

Introduction to
In the Service of 11:11

Celestial Foreword

“This book is a unique account of a mortal’s willingness to cooperate with the Celestial Servants that are created for the sole purpose of serving the countless generations of their distant mortal relatives. We are the Spirit Guardians, the Planetary Helpers, the Natives of the Temporal Halfway Realm, who make it our task to assist you as individuals and as a species in your evolutionary climb to become God-knowing sons and daughters of the Creator Parent of us all. I am the long-time leader of the 11:11 Emergency Platoon about which this writing tells.

“I am midwayer chief ABC-22.”

Midwayer Chief, ABC-22 (nicknamed Bzutu) long worked with the Red Man who traveled over the Bering Straits onto the American continents before rising ocean levels inundated that land tongue, and divided North and South America from the Eurasian landmass, separating for good the red and yellow races.

The 37-thousand-year-old Warrior, Chief, Shaman and Teacher, was for countless generations the Planetary Helper of the Kiowa, Comanche and other red tribes. With the decline in the numbers of the Red Man he was posted to Australia to head the 11:11 Emergency Platoon.

All Midwayers, as well as their Seraphic Superiors, have numbers or alphabetical/numerical codes. The relatively few with open human contact frequently have names as well as codes.

Bzutu’s presence is often made known at 2:22 AM or PM, in all time zones across the globe. Presently he is in charge of some dozen Midwayer Helpers that have arrived from other planets to assist us in this new age called the Correcting Time.

Author’s Preface.

Now that I am in my sixties, I can look back over a lifetime of frequent verbal and visual contact with celestial beings—the kind I describe in this book. When I was only six years of age, I thought them to be human visitors. They often arrived at meal times and I presumed they waited around until the meal was over to speak to my father about political matters. At that time, the most frequent visitor was MNO-8, or Dr. Mendoza. He often came to visit and would stand between my mom and dad at the opposite end of the table. I only thought of him as “the man, who ate no dinners,” but I had no idea that, of the eight other members in my family, not one could see the visitor.

All throughout my teenage years, I received advice from these now unseen beings, and because their advice was always positive, I came to rely on them as close friends, calling them my Spirit Guardians. Not until my 32nd year, at the time when I opened my clinic, did I again catch sight of these Spirit Guardians. Since they looked just like humans, I at first believed them to be ghosts. They appeared to be too young to have been around for as long as they claimed to have been. During the following three

decades, they showed themselves somewhat less often, but I became intuitively aware of their appearance.

Frequently, also, they would prompt me to check the time at 11:11 am or wake me at 11:11 PM. These time prompts meant they were “uploading” some data into my deeper conscious mind, and this information would later surface at the precise time it was needed.

To take care of a young family, run a business, as well as a clinic is an awesome task, but I could always count on the help of the Spirit Guardians. They would assist with advice in business as well as with valid suggestions in a clinical environment. It was obvious that their prime concern was with my patients, many of which were trauma cases, while some were even suicidal. And, logically, for me to be able to spend adequate time with the patients, the business needed to run smoothly, and therefore some worthwhile contracts as well as the best of skilled workers were made to come my way.

For almost four decades I worked with my Spirit Guardian family, certain there were other human contact personalities on the planet. Not until quite recently, and as I placed my books “out there”, did I meet up with others who had a working relationship with the 1,111 Spirit Guardians. During all those years of human-celestial cooperation we were a relatively isolated group of workers. We were “regulars” who got to understand each other, respect each other, admire each other, and indeed love each other, although we were different species, creatures of different origins and, presumably, personalities with different destinies.

The leader of the 11:11 Emergency Platoon, ABC-22, tended to be the first to arrive when needed. Responsible for the activities of quite a few others, he was always undeniably businesslike. Simone, also known as Sharmon, or MNO-6, was our lightning-fast messenger. Lighthearted and carefree, she would often surprise me, frequently imitate me, or assure me she was one of the flashiest dressers of the Midway Realm. Simone would clown around, get to the point, and then depart as swiftly as she arrived.

Andrea, a more time-distant, androgynous entity, would always be present, but “she” would rarely be visible. My apprehension about the Creator producing offspring that were both male and female is what produced my apprehension. It was certainly my problem, not Andrea’s. She considered “herself” to be a virgin and servant of the Gods. MNO-8, or Dr. Mendoza specialized in helping me with the patients. It took me some months to realize that whenever we were out on an out-of-body trip, it was Dr. Mendoza who generally promoted these forays into the Midway Realm. This writing covers a number of those unusual healings, when rather than working at a great distance; I was actually transported to the spot.

