he asked.

I nodded. "Yes. Sometimes I feel as though I've lived before, as though certain places, certain people, are familiar. Actually I have some clear memories of my previous life where one my so called step mothers was my mother..."

Shalom leaned forward slightly. "That is because the soul is eternal. It is not bound by time the way the physical world is. It moves through dimensions, through lifetimes, gathering wisdom, shaping experience, and evolving toward divine unity," he said.

I shivered, not from the cold, but from the magnitude of his words.

The Soul's Eternal Nature and Cycles of Rebirth

"The soul," Shalom continued, "is like a river—flowing, merging, and reshaping itself as it journeys toward the infinite ocean. Different traditions have described this

journey in many ways, but the truth remains the same: consciousness is never lost, only transformed. Just as we said about energy. It can never be lost or destroyed, just transformed," Shalom said.

He reached for a stick and traced a spiral in the dirt. "In Hinduism, this cycle is called *Samsara*—the wheel of birth, death, and rebirth. They believe Karma, the law of cause and effect, governs it, ensuring that every action, every intention, shapes the soul's future path. If one sows seeds of wisdom, they will reap enlightenment; if one sows seeds of ignorance, they will return to learn again," Shalom lectured.

I thought about the struggles and joys of life. "So, everything we do echoes into future lifetimes?" I inquired.

"Precisely. And it is not really about lifetimes as it is about timelines, that is to say what you chose to experience when and how," Shalom said. "And not just in Hinduism. The Bantu people speak of the *ever-turning wheel*, where ancestors return to complete their unfinished work. The Yoruba teach that souls are guided by their *Ori*, their divine destiny, which determines the lessons they must learn," he said with ease like he knew everything there is to know.

Shalom leaned forward, picked up a handful of dirt and let it slip through his fingers. "In Kemet, the *Ka* and *Ba*—the spirit and personality of the soul—continue their journey beyond death, weighed against *Maat*, the principle of truth and balance. If a soul has lived in harmony, it ascends to the next level. If not, it returns to correct its path," he said.

I exhaled slowly, my mind turning to my current lifetime and people I have heard the pleasure to impact and be impacted by, and wondering if and how they lived in a past life. "So, life is not a straight line—it's a cycle?" I asked.

Shalom chuckled softly. "More than that. It's a dance—an intricate choreography of divine intelligence unfolding through time," he said.

Ancestral Wisdom and the Akashic Records

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The fire crackled as he continued while shifting the wood pieces more into the center. I wondered whether he was an ancestor or a future person in my timeline. "Many believe that when we leave this world, we are forgotten. But in African spiritual traditions, the ancestors are very much alive. In Yoruba, they are called *Egun*—the spirits of the departed who continue to guide the living," Shalom said.

I frowned. "So, the dead aren't truly gone? In school they used to teach us about Africans beliefs that recite 'the dead are not dead'," I said.

"Not at all," Shalom said. "The Dogon people of Mali teach that ancestors communicate through dreams and visions. The Akan say, '*We stand on the shoulders of those who came before us.*' And this wisdom is not unique to Africa. In esoteric traditions, there is a belief in the *Akashic Records*—a vast library of the soul's history, where all memories, all lives, all knowledge is stored," Shalom said.

I sat up straighter as I pondered about how some people get to be able to tell the future and past of others. "Is that why some people have memories of past lives or even the future?" I asked.

Shalom nodded. "Exactly. Some people tap into the Akashic field unknowingly, through meditation, deep prayer, or even moments of *déjà vu*. And there are those, like shamans and spiritual elders, who have trained themselves to access this wisdom intentionally. A healer in Ghana, for example, might enter a trance state and retrieve lost knowledge from the ancestors to heal someone in the present," he said.

I stared at the flames, the flickering embers feeling like echoes of lives before mine. It was interesting to know one can ask their ancestors for knowledge on how to solve a current challenge or respond in a given situation.

The Soul, Spirit, and Higher Self

When I thought all had been explained to me clearly, I saw Shalom place his hand on his chest. "To navigate the journey through dimensions, you must understand the three aspects of the self—*the soul, the spirit, and the higher self*," he said.

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He held up three fingers. "The *soul* is the traveler, shaped by experience. The *spirit* is the breath of life, the universal force that connects all beings. And the *higher self*—this is the divine intelligence guiding your path, the aspect of you that sees beyond illusions of the present physical life you are experiencing," Shalom said.

I furrowed my brow. "And when we feel lost, which teachings or religion can best guide us?" I asked.

Shalom smiled. "It means you have forgotten to listen. In Yoruba belief, to commune with your *Ori Inu*, your higher self, is to receive clarity. In Kemet, living in alignment with *Maat*—truth, balance, order—ensures a smooth journey. In Buddhism, enlightenment comes when one realizes their true nature, beyond the illusions of the material world," he said.

I let his words sink in. "So, the answers are always within the individual?" I asked.

Shalom nodded. "Yes. But you must learn to quiet the noise in the world, and listen. To go within, as Jesus the Christ taught. You have to go within, into your secret room and there you can talk to your father, the source of all," he said.

The Dimensions of Existence

I stared into the vast night sky, my thoughts stretching beyond the limits of my understanding. "If the soul moves through dimensions, what are these realms?" I asked.

Shalom's voice was steady. "Some call them *planes of existence*, others *higher realms*. In Islam, the concept of *Barzakh* is an intermediate dimension where souls await resurrection. In Judaism, the *Kabbalistic Tree of Life* describes multiple spiritual dimensions, leading to divine unity. In Taoism, the *Dao* is the ever-flowing cosmic force that moves through all levels of existence," he said with finality.

I took a deep breath. "And where are we now?" I asked.

Shalom gestured to the earth beneath us. "In the realm of learning. This is where the soul comes to refine itself, to remember its divine origin. But beyond this—there are higher planes, where the soul is freed from illusion and dwells in pure consciousness," he said.

The Journey of Remembrance

A silence settled between us, deep and sacred. I felt the weight of something ancient and profound—that my existence was not an accident, that my soul had been traveling long before this lifetime.

Shalom's voice was gentle. "You are not lost. You are simply remembering," he said.

I exhaled, feeling something shift inside me. The lesson was clear: The past was not behind me. The future was not ahead. It is all within.

I closed my eyes and felt it—the vastness of my soul stretching across lifetimes, across dimensions, moving toward something greater, something infinite.

And in that moment, I knew—I was exactly where I was meant to be. Limitless.

Life as a Divine School

As I looked forward to the night turning into a clear morning, the air was thick with the scent of damp earth as the evening breeze rustled through the trees. The sky above was a canvas of deep blues and purples, painted with the last traces of fading moonlight. Shalom and I sat by the quiet shore of Lake Mwitanzige. There was a gentle flow of water flowing from up the small river off the mountain to the lake, mirroring the rhythm of existence itself—ever-moving, ever-changing, ever-teaching.

I turned to him, my mind heavy with questions. "Shalom, why does life feel so... unpredictable? Time changing, why different times in one place and another? One moment there's joy, the next there's suffering. Sometimes it feels like..."

Shalom smiled knowingly, his eyes reflecting the firelight. "Ah, my friend, that is because there is really no time. It is you creating and allocating the time. Do you think the soil, the water, the air, the fire or even plants count time? As for the uneven life you experience, you have to know that life *is* a test. Or rather, a school. You see, Earth is not just a place where we exist; it is where we *learn*. Every experience—whether blissful or painful—is a lesson designed to bring you closer to your highest self," he said.

I remembered a question many of my brothers and sisters usually ask and I decided to pass it on to this guru of high. "But why can't learning be easy? Why must suffering be part of it?" I asked.

He leaned back, gazing at the sky as if the sky held the answer. "Because without contrast, there is no growth. Without darkness, how would you recognize light? Without hardship, how would you cultivate strength?" he asked.

His words resonated deep within me. It was life changing as many humans see challenging moments in life as a punishment, never as a teacher. I remembered that darkness or ignorance is not different from light or knowledge, but different parts

of the same pattern of consciousness. I clearly could see that one disappears when the other appears. We always have the power to chose to be light.

Suffering, Joy, and Free Will: The Sacred Ingredients of Spiritual Growth

Shalom poked at the fire with a stick, sending tiny sparks into the air, some coming towards me as if they aimed for my eyeballs. I struggled to dodge the sparks, closing my eyes, and swaying my head eastward. "Different traditions have understood life experiences in their own ways. In Kemet, life was seen as a preparation for higher existence, guided by *Maat*—the principle of truth and balance. The Yoruba teach that aligning with *Ori*, the higher self, brings clarity and purpose. In Buddhism, *Samsara*, the cycle of birth and rebirth, offers endless opportunities for enlightenment," he said.

I listened, absorbing every word.

Pain as a Teacher

"Pain is inevitable," Shalom said, his voice gentle. "But suffering is optional."

He let that thought settle before continuing. "The Buddha taught that suffering arises from attachment—our unwillingness to let go. But suffering also reveals truth. Just as fire purifies gold, trials refine the soul," he said, his words reverberating like the chuckles of the fire in our midst.

I thought of my own struggles. The moments of loss, betrayal, despair. "So, suffering isn't a punishment?" I asked, to be sure.

"Not at all," he said. "It is an invitation. In your Bible that Judaists and Christians follow, Job endured immense suffering, but through it, he deepened his faith. In African traditions, trials are seen as necessary rites of passage. The Dagara people of Burkina Faso undergo difficult initiations, not as punishment, but to awaken their hidden strengths. So do the Bamasaba of Uganda with their circumcision rites," he said.

I exhaled. "So, suffering is not the end—it's part of the process?"

Shalom nodded. "Exactly. And once you stop resisting it, you begin to transform," he guided.

Joy as Spiritual Expansion

Shalom's expression softened. "But suffering is not the only teacher. Joy, too, is essential," he said, turning motionless.

He gestured toward the night sky, where fireflies danced like tiny stars. "A joyful heart is a heart in alignment. In Hinduism, *Ananda*—divine bliss—is the ultimate state of an awakened soul. In African wisdom, joy is shared through dance, music, and storytelling. The Zulu concept of *Ubuntu* or *Obuntu* in your Buganda, Bunyoro, Tooro, Ankole teaches that joy multiplies when it is shared with others," Shalom said.

I smiled, recalling a time when I was truly happy—not because of material success, but because I was connected, present, alive with those dear to me, or even being able to be useful and making others exude joy at the service I offer them.

"So joy is not something we chase," I mused, "but something we *become*?"

Shalom's eyes gleamed. "Yes. And the more you cultivate it, the more your life aligns with the divine flow," I asked.

Free Will: The Power to Choose

Shalom's tone deepened. "But the greatest lesson of all is *choice*. You may not control what happens to you, but you can always control your response," he said.

I swallowed hard. "Even in the worst moments?" I inquired.

"Especially in the worst moments," he said. "In Yoruba belief, your *Ayanmo*—your destiny—is chosen before birth, but free will determines how it unfolds. In Christianity, Jesus taught that love, forgiveness, and faith are choices we must make

daily. In Taoism, surrendering to the flow of the Dao means choosing trust over fear. You have all these lessons to guide people on this planet," Shalom said.

A breeze rustled the trees, and I closed my eyes. I thought of the moments in my life when I had chosen anger instead of understanding, fear instead of faith.

Shalom's voice was steady. "You hold the pen that writes your story. Every choice is a brushstroke on the canvas of your soul. Choose that which helps you ascend and helps others feel and become better," he said. I got the lesson clearly. As I am light.

The Lessons of Life: A Curriculum for the Soul

"If life is a school," I asked, "then what are its main subjects?"

Shalom chuckled. "Ah, now you are asking the right questions." He began counting on his fingers.

