

THE HOPE FOR THE SOUL

JOHN KUMARA

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The Ritual of Ascension is one of the most incredible and unusual experiences that a human being can experience. However, this experience is inherent to all living souls after the transmutation of a considerable amount of karma.

John Kumara

Spiritually speaking, the Ritual of Ascension is for the human being, hope for the soul, for eternal life...

John Kumara

I searched in real life and never knew it until I searched for it in my heart and my soul... Finally, I found myself mystically with faith divine love, and hope for the soul.

John Kumara

The meaning of life does not belong to you, you are the only owner of your free will, don't confuse morality with cruel freedom... Look at yourself, analyze yourself and become conscious...

John Kumara

Shadows that do not weep become sorrowful, but suns that don't smile will make you go mad.

John Kumara

If you can feel the simplicity of things,
You will obtain a love of humility...

John Kumara

If you do not feel the vibrations of the soul, this is
like not feeling your existence.

John Kumara

1

The afternoon had become the sunset. The night did not take long to arrive and it became slowly colder.

Richard Berger lived in misery wandering in lugubrious and damp alleys in New York pulling a metal shopping cart full of cardboard, garbage and, vile-smelling clothes.

He had just turned forty-five and he was badly needing a bath. His unkempt sticky hair and his dirty, smelly clothes betrayed him to be a beggar. Nobody could tell, just by looking at him that barely a year before, he was an attractive, charming man with a penetrating gaze, tall, with brown eyes and a full head of chestnut brown hair.

He came from Australia, but at the age of thirty, after his parents died in a tragic traffic accident, he moved to America on his own.

Twelve years later, he met his soulmate, Nicole Dexter, forty years old, with whom he had lived for two long and joyful years as a couple.

Both were faithful Christians, but they weren't practicing Christians of their parish, they weren't in favor or against religious life. They carried out their prayers and decrees with fervor in the intimacy of their home. Their faith in God was unyielding. However, she was more spiritual than he was. They both believed in reincarnation and read books about esoteric and mystical themes. Their hearts were full of hope for life in the hereafter.

On a karma level, they were two evolved souls, quite happy and until their lives changed, they both commented occasionally on the possibility of them being twin souls. However, they were not aware that, in this last incarnation and after so-called death, they were predestined to be in the heart and project of God, to live eternally in the other world of spiritual Light, after the Ritual of Ascension. However, their destiny in life had broken this and misfortune was mentally unbalancing him.

Now, Richard had been living on the streets for some ten months, he was mentally broken down ever since Nicole had died from a natural cause. There was no evidence that she ailed from any disease and less a degenerative one. Ever since then, Richard was suffering a mental breakdown that was partially affliction and partial loss of hope, until he sank into a depression and he quit his job as a waiter. After these circumstances, he became unemployed and sometime later quit paying the rent and was forced to leave the apartment and become a homeless person living off charity.

Each day, in despitee time that had elapsed, he still remembered Nicole and refused to continue living, much less the way he was living now. Often, he mumbled melancholic phrases that were bordering on madness, with tears in his eyes.

“Oh! Nicole, my love, why have you left this world so young, why!”, he exclaimed half-crazed: “Look at the ruined life I lead ever since you left me! I quit my job and I don’t have enough to even eat a decent meal... I beg and find left-over food in garbage containers. At least I don’t smoke nor do drugs or drink alcohol to forget, otherwise my body would be in a much worse condition than it is in... I am sure of one thing today, and it is that all the suffering I withstand and carry on my shoulders day by day, is in reality my soul and not my physical body that suffers...”

He let out a deep sigh of helplessness:

“I am so unfortunate that I want to die as soon as possible, but, how can I leave so young still! Richard told himself in a contradiction and bordering on madness. “It doesn’t matter anymore if I drown in the sea, I cut my veins, or get hit by a bus.”

He stopped, and, after looking from one side to the other in the dark alley, he realized it was quiet and peaceful. He started taking out some pieces of cardboard and some blankets to prepare

himself a bed and spend the night. He had the habit of sleeping in his clothes for two reasons: the first was to not be cold and the second one was in case he had to run after someone who could try and steal from him.

He pulled out a chocolate bar and broke off a couple of pieces and chewed them slowly. The chocolate brought body warmth to him to be able to face the freezing night outdoors. He lay down on the cardboard pieces and wrapped himself in his blankets. After a short while, he was sleeping peacefully.

With the first rays of light on the following morning, Richard woke up with his face numb from the cold and his head aching dreadfully after spending so many nocturnal hours in the cold dampness.

“Oh, my head is killing me! What an unbearable pain...” he lamented after placing the palm of his hand on his forehead. Then he went on: “That’s it, I am going to end this unbearable life by doing away with myself! If I had a gun I would shoot myself right now and finish once and for all with this suffering... A fast death is the ticket and what better than throwing myself onto the train tracks in the subway...”

After remaining somber for some moments, he gathered his blankets and the cardboard of his makeshift bed and stuffed them all into the shopping cart.

“Ah, that’s it! I will go to the subway train tracks and be united with her...” he mumbled with a look of despair in his eyes as he left the shopping cart and headed off to the closest subway entrance.

Moments later he was in the access going down the steep escalator steps.

“Yes, I want to be with my beloved Nicole as soon as possible”, he mumbled to himself over and over again with bitterness and despair. That is it, this life is unbearable, I can’t go on living without her...”

At that moment, a barely visible light silhouette started manifesting itself in front of Richard. This was the spirit of his love, Nicole, who was dressed in a white tunic, the spirit was unusually brilliant. The spirit raised her arm and stopped him in an affectionate voice:

“Stop, don’t try to kill yourself, don’t do it, please, please don’t...”

After dying, Nicole had been transformed into an Ascended Mistress. Her beauty was indescribable and she appeared to be around twenty-five years old, fifteen years younger than when she had died. She had a svelte figure and long chestnut-colored hair, her dark brown eyes, before the Ritual of Ascension, had become amethyst colored now.

Richard was dumbstruck for a few instants after seeing the specter of his girlfriend. He shook his head several times as he could not believe what he was seeing. He raised the palms of his hands to his face and after looking at her, he mumbled: "Why... it is... you, Nicole...! You have come from the world of the spirits! ¿Right?"

She made a slow gesture of assent as she thought to herself: I won't let him know I am an Ascended Mistress, I will explain that later, otherwise, he won't understand; right now he will not understand for sure.

"My God! It is you...! But your eyes are different...! He stumbled to say as he looked at her and caressed her vaporous face with an expression of genuine puzzlement: "You look so different..., younger and ethereal..."