During these years of cooperation there were other occasional celestial visitors. There was the occasional Seraph who made her presence known. A Melchizedek materialized in my clinic with an important message when I was searching for one of my Spirit Guardians. At one time a creature called a Companion turned up. He was small and cute, but hardly a toy. He was a brilliant linguist and ancient wise one. It soon became clear that the 11:11 Emergency Platoon was but a tiny clan in an enormous universal organization for progress.

The chapters in this book contain some important events of the past five decades. They are so laid out as to give you a clear impression of the kind of work a human-celestial progress group of this planet will experience.

If you yearn for a more rewarding, more spiritual existence, be aware of the Spirit Guardians' 11:11 digital prompts on your clocks, VCRs, microwave ovens. The brilliantly minded 11:11 Spirit Guardians are seeking worldwide human involvement for their task of promoting planetary progress and greater spiritual awareness.

Perhaps you will join a Celestial-Mortal Alliance for the benefit of all, and this writing will then greatly assist you, for truly, no one should ever again be so "thrown off the deep end" and waste so much of the Spirit Guardians' time as did the Spirit Guardians' rookie student, George Barnard.

Apologies to the Guardians

“For all the sick jokes I ever told you,
forgive me for wasting your valuable time.
For all the bird-brained projects I ever dreamed up,
your pet vertebrate is truly sorry, too.
For every time I questioned your integrity,
please accept my heart-felt apologies.
And for all the dumb questions I insisted on asking,
remember I am only the basest, yet most complex,
of all His creatures.

One puzzling question still remains to be asked:
Why pick on me for this awesome task?”

Just One Regret...

Had he more quickly realized just who they were,
he would have shown them more respect.

Had he tried harder to fathom their brilliant minds,
he would have taken more of their teachings to heart.

Had he more clearly understood the purpose of their being,
he would have more vigorously tried to assist them.

They were truly honorable.
He was sadly prejudiced.
They were exceedingly well informed.
He was grossly ignorant.
They were totally indefatigable.
He so often, and so quickly, gave up.

Still, for many years there was a strong human-celestial alliance between the Eleven-Eleven of the Halfway Realm, their Seraphic Associates, and their flesh-and-blood friend,

a common mortal.

Much was accomplished, many profited, and
there is just one regret . . .

They could have achieved so much more.

Part One

A Human-Celestial Alliance

It had taken George Mathieu Barnard more than a decade to finally make visual contact with the 11:11 Spirit Guardians of the Halfway Realm. As a child, ‘petit George’ often noticed their presence, and as an adult he freely talked to them, sometimes receiving an appropriate response from the Guardians. Most often, advice and warnings were simply implanted in the mortal’s mind as he slept. He would awaken with remarkably accurate knowledge of future events. Barnard learned to trust this knowledge, and he acted on it with much success.

Visual contact with the 11:11 was probably in part due to his having fluked the deepest of near-death meditation levels. His consistent requests to be permitted to deal with them on a personal level, he suspects, made the Spirit Guardians decide to relent, for they finally showed themselves. Coming face-to-face with the Warrior ABC-22, the androgynous Andrea, and Juliette the Seraph, quickly strengthened the bonds of true friendship between the mortal and his until-recently-hidden Superiors. The Guardians became his most trusted comrades.

Alas, Barnard now expected the human-celestial alliance for progress to become much more successful. That was presumptuous of him. He was ever so wrong. An over-eagerness to please, especially on the part of the mortal, became the cause of a great many misunderstandings between them. There seemed to be nothing more easily misconstrued than the spoken word, no one as deaf as a human with two perfectly good ears, and nothing as deadly as Barnard’s false pride.

1

The Androgynous Guardian

At times, his Spirit Superiors simply didn’t have the answer to what he wished to know. Sometimes they admitted to having been specifically instructed not to answer the rookie’s more searching questions. Often there were instances when things could pan out in two or more ways, and even to the Guardians’ advanced level of cosmic insight, the future was then considered as yet indeterminate.

On top of that, their ‘code of conduct manual’ rules, or ethics, contained a horrific number of standard limitations when dealing with their much-loved, but only passably

intelligent evolutionary pet creatures.

Lately it had become almost a certainty that the Eleven-Eleven were still further restrained in the extent to which they could transmit information. They frequently dealt with phenomena their flesh-and-blood student could not possibly comprehend. Amongst each other they casually communicated at high speed in concepts Barnard could not begin to wrap his mortal mind around. And in these situations he inevitably misunderstood the Guardians.

Barnard decided he should be more careful. But curiosity, stubbornness, a need for adventure and a lack of fear, would get him into trouble.

The Spirit Guardians could not always be on hand to protect him.

