

JUPITER AND THE DOLPHINS

Over and over again the planet Jupiter took ravaging blows from the Schumacher-Levy comet. The entire universe could only stand by and watch, except for the whales and dolphins, said Terry. " These creatures are keepers of the grid, that invisible web-work of energy surrounding the earth" she explained." They are rebalancing the earth's energy field. So do not be surprised if the dolphins have no affinity for interludes with people today. They are busy doing planetary things"

I, meanwhile, an unsuspecting human component of this about-to-be-rebalanced energy field, had just enjoyed a guacamole brunch and was dozing lightly, after a chakra balancing on the hot Hawaiian beach, immersed in a world of dream-time imagery: *The fog was beginning to clear. I was standing on a bridge with my hands extended in a welcoming gesture. A phosphorescent dolphin ascended out of the opaque mist as if he were an angel, and wedged his huge iridescent body between my outstretched arms. His skin was shimmering like mercury, aglow from a luster within. Our hearts infused with a blinding, opalescent detonation. Then a faint, persuasive song coalesced:* You must come to us now. We are here. *This time the call sounded urgent.*

Seconds later Bill awakened me by reflecting a well-aimed sunbeam off his shiny new putter and onto my left eyelid.

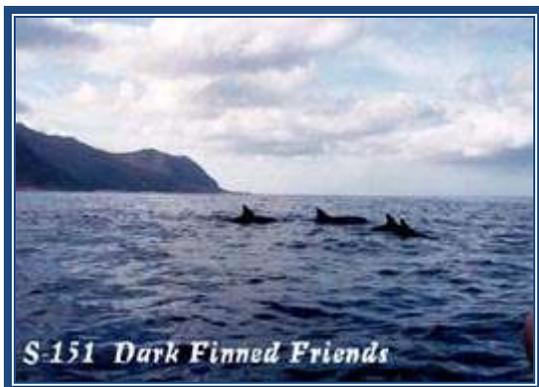
Still holding their penetrating stare, the dolphins simultaneously jerked their heads up and down, collectively zapping me with a sonar wave. At that point my neck snapped back, then forward in a whiplash, causing my lips to relax on the snorkel as an earthquake of energy raced through my legs and feet. Salt water gushed into my mouth, at which point I rose to the surface sputtering--and brutally aware of my physical form. After composing myself and tightening my grip on the snorkel, I closed my eyes and saw myself as a messenger, or some sort of transmitter.

Questions flooded my mind. Had I become a conduit of amplified light and sound energy? Had I been somehow transformed by the dolphins' rebalancing of the earth's energetic structure by their restoration of Earth's electromagnetic integrity that had been disrupted by the comet's repeated collisions with Jupiter?

Within moments the dolphins began heading straight for me, very, very slowly. I almost feel their skin as they brushed by my goose flesh. I sank into a state of euphoria, tears of joy blurred my vision. I don't know how long we mingled shoulder to pectoral before their message came spiraling through loud and clear: *Separation does not exist. Everything and every one of us is a beautiful and loving part of creation. Take this vibration of love and oneness back to land. Hold all aspects of our*

The dolphin lips of my dream morphed to smiling human ones. "It is time for my golf game!" he announced excitedly. "See you this evening. I'm sort of glad that big spinner dolphin pod is a no-show today. I won't have to worry about you diving alone for hours in the deep. Please don't go too far out on anymore of your infamous wildcat trips, okay, Shari Star?"

Lucky for me, his back was to the water. Innocently glancing between his ankles, I tried to remain calm when I noticed the inky black outlines of a hundred or more dorsal fins severing the surface of the silver mylar water. Okay, sweetie, I'll be safe, I replied, stifling a scream; holding back a raging grin. Have fun!



As Bill headed for the car, my mind switched for an instant to the two captive bottle nosed dolphins I had planned to photograph later in the day. I am strictly opposed to the captivity of animals, so my heart was already feeling the pain of helplessness. I bit my lip and struggled to see the big picture. It occurred to me that this dolphin couple was more

love in your opened heart, and bestow them by touch to the selfless captive teachers. Let them realign with us as they align their hearts with yours.