"Yes, it is me..." she finally said in a low voice: "I have come to tell you, to warn and advise you to keep from doing something you would regret... So desist in this..."

Richard remained silent observing her with a sad gaze for a few seconds. Finally, he asked her with intrigue:

"What do you want from me, Nicole? Why have you returned to Earth before me...?"

"In the first place because you repeat my name and it is in your conscience every moment of the day, ¿am I right?" she said in a calm voice and went on saying: "And, secondly, because spirits also suffer when they see their relatives suffer, and more so when they are not left in peace."

"Yes, this last bit is something I could have guessed, but I wasn't tote..." he replied after pursing his lips.

Both observed each other in silence for a few moments.

"Well, among other reasons", she went on saying: "I have also come back to stop your obsessive and negative idea of suicide." She paused briefly and added: "Your heart is broken and your soul is crazy in the midst of a turmoil of sorrow and torment... You must desist in the idea of taking your own life..."

“And, why?... It is the only way to stop the suffering from the root”, he hastened to say. “If you knew the heavy and cruel cross I bear, you would not only understand it, you would agree with me.”

Nicole shook her head and, after gazing at him for a few moments, said:

“Look, my dear, I understand, but I don’t share that spiritually with you. You used to be a man with faith and hope in God... Have you forgotten how to decree to God as I taught you... and we did together...? It And, do you not follow the advice I gave you to not let yourself be guided by your External Lower Self, but by your Superior Internal Self? Use your strength and face life as it comes, with an effort of sacrifice.”

Richard pursed his lips and was moved. Then, he declared frankly: “I still have faith in God, but it has weakened somewhat in my heart and conscience, but hope, I’ve lost all hope... I live a hapless life in permanent affliction and, like that, in this way that is so belittling, I don’t want to go on living, Nicole. I am alone in this barren world and on top of that, I cannot stop seeing you in my mind and uttering your name... Lately, I let myself act and be guided by the External Self rather than the Superior Self... I don’t decree anymore nor do I pray to God as we used to do before you left.”

“That is understandable, given the circumstances,” she said in a calm voice as she looked at him with love: “however, I need to warn you, before you make an erroneous decision, that you are a being of great spirituality.” She paused a moment and added: “Your soul is very big in this world, however, you are not aware of all your high spirituality.”

Richard shook his head and replied:

“Don’t entertain me or console me with such pious words...”

She shook her head.

“Look, you have always acted consequently with the law of cause and effect of karma, however, if you wish to commit suicide, go ahead...” she told him severely: “You have free will, but before you do anything, listen if you are capable of perceiving the karmic consequences you are going to sow in your soul.”

Richard paid close attention and remained expectant.

“Those that make the mistaken decision of ending their lives as a solution, and no matter how good they are, I want you to know

that they go directly to the obscurity of the lower astral plane, to purge this act.” She explained to him as she looked at him gravely: “I can assure you that you will be wanting to return to the terrestrial world, but by then it will be too late, and the endless existence of coldness and negative entities will become your worst nightmare.” She interrupted herself for a moment before adding in a friendly tone: “Have you already forgotten that God created your soul and that it has gone and come back to the school of Earth, for centuries of lives... And you that are a man of God in capitals? Do you want to cut yourself off and not respect the evolutionary process of the karmic wheel?”

Richard blinked with a thoughtful look. Finally, with a worried expression, he said: “So then you mean that living a hard life on Earth is one thousand times better than what suicides can expect?” “Doubtlessly,” Nicole stated with a slow movement of her head. This time Richard, after noting the importance of her words, touched the crown of his head and remained silent as he meditated on what she had said.

“Earth is a paradise, both for rich and poor; if you compare it with the lower astral plane”, she went on saying: “In such a gloomy place suffering never lets up...”

Richard looked at her fearfully after listening to her words and he thought for a moment. “Have you understood the meaning of my words, Richard?” she asked him as she stared into his eyes: “Or is this of no use to you?” “Of course it is,” he hastened to say with a very serious look on his face.

A short silence ensued after this. “Now I can see you are more positive about your suicidal intentions...” Nicole commented.

“Yes, and I am grateful you have come to the third dimension to warn me that I was about to do some irreparable harm to myself, to put it one way.”

There was a long silence in which he thought about everything. “That is better, Richard has finally thought it over”, Nicole thought to herself.

“Well to change the subject, I have to tell you that as you are a believer, you should use more decisidecisionsur soul for faith, will, and hope of God,” she advised him: “You must carry on living and... face suffering with a conscious mind...” She stopped to think for a few moments. Then, she suggested to him: “Your greatest intention and work, no matter what happens,

should be that of perfecting your soul so that with each passing day, you evolve incessantly, treading the path of Light. Do you understand what I am trying to tell you?”

Richard nodded his head full of thought and then he asked her:

“I am grateful for all your help and advice, but I am curious to know, how have you come to me from the other side?” “I requested a dispensation from the Karmic Council and it was granted to me, after they studied your case, of course...” She replied.

“What case?” he wanted to know.

“It is not just the emotional state you were in, but also an evaluation of your aura, the causal body of your soul, and the electronic belt,” she explained to him.

“I understand the bit about the aura, but I don’t know what you mean by the causal body and the electronic belt,” he said.

“The causal body is where all the good and positive things are found which you have harvested since your first reincarnation...” she paused a moment and went on saying: “And, the electronic belt, is where all the imperfections or negative evils are found... In sum, the Karmic Council perceived a big soul in you. For this reason, I have been able to come, in order to you, otherwise, I would have not received permission to return to Earth.”

“I see,” he said with more animation, and with an expectant expression he asked her: “And, whereabouts do you live now, in heaven?” “I live in an ethereal celestial dwelling”, she replied to him and said, “because my soul has gone through the process of the Ascension Ritual.” He remained thoughtful for a few moments. Then he asked her: “I understand, but what is that ritual about...?” “It is about ascending the soul with God and living eternally in superior dimensions where happiness is complete and not ephemeral as happens here on Earth.”

Richard shook his head and said:

“Okay, but I, as you well know, thought I could reincarnate and possibly we would see each other again in this life or in some other...”

“No. The wheel of my destiny on Earth has reached its end”, she assured him: “My soul has freed itself from the cycles of births and deaths.”

Richard thought for a moment and looked at her with a doubtful expression, as if he had a ray of hope.

"Well..., I mean... suppose you reincarnate, would we see each other again?"