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Both Andrea and the Seraph, Juliette, might perhaps be around, but the mortal could not perceive them. The Warrior seemed to be quite alone. Casually leaning on his spear, he stood no more than a few paces from the rookie. This was not a happy-looking Spirit Guardian, and his eyes conveyed a message of shame, embarrassment, even guilt that George Mathieu should be feeling.

The human felt no shame, no embarrassment. And the non-productive need to feel useless guilt of any kind had long ago been dispensed with. Barnard waited.

“You may not belong to a cult,” came ABC-22’s command. Here, it seemed, was his immediate Superior’s first ever attack on the mortal’s legitimacy of franchise to determine his own actions. It surprised and upset Barnard to be so bluntly directed.

“So, what have I done?” the rookie questioned sharply. “They are a harmless bunch of Christian freaks, Bzutu. I’m only investigating this crowd. I might actually learn something useful.”

“You may not belong to a cult!” the Guardian loudly insisted.

“I heard you the first time,” Barnard mumbled under his breath as the majestic Warrior and his mighty weapon slowly faded from view. The Guardian had upset his friend. The pig-headed underling returned to visit the cult, just one more time.

It turned out to be one time too many.

Shortly after that evening’s ‘prayer meeting’, another visitor who claimed to have been a devotee of Satan, subjected Barnard to an excruciatingly painful psychic attack.

For an hour at least, Barnard was in great pain. And for more than a week he felt emotionally undone by the attack. ABC-22’s subsequent explanation of what had really happened to his mortal student made no sense whatever to George Mathieu. The Guardian and his human charge were having serious communication difficulties, no doubt of that.

Optimistic by nature, Barnard tended to put too much trust in his luck wherever he went. Though far from dense, the multi-lingual George Mathieu still lacked the conceptual expertise to fully grasp the vastly superior mind-to-mind concepts of the Halfway Realm. He had made up his mind. ‘You call me,’ he light-heartedly suggested to the Guardians. “Ah ain’t gonna call you no more.”

If the Guardians weren’t about, some Seraph would be, and she would soon pass the message on to them.

Seraphim are unbelievable chatterboxes and they love to comply.

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The annual holidays were practically upon them, just weeks away. Barnard had

some patients' treatments to complete before Christmas, which would allow him to depart with a clean slate, as far as it concerned the clinic.

In an effort to ensure all workers could enjoy their extended break, and for his factory to be closed for the period, much overtime had been allocated. One might be forgiven for thinking the place was starting to resemble an asylum for the mentally troubled. The pressure was on, and tempers were running hot at times—a mediator's night terror.

Together with his wife, Jodi, George would visit Manila and Baguio City in the Philippines. They planned to visit some friends, healers of renown. Then the couple would spend the rest of their three weeks in Bali for an urgently needed rest, perhaps some diving on the coral reefs.

Their children would stay in Australia. The three would surely miss their parents, but they would have each other. The children knew the family they would be with staying with. They often played with this couple's children, and the little Barnards were looking forward to travelling to a faraway 'really, really, real farm' in the West, not a make-believe farm, like their own few hundred acres of forest on the outskirts of the town.

George Mathieu was vaguely uneasy, though not overly troubled about leaving his three busybodies behind. Jodi was the one who needed the break from the children's constant demands. All three were so very lively. Jodi looked fatigued, pinched, plumb out of energy. Their last real holiday was years ago, now a distant memory.

But something important was brewing. There had been almost a week of regular 11.11 PM courtesy wake-up calls, as well as a few 11.11 reminders during the day. It seemed Barnard might have to take care of something mighty troublesome, even before they could board their plane in three weeks time.

The rookie could wait no more. He needed to ask the Spirit Guardians what was going to happen.

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No sooner had he dived into a deep trance, taking only seconds to reach that tranquil state, than the mighty Warrior was by his side, almost within reach and clear as day on the screen of his mind.

"I made you all a promise I would give you a lengthy break, Bzutu," he told the Guardian. "But you know how fickle we vertebrates are. We have the very best of intentions, but then we change our frivolous minds. Fear is what motivates us."

It had never been one of ABC-22's assignments to acknowledge human frailties, or so it seemed. It would also not be polite for him to do so. Letting the rookie know he could scarcely disagree was his weakness, if indeed the Guardian had any weaknesses. He shifted his weight, leaned more heavily on his spear, and allowed a mere hint of a smirk to show on his face. The sparkle in his eyes said it all, 'We truly feel for you humans, but you never cease to amaze, and amuse us.'

"Eight or nine wake-up calls..." Barnard began.

"Seven," came the swift reply.