I floated and mused in my altered state. They had described the captive dolphins as teachers, so the rest of us must be students. After a long blink the dolphins disappeared, and I squinted to see the beach, still about a half-mile or more away. Luckily my cameras were dangling loosely from the safety cords around my wrists, otherwise I would have surely dropped them in my shocked state. Tucking them tightly to my chest I slowly kicked to the sand.

After finally dragging a transformed self out of range of the waves, I folded over in disbelief curling into the fetal position, holding my runaway heart. Over my shoulder I could see the dolphin pod dancing for joy along the horizon. The sun was high in the sky, indicating that at least two hours had passed since I'd entered the foam. The solar heat from above and the fiery lava flow inside me were competing for the highest temperature ever recorded on the broiling

fortunate than most. They were living in a large chlorine-free lagoon fed by the ocean and filled with free-roaming, smaller creatures for company and snacks. In addition, I had been assured that the training staff feeds them whether or not they choose to perform, which is not the norm for dolphins in captivity. Moreover, although they have no access to the vastness of the ocean or the proximity of other loved ones, they are familiar with the tastes, smells and sounds of a place they can call home.

I was to accompany Terry, who, while not escorting visitors into the wild, or lecturing around the world spends a great deal of time introducing the dolphins' healing energy to children with physical, mental or emotional imbalances. Terry is a dolphin with two legs, so anything she does is all right with me, I decided. But still I would find a way to talk to the dolphins nose to rostrum today, to see how they really feel about life in the human fast lane.

As my eyes focused on the alluring dorsal fins in the distance, a burning revelation branded itself across my forehead: Wild dolphins and captive dolphins in the same day! An inner trigger fired the bullet. I leaped to my feet, then stepped up to the uncharted threshold of another world, knowing full well that this was not going to be just another day. My senses became so keen that I could feel the ancient volcano under my feet purring with latent ferocity. An observant fly on the tarp

crimson cheeks of a living human being.

Dazed and exhausted from the massive energy exchange, I crawled with a heaving chest into a shady spot in the cool sand, nearly crowding out a beach dog. We were lying eye to eye, both panting. She extended her wide tongue and licked my blazing face. Wondering if Cinderdog knew what had just gone on out there, I closed my eyes and consummated the commitment to make loving contact with the captive dolphins.

Later that day...

That afternoon my still bulging heart stung at the sight of the captive dolphins in their big lagoon. I set down my big bag of camera gear while the trainer, Dorothy and Terry my friend introduced me to Eva, a sweet-eyed female bottle nose dolphin, and her majestic mate Malka, as they swam by peeking from under the surface.



Malka sized me up, immediately directing a laser beam of energy from his left eye into my forehead. Then he coyly surfaced and floated close to my feet.

would have sworn I was being magnetically drawn toward a submerged energy vortex as I marched robotically into the waves.



When I hit the foam, a promise I had made to energy-savvy friends in Northern California flashed tauntingly before me. I had vowed to avoid diving during the days of the comet's collisions with Jupiter, as the vibrational and electromagnetic aftereffects would be intensely magnified by the water. I don't usually shine people on, but I could not stop myself; something inside me was swelling with purpose. Besides, it was too late to reconsider...I had been practically dragged into the water!

They both acted as if they had been expecting me.



Feeling disoriented from the intensity of the morning's events, I could not even carry on a normal conversation with humans, except Terry that is. I looked at the two dolphins before me, and she knew that I immediately began imagining ways to free them. Wild rescue plans raced around my head, but a fleeting feeling said, no, not this time.