"I don't know if in that case, we would meet again or not, because the soul needs to fulfill the Divine Plan and also meet again with the people who in past lives generated negative karma." She clarified for him: "Thus it is possible to be born in another city or country."

"I understand, but, what will happen to me now Nicole?" He asked with a serious look on his face.

"Don't think about that..." she told him and after a brief silence, she promised him: "I will wait for you as your companion soul we have been on Earth. Yes, I will wait for you until your soul ascends with God. However, I don't know when that will be because it depends on your spiritual evolution."

Richard smiled for the first time as he perceived a hope for him in her words.

"I already know we have been kindred spirits," Richard said and he asked her with a questioning look as he gazed at her: "but, , o you already have a twin soul in heaven, or am I the one you are waiting for?"

She shnegatively shook her headnd answered in an evasive tone:

"I cannot answer that with a yes or a no." Richard made a face. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, in the end, God's will be done, however, I find it so hard that in this life and in such uvorable circumstances, for me to transmute so much karma with the ato purifyd reach you... Celestially speaking, I mean."

"There is nothing to stop you and even less so if you decide to do so firmly, don't forget," she interrupted him and this made him feel a certain animosity before she went on: "However, I must clarify and tell you I believe that; what you say in these unfavorable circumstances is quite the opposite as your soul is more alert and conscious and will evolve faster, as long as you don't let yourself be carried away by the External Inferior Self, of course.

Richard nodded his head and thought for a moment. Then he commented: "I understand, however, even so, I have my doubts about achieving in this life such an elevated evolution."

‘According to my Master,’ Nicole thought to herself, ‘If Richard were to decide to do so and took correct decisions through his Internal Superior Self, and if he were capable, he has the spiritual means for this, so that in each word, action, thought and emotion coming from the bottom of his pure heart and consciousness, only then, would he be able to transmute one hundred percent of his karma and go through the Ritual of Ascension in his physical body. All he needs to ascend with his ethereal body after so-called death; is just canceling fifty percent of cancela’.

“You can go further than I did,” she finally told him.

“How can you be so sure of that?” “Because that is what my Master and the Lords of Karma told me.” Richard stood and thought there for a moment. “In that case, and since you are the one telling me, I believe you.” After a pause, and with a smile on her face, she asked him: “So, now that you have thought it over, do you want to commit suicide still?”

Richard shook his head in denial: “No, at this moment no more, because after seeing you again and speaking with you, after your divine advice, I am a different person now... Now it is as if I had already left this world and known beforehand that I was committing a big mistake.” “Indeed”, she told him with emphasis. They both looked at each other with a smile: “From now on, I want to conquer the Ritual of the Ascension and reach the arms of God and reunite with my kindred soul...” he said firmly. “Well, that is up to you, Richard.” She said to him. “Doubtlessly,” he said as he nodded his head after looking at her intently. “But, aside from what we are talking about, I have a premonition that does not leave me...” She knew beforehand what he meant but she pretended not to know: “What do you mean?” “I believe, and cannot quit thinking of that hypothetical possibility that you, by logic must be my missing half. Am I right, Nicole?” He finally asked her as he gazed directly into her eyes. She smiled and shrugged her shoulders ‘I must be cautious in this matter’ Nicole thought to herself. “Not all couples or spouses are twin souls, however, if you believe we are, you might be disappointed, after you manage it; if you do pass through the Ascension Ritual, of course.”

‘Does life have so many surprises for people that have been so close together as we have been?’ Richard wondered in discouragement.

“At times, surprises have more than two faces,” she replied after looking at him enigmatically: “Don’t forget, and without wanting to make comparisons, that God is Christ, also Father and Mother and at the same time, the, Divine Trinity. In other words, at times God can be two people but also three...” Richard made a face. “Well, I don’t know what to say or what to think about this philosophical ambiguity of yours.”

“Fine, well, in that case, let’s forget that subject and start sowing Light,” she suggested.

“Yeah..., I will try,” he said brokenly: “But understand me, it is hard for me in this mental state I am in, Nicole.”

“Quit torturing yourself and you will see how life will seem more positive.” “I don’t know, it seems hard,” he repeated with a bitter look on his face: “I lack strength and a wish to continue living. Just the thought of the life I lead and what I have yet to live tortures my soul.” He interrupted himself an instant and then added with real worry: “I don’t have anything, I don’t have a home to sleep in, or a shower, or a toilet, or even a single dollar...”

Another pause ensued in which both remained silent.

“In spite of the difficultDespitelet yourself be carried away by your External Inferior Self,” she advised him and after she remained thoughtful a few instants, she said: “I understand you perfectly because I have also been a traveler of earthly routes with the greatest difficulties after my reincarnations, but don’t be too hard on yourself.”

There was a silence in which Richard meditated a few instants. Then he commented:

“I don’t know, on one hand, I understand you, but on the other, with my feet on the ground, I see myself immersed in a dark future... and think it will be harder for me to progress on a spiritual plane.”

Another silence ensued.

“You can overcome all the adversities”, she continued as she encouraged him: “Look back and you will see an endless amount of people who have derailed and wander without a purpose in a senseless world...”

“Because they have hit rock bottom, like me, right?” “Don’t misunderstand me, nor think I mean anything cruel with my words,” she hastened to tell him: “Don’t compare yourself with

those defective souls, which are on a level that is beneath the threshold of a return to normality, not to mention, reality..." She paused a few instants to later add: "Most people have lost their goals, their brains are broken down, don't work correctly, and their souls wander in suffering." "And, me? What level am I on?" Richard asked her expectantly. "You are on the border of the critical line of the threshold", she replied: "And, if you do not rise above that line, in a short while you can end up losing your grip on reality." "What consequences of reality do you mean...?" Richard wanted to know with a worried tone. "Well, that you might fall into the disturbing abyss, where you will not be able to return to normality of this world." She replied: "Imagine, in an example, that the compass of a captain in a ship breaks down, what do you think the most logical deduction would be?" Richard considered during a few instants. Then he said: "Well, the captain's confusion and the loss of bearings of the ship." "Exactly, you hit it right on the nose." "In sum, what do I have to do to overcome and put a distance between myself and the critical threshold level?" Richard repeated with a questioning look. "Simply let yourself go and listen to your heart and let your conscience rise up and seek the Lig, Nicole answered. "Yes, but how?" Richard inquired this time with greater hope of spiritual edification. Nicole remained silent for some instants. Then she suggested to him:

"From now on, you must continue decreeing, helping the poor within your possibilities, and loving mankind with no distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color. Let each decision you make be as correct as possible for each solution. You must also sow and reap the following virtues, in other words, your words, thoughts, feelings, and actions must attempt to reach Divine Perfection. If you do so throughout this life, your Divine identity will become attached forever in the Kingdom of Heaven." "I am willing to do all of that but I must say that the path is not without its thorns and is thorny and difficult, ¿right, Nicole?" "Very much so," she agreed with him: "Don't ever tire no matter how hard you may find it to walk along the path of Light, otherwise you might lose your bearings and be lost in terrestrial darkness."