"Seven it is," the mortal agreed. "You would know exactly. And I would never argue with the Boss."

"But you do," came the instant contradiction.

"Not now. Not any more. This is a whole new ball game, Bzutu. From now on I will do exactly what you tell me to do. That Satan worshipper at that cult place taught me

a lesson. But with seven wake-up calls, I still have nothing to go on. Too often do I get it all wrong. But now I want to know exactly what gives.”

Barnard watched the Warrior lean the spear against his shoulder. He had never seen him do that, never even seen him let go of that dangerous looking thing. Then, the Warrior’s empty hands came up.

“Empty hands? You’ve got nothing? You mean to tell me you’ve got absolutely no idea what is going to happen?” Barnard asked.

“It is so,” was ABC-22’s answer.

Barnard had to think. “Don’t go, please. Not yet. Let me think. Let me think.” Eleven-eleven wake-up calls were coming in, but there was no information. That was a new one on George. “See if you can find out, Bzutu, please,” he suggested. “I’ll find you again tomorrow. Is that fine with you?”

“You all ways decide,” was the answer. He was reminding Barnard of his human, not-negotiable free-will prerogatives.

“Yes, I all ways decide,” the mortal agreed. “Ever since I met you, you’ve told me that on a score of occasions, my friend.”

“More,” came the instant response.

“Well. I have just now . . . all ways . . . decided that I will find you tomorrow,” Barnard joked.

“We find you,” the Spirit Guardian disagreed. Then he was gone. ABC-22 had made it clear that if he did not want to be found, he would never be found. His student might go and search for him, but it would always be the Guardian’s locating George that put them in touch.

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Barnard was terrorized by a frightening dream that warm and sultry night. None of his children could be found in their rooms. Their beds were empty, and the fear of them being lost woke him from his sleep. He urgently checked their rooms. They were all there! Fast asleep, and spread out on top of their blankets and in all kinds of directions. He tucked them neatly back under their sheets with a feeling of great relief, checked the deadlocks on the homestead’s doors, just to make sure, then tried in vain to go back to sleep.

How do I really feel about leaving them behind? he wondered.

“Deeply troubled now. Damned miserable.”

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Gary Nixon was a lively, somewhat manic character. When bad judgement, worse luck, and abominable business circumstances threatened to put the Nixons out of their new home, Gary suffered a doozey of a nervous breakdown. That was bad timing. But Gary was resilient, took to hypnotherapy like a duck to water, and soon began to peg back his debts.

The Barnards had gotten to know his family—his wife Joyce, and their three children. They were the caring parents who would look after George and Jodi’s offspring during the holidays. Westward bound, the Nixons would be returning to the town of their youth to stay on their parents’ country properties.

“Gary and Joyce will be here on Sunday week,” Jodi told her husband, “to discuss with us about the children. Clothes, toys, pocket money and all that, you know. And we should sort out how much we need to give them for living expenses for the kiddies.”

“It’s not going to happen,” George told her bluntly.

“What do you mean?” she almost yelled at him.

“You will have only two children left when we get back,” he answered.

The moment Jodi had spoken about Gary and Joyce Nixon turning up, Barnard knew their son would not be there on their return from Bali. There were no pictures to go with the knowledge. It was a cold, hard fact implanted in his mind—undeniable, inescapable, an absolute truth! And it made his blood run cold. The sudden knowledge of it had hit the Guardians’ helper like a bolt out of the blue. Nothing else, in all those years, presented itself to his mind in such an abrupt, frightening fashion.

But Jodi wouldn’t hear of it. “It’s all arranged!” she cried.

“It’s all going to get unarranged,” he told her gruffly. “Those three nippers are coming with us, Jodi.”

“Talk to your Spirit Guides,” she suggested. “Tell them to do something about it.” Jodi was looking forward to the break. Her mind, once set in a certain mode, did not easily go for a re-think of any plan.

“Yes, I will, and, no, I don’t,” he told her. “Yes, I will talk with them. And no, I don’t tell them what to do, ever. I’m only the lowest ranking critter in the platoon.” He didn’t tell Jodi she would lose her only son, but already Barnard was searching his very soul, and not finding any answers. Did he care more for the boy than he cared for his girls—Danielle and the little one? And if he did, how come he didn’t know? It was wrong to love one child more than either or both of the other two. Plain stupid to love the boy more than the girls, he was telling himself. That can’t be right!

“It’ll take me hours to find the Guardians now,” he told Jodi. “Christ! I’m stressed out of my mind over this thing.”

“You look it,” she agreed.

“Make sure I’m not disturbed in the clinic, please.”