After a short acrobatic exhibition and a dose of sea vitamins, it was rest time for Eva and Malka. Dorothy spent a



As the floor of the ocean gradually sloped farther away from me, curved lines in the distant sandy bottom became strangely hypnotic. Bemused, I could hear the dolphins' instructions spoken into my inner ear by way of my heart: ***At this tumultuous time for our sibling planet Jupiter, we reconnect on all levels of being to encode the necessary adjustments in the energy grids of earth and beyond. Your help is needed now.***



What? screamed my analytical mind. The fuzz on the back of my neck stood out, and thousands of goose bumps traveled down my spine. Am I making this up? What part could I possibly play in adjusting the energy of the universe? The pod had come up from behind,

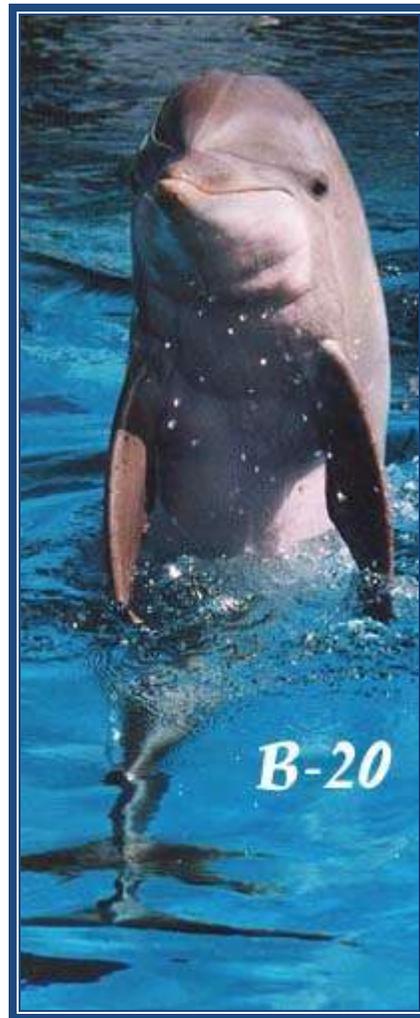
moment demonstrating the jump-up command for me, then walked over to a small group of people that were obviously bursting with questions. After she left, I practiced the jump-up hand signal, unaware that Eva had been watching. Suddenly she shot up like a rocket until our faces were the same height! As our eyes met; I recognized those of an old friend and drank deeply from their bottomless well. She stared straight into my eyes, acknowledging the glowing gift stored in my heart, and oozed back into the water. I stepped closer to the side of the walkway over her lagoon. Before I had a chance to give her the hand command, she rose noisily out of the water until she stood squarely on her tail. Aligning her nose with mine, she extended her pectoral fins to rest above my hands. Then she deftly placed the top third of her six-foot long bullet-shaped body into my arms. Her skin was plump, warm and firm almost like a baby's. Her heartbeat pulsed in my hand.

checked me out, then surrounded me. There were four whistling, chattering subgroups, each composed of thirty-five or forty spotted and spinner dolphins that examined me from all directions. I entrained with them, accelerating my energy to match theirs. For some reason they seemed noticeably more fascinated by me than ever before. I quickly found out why.

What occurred next was the most profound event of my life. I had descended about twenty feet to capture a group shot of the sub pod in the deep indigo expanse beneath me. As I approached them, the pod members grew strangely silent and the ocean became a foreign landscape, emitting a violet tinge I'd only seen in my recurring dreams of the crystal temple within the amethyst ocean.



The water, effervescent with energy, felt almost carbonated. I had the distinct sense that I was not alone with the dolphins.



"This is a greeting of love from the wild ones who are close by", I told her. She looked tenderly into my eyes and cocked her head slightly to the side. Holding my gaze with her eyes, she lounged back into her habitat, only to boomerang straight upward once again. Posing erect on her tail, she slapped her long snout heavily into my right hand and rifled me a beam of gratitude from her right eye, then she laid her head on my arm and paused, smiling broadly. As she receded slowly back into the lagoon, her eyes were still lovingly locked with mine.



Do dolphins have guardian angels? I wondered. **Things are glowing down here.** The shutter release click of my camera was the only sound I could hear in the silence echoing between my ears. Right away four males, stacked top to bottom, cut across my field of vision from the left.



