

Awakening the Mystic: A Novel of Cosmic Love and Healing

by: Rob Dorgan

AUTHOR'S NOTE

As you begin this journey

What if we could tap the power of the mind to heal ourselves and others?

. . . What if we realized reality is far more than what is tangible, touchable, and provable?

. . . What if we looked upon all Beings as God—the Divine?

. . . What if we could tap into the power of the divine feminine to heal the planet?

. . . What if we all recognized the beautiful Mystery of Life? . . .

What if we realized all our relationships are mirrors of the Divine Love we seek?

. . . What if love never dies?

. . . What if we are living in a time of Revolutionary Mysticism?

This is a work of fiction with intertwined elements of a memoir.

It is instilled with hope for the future of humankind as we move through the unknown.

As you read, and live, and breathe, stay open to possibilities.

Chapter 2

The Day Before

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Sean was right about the change in my practices. The last few months had been pregnant with an energy of inner transformation. Since I'd begun my exploration of Pada Three, I went deep instantly when I sat for meditation. With no effort or sense of time, I would slide behind the veil of thoughts that usually crowded my mind to a place of peace. My physical body had an ethereal buoyancy. A slight vibration moved through me, and my head was gently tugged to the heavens by a luminescent cord of light. There was another difference, too: I had always been a prolific dreamer, but now they were in full color, with vivid details.

The night Sean had expressed his concerns about my all-consuming practices, I was sitting on the edge of the bed before lying down for the night, and Sean was propped up on his side, reading a book. I placed my hands into

Abhaya mudra, the yogic gesture of fearlessness. With my left hand over my heart and my right arm bent at the elbow with my palm facing out, I recited, “Universe, which encompasses all spiritual archetypes, both female and male, please guide Sean and me to a path of greater service. May the love we cultivate between us swirl out from our hearts to the world. *Swaha!*”

“So be it, my love,” Sean said with a smile. “Are you going to meditate?”

“No, bud, it’s time for my journey into the inner darkness of the unconscious. Sweet dreams. See you in the morning.”

Chapter Three

The Classroom

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I nodded as I turned back to the whiteboard and wrote, “*Dharana, Dhyana, Samadhi.*”

“What are these?” I pointed to the board with my marker.

“They’re the last three limbs,” said Maureen. “Working the first five helps us learn to focus—*Dharana*, which brings deeper levels of concentration—*Dhyana*, which leads to meditation—*Samadhi*. That’s the path to finding the luminosity and bliss of Pada One.”

“You’re on a roll, Maureen. Do you remember what the combined practice of *Dharana, Dhyana*, and *Samadhi* is called?”

“*Samyama!*” she answered, raising her right arm overhead in triumph.

Everyone applauded. I loved the support these women gave to each other. It was a beautiful example of what was possible in our world.

“Perfect!” I said. “Who besides Maureen can tell us about the five mental obstacles we all face on our soul’s journey to bliss?”

“The kleshas,” Jeri said, wiggling back and forth in her seat. “In English, they’re ignorance, ego, attachment, aversion, and fear.”

“Good! The Sanskrit words are . . .” I turned and wrote them on the board as I said them aloud. “*Avidya, Asmita, Raga, Dvesha*, and *Abhinivesha*. *Abhinivesha* is fear, but the fear of what?”

Chapter 7

An Explanation

I went into my studio, still in a unique state of euphoria, feeling no boundaries between my physical self and the outside world. Sunlight flooded in from the two front windows and bathed the room, the plants, and me in warmth.

The mint green walls enhanced the brightness. I stood before our four-foot by six-foot painting of Saraswati, depicting her graceful four-armed image, adorned in a white and gold sari, riding atop a snow-white swan.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I felt as if I were plugged into a huge power source. Although I was aware of the world, it seemed as if everything about the physical realm floated through me like clouds. It was like nothing I had ever experienced. I still felt connected to everything, as I had been on the Parkway. Now, I felt the plants in the room, the trees outside, Sean downstairs, and the energetic world around me. My skin did not seem like a marker of my boundaries anymore; I had a strange sense of permeability. There was love energy emanating from everything, and it was converging in one common spot: my heart.