"I will do as you say, "Nicole," he said with greater animosity and hope and hanimosityasked her with certain misgivings: "I believe you are my Master, is that right?"

She shook her head after clearing her throat: ‘So many questions are going to put me in a bind,’ she thought. “So, then who is my Master and what is his or ,her name?” Richard wanted to know.

“It is not a Master,” she corrected him and then informed: “Your soul, while you are asleep, is being instructed on an ethereal plane by an Ascended Mistress called Charenis...”

“How enigmatic all this sounds,” Richatheseondered as he frowned.

She smiled.

“It will seem even more enigmatic if I tell you that there is a surprise in store for you that you must associate with this moment...”

“And, what is that surprise about...?” he hastened to ask as he raised an eyebrow with an expectant look on his face as said to himself. ‘I love surprises and even more so if they are intriguing’.

She looked at him with an intriguing expression:

“All I can tell you is that it is chameleonic, spiritual in nature. But pl insist on finding out now, okay?”

Richard shrugged his shoulders and moved his head resignedly in a slow affirmative gesture.

“Both here on Earth as well as up above in heaven, everything comes when it has to,” Nicole went on saying in a soft voice: “So it is betyou should find you come up here.”

Richard meditated a few moments. Then, he made a face and shrugged again: “The problem is whether I will reach heaven someday...”

“As I have just told you, everything comes in due course...” Nicole replied and, after looking at him seriously, she added: “And, please don’t feel doubts. Never limit yourself ever again.”

Richard nodded again and crossed his arms. Then silence ensued and he stood there thinking about all that he had learned.

“Well, brother Richard, I hope my words and advice are spiritual nourishment for you,” Nicole said with a smile on her lips. Then, she kissed him on the forehead and reminded him: “Whenever you need to speak to your Mistress Charenis, invoke her by raising the tone of your voice and she will come to you...” she paused and concluded: “Now I have to leave, my services are being required in the fourth and fifth dimensions...

You will not see me again until you ascend to the Celestial Paradise if you achieve that in this life..."

"Yes! I will achieve it, I swear by God..." He hastened to say with firmness and conviction, after seeing how the subtle body of light of Nicole faded and disappeared. Finally, he shook his head and exclaimed with a troubled look:

"My God, I still have doubts and questions to ask you, please don't go away yet, Nicole...!" "Please come back...!"

An uncomfortable and long silence descended on him. Richard sighed a couple of times to relieve his sorrow. Instantly, he invoked several times out loud the name of Mistress Charenis:

"Mistress Charenis, I need you...! Mistress Charenis, I invoke you from the bottom of my heart...!"

Moments later a woman's velvety voice could be heard:

"I am Mistress Charenis and I come to you because God's will is for me to come down and aid you spiritually," the Ascended Mistress told him in a calm voice.

Richard was dumbstruck as he observed the pale specter of the Mistress who, in a matter of seconds, was materializing gradually in the shape of a beautiful woman wearing a white tunic made of light with no seams.

Mistress Charenis appeared to be around thirty years old, with an enigmatic beauty. She was slender, of medium height, with long blonde hair and blue eyes the color of sapphire.

"I am your Mistress, brother Richard, and I love you intensely," she told him in an affectionate tone as at the same time from the depth of her heart she issued three deep sighs. Then she added: "I was designated by the Karmic Council to instruct you on the path of Light."

Richard remained silent; but didn't take his eye off her.

"Well, from now on you must know that I am your Teacher and you are my disciple, understood, brother?"

"Of course, Mistress Charenis," Richard said barely audible while he regarded her multi-colored aura of light in a dumbstruck way.

"And, finally I must tell you I will be at your side the moment circumstances require me to do so, however, I will be observing you without you being aware of it. In sum, I will be your guide on your spiritual path, I will advise you, but I cannot and should not interfere in issues to do with your free will, ¿okay?"

Richard agreed thoughtfully. Finally, he asked: “Is there anything else I should know, Mistress?”

Mistress Charenis remained silent for some instants. Then she answered in a low voice: “Yes. Do not let adversities bend you over nor for your conduct be spiritually in askance. Your decisions and aptitudes must be as correct as possible... Keep your mind focused on “self-control” and “self-correction”, in other words, you must be close to divinity in each of your words, in your thoughts, feelings, and acts, otherwise, no matter how hard this may sound, I will leave your side and the third dimension, Understood, brother?”

Richard nodded his head in silence.

“Embrace me, brother,” Mistress Charenis asked him: “as now I have to leave.”

Richard embraced her and he had the sensation of embracing peculiar and strange en gy, with a compressed consistency, absolutely subtle. Finally, they both kissed each other on the cheeks.

Mistress Charenis moved her hands and said goodbye, a few seconds later her body of light disappeared.

Richard remained taciturn a few moments as he thought to himself: ‘Finally God has wanted to save me from the tragedy that was about to happen’, he thoughappene manifestations of Mistress Nicole and my Mistress Charenis, have been a balm of hopeful light for my soul.’

2

With the first rays of light at dawn, Richard woke up with the sensation of having slept just a few hours. For him, this was the worst moment of the day as, besides waking up more tired than when he had gone to sleep, he also got melancholy and dwelled on the negative aspects of life.

“I don’t know how, but I have to fight against this sordid misery that surrounds me,” he told himself in a low voice and with a meditative expression on his face.

He got up and gathered up his bed pieces. He stored the pieces of cardboard and blankets in an orderly manner and headed off on the sidewalk with no goal in sight.

Moments later, Richard saw how a white automobile brushed against the left-hand side of the back wheel of a motorcycle with its right front side. The bike was a large Honda. The heavy bike fell to one side while the rider was sent a considerable distance on the other side of the bike and was seriously injured. Although he was wearing protective clothing and a helmet. He remained still and lying on his back on the asphalt, crying out in pain.

The driver of the car got nervous and instead of stopping and aiding the victim, he sped up and winded his way among the rest of the cars, putting distance between him and the accident as if nothing had happened.

“My goodness... what a creep, that guy in the white car..., instead of stopping and aiding the biker, he beats it as if it had nothing to do with him,” Richard murmured.