Glancing to the right, I saw four more in another strange formation: one large dolphin was positioned vertically, his nose almost even with the surface of the water, while the other three encircled his body, about two feet down. Suddenly the middle one began a series of jerks, then the other three began screeching, spiraling and twisting wildly, yet almost uniformly. Perhaps the movements were

A second later the big male cleared the surface, balancing on his tail to steal the show. I held my arms open to this magnificent spectacle, whereupon he gracefully extended his body upward, his heart to my heart, his pectorals to my hands, in an open display of trust reminiscent of my morning daydream. Dorothy turned around to see what everyone was gawking at, and was shocked. Just look at him!, he is crazy about Star! They both are! she screamed, throwing her palms to the sky. I just can't believe it! He never does that. He's going to spoil his reputation for being regal and hard to meet.

Malka ascended once more in grand fashion. Appearing as if he were standing on a solid surface, he effortlessly positioned himself parallel to my body and between my still outstretched hands. His chest touched my heart. My knees were vibrating when I pulled energy down from the heavens, passed it through my body and feet, then sent it down through the water, up into Malka then back into me, in a sacred circle. All the while I transferred to him the message of love from the wild pod. *A human circuit at your service.....*I offered with a bow of my head.

Eva, meanwhile, had bounced back to us on her tail. We froze in suspended meditation. Looking into both their eyes, I amped up my energy surge to the max and asked them two questions. I wanted to know if they enjoyed being in the human world and if they were happy in

to amplify some vibration or sound transmitted by the one in the center. They all thrashed around on the surface, then calmly dispersed, rejoining the pod.

Moments later my attention was snatched back to the wall of rippling flesh and tails above me. It was the same group that I had originally been following near the surface. This bunch was still politely inching along at a snail's pace, making it easy for me to keep up with. A few of them turned to look at me, their smiles wide and mysterious. Then all of a sudden as though some invisible flare had signaled a pre-rehearsed maneuver, every dolphin in front of me whipped around in place, completing a 180-degree turn! I could not conceive what just happened. *Am I now seeing dolphins doing U-turns in unison?* asked myself in disbelief. My heart slammed with a jolt against my ribs, and my throat clenched. They focused their eyes on me and froze in place.

I was awestruck and did not know what to do. In all my years of research I had never heard reports of an en-masse sonar incident. Could this have been a result of the lash of energy caused by the comet? Uncertain of their intent, I simply stared back at this wild pack of beings, connecting eyes and hearts with each one of them with complete surrender.

the lagoon. They remained floating in the air for a long moment, then with their silver bodies connected fin to fin, slowly removed their pectorals from my hands. They floated backward, staring with old-soul eyes while dancing daintily on their powerhouse tails. As the sun reflected off the glittery rosiness of their chins and tummies, I heard their answer: *Be joyous every moment while living the life you have chosen. We are!*

A tidal wave of emotion hit me broadside, sending my knees abruptly to the wet cement. I hid my swirling head in my sweaty hair and hands crying as softly as I could, aware that they had assimilated the vibration sent by the spinner pod.

People who had witnessed our exchange were watching me now. And I was embarrassed--not only because I had conducted my mission in public but also because I had turned my back on my camera gear, the root of my existence. Dazed and again dangerously overheated, I scooped up my precious equipment bag and stumbled over to a cool deserted spot above the dolphin's bedroom area. I sat with my back to the humans, both to hide and to get a grip. Breathing deeply, asking for my strength back, I knew I would never be the same. I knew, too, that although I had been shown a profound communication technique by the wild dolphins that morning, I would not be able to speak of it for quite some time. I was certain that nobody but Terry could understand what had happened.



Memories of lifetimes spent in a similar cobalt world bubbled up from within me. I forgot that I was floating aimlessly in a vast ocean. I felt my hands began to curl up like fins. I had never been alone in such a situation, and ironically I felt very comfortable and at home, and ready for anything.



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From out of nowhere, Eva and Malka crashed through the silence, bursting into view performing their own choreographed aerial leaps. I increased my energy field to meet theirs in time to share a mighty exuberance. I stood wavering and waiting for the finale. Starting at opposite ends of the lagoon, they each bounced out of the water three times bounding toward each other. Then right in front of me, they jumped ten feet out of the water, touched noses at mid-jump, arching their bodies to form a glistening heart, tails almost touching at the base. *We will be connected forever*, they signaled, *because we are all one*.

Mission accomplished? No doubt about it!