“I’ll still wait for you,” she answered. “You’ve got me worried, too. I’ve got to know, or I’ll never sleep tonight.”

She would likely be up for many hours, Barnard thought.

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Laid back in his patients’ recliner chair, the still deeply troubled George Mathieu drifted into the time realm of the Spirit Guardians with an ease he had not anticipated. Both, the Warrior and the androgynous Andrea were there. The vision was crystal clear.

It was hardly an achievement on Bzutu’s part. He was a whiz at materializing, anywhere, and at any time. But, considering the time gap between the Androgynous One and the rookie, Andrea was performing brilliantly. She would be burning energy, and then some. Until that time, Barnard had only ever perceived her in profile, vaguely, distantly, if she cared to show herself.

The Androgynous One was the group’s communicator, a messenger, and her motion picture thoughts were always in full color and had the depth of field of a hologram. Her vocal communication was a high-speed blurb of almost pure mathematics—Seraphim Talk—the language of the supernatural universe. Too fast to decipher for anyone of flesh and blood, only one’s Spirit Self will perceive it. And if one’s Spirit will not pass it on, it will elude the human mind every time.

Poor Andrea, he thought. She had long ago become the victim of George Mathieu’s inhibitions, his ignorance and stupidity. In earlier years, the rookie had decided

she performed no worthwhile function. The androgynous nature of the creature bothered him endlessly. And he suggested to her to get with it, move aside, or simply shove off altogether. That was ever so rude of him.

For some time, she refused to show herself, and then Barnard began to miss her. When she finally did turn up, she was always even more difficult to discern.

Not since that time, now quite some years ago, did he ever properly apologize for his rude behavior, although he always still greeted her quite cordially, seen or unseen. He generally sensed she was there. Not knowing whether she preferred to be a he, a she, or an it, he kind of christened her André-a. That still had not done it for him, and he promoted her to the status of an honorary female, and called her Andrea.

Force of habit made him turn to the majestic Warrior, but ABC-22 was scanning the horizon. He did not look up or reply. Only his mind, not his eyes, acknowledged the mortal's presence.

Then Andrea moved from her seat, and slowly, stiffly, turned to face her student. Their time-frame dissimilarities must have been the cause of her movement being so jerky. Momentarily, Barnard thought she might be ill with arthritis. She looked to be in agony. But that was sheer exertion making her pull a face like that.

This was the chance for him to finally apologize for his contemptuous behavior of the past. He was trying to formulate the sincere apology she rightfully deserved to receive. Too late! Her piercing eyes had transfixed him. His thoughts were hampered. He could now only listen to her mind. Her time was limited, that was clear.

Generally, this ancient Guardian was hardly capable of transmitting her own image for any great length of time, let alone communicate at this ultra low level. Right there and then, she controlled his every thought.

"You are forgiven for two thousand years," was her mind-to-mind reply. She brushed aside his urgent need to be exonerated by her. Those were the eyes of a creature that knew only of love, compassion, and clemency. Here was the most brilliantly minded Guardian he had ever encountered.

"The children are involved, are they not, Andrea?" George asked. "You, also, love our children."

"All the children," she answered. She was including all people, all races, all ages. To Andrea all mortal races were her very own children.

"What will happen to our boy?" George asked.

Again, with a seemingly laborious effort, she showed Barnard the palms of her empty hands. Andrea simply did not know. She was there, doing Bzutu's job, and to indicate that even further up the chain of communication, things were still unknown.

Then she spoke, "Change your plans, or you surely lose the one you love."

What a beautiful voice! She had made a mighty effort to be heard. Functioning between Juliette's and ABC-22's time frames, the Androgynous One had been pushed to the limit to be heard. She was exhausted now, but she had gained great recognition from a desperately foolish mortal who had been so very discourteous.

"Grave danger," was the last mind-to-mind transmission.

The double meaning wasn't lost on Barnard. Grave as in serious, and grave as in burial, he concluded.

Andrea seemed to take ages to return to her seat. The effort of extending down to his timeframe had depleted the last of her energy.

“Thank you very much,” George told her. Then he turned to the Warrior, but the Sentinel was still busily scanning the horizon, and he could tell George nothing more.

Sadly, Jodi was not prepared to accept the Spirit Guardians’ advice. She hoped that somehow they would beat the odds. Plans were left in abeyance, but George Mathieu would simply refuse to depart on the appointed day, despite his having paid for the holiday in advance. He loved his kids, and trusted the Guardians with his, as well as the children’s, lives. But Jodi had never seen a Spirit Guide, and perhaps she thought they and her husband could change anything, any time, anywhere.