Some cars drove by very close to the bike, others honked their horns but nobody got out of their car to aid the wounded

biker who was lying on the ground and was seriously injured, in the middle of a six-lane highway.

Richard noticed the biker who still remainede ground risking being run over. He left his shopping cart in the middle of the sidewalk and went over to help without stopping to think of the consequences. Several cars drove by that nearly hit him, but in spite of the dangdespitestrident noises from the car horns, he made his way along the asphalt until he fi withnally ended up in front of the biker and he made some gestures with his raised hands to stop the traffic. Instants later he was able to stop the traffic.

“Be still, don’t move, sir!” Richard told him as he watched the biker remove his helmet. Then he asked: “What part of your body has been injured, sir?”

The biker was a man of around seventy, he was tall, with white hair and penetrating dark blue eyes.

“My hip and legs feel bad, but my hands are numb and bleeding,” the man said as he sobbed in pain while he gazed at his hands: “they hurt and I can barely move my fingers...”

“Well, you can try to get up if I help you... or do you prefer me to call the emergency services?”

“Please get me out of here before I get run over...” The biker pleaded with him.

“Okay.” Richard moved his head firmly. He stood behind the man’s head and put his hands under the man’s armpits, then he linked his hands together on the man’s chest and carted him away dragging him to the sidewalk. Then he went back to get the bike, but he was unable to lift it up because it was heavy. He took a deep breath and on the second try, righted the bike which he guided to the sidewalk and rested it on its stand, the bike was tilted.

Passersby crowded around the injured man, but nobody dared to touch him. Comments and murmurs of the curious bystanders could be heard.

“What else can I do for you, sir?” Richard asked him in a rather loud voice so he could be heard.

“In the right pocket of my jacket there is a mobile phone, please bring it out and hand it to me...” the man asked in a woe-ful voice.

Richard obeyed him. He put his hand in the pocket and extracted a mobile phone, it was a Nokia.

With trembling and painful fingers, the man pressed the buttons on his phone to call his daughter, Annice. Moments later he was talking to her to ask her to come and pick him up. He explained to her the circumstances of the accident and gave her the address of the place where he was at. Seconds later he pressed the button to finish the call.

“What is your name, my good man...?” He asked as he gazed at Richard intensely.

“My name is Richard, Richard Berger, sir.”

‘I want to thank the gesture of goodwill that this citizen called Richard has had with me.’ The man thought.

“And my name is Tom, Tom Mann...” he said as he stuck out his bloody hand.

Richard took his hand and his palm was stained with blood.

“I will need to take down your information in order to visit you”, Mr. Mann went on saying: “I want to reward you financially for what you have done for me...”

“No. Don’t worry about it,” Richard hastened to say: “It is not at all important, really, besides, I don’t have a fixed residence and...”

“So, where do you live...?” Mr. Mann wanted to know.

“On the street,” Richard answered briefly.

“So you don’t have a home, is that it?”

“That’s right, sir,” Richard said as he shrugged his shoulders. At that moment Mr. Mann noticed a police car approaching the place of the accident. He hurried to pull out a visiting card from his jacket and stuck it into the pocket of Richard’s trousers. Then he said imovingly

“I am indebted to you..., really. Don’t lose this card, because it will lead you to me. Come and see me, okay?”

Richard remained silent and dubious and finished by moving his head slowly in affirmation.

“You have stained your hands with my blood, friend.” Mr Mann told him. “Leave, leave me alone here so the police don’t ask you for your data and complicate your life even more than it is now.”

"Yes, of course, but my conscience is at ease and I am not guilty of anything, Mr. Mann," he replied as he turned to see a couple of police officers coming his way.

"Leave, please leave I beg you..." the man grumbled at him this time.

"Yes, yes, I'm leaving..." Richard rose up and instantly disappeared among the crowd until he reached his shopping cart.

Some seconds later, the police officers made their way among the people.

"So, what has happened here?" The strongest of the two officers asked Mr. Mann as he pulled out a notebook and a pen.

"I fell off my bike, officer..." "On your own or has there been a vehicle involved?" "Yes, there has been a car." "And, didn't they stop to aid you...?" "Well no, the car brushed my bike and disappeared."

The police officer was taking down all the data such as the address and his I.D.

"What kind of a car was it? The police officer asked. Mr. Mann thought for a moment and then replied:

"I think it was a white Toyota, but I am not very sure."

"Of what, the color or the make of the car?" the officer asked him.

"Of the brand..." Mr. Mann said.

The police officer made a face.

"And, the license plate, do you remember what it was?"

"I've no idea..."

"Well, can you get up or should we request an ambulance?"

"I think I cannot move from my waist down..."

"Ok," the police officer pulled out his radio transmitter and requested an ambulance.

Thirty minutes later the ambulance picked up Mr. Mann and headed off to the hospital.

Richard remained close by with his shopping cart until he saw the ambulance disappear: "Well, I did what I was supposed to do, aid him as much as I could, but his daughter has not appeared." He mumbled to himself.

3

Richard; pushed his shopping cart which included some leftover foods entering Central Park. He sat down on the soft green grass and took off his shoes. The coolness of the ground and the grass made him relax and helped discharge static electricity.

He unhooked one of the plastic bags hanging from the shopping cart and after opening it and sniffing a nauseating stink, closed it again. He patted another bag and pulled it down, he opened it and pulled out two red apples.

“These sure do look good, they are fresh and ripe,” he murmured to himself after taking a bite from one of them.

At that moment, two homeless guys with some old backpacks who were passing by went over to Richard from behind. They were Tom Perry ‘Skinny’ and Mark Archer ‘Giraffe’.

“Hi there, Richard..., what’s up, man?” Skinny greeted him. “Fine, as you can see,” Richard said as he arched his brows and turned his head towards the other two.

Skinny was fifty-something, he was short and thin, with blond hair and a narrow forehead with brown eyes. He was intelligent and subtle. He didn’t have any living relatives and was alone in the world, he did frequent disreputable people though.

He was Richard’s best friend. He didn’t get into much trouble and was a beggar who ate in public diners dinnerse poor.

Giraffe was forty-five years old but he looked more like sixty. His limbs were long and scrawny, he was bald and his eyes were green. He was a malingerer who lived on the streets of New York. He had been in prison, he spent more time locked up than on the streets. Most of the homeless didn’t like him, because he

was pretty problematic and fought a lot with others because he was anti-social.

“This guy calls any old thing good”, Giraffe mumbled in a despective tone.