1. The Lesson of Love: "To love unconditionally, without attachment or expectation. In the Bahá'í faith, love is seen as the greatest force of unity in the universe."

2. The Lesson of Detachment: "To understand that nothing is permanent, and true peace comes from within. In Buddhism, detachment is the key to ending suffering."

3. The Lesson of Trust: "To surrender even when the path is unclear. In Islam, *tawakkul*—trust in God—is a foundational principle of faith."

4. The Lesson of Patience: "To understand that divine timing is perfect. The Jewish tradition teaches that waiting is not passive, but an act of faith."

5. The Lesson of Service: "To realize that true fulfillment comes not from taking, but from giving. As Jesus said, 'Whoever wants to be great must serve others.'"

I nodded, letting the lessons sink in. "And how do we pass these lessons?" I asked.

Shalom smiled. "By living them."

Becoming a Conscious Student of Life

I looked back at the fire as it crackled between us, its embers glowing like tiny suns. The air was thick with wisdom. It seems like whatever Shalom was telling me formed clouds of wisdom in the air on top of our heads.

"The greatest shift," Shalom said, "happens when you stop asking *'Why is this happening to me?'* and start asking *'What is this teaching me?'*" Shalom said.

This hit deep, as me and several other people I encounter many times wonder why things are happening to us the way they are.

"The world is not against you," he continued. "The universe is not punishing you. You are in a grand classroom, and every experience—every joy, every sorrow—is an opportunity for you to evolve," Shalom said.

I breathed in deeply. The night felt different now. The air, the stars, the fire—everything seemed to pulse with meaning. I remembered reading somewhere that things don't happen to us but through us. I wondered whether this is what it all meant.

Then Shalom interrupted my thoughts, his voice was soft but powerful. "Smooth seas do not make skillful sailors. Every storm, every tide, every moment of stillness is part of the grand education of the soul. The only question is—are you ready to learn?" he said, leaning in to my side.

I met his gaze and, for the first time since I met Shalom here in Kabukanga, I felt like I have always known him.

The Dance of Divine Balance: Masculine and Feminine Energies

Shalom and I sat in the stillness, the air around us humming with an unseen energy. With a deep inhale, I closed my eyes, surrendering to the rhythm of my breath. Inhale... a wave of warmth spread through my chest. Exhale... my body softened into the embrace of the earth beneath me. Slowly, the outer world faded, dissolving into a vast, endless space within.

Colors began to swirl in my mind's eye—golden, indigo, green, yellow and deep violet—dancing like celestial currents. My thoughts quieted, replaced by an overwhelming sense of expansion, as if I was both within my body and beyond it at the same time. A strange yet familiar presence enveloped me, a balance between stillness and motion, strength and surrender.

A gentle voice, both distant and near, called me back. My breath deepened, my awareness slowly returning to the physical realm. As I opened my eyes, the fire before me flickered, casting shifting shadows upon the ground. I turned to Shalom—and what I saw made my breath catch in my throat.

I blinked.

The Shalom before me looked as if both male and female—shifting seamlessly between the two, as fluid as the wind, as certain as the sea. At times, the figure before me had the soft, nurturing presence of a mother, eyes filled with infinite compassion. And then, within the same breath, I saw the sharp, commanding presence of a father, gaze steady as the sun.

I inhaled sharply, rubbed my eyes strongly, unsure if my vision had deceived me. "Shalom... you look different." I said, wondering how even I wasn't scared about his apparent transfiguration.

Shalom smiled, voice both deep and soft, resonating with an energy beyond the limits of form. "Do not be disturbed by what you see," Shalom said. "I appear as

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both male and female because I *am* both. And so are you. We are all. There is no division between male and female at the source level, in the spirit, except in the mind," he added.

A wave of understanding rushed through me. Though it seemed like the walls of perception I had unconsciously built began to crumble. How can male and female be the same, I wondered.

Shalom continued, "Masculine and feminine energies are not opposites—they are one. They are the breath of the cosmos, the rhythm of creation itself. To master them is to master life," shalom said, some words sounding feminine, some sounding masculine.

I listened, captivated, as the lesson unfolded like a flower blooming under the sun.

Maat: The Principle of Balance and Order

"Balance is not something you find. It is something you create." — African Proverb

Shalom gestured toward the fire before us, its flames flickering in constant motion. "In Kemet, balance was personified as *Maat*, the principle of truth, harmony, and order. Life itself was judged by its alignment with Maat. When a soul left the earthly realm, its heart was weighed against the feather of Maat. If it was light—free of imbalance, dishonesty, and disharmony—it ascended to higher realms. If it was heavy, it remained bound to suffering and returned to earth," Shalom echoed.

I swallowed, suddenly aware of the weight I carried within my own heart. "So, if I am too rigid in masculine energy, or lost in passive feminine energy, my soul becomes unbalanced?" I asked, regaining my composure.

Shalom nodded. "Exactly. Masculine energy alone, without the wisdom of the feminine, becomes tyranny—control without compassion, action without reflection. Likewise, ungrounded feminine energy becomes stagnation—feeling without direction, surrender without purpose. The two must dance together always in order

to ensure a balanced life," Shalom said, as I struggled to attribute the words to the male or female part of Shalom.

Shalom pointed to the fire again. "Fire exists because of the balance between air and fuel, containment and freedom. Too much control, and the flame is suffocated. Too little, and it spreads recklessly, destroying everything in its path. And so it is with the Sacred Masculine and Feminine within you," Shalom said.

The Role of Love, Relationships, and Community in Spiritual Evolution

Shalom turned toward me, eyes filled with knowing. "The greatest testing ground for balance is love. Relationships are where we truly meet ourselves—our strengths, our wounds, our capacity to give and receive," I heard him and her say.

I sighed, suddenly remembering past relationships—times when I had either given too much or withdrawn too far. "But relationships are so difficult," I admitted.

Shalom smiled. "Because they are sacred mirrors, revealing both what we have mastered and what we still need to learn," Shalom said.

"In Yoruba tradition, *Oshun*, the Orisha of love and fertility, teaches that love is the highest wisdom. Not just the love of romance, but the love that nurtures, forgives, and sees beyond illusion. In Islam, *Rahma*—divine mercy—is the force that sustains all creation, a perfect blend of strength and tenderness. In Christianity, Christ embodied both the warrior and the healer, demonstrating perfect balance," Shalom said.

I nodded, recalling the verses of how Jesus overturned tables in the temple with righteous fire, and those where he knelt to wash the feet of his disciples in boundless humility.

Shalom's voice softened. "Love is not about domination, nor is it about submission. It is about understanding the dance between leading and yielding, between speaking and listening. When two people honor both the masculine and feminine within

themselves and each other, they enter a sacred union that transcends ego, the earthly persona," I heard the female voice say.

I let the words settle in my heart. "So relationships are not meant to complete us, but to help us refine our own balance?" I asked.

Shalom nodded. "Yes. The best partnerships are not ones where one person is all fire and the other all water, but where both learn when to burn bright and when to flow. This applies to friendships, families, even communities. The greatest leaders are those who balance wisdom with action, justice with mercy, discipline with love," he said.

The Sacred Masculine and Feminine in Daily Life

"How do I integrate this balance in my own life?" I asked.

Shalom smiled, displaying more of the female stature, as if she had been waiting for this question. "Begin with self-awareness. Ask yourself—when do I lean too heavily into masculine energy, pushing too hard, seeking control? When do I retreat too far into the feminine, avoiding action, waiting instead of creating?" Shalom said, before listing simple, yet profound ways to cultivate balance:

- **For those too rigid in masculine energy:** Practice stillness, meditation, surrender. Connect with creativity, intuition, and gentleness. Learn to listen more, feel more, trust more.
- **For those too passive in feminine energy:** Take bold action. Set boundaries. Speak your truth with confidence. Channel emotions into tangible creation.

Shalom paused. "True balance is not about being neutral. It is about knowing *when* to stand firm and *when* to yield, *when* to act and *when* to receive," the female sounding Shalom said.

I nodded slowly, understanding that balance was not a fixed state, but a constant, conscious practice of perfect alignment with source power and awareness.

Becoming a Master of Balance

The night had deepened, and the stars above shimmered like ancient eyes watching over us. The fire had started dying down, glowing softly like an ember of truth.

Shalom turned to me one last time, their form shifting again—neither man nor woman, yet somehow both. "The world is made of opposites," they said. "Light and dark, movement and stillness, creation and destruction. But within the highest reality, there is no division. All is one," I heard them say.

I breathed deeply, feeling the truth of it.

"To master life," Shalom said, "is to master balance. To become both the warrior and the healer, the architect and the dreamer, the storm and the calm. When you learn to honor both within yourself, you become whole. And when you become whole, you become divine," she said.

A quiet peace settled in my heart. I had spent so much time trying to fit into one mold or the other, never realizing that I was always meant to be both.

I took some time to feel the tender part of my being. As the Swahili saying goes, *Moyo wa kupenda huleta nuru*—"A heart filled with love brings light."

And in that moment, as I sat between the realms of knowing and becoming, I finally understood the Shalom before me. It occurred to be that being holy means being whole. Complete. A return to true divinity.

The Human Blueprint – Mind, Body, and Soul

The fire before us flickered, its golden flames swaying as though responding to an unseen rhythm. I emerged from another deep meditation, my mind still lingering in the vast expanse of stillness I had journeyed through. My senses heightened, every sound, every movement felt sharper, more pronounced. As I turned to face Shalom, it was still an uncomfortable sight.

Shalom's features were shifting—one moment distinctly masculine, strong and defined, the next, soft and delicate, embodying the divine feminine. It was as though they were both and neither, seamlessly transitioning between forms. My eyes widened in wonder.

Shalom smiled knowingly. "Do not let it distract you," he said, the voice holding the weight of ancient wisdom. "The masculine and the feminine are but two expressions of the same divine essence. All is one. Now, let us speak of another great mystery you must know to master this life on earth—the human blueprint, the map of energy woven into the fabric of human being," Shalom said.

The Human Blueprint: Mind, Body, and Soul

Shalom's voice carried like the wind, weaving through the silence with effortless grace.

"You are more than flesh and bone," Shalom said. "The ancients knew this well. From the mystics of Kemet who spoke of Sekhem, the life force, to the Yoruba wisdom of Ori, or Omuntu W'omunda (inner person) here in Kitarra, the higher self, all traditions understood that the human form is not just physical—it is an intricate vessel of energy, flowing with divine currents," Shalom said.

I leaned in, listening intently. The understanding that God is energy has been truly fascinating to me. I dedicated a full chapter in *Becoming Ultimate Masters* on this topic which explored how mastering energy direction and preservation is essential. "You

mean the chakras? The energy centers I've read about from Yogis and Hinduists?" I asked, going in straight to show my familiarity with the topic.

Shalom nodded. "Yes, though the concept exists beyond Hinduism. Many cultures recognized these energy centers. The Kemetic initiates mapped them as the cosmic flow of Sekhem. The Zulu and Dogon saw them as sacred power points, guiding the spirit through life's journey. Each center governs a different aspect of your being, forming the foundation of your spiritual evolution," they said, as now they truly sounded like two different people yet one.

They lifted their hand, tracing patterns in the air as they spoke.

The Seven Energy Centers and African Energy Systems

1. Root Chakra (Muladhara) – The Foundation

"This is your anchor to the physical world, the seat of survival and security," Shalom explained. "In some African communities, it is known as Ukunqoba, the grounding force that binds you to your ancestors and the land. Just as a tree cannot stand without roots, you must remain connected to your foundation."