The atmosphere in the homestead became far from amicable. The thought ‘Mexican standoff’ frequently came to mind. George avoided open conflict, said nothing, did nothing to upset Jodi. He waited for more information, but he kept wondering if he really did care more for his boy, than he did for his two girls. Why would I? What has gone so desperately wrong with my upbringing? he wondered.

“You can’t drag those kiddies all over the Philippines, Barnard,” she complained.

“Three lazy weeks in Bali for all five of us,” he told her, “doesn’t sound so bad.”

“It’s all arranged!” she cried. “All the planes are booked... Buses... God!”

“It will all be unarranged, Jodi,” he assured her, “with a little help from our celestial friends.”

“It isn’t like we’ve not been in Bali before,” she muttered. “We climbed all over that island. And it was sizzling hot there!”

Barnard didn’t have the stomach for an argument. He had nothing more to say.

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Meditate on the concept of having been forgiven, centuries ago, for what you have not yet done wrong. If you can truly comprehend the wisdom contained in Andrea’s message, you are going to suddenly find it awfully difficult to do anything at all wrong. But don’t worry. You’re human. You will keep making enough unintentional mistakes. And no one will be any the wiser about the sudden changes for the better in you.

2

A Child under Glass

His vivid dream was the product of the highly experienced minds of the Seraphic twins he had named Juliette—two great guys, but only one name. After all, Barnard theorized, these two shared everything else in life. And if they didn’t like each other by now, they would have long ago parted company.

There had been so many of their lucid dreams over the years, and George always enjoyed them, especially in the knowledge that both deeply caring Seraphim were nearby.

Although rarely perceived—and then more often glimpsed by most fortunate patients, rather than by the therapist—George Mathieu nearly always sensed their presence.

He spoke with them, played the music they enjoyed. And gradually, over the years, an unashamed love affair developed between them. “Them” . . . creatures of greatly differing origins and destinies, but his ever-present Companions.

With their many thousands of years of experience, the Seraphim could generate an entire range of pictures, colors, sounds, thoughts, and emotions. Although almost always unseen when in the presence of the Spirit Guardians, they were ever at hand. Now they were alone at the task of bringing a vision of the future to the mortal's mind. Soon, it would all become so intense, he would lose all realization of it being a lucid dream.

It would become ever so real—a gut-wrenching actuality.

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It was a pleasant, carefree stroll on a crowded beach, with the sun beaming down on his back and shoulders. There was little wind, and a lazy surf. He knew this beach well.

At a distance, some forty, or fifty, people had formed a crowded circle at the water's edge. All were nearly motionless, shocked, silent, looking down at something that might have been deposited there by the waves. Already, George sensed that whatever it was that had so quickly caught their attention, it concerned him greatly, sadly, deeply. It would shatter his life into sorrowful fragments of inescapable suffering and endless self-blame.

He rushed towards this group.

With total disregard for the feelings of the many bystanders, he clawed his way to the center of the circle. There was the pale, seemingly lifeless body of a youngster. A child, not yet five years old. A boy he had given the name Michael. A cute, white-haired, blue-eyed little man, with a perpetual smile on his face. His only son.

There was no longer a smile on that little face.

He dropped to his knees in anguish, and reached out to touch him. He needed to know if the child was still warm, and if he was, then he might live. But he couldn't touch him.

Suspended in mid-air above this pale body was a large sheet of glass. On it, the surf and the sand rolled back and forth, and spilled from the side of the glass. He reached around the glass, but his child remained out of his reach. A life wasted for lack of care.

That smiling little fellow had not responded to urgent attempts at resuscitation by those who had found him.

Instantly awake now, he was no longer certain of having seen the future or the past. Foolishly, he walked into the boy's room, and woke the little man from his sleep. Only when the child smiled at him, as he always did, did George fully realize it had all been a dream. With a hug, he tucked him back in. Seconds later, the boy was asleep again.

It was three o'clock in the morning. There was no chance of Barnard getting any more sleep that night. Aimlessly, he wandered around the house, brewing coffee, raiding the refrigerator, and acting more like a nervous patient than a cool therapist. Thinking, planning their vacation, arguing with Jodi in his mind, and wondering what he would be without the Guardians. Bereaved, that's what I would be, and very soon.

He made his way to the clinic, and boiled the jug for yet another coffee. He consulted his book of dreams, though he already knew. The spilling of water from glass heralds the death of a child. He couldn't reach him, for he would be far away in the Philippines.

It is flaming obvious! Why look it up in the book? Barnard! You fool! You knew

all that! Stress . . . like never before.