‘Giraffe, as usual, has to say something unpleasant wherever he goes, let’s hope he is not difficult as usual.’ Richard told himself.

Both of them sat down next to Richard.

Giraffe stuck out his hand to pat and smell the bag of fruit hanging from Richard’s cart and pulled out an apple. He pursed his lips and said:

“This is for vegetarians, haven’t you got anything better?”

“That other bag also has food in it, take a look and see if you like it better.” Richard pointed out to him, guessing there was going to be trouble brewing up.

Giraffe extended a very long arm and after opening the bag and sniffing, looked at Richard in disgust.”

“Hell, it is rotten...”

“What?” Richard pretended to be offended.

“The shitty food you’ve got here, man, or can’t you smell it?” he said with a disgusted tone. “Well, let it be, and don’t tell me about it,” Richard reprimanded him after shrugging his shoulders.

Richard had never liked Giraffe much, however, he did get along well with Skinny.

Skinny slipped a hand in his backpack and extracted a bottle of red wine which he offered to Richard:

“Here, have a little wine, friend, and cheer up.”

Richard refused with a gesture.

“No, I don’t want to taste it, and other vices either, still, thank you, Skinny.”

Skinny made a face and shrugged his shoulders.

“But what do you mean by vices? Wine, tobacco, and drugs are our best friends...” Giraffe interrupted as he laughed despecatively.

“Don’t get me wrong, but I detest those kinds of friends,” Richard replied in a low voice.

‘Richard is acting very strange, and Giraffe is making him uncomfortable’ Skinny thought to himself.

“Geez man, don’t tell me that! Not long ago you would drink a few swigs of wine and sing and insult just about everyone” Giraffe reminded him with a trace of bitterness. “Or, don’t you remember?”

“That is true and for that reason and others, I am going to avoid vices,” Richard admitted as calmly as he could.

Giraffe chuckled and then asked him:

“I see, you also mean drugs in general, right?”

“Yes,” Richard answered abruptly.

After a brief silence, Skinny shook his head and then, as care-free as possible, he commented:

“Well, I could not give up certain mundane pleasures... The truth is that I can’t see myself doing without alcohol, tobacco, or any other drug, to be able to withstand the bitter life we lead, here in the New York jungle.”

“Well, besides not sharing your opinion, I respect it, but for me, those pleasures are denied,” Richard replied in a low tone.

“Yeah, but it looks like you have changed from one day to the next... really, Richard.”

“You are totally right about that, Skinny,” Giraffe hurried to reply.

‘I am not sure if I should explain thingtoto end this argument’ Richard thought: ‘If I do, it could go against me.’ “And, what about if we change the subject,” Skinny offered him in a friendly tone: “We could offer you a small business in ordeto our lives from one day to the next and be able to live the rich life, what would you say to that?”

“Well, people can live off dreams too.”

“Look Richard..., this is real and we are serious about it.” Skinny went on saying: “We have been offered a job selling drugs in considerable quantities and I was counting on you so you could be our dealer.”

‘Dear God, Skinny, don’t go down that path,’ Richard told himself as he shook his head.

“I’m not interested, so please don’t insist anymore...” Richard who was feeling uncomfortable; replied.

“But this is going to change our lives, silly...”

“Look, Skinny, in case you don’t know, my life has taken a new turn...”

Skinny interrupted him:

“Going where, if not in poverty, pal.”

Richard shook his head. Then, in a refrained tone he added.

“Towards a spiritual way, brother.”

Skinny raised his hands to his head and was speechless.

“Well, well,” Giraffe started laughing, ‘This guy is crazier than ever.’

Richard felt despair from so much questioning.

“You aren’t spiritual at all,” Giraffe told him with irony.

‘This pain in the ass, as usual, only knows how to cause trouble every time he opens his mouth,’ Richard thought with a serious look on his face.

“You can think what you wish and comment whatever you want...”

Giraffe laughed with irony.

“Look, Richard, I find it hard to believe you have gone crazy,” Skinny told him as he combed his hair with his hand, “but by what I have just heard you say, it looks like you have really gone crazy...”

An uncomfortable silence descended on the three.

“I think that small vices and dealing with drugs on a moderate scale to earn money, even if it is going against the health of other people, just to survive, is not a stupid thing, it is a matter of survival” Giraffe commented in a calm tone after sighing tiredly.

“I don’t want to talk about this subject, you are stressing me out,” Richard said in a tired voice.

“Then, for you, the normal thing is to suffer like a fool on the streets while others live the life of Riley, right?” Giraffe asked him bitterly after a pause: “So what have we got..., but for me, a guy that distances himself from all of this with the excuse that he is searching for the Light of God, is either stupid or crazy.”

“It looks like we are not on the same page,” Richard replied: “But I would rather serve the Light than darkness.”

“Well, I totally d What do you expect?” Giraffe replied with disdain: “As long as I can avoid the rough life, I’d serve that Light you mention or darkness too... and anyone that shows me some cash, that would be fine!”

“Do whatever you want,” Richard said in a tone of voice as calm as possible: “I don’t want to nor will I make bad use of my free will.”

“Are you scared of the consequences, of being caught and locked behind bars for dealing with drugs and your life ending there, is that it?” Giraffe commented.

“No. I am not afraid of prison, but of God with my negative acts.” Richard replied after shaking his head.

Giraffe guffawed. Finally, he looked at Richard from head to toe and said with a certain acrimonious tone:

“I am seeing visions as I listen to you speak so naively about God.”

“It is not naive to believe in God, and even less to have faith in Him,” Richard said firmly.

Giraffe shook his head and after gazing at him, laughed with a broken voice.

“Can it be that this man speaks of God like this and does not consider the miserable hard life he is living!”

“I have already thought it over not once, but an endless amount of times...” Richard said to him with a serious look: “And, my love of God and my brother does not make me fear anything, not even a life worse than the one I lead now would make me bitter.” He paused and finished by emphasizing: “The only fear I have is to dirty my soul going against God’s will.”

“I think you are fucking crazy or you’re pulling our leg!” Giraffe said with uncontained anger before snorting loudly: “Can it be that you have taken a drug and this is why you are reasoning like that about God... man?”

Richard shook his head in denial: ‘Talking to Giraffe is a waste of time, let’s hope he stays in line’, he thought.

“The part about God is the truth, more because I have Him in my heart than anything else,” he said with firmness and conviction. “The part about the drugs and bad attitudes is of no interest to me, my conscience does not admit them and pushes them away from my path.”