I took a seat on my meditation cushion and closed my eyes. My mind was at peace, and my heart was wide open—much too open to venture out into the world.

With my next breath, I allowed my rational mind to reflect on what was happening to me. Was this feeling of connection going to stay? Did I really bring back the boy from death? Why was I not paralyzed by fear when the accident happened? What led me to go to the young boy, kneel, and connect our hearts with my hands? Why did I recite the *Gayatri*?

Did my chanting of that mantra have anything to do with this? I'd been drawn to using the mantra for years, but for the last few months, the *Gayatri* had become an intricate part of my meditation practice. There was something different about that particular mantra.

The beautiful, thousands-of-years-old verse acknowledges the creator force, known as Divine Light, and requests that this light stimulate our intellect and bestow true knowledge. *Gayatri* is also the name for the divine mother, who wants all her creations to find peace. All other mantras, and there are thousands of them, are thought to merge into the source of the *Gayatri*.

I didn't choose this mantra. The *Gayatri* chose me. I'd heard it throughout all my years of studying yoga, but recently, a friend's slow, heartfelt rendition that sounded like a haunting plea to the divine had attached itself to my soul. I would automatically recite her version when I came to my mat. I inhaled, and my arms went overhead, "*Aum Bhur, Bhuvah, Swaha*" flowed from my lips. As I gently swan-dove on the exhale, I recited, "*Tat Savitur Varenyam.*" It was a dance that required no thought, only surrender.

Chapter 10

Return of the Council

I sat in meditation immediately after Dottie Gant's interview and my journaling, but there was no depth to my journey. The same was true as I began my afternoon session. My ego fluctuated between making me a superhero and a total loser, and I was unable to turn off the mind and go beyond its veil of illusion. But I remained on my cushion and continued to chant the *Gayatri* mantra. Finally, the reality of the outside world began to dissolve, and I dropped into a place of no thought.

Suddenly, I saw in my mind's eye a flash—a fleeting image—of a set of highly polished, twelve-foot-tall, stainless steel doors.

These were the same doors I'd seen in my dreams almost thirty years ago during my first Saturn Return, which is a time when the planet Saturn, the father of structure and discipline, returns to the exact place he was when we were born and demanded our full attention.

What I remembered most about those long-ago dreams was entering through the large, stainless steel doors and sitting in front of a group of professional-looking people, all dressed in starched white lab coats, each with a legal pad and pencil. The room had no boundaries. There was no ceiling or walls—just a forty-foot-long mahogany boardroom table. The ten people—men and women—sat side-by-side on the other side of the table. I sat in a basic splat-back wooden chair facing them.

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What I now remember most about these Saturn-led “visitations” was the guidance they offered for my spiritual evolution and their advice to use discipline to cultivate a meditation practice. One mesmerizing female council member had urged me to heed the teachings of yoga about deep contemplation. I still vividly recall her honey-colored blond hair, always perfectly piled on her head and held there by a pencil. She wore stylish black cat-eyed, horn-rimmed glasses. She’d counseled me to use my innate discipline to consistently practice meditation. She said this would expand my consciousness and deepen my understanding of love.

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“Well, sir, barriers of *all kinds* are dissolving. I have moments where there’s no separation between me and other people. I felt it with the boy,” I said. “I have the overwhelming sense of being connected with everything right now. It’s lovely, but . . . is this the dissolving of ego, or is this just part of my imagination?”

“YES!” said all ten. My eyes opened. I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling.

“Don’t let that be the end,” I said. “Damn, I need answers.” *If my inner gurus are back and trying to get through to me, meditation is the best place for that to occur.*

So, instead of ruminating on the dream, I deepened my breath and let go of the mental chatter. A message bubbled up from my heart—*This isn’t about knowing the answers. This is about allowing yourself to be open to all the possibilities.*

I let out a deep, long sigh.

The message continued—*This journey will lead you to uncover the diamond of your heart that radiates love and yearns for a connection with everything—a connection of Oneness.*

These thoughts of a new journey were underscored by the first rays of the morning sun peeking into our treehouse bedroom. With another deep sigh, my heart opened a little more, and I felt a hint of a smile come to my face.

Chapter 20

If I Could Cure the Sick . . .