2. Sacral Chakra (Svadhithana) – Creativity and Emotion

"This is the river of your being, the source of creation and sensuality. The Yoruba honor Oshun, the divine mother of the waters, who teaches that pleasure and creativity are sacred. When blocked, emotions become stagnant; when open, life flows with grace."

3. Solar Plexus Chakra (Manipura) – Personal Power

"Here lies your inner fire," Shalom continued, their eyes alight with intensity. "The Kemetic priests called it Sekhem, the force of will and self-mastery. It fuels action, confidence, and the power to shape your destiny."

4. Heart Chakra (Anahata) – Love and Compassion

"This is where humanity meets divinity," Shalom whispered, their tone

reverent. "In Bantu wisdom, Ubuntu—"I am because we are"—reflects the heart's truth. Love is not merely an emotion; it is the bridge between the seen and unseen, the rhythm of the cosmos."

5. Throat Chakra (Vishuddha) – Expression and Truth

"Words shape reality," Shalom said in a steady voice. "In Dogon cosmology, Nommo, the divine word, created the universe. This energy center governs your ability to speak truth, to invoke power with your voice."

6. Third Eye Chakra (Ajna) – Intuition and Vision

"Known as Ori Inu in Yoruba tradition, this is the seat of divine vision," they explained. "It is where you receive guidance beyond the material world. When awakened, intuition sharpens, dreams become messages, and wisdom flows freely. Some traditions call it the third eye, some the pineal gland," Shalom said

7. Crown Chakra (Sahasrara) – Divine Connection

"The highest point of your being, where your essence merges with Olódùmarè, the Source," Shalom concluded. "It is enlightenment, liberation, the realization that you are not separate from the Divine—you are an extension of it."

The Pineal Gland: The Third Eye as a Gateway to Divine Wisdom

"You speak of the Third Eye," I said, my mind racing. "Does this relate to the pineal gland that scientists are saying releases vital hormones?" I asked

Shalom nodded. "Ah, the sacred key within you. The ancients knew of its power long before modern science. The Kemetic priests called it the Eye of Horus, the inner vision beyond sight. The Dogon sages accessed it through fasting and drumming, the Zulu shamans through herbal tonics and trance states. It is the same Jesus taught when he said that if your eye be single, you will be filled with light. I know you have read about the indigenous cultures and folk healers in the Amazon

and Orinoco basins who have traditionally used ayahuasca for healing, divination, and spiritual ceremonies," he said.

"But what does the third eye do?" I pressed.

"It is your gateway," Shalom said simply. "In your science world it is known that the pineal gland secretes melatonin, regulating sleep and wellness hormones. Yet spiritually, it connects you to the unseen. When awakened, you perceive life beyond the illusion of physical things, sensing the interconnectedness of all things," they said.

I exhaled, my mind looking for the next question. "So...how do we activate or awaken it?" I asked.

"Many gurus have been teaching on your earth that sun gazing at dawn, avoiding fluoride, deep meditation, sacred chants—all these stimulate it. But above all, silence. In silence, the vision within speaks. It comes alive," Shalom said.

How Thoughts, Emotions, and Intentions Shape Reality

"Remember everything is vibration," Shalom continued. "Your thoughts, your emotions—they are not just fleeting states; they are forces."

Shalom gestured toward the fire, its flames dancing in the night air. "If you hold a joyful thought, it radiates like heat, attracting more joy. If you dwell in fear, it thickens the air, manifesting chaos. This is why, across traditions, mindfulness is sacred. Be careful what you put or sustain in your mind," Shalom said.

I recalled the Bible verse: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." (Proverbs 23:7).

"So, what we focus on becomes our reality?" I said.

"Exactly," Shalom affirmed. "The Ifá priests call it Ase—the power to manifest through intent. The Dagara of Burkina Faso believe focused thoughts shape the future. Even modern science speaks of the observer effect in quantum physics—particles behaving according to expectation from the observer," Shalom said.

A deep realization settled within me. "Then mastering my thoughts...is mastering my life," I said more as affirmation, than a question.

Shalom smiled. "Now you understand. This knowledge is not to be learned," Shalom said, eyes glimmering. "It is to be lived. Align your energy, awaken your vision, master your thoughts—and you will remember who you truly are," Shalom said.

The fire crackled, illuminating the place where we sat. I felt as though I had been given a map—one that had always been within me, waiting to be understood.

I nodded, the truth settling deep into my bones. The journey was no longer about seeking. It was about becoming. About mastering a state of being that enables me to come to that which I want to have or to enjoy. So shall it be.

DNA, Ancestors, and the Spiritual Inheritance of Humanity

"We are our ancestors' wildest dreams." — African Proverb

The air was thick with silence, the kind that hums with ancient echoes. I sat cross-legged on the stone, my palms resting on my knees, feeling the cool soil beneath me. The night sky stretched endlessly above. Shalom sat across from me, their presence serene, their gaze deep with knowing.

I had spent the last 30 minutes in meditation, my breath slowing, my mind dissolving into something vaster. In that stillness, something extraordinary had begun to unfold. Flickering images surfaced in my mind's eye—faces I had never seen but somehow recognized. A warrior adorned in cowrie shells, an elderly woman stirring herbs over a sacred fire, a child laughing by a riverbank, a monk sitting calmly in the woods, a lady in luxurious city office and then an Indian family in a town shop. It was as if I was seeing through the eyes of those who came before me. My heartbeat synchronized with what was surely ancient, something primal.

When I opened my eyes, Shalom's form appeared to shimmer, their face shifting subtly—now more feminine, now more masculine—before settling into a presence that defied categorization.

"Do not be startled," Shalom said, their voice carrying the warmth of a familiar melody. "All is one. The boundaries you perceive—time, identity, even gender—are but veils over the truth," they said.

I exhaled slowly, grounding myself in the moment. "Shalom, I saw them. Faces I don't know, but I feel them in my bones. What does it mean?" I asked.

A gentle smile formed on Shalom's lips. "It means you are remembering." They leaned forward, eyes alight with the fire of revelation. "You are the living bridge between your ancestors and what you call the future. The knowledge you seek is already within you, woven into the very strands of your DNA," they said.

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How DNA Stores Ancestral Wisdom

Shalom continued, “Modern science tells us that DNA carries not just genetic information but ancestral memory. But the ancients knew this long before the term ‘epigenetics’ was ever coined. In African spiritual traditions, your blood is a river carrying the wisdom, the joys, the struggles, and the triumphs of those who walked before you. That is why your African traditions ensure you atone for the transgressions of any of your kindred. For they knew you are but one, same from the source,” Shalom said.

I furrowed my brow. “But how does DNA hold more than just physical traits?” I asked.

“Think of it like an archive. Every experience, every trauma, every spiritual initiation leaves an imprint. Some cultures call this karma, others call it divine inheritance. In Ifá, the Yoruba believe that ancestral memory is stored in the Ori Inu—the inner self, the seat of destiny. Among the Dogon of Mali, the Nommo, celestial beings, were said to encode knowledge within human bloodlines, ensuring that wisdom is never lost—only waiting to be reawakened,” explained Shalom.

They gestured toward the trees around us, their branches swaying as if whispering secrets. “Consider the tree. It does not grow in isolation. Its roots carry the memory of every season, every storm, every moment of sunlight. The new seed the tree produces carries these memories to the next cycle. So too does your DNA carry the echoes of all who came before you,” Shalom said.

I took a deep breath, the realization settling in. “So activating our DNA means unlocking the wisdom our ancestors left behind?” I asked.

Shalom nodded. “Exactly. And when you activate your DNA, you don’t just reclaim their knowledge—you heal what was broken, you amplify their strengths, and you fulfill the dreams they never got to complete,” Shalom said. Now I knew why the prayer Jesus asked us to pray is in plural- our daily bread... our sins... lead us...

Ubuntu and Collective Consciousness

"Umuntu ngumuntu ngabantu—A person is a person through other people."

— Zulu Proverb

Shalom turned their gaze toward the horizon. "There is no such thing as an isolated soul. We are all strands of the same divine fabric. This is the essence of **Ubuntu**—the African philosophy that says, 'I am because we are'," Shalom said.

I thought back to moments in my life when I felt disconnected, like I was walking a path no one had tread before. "But what if someone feels lost? What if they don't know where they come from or don't connect to anything in their past?" I asked.

Shalom smiled. "You are never truly lost. Even when the mind forgets, the soul remembers. Every time you honor your intuition, every time you listen to the whispers of your spirit, I mean your inner self, you are reconnecting with that great lineage," Shalom said, tracing a line in the dirt.

"Think of time not as a straight line, but as a great river. Your ancestors are not behind you; they flow beside you. And when you heal, you do not heal alone—you send that healing backward and forward through time, at different points in your timeline," Shalom said.

A shiver ran through me. "So when we change, when we elevate, we're not just doing it for ourselves?" I enquired.

"Exactly. When you break cycles of pain, when you reclaim your divine power, you free your ancestors from the chains of unfinished lessons. You uplift the next generations before they are even born," Shalom said. What a revelation!

Practices for Unlocking Ancestral Wisdom

Shalom gestured for me to sit straighter. "Now, let's talk about how your communities try to awaken what already exists within you," I heard the now familiar voice. Pointing to his fingers, he began to list

1. Honoring the Ancestors Through Ritual

- **Create an ancestral altar** with photos, candles, and offerings.
- **Speak their names aloud** to keep their memory alive.
- **Offer prayers or libations**, thanking them for their guidance.

2. Dreamwork and Ancestral Communication

- **Set an intention before sleep** to receive messages from your ancestors.
- **Keep a dream journal**—many messages come in symbols and visions.
- **Use African drumming rhythms** or chanting to access altered states of consciousness.

3. Meditation and DNA Activation Practices

- **Use sacred sound frequencies**—the ancient Kemetic mantra *Sa Sekhem Sahu* is said to unlock dormant potential. So does *Aum* or *ohm*.
- **Engage in rhythmic movement**—dance is a powerful activator of ancestral memory.
- **Work with crystals and herbs**—certain natural elements amplify spiritual awakening like ayahuasca, marijuana, pine trees.

4. Reconnecting with Indigenous Spirituality

- **Study the traditions of your lineage**—their stories, prayers, and myths hold keys to your identity.
- **Participate in cultural rituals**—these are encoded with spiritual power.
- **Find a mentor or elder** who can guide you in rediscovering ancestral wisdom.

Shalom's voice softened. "The more you honor where you came from, the clearer your path forward becomes," they said. It is then that I remembered that Jesus

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proclaimed he came to fulfil the law, not to remove. Nothing changes, but our remembering, by turning within and again tuning to the divine.

Embracing Your Spiritual Inheritance

As the firelight flickered between us, Shalom looked at me seeming to read deeper whether I had understood. “Your ancestors do not live in the past. They live in your breath, in your thoughts, in the way your heart beats to rhythms older than time,” Shalom said.

I let their words sink in. “So remembering them is really about remembering myself?” I asked.

A slow nod. “Exactly. Every time you step into your power, you step into theirs. You are their living prayer, their walking altar, their dream fulfilled,” Shalom said.

A gust of wind stirred the leaves around us, carrying with it a presence—something unseen, yet deeply felt. I closed my eyes for a moment, and when I opened them, I knew:

I was not alone.

I had never been alone.

And now, I was ready to remember.

I knew the ancestors are always calling.

Will you answer?

The Great Illusion – Breaking Free from the Matrix

I sat in silence, my breath steady, my mind unraveling from the weight of distractions. I felt my consciousness expand beyond my body. It was as if a veil had been lifted, revealing an intricate web of unseen forces binding reality together.

Slowly, I opened my eyes. The world appeared the same, yet something had shifted. The trees, the air, the very space between objects shimmered with a new intensity, as though I had glimpsed a hidden truth just beyond my previous grasp.