“Look, don’t get all philosophical talking about God,” Giraffe told him after letting off a guffaw: “Don’t you realize that is an invention of the rich Church of the Vatican!”

“No, God is real...” Richard replied with no ambiguities: “However, the Church is also a real thing to be reckoned with, but without wanting to generalize, some of those that handle it or in power, presumably are rotten...”

“What truth are you talking about?” Giraffe exclaimed: “God does not exist and the Church does what the rich and powerful want..., don’t waste your spit... Open your eyes and don’t waste this chance to earn money and live like a king!”

Richard shook his head in an energetic denial. Then he declared:

“Look, at this time in my life, I don’t want to swap God for anything else in this world and even less so if it is dirty money, stained with blood and drugs...”

“Drugs don’t stain anyone with blood, fool,” Giraffe replied with irony.

“Drugs sicken and kill people little by little and more because of overdoses or adulteration...” Richard interrupted him: “Or will you deny this too...? Many of the people who are addicted die in the long term, and to survive the abstinence síndrome, at times they stab and kill and steal within their families or others, so many of them have their hands stained with blood, am I right or not?”

Giraffe made a despective gesture of being fed up; and pursed his lips.

There was a brief and uncomfortable silence charged with reflection.

“Now that you mention it, I wonder if those that deal or sell drugs, also have their hands stained with blood indirectly”, Skinny asked himself as he stated his feelings in a low and cautious tone.

“I leave the answer up to your conscience,” Richard replied.

Skinny remained thoughtful for a moment while he ran his hand over his forehead. Then, he stared at Giraffe and said:

“Well, I am sorry to tell you, pal, that I am going to desist in this plan...”

“Desist from what, idiot!” Giraffe recriminated him with an angry look.

‘I shouldn’t be afraid of telling Giraffe what I think, but I have realized that I am harming others directly or indirectly.’ Skinny thought.

“Of making a living by dealing in drugs,” Skinny finally said with a firm tone: “I cannot, nor will not, carry these damaging acts against others, my conscience does not allow it.”

Suddenly, Giraffe looked at him with derision.

‘Well spoken, brother’ Richard told himself.

“What are you saying, Skinny!” Giraffe shouted at him: “You can’t go back on your word and fail me...”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t do it,” Skinny said firmly.

“What the hell? Who is stopping you?”

Skinny remained thoughtful for some moments. Then, he raised his voice saying:

“My conscience, I think I have and will have remorse for the rest of my life.”

“Fuck that, you gutless rat,” Giraffe said with exasperation.

“Let there be peace amongst us, please, Giraffe,” Richard interrupted in a friendly tone of voice.

“You shut the fuck up or I will force you to!” Giraffe shouted at him in an aggressive tone:

“Your words are having a negative influence on Skinny’s small pea brain... You are causing problems, asshole...”

“You cannot talk to me like that,” Richard stood up before him with a severe look on his face: “Control your anger and don’t insult people.”

Giraffe looked at Richard with fury, he breathed inwardly and without hesitating, slapped Richard in the face.

Richard got on guard and waited for the other guy to get ready. Giraffe tried to punch him again, but Richard avoided him and at the same time clipped Giraffe in the jaw, making him fall on his rear.

“Want more?” Richard shouted at him as he fisted his hands and made a face: “Do you want more! Or do you prefer to desist and beat it with your negativity and go somewhere else, answer me!”

Giraffe was stunned and he moaned in pain.

“No, Richard, I’ve had enough,” Giraffe told him in a voice of reconciliation as he outstretched his hand in submission: “Can’t you see I am bleeding like a stuck pig...”

‘Damn, I let myself be carried away by the External Inferior Self, but I don’t think I am good enough to be one of those guys that shows the other cheek’ Richard told himself.

Richard helped Giraffe to sit up and then took out a shirt from his shopping cart and cleaned his bloody face.

"Look, Giraffe, I want to be your friend and will continue to be so if you want." He said indulgently: "However, I will go my way and you go yours, okay?"

Giraffe nodded his head slowly. He was in pain, embarrassed, and humiliated by what had happened.

"I'm going with you, Richard, if you don't mind, of course," Skinny asked him. "Let me go with you, be the shadow of your path until I find the Light, in the good sense of the word."

Richard looked at him with severity: "The path I walk is not pleasurable, it is hard and requires sacrifice, don't be mistaken."

Skinny made a brusque movement with his head as he snorted loudly:

"Look, Richard, life has hardened me so much that I don't think I will be suffering any more than I already do."

"Well if that is the case, welcome to the heart of God, brother."

Skinny made a gesture of gratitude after smiling a little.

Richard looked compassionately at Giraffe and thought 'I must always forgive my brother, thus I need to apologize to him'

"Brother Giraffe, or more precisely, Mark, I am asking you to forgive me and, if someday you want to join us, the doors of our hearts are open to you, okay?"

Giraffe looked at Richard in surprise after the impact of Richard's words resounded in him and he nodded his head with perplexity as he thought to himself: 'How can it be that, I was the one to blame for what happened, now Richard feels guilty and is so merciful?'

Richard and his friend Skinny said farewell to Giraffe and headed off to the exit of Central Park. They needed to find provisions and spend the night in some safe place.

4

As soon as the sun came out on the following day, Richard and Skinny were with some other homeless people spending the night in a dirty alley full of cardboard pieces and garbage containers that were giving off an unbearable stench. They were hungrily eating some apples and pears with some pieces of bread that they had found in a dumpster.

The other homeless people after waking up in the damp and freezing alley barely said a few words to each other. After a little while, most of the homeless people there had picked up their things with baleful looks and went off to do their begging with the heavy load of poverty on their shoulders. A few moments later there was hardly anyone left there with them.

“On this street, we have not had any trouble, right, Richard?”

“Yeah, so far so good,” Richard responded as he shrugged his shoulders: “Let’s hope that it stays that way.”

Skinny shook his head and wasn’t totally sure.
y I want to tell you about a secret that must remain between the two of us. Is that okay?” Richard asked Skinny as he stared at him.

“Of course,” Skinny replied after moving his head in a slow gesture of assent: “So, what is it about, friend?”

“It is about a spiritual woman that appeared before me and who will go on appearing,” Richard informed him. “I hope that you will be ready when the moment comes and you don’t get scared...”

Skinny rolled his eyes and revealed his perplexity. Then he said: “Are you pulling my leg or do you usually wake up in the morning telling tales of life after death?”

Richard smiled weakly.

“Look, brother, I don’t mess around with those things, and in second place, what I am trying to tell you is very confidential, understand?”