The wound is where the light comes in.

—Rumi

I awoke before sunrise on Sunday morning. I felt a profound calmness. Sean was fast asleep, so I slipped out of bed and moved to my meditation cushion on the opposite side of the room—a sense of connection, contentment, and a *knowing* that everything was right washed over me. My ego mind was not functioning. Instead, I was plugged into the Universal Life Force and felt the *buzz of existence*. Then, without thought, I said softly, “Roll back the stone from the cave of your heart. Enter the sacred sanctuary with curiosity and reawaken the connection you have to every living creature.”

Chapter 22

Podcast

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“Hey,” Sean said, “Carol’s been helping me sort through the massive volume of emails and passed along a couple of interesting inquiries. The first one is from *the Beacon of Illumination* podcast. They’re inviting you to be on next week’s edition, which airs live on Tuesday.”

“Book it! I don’t have to leave the house for that one,” I said, “and I love they’re getting the message out that meditation is for everyone!”

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As we went live, Sonja Mathers, a woman in her late fifties, greeted me with a bright smile. Her blue eyes, short silvery hair, and small, round, dark-rimmed retro glasses gave her an air of wisdom. She wore a dark mock turtleneck with a single rose quartz pendant.

“Hello, Ren. Thank you for choosing the *Beacon of Illumination* as your first interview. We’re honored.” She placed her hands in prayer position in front of her face and bowed her head.

I returned the hand gesture. “I love your podcast, Sonja. It’s wonderful how you’re spreading the word about the life-changing benefits of meditation. I thought this was the perfect outlet to start a dialogue.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” She smiled, quickly transitioning into a raised eyebrow and pursed lips. “A little background for our audience—until just a few days ago, you were a complete unknown. Then you brought a boy back to life. Now, news and social media are barraged with innumerable accounts of incredible healing all contributed to your touch. Everyone wants to hear from you, but until now, you’ve kept the world waiting.”

“Well, I did post—”

“Yes, in your only social media post, you said you practice yoga. My staff did some research and found that you study and teach Tantric yoga. You’re also a longtime meditator, studying for many years with meditation guru Sara Howard, who our audience is well acquainted with.”

I suddenly felt exposed.

“What originally brought you to meditation?” she asked.

“Fear,” I said without hesitation. “It was my constant companion growing up.”

“Did you grow up in a hostile environment?”

“No, it was nothing like that. It was a combination of being a security-minded Capricorn, whose shadow is fear, and my mom working dinner shifts as a waitress after my parents divorced. So by the time I was eight years old, I was alone many evenings.”

“You were alone in your house at eight years old?”

“Yes, but I was a mature kid. But I *was* still a kid. Those nights I was alone, I was afraid, so I’d hide behind a big old chair in the living room, waiting for my mom to come home. By the time I was ten, the fear manifested as ulcers and bouts of exhaustion.”

“So, fear really was your childhood companion. Did you have any tools to cope?”

“Well, one day in the eighth grade, apparently, after a discussion between my mom and the principal, I was asked to stay after school. Sister Colette told me she had a suggestion to help me relax.”

“And what did she offer you?” Sonja asked.

“She called it a full body scan, but you and I call it Yoga Nidra. *Relax your feet fully*, she said, *and now move your attention to the lower parts of your legs and relax them*. She took us through the whole body in about fifteen minutes. Then we’d hang out all relaxed for another five minutes with no words. We did this every day for about six months.”

“That first taste of meditation came early,” Sonja said. “Do you remember what you thought about the experience?”

“I liked it, but when I was alone at home, it wasn’t easy to access, so most of the time, I just curled up behind the chair.”

“Then how did you come to meditation as an ongoing practice?” Sonja asked.

“By the time I was in my early twenties, it was literally *learn to relax or die*. Every loud noise made me jump, and I took everything to the worst-case scenario. That’s when I found yoga, and my *real* meditation journey began.”

“And that journey led to what happened on Columbia Parkway,” Sonja said, “and now you’re showing the world what’s possible when we focus on meditation and walk the path of a heart-centered life.”

“I guess so,” I said.

“What do you mean?”