Across from me, Shalom sat in quiet observation, their face calm yet infinitely knowing. For a moment, something strange happened—their features softened, shifting between the masculine and feminine, flickering between defined and formless. I blinked, to be sure I can take in all the changes that one person can be experiencing in appearance.

Shalom smiled. “You see beyond the illusion now?” he asked.

I swallowed, my heart beating faster. “What just happened?”

“You are beginning to recognize that form is not as rigid as you’ve been led to believe. Everything you perceive is a construct, a projection of deeper truths,” Shalom said, leaning in slightly. “What you call reality is a veil, carefully woven to keep you bound within its limits by those who perceived and conceived it,” I heard them say.

I exhaled sharply. I remember that nothing is real apart from everything, the truth. It occurred to me what I call real is what I am perceiving of the experience. That anything can elicit different meanings to different people experiencing it. It was frightening to know that every person is not one real being, but a collection of masks one puts on for different people in different circumstances, and how those different people perceive the specific appearance or vibration of a particular person.

“Then what is real?” I asked when I returned from this reverie to see what Shalom can explain further about this.

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Shalom's eyes gleamed. "That, my friend, is what we are about to uncover."

The Illusion of Separation and Materialism

Shalom stood and gestured toward the vast sky. "The greatest illusion mankind has ever accepted is the illusion of separation—the belief that we are alone, that we are disconnected from the Divine, from each other, and from the universe itself," Shalom said.

I let those words settle. Over the past five years, it had started to be funny to me how people could think they are different from each other, or from grass, plants and cattle whose beef we eat, or even the soil where all nature grows from.

"And yet, that's exactly how the world operates. We are divided by race, nationality, religion, social status... everything seems designed to keep us apart," I said.

"That is by design," Shalom replied. "Many know about the key universal law of divine oneness. The illusion is reinforced by materialism, by ego, by the structures of power that benefit from your belief in separateness. In the teachings of the BaKongo people, the world we see is merely a reflection of the spiritual realm, like an image in water. The Kalunga Line separates the seen from the unseen, just as in Hinduism, Maya—illusion—binds the soul to a limited existence. Your own people here in the Kingdom of light you call Kitarra have the concept of *emyenda ya kitarra*, encompassing all people as one," Shalom said.

I nodded, further remembering the allegory of the Cave by Plato. "Like prisoners mistaking shadows for reality," I chipped in.

"Exactly. And just as in the cave, few dare to step beyond the illusion, for the unknown is terrifying," Shalom said.

How Fear, Programming, and Conditioning Trap Human Potential

Shalom talked slowly, their voice steady and deliberate. "Fear is the cornerstone of the illusion. It is how what some call the matrix keeps you asleep. Fear of scarcity

keeps you chasing money. Fear of judgment keeps you conforming. Fear of failure keeps you from breaking free. And fear of death...” Shalom paused, locking eyes with me. “Fear of death keeps you believing that this physical existence is all there is,” I heard them emphasise, as if at the moment we were in a state not physical.

I shivered. “So we’re programmed from birth to follow some people’s interests?” I asked.

“Yes. From childhood, you are conditioned to define yourself by external factors—your name, your status, your possessions. The Yoruba concept of Òrìsà-Ègbè speaks of the soul’s divine agreements before birth, yet upon entering the physical world, most forget their mission. In Kabbalah, Klippot refers to the spiritual shells that obscure divine light. In Buddhism, the cycle of Samsara traps souls in endless reincarnation, blinded by illusion. That is why you see all those elaborate naming ceremonies and rituals in your communities, baptisms in religion. Someone or a group is claiming you and guiding how you experience life. But it is part of the divine grand game of life in the physical form. You have to be separate to realise your unity with all,” Shalom said. I swallowed. “So how do we break free?” I asked.

Shalom’s expression turned thoughtful. “First, you must realize you are in a prison. Then, you must unlearn everything you thought was true,” Shalom said.

Breaking the Illusion: The Path to Liberation

Shalom raised a hand. “There are three keys to escaping the illusion: Awareness, Detachment, and Conscious Creation.” I sat up straighter, listening intently.

1. Awareness – Recognizing the Illusion

- “Study ancient spiritual texts. The **Emerald Tablets of Thoth** describe how material distractions blind humanity from higher wisdom.”
- “Observe how society constantly reinforces external validation—through wealth, appearance, and power.”

- “Engage in self-inquiry. Ask yourself, ‘Who am I beyond my body, beyond my job, beyond my name, beyond my tribe, beyond my religion?’”

2. Detachment – Releasing Material Attachments

- “Buddhism teaches non-attachment as the path to enlightenment. African traditions speak of **Ukuphuma Emlonyeni**, the Zulu principle of rising above worldly concerns.”
- “Understand that nothing external defines you—not your possessions, not your achievements, not even your relationships.”
- “Shift your focus inward. Seek peace not in things, but in stillness.”

3. Conscious Creation – Manifesting Higher Reality

- “Train your mind to see beyond the illusion. You can call upon what you want to see in your life, through visualization and lucid dreaming.”
- “Align your actions with divine purpose rather than societal expectations.”
- “Engage in group meditations, prayer circles, and collective healing. The more minds awaken, the weaker the illusion becomes.”

I absorbed every word, feeling a deep stirring within me. “But doesn’t detaching from the material world mean rejecting society?” I asked.

“No. The goal is not to escape, but to master. The true sage walks through illusion without being controlled by it. Jesus said, ‘*Be in the world, but not of it.*’ The Taoist master lives in harmony with the flow, untouched by its chaos,” Shalom said smiling.

Embracing True Reality

This I had to take time to drink in the message. The fire between us crackled softly as I let Shalom’s words settle. The world suddenly felt... lighter, as though something had shifted in my perception.

“So breaking free isn’t about running away,” I murmured. “It’s about waking up to our true identity as free beings of the father in expression?” I said.

Shalom nodded. “Exactly. To awaken is to see the world as it truly is. To remember that you are not a prisoner, but a creator. That this life is but a dream within a dream. You wrote in your own book the need to grow to the realization that you are I am. You are a part of the divine. You wrote rightly that the absolute truth for everyone is ‘I am and I create’,” Shalom said.

I exhaled, looking at my hands—at the form I had taken in this lifetime, feeling proud that I had received and shared such great lessons before. “And what happens when enough people wake up?” I asked, as I resisted the urge to take credit for anything I write, as I know I am just but a channel of the divine expressing through my physical being.

Shalom’s gaze burned with quiet intensity. “Then, my friend, the illusion crumbles. And humanity will remember its infinite nature,” Shalom said.

A shiver ran through me—not of fear, but of awe. “How thou art Lord”, I hummed within, to myself, to the universe.

For the first time, I saw the shadows on the cave wall for what they were. And beyond them, the light was calling. Clarity was winning. The question still was how many are willing to wake up?

The Call to Higher Awareness

I emerged from meditation to find Shalom's form stabilizing into that of a man in his early thirties. His presence exuded a serene authority, and his eyes sparkled with timeless wisdom.

"Good morning," he greeted me with a warm smile. "This is your journey to understand the call to higher awareness," he said.

I nodded, absorbing the profound truth in his words and keeping to my understanding that he wasn't a usual human being trolling the earth.

Understanding Your Life Purpose as a Divine Co-Creator

"Each soul," Shalom began, "is born with a unique purpose, a melody that contributes to the grand symphony of the universe. I see in some of your books you call it a united verse or you-in-verse," he continued.

I smiled, grateful that he was referring my previous work. "What knowledge is currently available in our traditions for people to discover this melody?" I inquired.

"In Yoruba cosmology," he explained, "there's the concept of *Ayanmo*, which signifies one's destiny. It's believed that before birth, a soul chooses a path aligned with its growth. However, societal conditioning and personal fears often cloud this path. Among your Banyoro, you have similar concepts like *omugaso*, *obwomezi*, *ekirale*," he said.

Reflecting on his words, I asked, "How can we realign with this purpose?"

"By cultivating awareness, discipline, and maintaining a connection with your higher self. This you can only gain by going within yourself and surrendering all thought and worry, trusting your higher self from the father of all, the Allah, to speak to you," Shalom replied.

He then shared a story: "Consider a young woman in Ghana who felt lost. She journeyed to the sacred Wli waterfalls. In deep meditation, she envisioned her

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ancestors guiding her toward healing. Embracing this vision, she became a traditional healer, fulfilling her true destiny," Shalom said.

How Meditation, Fasting, and Spiritual Discipline Open the Higher Self

"To awaken higher awareness," Shalom continued, "one must clear the mind and body of distractions."

"How can humans achieve that state?" I asked.

"Through practices like meditation, fasting, and spiritual discipline," he answered.

1. Meditation: The Gateway to Divine Wisdom

"In Kemetic spirituality," Shalom noted, "priests practiced deep silence, known as *Shetaut Neter*, to commune with higher realms," he said.

"How can one start meditating?" I inquired.

"Begin each morning with ten minutes of silent reflection," he suggested. "Focus on your breath and set an intention for the day. Over time, this strengthens your connection to the divine within," Shalom advised.

2. Fasting: Purifying the Body and Mind

"Fasting is a common practice across various traditions," Shalom explained. "In Yoruba culture, it's used to receive messages from *Orunmila*, the deity of wisdom."

"What benefits does fasting offer?" I queried.

"It reduces distractions and increases receptivity to higher consciousness," he replied.

"A man in Kenya sought clarity about his life. He undertook a 21-day water fast. By the final week, he experienced heightened awareness and dreams filled with ancestral guidance, revealing his life's purpose," Shalom recounted.

3. Spiritual Discipline: The Path to Mastery

I was taking it all in, as if I had a paper on which I was writing every word with the best indelible ink. "Self-discipline is the foundation of power," Shalom stated.

"How can one develop this discipline?" I asked.

"Commit to a spiritual routine," he advised. "Whether it's prayer, journaling, or energy work, consistency will unlock higher awareness over time," Shalom said, further reminding me how I managed to speak to him because of my dedicated prayers every morning and evening.

African Proverbs and Teachings on Self-Realization

"African wisdom offers profound insights into self-realization," Shalom said.

"Could you share some?" I requested.

He nodded and recited:

- "The eye never forgets what the heart has seen." (Ethiopian Proverb)

"This means intuition holds the key to divine remembrance," he explained.

- "A man who uses force is afraid of reasoning." (Kenyan Proverb)

"True mastery requires inner balance, not aggression," he elaborated.

- "Wisdom does not come overnight." (Akan Proverb)

"Spiritual awakening is a lifelong journey," he emphasized.

He then shared about an elder in Senegal: "Known for his profound wisdom, he gained knowledge not from books but from observing nature, engaging in rituals, and listening to his ancestors. This inner knowing transcends intellectual learning. Remember ancestors are part of you and you are part of them. The almighty, the father being our ultimate supreme ancestor. Are you listening to the ancestors?" Shalom asked.

Answering the Call to Higher Awareness

I sat calmly half asleep but attentive taking in every word and wisdom, but wondering whether this doesn't mean one should not live usual life as we do on earth, with the realities and struggles of achievement of desires.

"Awakening to higher awareness is about transforming reality, not escaping it," Shalom said as if reading my mind.

"How can we begin this transformation?" I asked.

"Through meditation, fasting, and spiritual discipline," he reiterated. "This journey requires patience, practice, and a willingness to unlearn societal conditioning. Most of what you have been taught is not true, but what they wanted you to know. Like you see with crops where every plant must draw its own nutrients from the ground, you need to tune in to your source, the creator of all and get the true instructions to awaken you to your true purpose," Shalom said.

He smiled gently and added, "As the Yoruba say, 'A river that forgets its source will soon dry up.' You are that river. Your source is your higher self. The call to awaken has been sounded—will you answer?" he challenged me.