“Well, if that’s the case, excuse me, but go on saying...” Skinny asked Richard in a friendly tone.

“Fine, this is about an Ascended Mistress, she is my Teacher and spiritual guide,” Richard explained.

“And, this Ascended Mistress, who is she, what’s her name...? Skinny asked as he listened carefully.

“Charenis...” Richard answered. “So what does she want to do with you?” Skinny asked Richard. “She wants to instruct me on the path of Light, so I can reach God.”

Skinny frowned and stared at Richard. “Just like that? Could that have been a ghost and you have confused it with a Virgin?”

“No, look, the spirit of my girlfriend also appeared before the body of light of the Mistress...” Richard clarified.

Skinny raised his hands to his face after shaking his head and then stared at Richard lost in thought for a few instants. ‘I don’t want to think badly, but I think Richard is as crazy as a loon’

“So, now you are saying it is not one but two apparitions?” Skinny asked with a look of incredulity, “What is it going to be then?” Richard snorted after shaking his head.

“Yes, and I hope you will not be asking me to clarify because it is a long story, understood?”

Skinny nodded his head in silence after shrugging his shoulders. ‘I don’t know, but I guess it is better not to doubt him’ he told himself.

“Well,” Richard went on saying: “In sum, I am your friend and I trust that you will not tell anyone what I have just told you...”

“Don’t worry, I won’t breathe a word...” he told Ricconvincingly told Richardhrugging his shoulders. “I promise that these confidences you have just told me, will be just etween you and me for the rest of my life.”

“Very well, my friend.”

After a short silence, Richard cautiously wanted to know:

“Have you decided to follow my steps?” “Excuse me, Richard, but I don’t understand.” “I mean if you are going to be capable of following me, spiritually speaking.”

Skinny thought it over a moment and after shrugging his shoulders, said: "I, Richard my friend, hope to be suitable under the circumstances and..."

Richard interrupted him saying: "I am sure you will be." At that moment, Ascended Mistress Charenis manifested herself with her body of light. The apparition caught Skinny by surprise and, he was frightened for a few instants.

Richard paid homage to her.

"Mistress Charenis, I was eager to see you talk to you about my friend Skinny, do you know him? Skinny stood and stared with a look of perplexity. "Yes", she nodded, "because not long ago I saw the negative process of his spiritual life in his current life in the Akashic Registry."

"You mean to say that in my past lives or reincarnations, right?" Skinny stated in a rather carecarelesse.

"No, brother, you have no more life or identity than your present life", Mistress Charenis assured Skinny. "You have never reincarnated and consequently, have not lived previous lives." She interrupted herself to add: "You have a problem with regards to the soul, the Trine Flame, and, not being able to reincarnate."

Skinny shook his head in denial: 'I don't know all of this about the soul, the Trine Flame, and the reincarnation' he thought.

"Are you sure of all that...?" "I am more than sure, brother," Mistress Charenis ratified. "However, you will find out all about that in due course."

"I am not doubting what you just said, but I wonder if you know my name..." Skinny asked her with a shrewd look. She smiled briefly and said: "What importance does that have if I guess or not..."

"It is very importan, because I doubt you know it," he said in a calm tone: "and, it isn't just for nothing..."

"Fine, your name is Tom and your first surname is Perry, am I right, brother?"

Skinny was surprised and ended up nodding his head slowly, 'this is quite weird, but it looks like..."

"I know more about your life than you can imagine, brother," Mistress Charenis went on saying.

“Without a doubt, you have guessed,” Skinny admitted as he stared at her intensely. “This experience of seeing a soul or spirit right before me is so incredible I can hardly believe it.”

“This is because, te same as many people live in blindness; since their souls are not synchronized with the Divine Light of God,” Mistress Charenis explained to him.

“And, how does one synchronize to be closer to God?” Skinny wanted to know.

‘I have to mention the soul and I cannot tell him the truth of the problem he has with his soul, however, he will find out as I mentioned earlearlier thought.

“Transmuting karma, however, requires time and patience in your case,” she responded.

Skinny nodded and after a few seconds, asked her: “And, why so much time if I don’t think I am a bad person?”

“The truth is you are not a bad person,” Mistress Charenis agreed: “However, you forget the negative karma you have been sowing for years in this first life of yours.”

‘It is quite true that I have done so many bad things, that they weigh more than the good ones, but all this about the karma and my first life, is bugging me’, Skinny thought.

“The truth is that I never thought about my first life and karma...” he said with a thoughtful look on his face. “I imagine the same applies to Richard in all that, right?”

“No, Richard comes from a very different world than you do, to put it somehow...” she responded in a calm voice: “Some Somedayll explain it to you and you will understand as you are supposed to.”

Skinny made a gesture of resignation.

A brief silence happened then. Later, Mistress Charenis gazed at Richard tenderly and reminded him indirectly:

“Brother, there is a man who recalls you frequently... Can’t you guess what I am talking about?”

Richard remained silent and considered for a few instants until he filtered the thought of his Mistress.

“If I am not mistaken, I believe you refer to Mr. Mann, who had a bike accident and whom I aided. You meant him, right?”

“Indeed,” Mistress Charenis nodded: “Mr. Mann is waiting for you to show his gratitude. He gave you a card with his address, am I right?”

"Yes, but I had forgotten about that," Richard said as he raised his hand to his forehead. "Why is that?" She asked: "Because I did it from my heart, that is why I am not expecting anything back." Richard told her. "An answer as honest as selfless, yes sir." Mistress Charenis commented: "I believe God will reward your goodness."

Richard made a face. Then, he said emphatically: "Well, in that case, let His will be done." "That will be done as it has been written and ordained by Him." Richard smiled as he thought. There was a pause and after, Mistress Charenis commented:

"It is the middle of winter. It would be good for you to find a home, as the streets are inhospitable and cruel for a soul as large as yours." "Cold and snow are the worst punishment for homeless people living on the streets," Richard said with certain resignation. Then he asked: "But, where is that place to shelter me from inhospitable weather conditions?"

There was a brief pause.

"Very soon you will find a home where you can live in dignity," Mistress Charenis answered him: "God provides spiritually to all, but even more so, to those offspring that are worthy of Him."

"Mistress, what you just said is a comment or factual truth?" "Factual truth, but based on causality, in other words, unforeseen circumstances that change the course and destiny of life," she said with a smile as she waved goodbye to them, finally her voice was a whisper: "Don't forget to visit Mr. Mann."

"But Mistress, tell me..."

Mistress Charenis increased her vibrations and her body of light started becoming diffuse until she disappeared.