But the Spirit Guardians had much more information now. Somehow, more detail had arrived since they last met. More than Danielle, more than the ‘baby,’ Michael had fretted about being left behind by his parents. He had wandered away from the party, and drowned in water little deeper than knee-high to an adult, and with so many people around! Someone had finally noticed him, but only just too late.

Belated efforts to revive the child had failed.

“Change your plans,” Andrea repeated her clearly audible warning, **“or you surely lose the one you love.”** She was not giving him the illusion of getting up again. Her previous stint of taking over Bzutu’s job had drained her energy levels too much. Her reaching right down to his distant mortal mind was not really one of her regular pastimes.

Andrea always was the communications whiz, but not all the way down the line. Her chitchat was with Beings even more distant than Seraphim. But the lingering uneasiness George had felt for so long with this androgynous Spirit Guardian had to be lessened somehow. It had been interfering with their performance as a platoon. This event, indeed, proved to be the turnaround. George finally realized that the Spirit Warrior was only his immediate contact in what might well be a very lengthy chain of command.

He was allowed to watch it all. Here was what one might call a signed and sealed Akashic record of the future, which was now going to be scrapped. This latest information, he was told, comes from far in time, and far in space. It was Paradise-generated information. ABC-22 made clear that the Spirit Guardians of the Halfway Realm had instigated negotiations for the release of the needed data.

As negotiations go, the Barnard family had been fiercely represented by them, and the Eleven-Eleven had stubbornly held out until they got just what they wanted, and nothing less than what they wanted. It was done.

The platoon’s motto had always been, “We fight. We win. We all ways win.” Barnard had heard it many times before, and it had nothing to do with pride. It stated a fact. It meant they would always win, win in all ways, and for everyone concerned. The ‘fall-out’ of this change to the mosaic of future events ‘reverberates around the globe many years,’ said ABC-22’s mind.

Swiftly, the horror-in-the-making had been presented to the Seraphim, and they had volunteered to shock the living daylights out of their mortal.

Even though they knew George’s new plans, Seraphim still never trust any of the fickle human minds. They cannot afford to trust people. Humans are renowned for changing their minds more often than their shorts. (This is funny, George. Good grins.)

For the mortal, it was an education, and then some.

He said, “Thank you all, you Guys,” and took his mind back to the day Michael was born. George was there at his birth. ‘That baby arrived with a smile on his face,’ the attending nurse had commented with a laugh. Everyone had commented on it. Right from the start that smile had always been there, kind of saying, ‘Please, love me.’

For George, at that time, there had also been a most sinister feeling—a spine-chilling premonition that the cute little man would not be with the family for long. It had bothered him greatly, and for many months. Sudden Infant Death Syndrome is what the father had constantly feared.

This might well have been what long ago plagued my deeper conscious mind, he mused.

There were now some major alterations to be made to that ‘mosaic of their time,’ with just nine short days to go until their planned departure.

* * * * *

“Mr. Barnard, you are giving me an impossible task, because this is our busiest season. It’s been booked out for months!” The helpful young woman sounded somewhat upset.

She might not know the Spirit Guardians are at work, George mused with a smile. “Yet today, you shall have the cancellations,” he told her. Strike me pink! he thought. I don’t talk like that! But I did say that. His fears had blown away. He was on an unbelievable high.

“Cosmic synchronization, Kiddo,” he told her. “My Friends and I have been busily fine-tuning the main gyro of this local universe, and for the last few weeks. We’ve got the entire galaxy running spot-on now,” he joked. “It’ll all be happening, and still today.”

It was quiet on the other end of the line, and for quite some time. Then she said, “Your friend in business, who dropped in your proposed flight schedules, told me about you, and what you do. Yes, I believe it will all actually happen.”

“That’s the spirit!” he joked. “Go for it!”

He spent most of that Friday morning mediating between employees. The pre-Christmas holiday pressures were getting too much for some of his crew. Nothing fazed Barnard. By lunchtime, the travel agency was back on the line.

“Mr. Barnard,” the young lady said in a disheartened voice, “will you believe me, if I tell you that what you have asked me to do just can’t be done?” She told him what she had managed to do at that time, “I have cancelled all your flights and hotel accommodations. The works. But all I’ve got so far is you and your wife on a flight to Bali. No seats for the three children. There’s no hotel space left on the island, and not a chance of procuring five seats on a flight to bring you all home. Honestly, it’s hopeless!”

This young woman seems to be in urgent need of the services of a personal Spirit Assistant, he thought. “Just relax,” he told her. “It’s all going to happen, because I’ve already seen us on the other side. I’ve even peeked inside the hotel.”

“What does the place look like?” she asked.

He told her precisely what it looked like, and she recognized it.