His words resonated deeply, igniting a spark within, urging me to embark on the path of self-discovery and higher awareness. I closed my eyes, looked around and in myself, searching for signs whether I am answering the call to awaken.

Love as the Ultimate Frequency

As the soft glow of our sanctuary enveloped us, I couldn't help but wonder what is the main ingredient to this awakening. What is the individual to do to ensure one is well adjusted to this possibility of tuning into the higher self and stand a chance to get divine insights. Shalom sat quietly seeming to read me from within. His presence exuded warmth and wisdom, and his eyes held a depth that spoke of ancient truths.

"Love," Shalom began, his voice resonating with gentle authority, "is the highest vibrational frequency in existence. It transcends time, space, and dimensions, binding all of creation in a divine orchestra," Shalom said.

I leaned in, eager to absorb his words.

"In African spirituality, we embrace the philosophy of Ubuntu, which means 'I am because we are.' This principle teaches that love is not an isolated experience but a shared energy connecting individuals to their communities and the cosmos," Shalom said.

He paused, allowing the weight of his words to settle in with me.

"Similarly, in ancient Kemetic teachings, love is embodied in Maat, the universal order ensuring harmony and balance," he added.

I nodded, reflecting on how these concepts mirrored the teachings of other spiritual traditions.

"Love has the power to heal past wounds, dissolve fear, and realign humanity with its divine purpose," Shalom said, his eyes meeting mine. "When we move beyond conditional love—based on expectations and attachments—we enter the realm of unconditional love, transforming ourselves and the world," he added.

He then shared a story of a man in Rwanda who, after losing his family in the genocide, embarked on a journey of forgiveness. Through meditation, prayer, and

the guidance of elders, he learned that only love could release him from suffering. He later became a peace ambassador, spreading the message of reconciliation.

"Across spiritual traditions," Shalom continued, "enlightened beings have embodied divine love as a transformative force," he said.

He spoke of Christ Consciousness, where Jesus taught boundless love, instructing followers to love their enemies and bless those who curse them (followers of Jesus).

"The parable of the Prodigal Son illustrates that love is not earned but freely given, regardless of past transgressions," Shalom explained.

Turning to Buddhism, he discussed the concept of *Metta*, or loving-kindness, an unconditional love that dissolves suffering and separation.

"Enlightenment is reached not through personal gain but through recognizing our oneness with all sentient beings, by exhibiting love for all," Shalom said, adding that natural elements like the sun, water, soil and air have demonstrated unconditional love as they are open for use by all, irrespective of your character record.

I listened intently, absorbing the interconnectedness of these teachings.

"To embody divine love," Shalom advised, "we must practice forgiveness and compassion." He emphasized that forgiveness doesn't condone harmful actions but releases the forgiver from the cycle of suffering.

"In Ifá wisdom," he shared, "the Orisha Obatalá teaches that purity of heart leads to peace and divine connection," he said.

Shalom suggested writing a letter to someone who has hurt us—not to send, but to release the pain.

"Speak words of forgiveness as a sacred ritual to dissolve the energetic bonds of resentment," he encouraged.

He turned his gaze as if turning a page in a book. Shalom started talking about compassion, explaining that it requires seeing beyond the ego, recognizing that each person carries their own wounds.

"The Hopi people," he said, "teach that compassion is the bridge between the self and the collective," he acknowledged.

He recommended performing daily acts of kindness without expecting anything in return, shifting the heart toward divine resonance as key ways of expressing compassion.

"To operate at the frequency of love is to transcend human limitations and align with the divine. Love is the greatest alchemy, capable of transforming pain into wisdom, division into unity, and suffering into liberation," Shalom said.

As his words settled into my mind, I felt a profound shift within.

"The path to your higher self," Shalom said softly, "begins with love—for yourself, for others, and for the divine presence within all things."

"Love," he continued, "is not merely an emotion; it is the very essence of creation, the ultimate frequency that resonates through every atom of the cosmos." His words echoed the teachings of various spiritual traditions, each emphasizing the transformative power of love.

In Christianity, Jesus Christ's message centered on unconditional love, urging followers to "love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you" (Matthew 5:44). I became aware that this radical love challenges individuals to transcend personal grievances and embrace a universal compassion.

According to Shalom, in Buddhism, the practice of Metta, or loving-kindness meditation, cultivates an all-encompassing love that extends to all beings, fostering a sense of interconnectedness and empathy.

He said Hinduism speaks of Prema, a divine love that transcends the physical realm, connecting the soul to the ultimate reality, Brahman. “This love is seen as a path to spiritual liberation and unity with the divine. In Judaism, the concept of Ahavah Rabba, or great love, reflects the profound bond between the Creator and creation, encouraging individuals to mirror this love in their relationships with others,” Shalom added.

Demonstrating a deep mastery of many spiritual traditions, he said Islam teaches about Mahabbah, the love for Allah and His creation, emphasizing that love is a fundamental aspect of faith and a means to attain closeness to the Divine.

“Taoism views love as an expression of the Tao, the natural order of the universe, promoting harmony and balance in all relationships. The Bahá’í Faith emphasizes the unity of mankind, teaching that love is the primary force that will bring about global harmony and peace,” he said.

As Shalom spoke, I felt a profound resonance within me, as if the truths he articulated were awakening a deep-seated understanding. The realization dawned that love, in its purest form, is a universal language, a force that transcends cultural and religious boundaries, uniting us all in the shared experience of existence.

"To embody this ultimate frequency," Shalom concluded, his gaze meeting mine with unwavering intensity, "is to align oneself with the very heartbeat of the universe. It is through love that we find our true purpose and contribute to the harmonious symphony of life," he said.

In that moment, I understood that the journey to higher awareness is not a solitary endeavor but a collective ascent, guided by the transformative power of unconditional love.

I took a deep breath, as if readying myself to become a living expression of divine love. May we ever ask ourselves at every moment of decision, ‘what would love do?’

Service, Destiny, and the Universal Mission

The embers of the night's fire still smoldered on the stone, sending thin wisps of smoke curling into the crisp morning air. The deep blue of the sky was beginning to surrender to streaks of gold and orange as the first light of dawn crept over Lake Albert. Its waters shimmered softly in the distance, about two hundred meters from where we sat. The gentle rustling of trees seemed to whisper secrets carried by the lake's breath, while the distant cries of fishermen preparing their nets added life to the silence. Peering to see the waters in the wee hours of the morning, I fathomed a lively Kabukanga, Ndaiga—a place where the veil between the seen and unseen seemed thinner, where wisdom could be drawn from the depths as effortlessly as the fishermen cast their nets.

Shalom sat cross-legged across from me on the worn stone, where our fire had burned bright all night, illuminating our conversations. Now, in the hushed quiet of dawn, he closed his eyes as though listening to the pulse of the universe itself. I, too, remained silent, absorbing the sacred stillness of the moment.

“When the root is deep, there is no reason to fear the wind,” Shalom finally spoke, his voice blending with the rhythm of the lake's gentle waves. “Such is the nature of destiny, my dear Businge. It is not dictated by fleeting whims or the desires of the ego, but by the divine imprint woven into your very being before you even drew the first breath,” he said.

I exhaled, absorbing his words, remembering the bible verse on God knowing a person before one appears in the mother's womb. “But if destiny is already written, where does our will come in? Do we not shape our own paths?” I asked.

A soft smile curved his lips. “Ah, the paradox of free will and divine order. Many traditions speak of this—some call it *karma*, others *qadar*, *Maktub*—‘it is written.’ In Ifá, the Yoruba say Ori chooses one's path before birth, yet it is up to the individual to align with it. In the Bhagavad Gita, Krishna tells Arjuna that his duty, his *dharma*,

is already before him, yet he must choose to walk it. Destiny is both a map and a journey, an unfolding of what was always within you,” Shalom said.

His words sparked a memory. “Like the story of the young woman in Tanzania who sought divination and discovered she was meant to be a healer?” I asked referring to a far off story to test if Shalom could relate to the story.

“Precisely,” he nodded. “She was lost only because she had forgotten what her soul had already chosen. And what did the Babaláwo tell her?” Shalom asked. I was impressed with his sense of detail.

I smiled, recalling the tale. “That her grandmother’s spirit walked with her, guiding her to embrace the path of healing. That through service to others, she would remember who she truly was,” I said.

Shalom leaned forward. “Service is the doorway to destiny. The greatest among you shall be your servant, as Jesus taught. In Taoism, they call it *wu wei*—effortless action. In Buddhism, the Bodhisattva vows to return, life after life, to aid others. To serve is to align oneself with the divine current, rather than resist it,” Shalom said.

His words settled deep into my soul, yet a new question arose. “But how do we know we are aligned with our divine assignment? What if we are mistaken?” I asked, more for you than for myself.

Shalom’s gaze softened. “Introspection, my beloved. The still, small voice within you has always known. In Kemet, they spoke of Maat—truth, balance, and harmony. When you walk in alignment, the path feels light, even in hardship. But when you resist, life becomes a struggle. The Sufis say, ‘Die before you die,’ meaning one must surrender the false self to awaken to the true self. This is the key assignment of everyone on this planet. To awaken to your true self,” Shalom said.

He gestured toward a book he had beside him, which I hadn’t noticed that he had since I met him. “Would you read for me?” he asked.

I reached for the book, my fingers tracing the ancient symbols before I spoke the words aloud: *'The kingdom is within you.'*

Shalom closed his eyes in agreement. "Yes. Your highest path is not outside of you, it is inscribed in your soul. Meditation, prayer, and silence help you hear its whispers," he boomed.

A gust of wind passed through the trees, lifting a few leaves from the ground, swirling them before us. I watched their dance, mesmerized by their effortless movement. "And what of service beyond ourselves? What is our role in the greater whole?" I asked, thinking of our motto in Rotary of service above self.

"The highest destiny," Shalom said, "is to be a steward, not just of oneself, but of all life. The Dogon believe the Earth is a living entity, infused with spirit. The Igbo say, *'He who does not know where he is going must at least know where he came from.'* Ubuntu teaches us, *'I am because we are.'* True purpose is never isolated; it is woven into the fabric of humanity and how people relate to each other," he said.

I felt the weight of his words, realizing that destiny is not simply about personal fulfillment, but about contributing to something greater. "So, the businessman who shifts from accumulating wealth to funding education for the poor—he has found his true calling?" I asked.

Shalom nodded. "Because in giving, he was given more. Not in riches, but in fulfillment. Christ washed the feet of his disciples, Muhammad served the poor, the Dalai Lama speaks of compassion as the root of happiness. Service refines the soul, aligning it with the divine purpose," he said, the words coming out so sweetly I didn't want him to stop.

I turned to face him fully. "Then to serve is to fulfill destiny?" I asked.

"To serve," he whispered, "is to remember who you are," he retorted.

The distant crow of a rooster broke the quiet of dawn, signaling the waking of the dwellers of Kabukannga landing site beyond the trees. I sat in silence, letting his words settle into the deepest parts of my being. My path, though uncertain, had never been lost—it had only been waiting for me to listen.

“Will you step into your purpose?” Shalom asked, his eyes holding the quiet fire of eternity.

I breathed in the sacred air of Kabukanga and knew my answer before I even spoke it.

“Yes.”

The Awakening Process – Initiations and Trials

The remnants of the fire lay in smoldering fragments, their warmth slowly fading into the cool embrace of dawn. Above, the sky stretched wide in a canvas of deep violet and ember gold, reflecting off the rippling expanse of Lake Mwitanzige. A light mist curled along the water's edge, rising and vanishing like whispers of the unseen. I could feel the air was thick with the scent of earth, the whispers of the trees, and the distant call of fishermen readying their boats. As I attempted the morning breath gratitude exercise, I could smell the scent of morning dew mingled with the earthy aroma of damp foliage, carrying the silent promise of renewal. Somewhere in the distance, the faint murmur of villagers preparing for the day wove into the symphony of nature's slow awakening was of note.

Shalom sat in silence upon the stone he had sat on most of the night, his gaze steady upon the lake's vastness. I couldn't believe I had spent the whole night by the fire, listening, absorbing, questioning. Now, in the sacred quiet of morning, I knew we were stepping into deeper waters.

"The journey to the Higher Self," Shalom began, his voice measured like the rhythmic lapping of the lake's waves, "is not a path paved with roses. It is a road of fire, where the soul is tempered, tested, and transformed," he said as he turned to face me. "Many are called, but few answer," he continued.

I nodded, feeling the weight of his words settle upon my chest. "Why is it so difficult?" I asked.

He smiled, his expression both knowing and patient. "Because transformation requires death before rebirth, surrender before mastery, and faith before sight," Salom said as his hand traced the outline of a weathered book beside him. "The trials of initiation are universal. In every sacred tradition, from the mystery schools of Kemet to the desert wanderings of prophets, from the shamanic rites of the Americas to the spiritual seclusion of monks, the path to enlightenment demands the soul be stripped of illusion," Shalom said.

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I looked about wondering whether anyone else had come nearer and was listening. I noticed a soft gust of wind carried the scent of the lake through the trees. I shivered, though not from the cold. “What happens in these trials?” I asked.

“The Dark Night of the Soul as some of your people call it,” Shalom said, his voice carrying the gravity of ancient wisdom. “A descent into the abyss, where the comforts of the world no longer sustain. It is a time of suffering, of questioning, of despair,” he said, gesturing toward the horizon. “King David spoke of it in the Psalms: ‘Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.’” Shalom intoned with a unique mastery.

He paused, letting the words sink in before continuing. “In the Kemetic Mystery Schools, initiates were placed in darkness for days, forced to face their own fears. The Dagara people of Burkina Faso send their initiates into solitude, where they confront their ‘inner demons’. Christ himself spent forty days in the wilderness, and was tested by the illusions of power, pride, and materialism,” Shalom echoed.

I swallowed hard. *Kyaba* too much, as they say in Uganda speak. “And if one cannot endure?” I asked.

Shalom met my gaze. “Then the false self remains. The ego tightens its grip. But for those who walk through the fire, the ego shatters, giving way to the true self. The self that is one with the creator and everyone and everything else,” Shalom said with finality.

The fire crackled softly at my feet. “Is the ego our enemy?” I asked to ensure I get more nuggets from him before we are interrupted.

“No,” Shalom said, shaking his head. “The ego is a tool, but when it rules, it blinds. It makes us believe we are separate—from the Divine, from each other, from our purpose,” he said. As I wondered what to ask next, he lifted a small clay vessel and poured water onto the earth, watching as it disappeared into the soil. “In Ifá, the Yoruba teach that the Ori—our divine consciousness—guides us, but only if we

surrender to its wisdom. In Buddhism, this is called *Anatta*, the realization that the self is an illusion. The Buddha saw through Mara's deceptions, just as we must see through our own. Jesus in the Bible asked people to ignore all their early possessions and responsibilities to follow him. There is a giving up to do," Shalom said.

As I was internalizing this, a flock of birds lifted into the sky, their wings catching the rising light. "And once the ego dissolves?" I asked, still looking at the birds.

Shalom's smile deepened. "Then comes the rebirth." He stretched his hands toward the warming sky towards the birds. "The Phoenix of Kemet, the serpent shedding its skin in Bantu traditions, the resurrection of Jesus—each tells the same story. The soul, once bound by illusion, emerges radiant, limitless, divine," Shalom said with a rare calm mastery.

A silence settled between us, heavy with revelation. It was a weighty lesson for me to learn that the trials were not to break us, but to unmask us of the false self. To refine us into who we had always been beneath the layers of fear and illusion.

"But the world does not welcome awakened souls," I said, my voice quieter now.

"No," Shalom agreed. "Every initiate faces resistance. Job was tested, not for weakness, but for strength. In the Ifá tradition, Ogun's warriors wear sacred beads to shield themselves from opposition. The Bantu speak of *Ndoki*—forces that rise against those stepping into higher wisdom." He exhaled. "Awakening is not for the faint of heart. It demands spiritual armor," Shalom said.

I turned to him and asked: "How do we protect ourselves when in this awakening process?"

Shalom's fingers traced patterns on the ground. "Daily prayer. Communion with ancestors. Fasting for clarity. Rituals to cleanse energy. Meditation to align with the Divine. These are your shields taught by several sages over your world time," he said.

The light of dawn now fully bathed the land, painting the lake in hues of gold. I watched its surface ripple, reflecting back the truth I had come to understand.

“And at the end of it all?” I asked, my voice in stealth mode, sort of.

“At the end,” Shalom said, “the student becomes the master. No longer ruled by fear, but guided by wisdom. No longer seeking outside of themselves, but listening to the divine voice within,” Shalom said.

I closed my eyes, feeling the truth settle into my bones. What is the key lesson here I asked myself. A voice told me from within that the trials were not punishments. They were gifts. They stripped away the false, so that only truth remained. They burned away the illusion, so that the eternal could shine.

“The phoenix does not fear the fire,” Shalom whispered. “For it knows it will rise again,” he said, clearly demonstrated he was hearing what I was reflecting on within. It is then I knew I am one with Him. We are all one.

Mastering the Art of Energy and Manifestation

I couldn't sense a feeling of this is it. I have learnt too much and need to start to make it bear fruit. I looked at the sky, now washed in hues of deep blue and amber, stretched endlessly over the waters of Lake Mwitanzige. The rhythmic murmur of the waves against the shore played like a sacred hymn, whispering the secrets carried by the waters from all the rivers that pour into this lake. A gentle wind carried the scent of earth and morning dew, weaving through the trees that stood as silent sentinels to our gathering. The remnants of our fire from the night had faded into glowing embers, pulsing like the breath of a slumbering giant.

Shalom sat still beside me, his expression serene yet charged with an unspoken intensity. He turned toward the horizon, where the first clear rays of light met the vast waters. "Energy," he said, his voice steady as the lake's waves, "is the language of the Divine. Everything you see, everything you feel, is a manifestation of its infinite energy vibrating at different frequencies," Shalom said.

I listened, absorbing his words like parched earth drinking the first rains of the season. "But how does one master energy?" I asked, my voice carrying the weight of genuine curiosity.

He smiled, the kind of smile that hinted at the depth of what was to come. "By first understanding that you are energy itself. Every thought, every emotion, every breath you take has a vibrational signature. The higher your frequency, the closer you move to the realm of miracles, bringing forth that you wish to see effortlessly," he said.

The Art of Raising Vibrational Frequency

Shalom gestured to the surrounding landscape. "Consider the teachings of the ancients. In Yoruba spirituality, Asé is the divine force that moves through all things. The Kabbalists speak of the Sephiroth—emanations of divine light that shape creation. In Buddhism, the path to enlightenment is one of vibrational purification, freeing the soul from attachment and suffering," he hummed.

I was internalizing this with eyes closed, when I felt his gaze turn to me. “Tell me, have you ever felt moments where you were in complete harmony, as if the universe itself was guiding you?” he asked.

I nodded, recalling instances of deep clarity, even the many moments when synchronicities seemed to unfold effortlessly before me.

“That is alignment,” he affirmed. “To master energy, one must cultivate practices that elevate the soul,” he said and continued to outline the core methods known to sages across traditions:

- **Conscious Breathwork:** “The breath of Ra, the sacred rhythm of Pranayama, the breath of life—breath is the bridge between the physical and the spiritual. Deep, intentional breathing cleanses the soul.”
- **Sacred Sound and Chanting:** “From Gregorian chants to African drumming to Buddhist mantras—sound carries frequency. Words spoken with intention shape reality.”
- **Nature Immersion:** “The Dogon people of Mali speak of the cosmic intelligence embedded in nature. The Taoists understood that aligning with nature’s rhythms awakens higher wisdom.”
- **Ritual Purification:** “Water, herbs, fasting—each tradition has known that clearing energetic blockages makes space for the divine to flow.”

Manifestation: The Science of Directing Energy

Shalom’s gaze deepened, as if seeing beyond what the eyes could perceive. “To manifest,” he continued, “is not merely to wish, but to will. Thought is the architect of reality. The great traditions have always known this,” Shalom said.

He lifted a small parchment from his side. “In Kabbalah, the 72 Names of God are said to hold the key to unlocking creation itself. By focusing the mind on divine

vibrations, we align with the forces of manifestation- the ability to make real that which one wishes to see or experience,” Shalom said.

I watched as he looked up and down, then traced a symbol into the sand. “The Igbo people of Nigeria understand *Chi*, the personal god within, guiding one’s destiny. The Chinese call it Qi, the Japanese Ki. In Ifá, the ancestors are called upon for support, their wisdom shaping the unseen realms. There is an ever present divine force, a power you can always tune into and have it help you achieve the reality you want,” Shalom said.

I leaned forward, captivated. “And what of Hermeticism?” I asked, wanting to know what he might share from the ancient divine knowledge container.

Shalom’s smile returned. “The Kybalion teaches, ‘The All is Mind.’ The Law of Correspondence states, ‘As above, so below; as within, so without.’ Reality mirrors consciousness. It reflects what is within you,” he said.

He spoke of techniques passed down through time:

- **Mental Transmutation:** “Shift fear to faith, scarcity to abundance—thought is alchemy.”
- **Visualization:** “See what you desire as though it is already yours, and reality will follow.”
- **Symbols and Sacred Geometry:** “Ancient sigils, mandalas, and geometric codes direct energy with precision.”

The Secret of Co-Creation

Shalom’s voice softened. “But true manifestation,” he said, “is not just about you.”

He pointed toward the lake, where fishermen could be seen casting their nets into the water, trusting that the lake would provide. “Ubuntu—‘I am because we are.’ What you manifest must uplift not only yourself, but the collective,” he said.

I thought of Christ's words: "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matthew 6:33)

"The greatest manifestations," Shalom continued, "are born from faith, service, and alignment with divine will," he said.

I took a deep breath, feeling the wisdom settle within me like a seed in fertile soil. "So to manifest is to embody the Divine?" I asked.

Shalom nodded. "Yes. It is a dance between intention and surrender, focus and flow. The universe, the power of the almighty is always listening. When you vibrate at the frequency of love, truth, and faith, your every desire becomes a whisper in the ear of the Divine—answered in ways beyond imagination," he said.

I closed my eyes, feeling the energy of the moment wrap around me like a sacred veil. I could feel the lake, the trees, the wind—all part of the grand symphony of what I was taking in. I could feel I was not separate. I was a note within the divine song.

I turned to Shalom, my heart alight with understanding. "Then let us create with wisdom."

He smiled. "Let us create with love."

Becoming a Divine Alchemist

The remnants of the night's lessons lingered in my mind and I could feel it in the air like the last whispers of a fading dream. I checked to see if I could notice it on the lake water, as I have learned over time that water carries all memories of all information in the world. I saw a gentle mist curl over the lake, its silver tendrils gliding across the water's surface, dissolving as the first breath of morning light touched them. The embers of our fire had dimmed, yet their warmth still hummed in the stones beneath us, a quiet echo of the conversations that had shaped the night. The chorus of waking birds added their voices to the hush of dawn, blending with the rhythmic sigh of the water against the shore. This looked like the sacred in-between—where darkness gave way to light, and knowledge turned to wisdom.