“I know that place!” She was delighted. “That’s the Coconut Grove in Sanur!” she shouted. “I stayed there myself. I’ll telephone them right away.” She was on her way.

By ten minutes to five she was back on the line, saying, “This is your friendly travel agent reporting that the entire cosmos is now perfectly synchronized.” She was getting into the spirit of things. It had all gone like clockwork.

There was, however, one problem, she told George. The Barnards would have to move into another hotel after the first two weeks. That was fine by George. The hotel will notify us, he thought. But somehow they all lost count of the days. And no one ever said anything. No one threw them out. They all stayed in the same rooms, for all of that time, and with a huge, friendly gecko for a pet.

George spoke to both Gary and Joyce Nixon. Neither of them sounded very pleased about his changing his plans. Although they understood he would miss the children too much, they also felt let down. They took it rather personally, George felt. The Barnards did not again meet up with them until about three months into the

following year.

George did not intend to tell his wife about what he had done until the following day. She could first have a good night's sleep, and take all Saturday to heat up quickly, and cool down slowly, he felt. Frankly, the 'hero' was also putting off what he thought might become a verbally violent confrontation. He hated that. No one ever wins an argument.

There would be no need to argue.

In the middle of the night, Jodi let out a scream. She managed to wake her husband faster than, than at any other time. She was sitting up in her bed, crying over a dream that would not go away. It was a fully-fledged night terror. It took ages for him to calm her down and make her realize it was only a dream. Finally, like he had done, she needed to check on the little man to see if he really was in his bed.

In the dream, she had found herself in a place in the mountains. She was describing Baguio City, and in great detail. A telegram had arrived to inform the Barnards they needed to immediately return home. Their boy was seriously ill. Then followed a long battle to get transport out of the place. And when they finally arrived back in the country, they rushed straight from the airport, to only just make it in time for their son's funeral.

A business friend living close by the Barnards, not the Nixons, had made the funeral arrangements. It sounded about right to George. The highly emotional Gary Nixon would have cracked up under the pressure of such trauma and resulting guilt. That was more than probable. Jodi's description of Baguio City was other than probable. It was dead-set accurate, though she had never been there. Brilliant!

Jodi Barnard, George suggests, was shown a part of what would have happened.

The entire episode left him wondering if he could ever repay the gallant Workers of the Halfway Realm. To this day, he thinks not. There had been other occasions when the quick-thinking Guardians averted George's being caught up in chaos on the roads. There were yet to be other incidents.

The rookie feels indebted to the Spirit Guardians, and much more so than the Guardians could possibly be indebted to him in well over thirty years of cooperation.

This time they saved the family from the devastating loss of a child. George is more than a little concerned about his own, at times, ineffective efforts.

* * * * *

Barnard's frequent feeble actions, pig-headed ideas, dumb pranks and hare-brained schemes of his many years as a mortal rookie in one of their platoons are all recorded, he's sure. It is but an insignificant chapter in the millennia-old chronicles of those of the Halfway Realm.

He shudders to think what the title of his small chapter might say:

GEORGE MATHIEU BARNARD

(A DOUBTFUL, COSTLY ACQUISITION)

* * * * *

The young Balinese man, who chauffeured the family around the various sites on the island of Bali, was also a practicing hypnoterapist. That, of itself, was a bit of a fluke. Both he and George were developing some extensive visualization techniques. That was a lot *more* of a fluke. They shared a few valuable experiences and theories.

Barnard's Manila-based friend was not at home, George later learned. The healer

was touring the US of A, lecturing and sightseeing. The Barnard couple would have arrived in front of a closed door.

The Baguio City contact was also missing. It was his custom, so George later found out from a mutual friend and colleague, to travel throughout the provinces of the Philippines at that time of the year. Just as well the Barnards missed that place, too. It all started to look like ‘cosmic synchronization,’ whatever that could be.

But not until about the end of March, or early April, did they finally see the Nixon family again. What the Nixons related to them, brought home—no, it rammed home—to them was the frightening reality of the potential tragedy the Spirit Guardians had averted.

Joyce and Gary Nixon had also changed their holiday plans. They had not departed for their parents’ inland cattle stations. Almost each day they had taken their three kiddies to the beach.

The very beach George knew so well.

Forever . . .

During the time it will take for these adventures
to be documented, we promise
that no animals will either be killed or injured in the production,
by either the author or his immediate friends.

However, lots of people will lose their lives in wars,
many will succumb to preventable diseases,
and even more will lose the fight to hunger.

We obviously still keep forgetting
we are collectively obliged to concern
ourselves with the welfare of all . . .

and forever.