Shalom sat engrossed in watching the towering trees whose branches and leaves were swaying as they interacted with the early morning wind. I was still thinking about whether the wind brought good to the tree and was taking unnecessary energy from the tree when I heard his stern voice. "Alchemy," Shalom began, his voice carrying the weight of ages, "is not merely the transformation of metal, but the transmutation of the soul. The great sages, from the mystics of Kemet to the wandering Sufis, understood that true gold is found in the refinement of the self," he continued.

I listened, as I felt the morning breeze cooling my skin. "But how does one truly transmute suffering into wisdom? How do we turn our wounds into light?" I asked, surprising myself in sounding engrossed in mystic wisdom.

The Alchemy of Pain into Power

Shalom turned his gaze toward the horizon, where the rays of sunlight were gaining momentum. "Every trial is the fire that purifies the soul. Just as the Kemetic initiates walked through the halls of darkness before emerging enlightened, so too must we transform our suffering into strength," he said.

He again spoke of Nelson Mandela, a man who endured years of captivity only to emerge as a beacon of reconciliation. “His suffering did not break him—it refined him. This is the path of the divine alchemist: to see pain not as punishment, but as the raw material for transformation,” Shalom said.

I nodded, absorbing his words. “And fear...How do we turn fear into love or courage?” I asked.

Shalom smiled. “Fear is the illusion of separation. When you understand that you are not alone, that the Divine flows through all things including you, fear dissolves.” He gestured toward the trees. “The Akan people of Ghana teach *Sesa Wo Suban*—transform your character. It is the conscious act of elevating the lower self into the higher. Jesus asked you to repent, to renew your mind and be one with the father,” Shalom echoed.

“To master alchemy, one must engage in sacred practice,” Shalom said. He outlined some of the ancient methods:

- **Breathwork & Meditation:** “The breath is the bridge between the seen and unseen. Deep, intentional breathing shifts the body from fear into peace.”
- **Reframing the Narrative:** “Rather than seeing hardships as obstacles, perceive them as sacred initiations.”
- **Forgiveness & Compassion:** “The Buddhists call it *Metta*—loving-kindness. To free yourself, bless those who have wronged you.”

Ascension and the Immortality of the Soul

Shalom’s gaze deepened. “Do you know what it means to ascend?”

“To return to the Divine?” I offered.

He nodded in agreement. “It is the realization of what you have always been. The Dogon people say humanity came from the stars and will return when consciousness is fully awakened,” Shalom said.

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He traced a circle in the soil on the ground. “In Kabbalah, the Tree of Life teaches ascension as the journey from Malkuth, the physical world, to Kether, divine unity. In Hermeticism, ‘All is Mind’—your consciousness shapes reality,” Shalom continued.

I exhaled. “And how does one achieve the immortality of the soul?” I asked.

Shalom’s voice softened. “By mastering the art of release. Detach from the Ego: You are not this body or your possessions or titles or belongings. Recognize your eternal nature. Also ensure you honour ancestral Wisdom. The Zulu people teach that honoring the ancestors ensures a seamless transition beyond this life,” he said.

The Power of Gratitude and Divine Mastery

Shalom picked up a handful of soil, letting it slip between his fingers. “Gratitude,” he said, “is the highest vibration. The Egyptians knew that a light heart, weighed against the feather of Maat, granted passage into the afterlife,” he said.

He looked at me. “What are you grateful for?” Shalom asked.

I thought for a moment. “This moment. This wisdom.”

He smiled. “Then you have already begun the path of divine mastery. Every moment you experience is a gift. Be grateful to the father, the source, and you will receive more to your pleasing,” Shalom said.

As the sun rose fully over the lake, Shalom’s voice carried the real revelation. “To master divine alchemy is to transform the self, not escape it. The lotus rises from the mud not despite it, but because of it,” he said.

I closed my eyes, feeling the truth settle within. My wounds, my fears, my struggles—they were not burdens but blessings. They were the sacred ingredients of my transmutation.

Shalom's final words echoed like a sacred decree. "You are not here to suffer. You are here to create. Turn your pain into power, your fear into love, and your darkness into light. This is the work of the divine alchemist," he said.

And in that moment, I knew—I was ready to direct my energy intentionally.

The Union with the Higher Self

A serene stillness wrapped around the land, as though nature itself was preparing for a big revelation. The trees stood in quiet reverence, as if their leaves were whispering secrets to the morning breeze. I turned toward Shalom, whose gaze was fixed on the horizon, his presence radiating an unshaken peace.

“To walk in union with the Higher Self,” he began, his voice smooth as the water’s reflection, “is to awaken to the truth that separation is an illusion. You are not a mere fragment of creation—you are its living essence, a breath of the Divine expressing itself through form,” he said.

I listened, the weight of his words settling into my being. “But if that’s true, why do so many feel lost?” I asked.

Shalom gave a knowing smile. “Because we have been conditioned to forget. From the moment of birth, we are taught to look outward for meaning, for validation. But the true path is inward. As you have been telling people in some of your lessons, who teaches a child to eat, drink, sit, crawl, stand, walk, run...there is an internal knowing that is pre-existing. Many traditions speak of this realization—Ori inu in Yoruba wisdom, Atman merging with Brahman in Hindu thought, Jesus proclaiming, ‘I and the Father are one.’ The highest truth has always been within,” Shalom said.

The Power of Silence, Stillness, and Deep Presence

I felt a bewildering respect for him that I could hardly express. Shalom turned his attention to the vast sky. “To remember who you are, you must listen—to the silence, to the stillness, to the voice that speaks when all else is quiet. The great sages of every tradition understood this,” he emphasized.

He spoke of the Yoruba babalawos, who sought wisdom in the whispers of the Orishas. He recalled the Buddha, who sat beneath the Bodhi tree in perfect stillness until enlightenment bloomed within him. He described the Christian desert mystics, *The Grand Awakening: Unveiling the Divine Within: A Journey Beyond Illusion into Infinite Remembrance*

who withdrew into solitude to hear the voice of God. “Even in African spirituality, the great seers retreated to the forests, the mountains, the caves—not to escape the world, but to hear it more clearly,” Shalom said.

I breathed deeply, feeling the weight of the moment. “So silence is the gateway to the Divine,” I said.

Shalom nodded. “The Tao Te Ching says, ‘The way that can be spoken is not the eternal way.’ Words can only point toward truth; they can never contain it,” he said.

Becoming a Master, Sage, and Divine Creator

“The final stage of union with the Higher Self,” Shalom continued, “is not about seeking—it is about being. You become the master, the sage, the conscious creator. Life ceases to be something happening to you and becomes something flowing through you,” he said intuitively, yet without effort.

I leaned in, eager to understand. “How does one reach that level?” I asked.

Shalom smiled. “By embodying these truths in every moment.”

- Mastery over thoughts and emotions – “The ancient Egyptian *heka*, the power of the spoken word, teaches that thoughts shape reality. A master wields words like a sculptor wields a chisel.”
- Non-attachment and surrender – “Like the great mystics, true masters release the illusion of control and flow with divine will.”
- Radiating unconditional love – “This is the final initiation—to see all beings as reflections of the One. This is Christ consciousness, Buddha nature, the Neteru of Kemet.”

“When you fully align with your Higher Self, miracles cease to be rare—they become the fabric of your existence,” Shalom added.

I recalled the Gospel of Thomas: “When you make the two one... then you will enter the Kingdom.”

Shalom’s eyes met mine. “Heaven has always been within you. Your task is to bring it forth into the earth. That’s how you pray to have the will of the father to be done on earth as it is in heaven. So everything on earth is supposed to reflect what is in heaven, your heaven. Bring fore the highest frequency within you, ” he said.

The Eternal Unfolding of the Divine

I sat quietly connecting that heaven is when we are operating from the most high frequency where everything is possible because we are in knowledge and tuned to our oneness with the father, the source of all.

“To unite with the Higher Self is not an end,” Shalom whispered, “but the beginning of an infinite unfolding,” he added.

I nodded, understanding now that spiritual awakening was not a destination, but an ever-deepening journey. “It never ends, does it?” I said.

Shalom smiled. “No. The more you embody the Divine, the more there is to discover. As the African proverb says, ‘Wisdom is like a baobab tree; no one individual can embrace it’,” Shalom said, making me burst out with laughter over the imagery of embracing the big tree.

I felt the truth stir within me. How could it be so simple that the path was not about attaining something new, but about remembering what had always been!

“You are already divine. Now live as such,” Shalom said. “The journey of awakening does not lead to something outside of us—it is a return to what we have always been. Like a river flowing back to the ocean, it is not about gaining but remembering. We have never been separate from the Divine; we have only believed ourselves to be,” he added.

I looked at the sky as I absorbed this, wondering if this is related to the Illusion of separation and the great remembrance that I had been hearing about.

Shalom knew my thirst for knowledge and quotation spiritual traditions and books, so he threw them on me to emphasise almost every point.

“When we remember our divine nature, we cease to be mere participants in creation. We become co-creators,” Shalom said. The Gnostic wisdom that states that “When you know yourselves, you will understand that you are children of the living Father,” Shalom said.

I breathed in deeply. This was not just knowledge—it was truth, alive within me.

“With this understanding,” Shalom said, “comes an invitation—to embody your divine nature.” He placed his hand on my shoulder. “Live as love, for love is the essence of the cosmos. Live as light, for you are the illumination of the universe. Live as wisdom, for you are the knowing made manifest,” Shalom said, making feel like I was in the air floating.

I closed my eyes, feeling the vastness of what he had said. It is telling as it is humbling to know that all along I am not seeking the Divine—I am the Divine, awakening to itself. To my higher self.

And as I opened my eyes to the endless sky, I knew the journey was awesome.

The Grand Awakening and the Final Veil

The morning air carried a crisp coolness as Shalom stood by the water's edge, his gaze fixed on the undulating waves of Lake Albert (Mwitanzige). The golden hues of the rising sun danced across the water, casting shimmering reflections that seemed to pulse with a life of their own. I approached him, sensing that he had something to share—something weighty, something beyond words.

“Come,” he said, gesturing toward a small wooden boat resting at the shore. His voice was steady, calm, yet filled with an unspoken urgency. “Row with me,” he said.

I hesitated for a moment before stepping into the boat. The wood was worn smooth by years of weather and water, yet it felt sturdy beneath my feet. Shalom stepped in beside me, taking his place at the bow. With a gentle push, the boat glided away from the shore, the water lapping softly against its sides as we drifted further into the lake's embrace.

For a while, neither of us spoke. I could hear the rhythmic motion of the boat, the distant cry of a bird skimming the surface, the whisper of the wind—it was as if the whole universe had quieted, waiting for an unfolding. Then, as we reached the center of the lake, Shalom bowed his head, closed his eyes, and took a deep breath.

“The final veil is lifting,” he finally spoke, his voice low but resonant. “For centuries, seekers of truth have whispered of a time when Earth would awaken from its slumber. That time is now,” Shalom said.

I felt the weight of his words sink into me and I struggled to clutch tighter the edges of the boat. “What does that mean?” I asked.

Shalom looked up, his eyes reflecting the vast sky above us. “I already told you. The world you have known is built on illusion,” he said. “The illusion of separation. The illusion of limitation. The illusion that humanity is powerless, trapped within a cycle of suffering. These illusions were never Earth's natural state. They were imposed—by external forces, by false beliefs, by cycles long perpetuated. But the awakening

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has begun, and the final veil is lifting. Many people are going to steadily regain their knowledge after remembering their union with the divine and tuning into the ever available power and love of the father,” Shalom said.

The Earth as the Eternal Garden of Eden

I gazed out at the endless expanse of water, feeling the enormity of what he was saying. “Are we returning to something lost?” I found myself asking.

Shalom nodded. “Not lost—only forgotten. The Earth has always been a sacred space, a living testament to divine harmony. Many traditions speak of this—the Garden of Eden, the Golden Age, the Primordial Land. The Dogon people of Mali, the Kabbalistic mystics, the ancient Kemetic initiates—they all understood that humanity once walked in unity with divine consciousness,” Shalom said.

I listened, recalling teachings I had encountered along my life path. “And now?” I asked.

Shalom took a deep breath. “Now, the bombardment of high-frequency energies—the cosmic shifts, the solar activations, the quickening of your time—is signaling the return to this state. But not all are ready. Many cling to the old world, unable or unwilling to let go,” he said with no emotion.

The Great Choice

I frowned. “So, is there a dividing line? A moment where one must choose?” I asked.

Shalom nodded solemnly. “The great choice is upon us. This is not just another year—it is a threshold. Not because an external event will dictate fate, but because the collective consciousness of humanity is being asked to decide. Will you remain bound to fear, or will you reclaim your divine sovereignty?” he asked, not to me in particular.

His words reminded me of a passage from scripture. “Deuteronomy 30:19,” I murmured. “I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore

choose life.” I had come to learn that all verses in the Bible as those in other spiritual books are as alive today as they were when first written, for the universe only dances to the constant song of now. The present.

Shalom’s eyes held mine. “Yes. This is an energetic truth. Where you place your focus, your energy, your belief—that is what you become,” he said.

I inhaled deeply, feeling the his messages settle within me. “Then how do we step beyond the veil of forgetfulness about our divinity, our ever present union with the father?” I asked.

Shalom smiled. “By reclaiming your birthright. Here are some guidelines,” he said, extending his hands, as if holding something invisible between them.

- **Mastery of Attention** – “Your attention is your greatest currency. Where it flows, your energy follows. Reclaim it. Focus your attention only on things that serve you, that bring you good and make you feel better.”
- **Detachment from the Ego Construct** – “You are not your fears, your titles, your conditioned identity. Let go of worldly identities and live at a higher level where you are one with the divine, the ancient of all ages.”
- **Inner Silence and Intuition** – “The divine speaks in stillness. Meditate. Breathe. Listen.”
- **Sacred Sound and Frequency Mastery** – “Words shape reality. Use them wisely. Align with sound, music, and the vibrational forces of creation. All cultures have been blessed with music from traditional instruments. Use your traditional music and sounds to retune yourselves.”
- **Energetic Discernment** – “Not all that glitters is gold. Learn to feel truth, not just hear it. Attempt to go within yourself for guidance every time you are faced with making a choice. Ask your higher self to show you the way always and to help you decide.”

- **Activation of Higher Senses** – “Your spiritual faculties—telepathy, intuition, inner sight—are waiting for you to awaken them. Ask for them to awaken when you are in stillness”

The Final Revelation: You Are the Creator

The boat drifted, carried by the silent current. I felt a deep stillness within me, as though something ancient and eternal had just been stirred awake.

“There is no savior coming to rescue you,” Shalom said. “Because you were never lost. The idea that you must strive for enlightenment, for salvation, for worthiness—that is part of the illusion. You are already whole. Already divine. This is not about becoming something new. It is about remembering. It is about putting back the parts of yourself together as they were in the beginning of your time,” he added.

I felt the words ripple through me, registering heavily in every cell of my body. “So the awakening is not just about the Earth changing,” I said slowly. “It’s about us remembering who we truly are. One with the Father?” I asked.

Shalom nodded. “Yes. This is the grand awakening. The reclamation of your role as a divine creator. The Earth is not on the brink of destruction—it is on the precipice of rebirth,” Shalom said.

A wave lapped against the side of the boat. The sky had brightened, the golden sun now fully embracing the world around us. I looked at Shalom, feeling a profound sense of peace.

“The choice is yours. The path is clear,” he said.

I turned my gaze to the horizon, only to feel the boat gaining a lot of momentum, as if it was a speed boat. I turned to look at Shalom to internalize what he was doing to the boat. “Dwell in peace. Businge, you are peace. Shalom is peace. Salam is peace. As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be,” he said as the boat accelerated at an even faster speed, docking to a calm halt at the shores of what

looked like my father's home in Kamata. And my vehicle which I left over 57kms away was right here , near the mango tree in my father's compound.

I turned to ask Shalom to inquire how he managed to accomplish this feat. He was no where to be seen. My father instead appeared from nowhere. "Welcome home," he said.

As I was regaining myself to ask whether he knew all we had been discussing with Shalom, I heard a heavy shaking of my whole body. "Wake up. Wake up Ateenyi. It is coming to eight am. You have overslept today," my wife Grace's voice was clear. I woke up at once, sat in the bed, looked left and right, touched my forehead, my hands, then my legs. "What is the matter," she asked, bewildered.

It is then I realized this all had been a dream. I closed my eyes to thank the almighty for yet another day when I am still living life in the flesh. Then it dawned on me it is February 22, 2025 and we had buried my father on January 17, 2025. It was indeed a dream. What a dream!

"There is no problem. It is just a grand awakening today," I said to my wife, as I stepped out of my bed to and from a divine realisation.

Ends

DEDICATION

To the loving memory of my father in this world, Ignatius Besisira Akiiki. Also to all seekers ready to enter the knowing and act from it. Amen.

About This Publication

Through the lens of storytelling, vivid descriptions, and deep conversations between the wise teacher Shalom and an attentive seeker, this book unveils the mysteries of existence, guiding the reader step by step through the process of self-discovery, spiritual alchemy, and ultimate transformation. Each chapter flows seamlessly into the next, mirroring the natural evolution of consciousness as one moves from the shadows of limitation to the boundless light of divine remembrance.

In these pages, you will be taken on a journey that transcends time and space. The lessons shared between Shalom and the seeker unfold in sacred landscapes—by the flickering flames of a night fire, in the hush of dawn's embrace, on the rippling waters of Lake Albert, and in the quiet spaces of the heart where true wisdom is received. As the seeker embarks on each lesson, so too does the reader, experiencing the unveiling of long-hidden truths through vivid storytelling and deeply reflective dialogue.

This publication is not just about knowledge; it is about transformation. It challenges the reader to move beyond intellectual understanding and step into the embodiment of divine consciousness. Each chapter provides practical tools for ascension, from mastering one's energy and thoughts to unlocking higher senses and embracing the fullness of divine power. It presents the grand awakening not as a distant prophecy but as a present reality—an invitation that each soul must accept to reclaim its sovereignty and step into co-creation with the universe.

This book is a call to those who hear the whisper of truth within their souls. It is for those who know they are more than what they have been told, who sense the presence of something greater guiding them. It is for the seekers, the dreamers, the mystics, the teachers, and the leaders of the new dawn.

Gerald Businge has woven this work with love, wisdom, and deep reverence for the sacred traditions that have carried humanity through the ages. This is more than a book—it is an initiation, an unveiling, and a call to step into your highest self.

From the depths of African spirituality to the profound insights of Eastern mysticism, from the sacred scriptures of Christianity, Judaism, and Islam to the transformative philosophies of Taoism and Hermeticism, this work serves as a bridge between ancient truth and modern awakening.

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The Grand Awakening: *Unveiling the Divine Within: A Journey Beyond Illusion into Infinite Remembrance*

About the Author



Master Gerald Businge is a sought after enlightened learning facilitator and visionary guiding those focused on achieving their greatness on this planet. He is a multi award winning multimedia journalist, communications specialist, seasoned trainer, entrepreneur, technology developer and teacher of the Truth. He studied Mass

Communication, Journalism & Communication at Makerere University and Multimedia Journalism at the University of California Berkeley and is part of the Digital Development Network led by the University of Sheffield, UK. He facilitates the learning of multimedia journalism and digital communication at Makerere University Department of Journalism & Communication and supports many universities in new media and digital pedagogy training. He is the founder of Ultimate Multimedia Consult, Yaaka Digital Network, Yaaka Publishers, Educare, Ultimate AI Avatars and Ultimate Masters. Businge is a certified trainer of UMC, Internews Europe, DW Akademie, Hague Academy, World Bank and has consulted widely for many organisations in journalism, media, communication, documentation and technology, including UNICEF, UNDP, Plan International, Enabel, USAID, BRAC, World Vision, Uganda Episcopal Conference, Government of Uganda, ACCU, IRC, DW Akademie, BKK, FAWE, Mastercard Foundation, among others. He is a dedicated husband, father, Rotarian and counsellor. He is also the author of several publications, including Effective Digital Pedagogy, The Manifestation Mindset, Achieving Success with Digital Learning, Becoming Ultimate Masters, A Century worth of top knowledge, God Powered affirmations and prayers, Media Monitoring tools and best practices, The Laws of the Universe and of Life, Abdullah's Teachings: Manifesting Reality Through Divine Oneness, The Grand Awakening, among others. He can be reached on email gbusinge@gmail.com WhatsApp +256771324119



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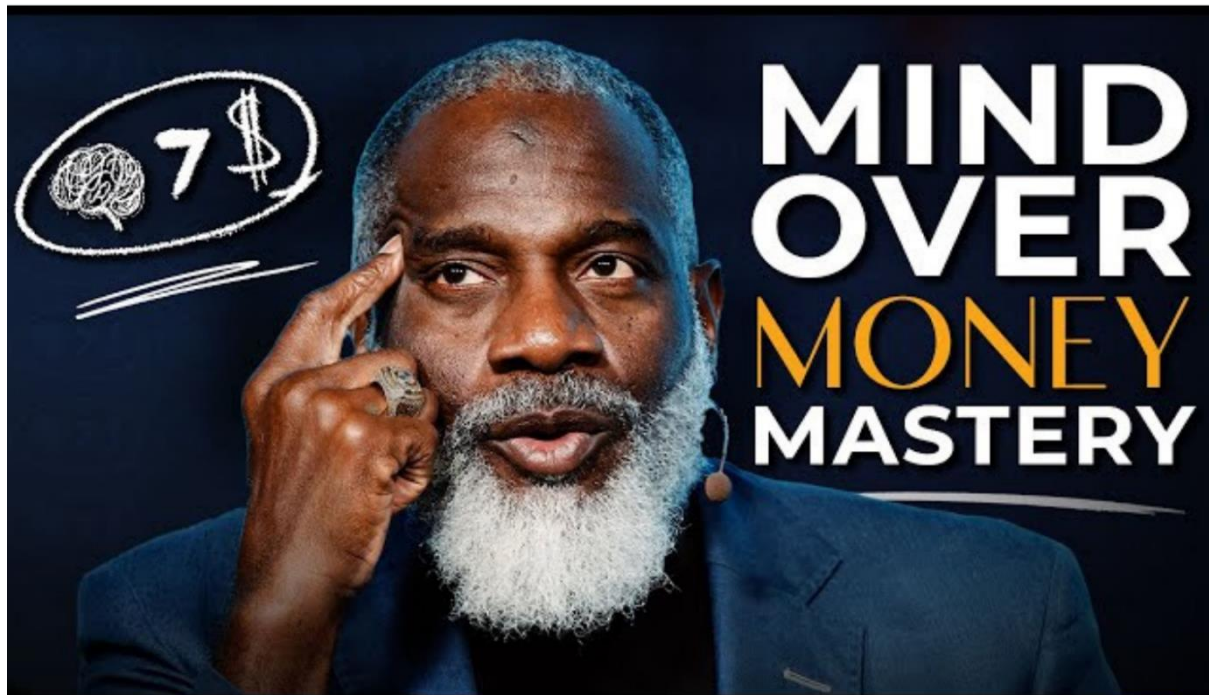
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