“Yes, I meditate, but I don’t know if that’s what brought Mike back to life. It’s certainly helped calm my mind, given me a more objective perspective on my life, and helped me relax. But I still struggle,” I admitted.

“Struggle? With what?”

“Uh . . . being human, self-doubt, self-criticism, regrets, coming to terms with the internal taskmaster.”

“And in the meantime, even while struggling with all the things that make us human, *you* perform miracles.”

I sensed an inauthentic tone in her voice. I sat up straight.

“You know, Sonja, I think it’s important to meditate for the sake of what it does to calm your mind and expand your consciousness,” I said. “Meditation saved my life. That’s a miracle in itself. And it can do the same for anyone who’ll give it a chance with their time, energy, and effort. *But* if you meditate *only* to perform miracles, you’re missing the point. Besides, meditation or no meditation, we all perform miracles whenever we give love and receive love.”

“What a beautiful sentiment,” she said with a tight smile.

“It’s more than sentiment,” I said. “It’s what I believe.”

“I really do agree, Ren.” Her Cheshire smile added to my uneasy feeling. “So, do you diligently study and follow the teachings outlined in the yoga Sutras? Is yoga your spirituality?”

“Yoga’s a big part of it. I combine its tools and techniques with astrology to create my spirituality.”

“Speaking of tools and techniques, in your social media post, you described using the Gayatri mantra and a hand gesture called Abhaya mudra. Is that how saving the boy came about?”

I took a deep breath.

“As much as you’d like to distill this down to some formula, it isn’t that simple, Sonja.”

“I realize it wasn’t simple—but I want to help our listeners understand you and meditation’s part in this event.”

“Meditation is a *huge* part of this,” I said, “specifically calming the brain chatter to allow the inner guides to be heard over the mind.”

“So, you have inner guides that are helping you?”

“We *all* have them when we learn to listen. For most, the guide is the gentle voice of intuition we hear in our heart once the ego-mind is quiet.”

“Is that how it guides *you*?”

“Yes, for the most part, but my intuition also presents itself as an internal council representing the archetypes of my astrological chart. Right now, they’re guiding me through a journey of the yoga kleshas.”

Chapter 30 ...

“We have some time before we begin. Do you have any questions?” Haley asked.

“I’m good,” I said. “Ready whenever you are.”

“Great, remember this is being taped for later and will definitely be edited, so my questions may not be sequential. Don’t worry, you can’t mess up,” she said, reaching over and touching my knee. “We’ll take a break between sets of questions.”

I like her.

“Quiet on the set,” said a voice from the sound booth.

Haley turned her focus to one of the enormous cameras and froze into a closed-lip smile until given a signal.

“Millions have seen the video clips of the unbelievable recovery of the nine-year-old boy whose bike collided with a car on a busy thoroughfare in Cincinnati. The man responsible for his return to life, meditation and yoga teacher Ren Devlin, is here with me today.” She turned to face me, her smile widening. “Thank you for joining us, Ren. The video and witness accounts about you and the boy speak for themselves. The bigger question is how?”

“I don’t have a formula, Haley, which is what most people want, but I do believe, in that moment, my years of diligent yoga practice allowed me to access a deep dimension of love that was supported by everyone who wanted Mike to get up.”

“Love? How do you get to that level of love?”

“In my case, by cultivating a deep relationship with my inner-self through meditation.”

“Are you saying if we learn to sit quietly, we can raise the—?”

“Oh no. I’m saying that meditation can lead you to believe in your energetic connection to all beings *and* the Universe. This connection is the transformative energy of love that not only changes you but changes the entire world.”

“Powerful,” she said, nodding. “You’ve claimed everything you have done, everyone can do as well. Can you give us some insights on how?”

“First, you need to *want* to change from living in fear and hate to love. Then find the practices that open you to love and commit to them.”

“I’ve taken my share of yoga classes and do some meditation,” she said, “and I’m not doing what you’ve done. This isn’t as easy as it sounds.”

“Keep at it,” I said with a smile. “And you’re right, it’s *not* easy, but there’s nothing easy about being human. Dealing with the stresses of a modern world is hard enough, let alone trying to attune your energies to a level where you can believe in yourself, the human race, and not become *all-consumed* with the struggles of the current state of the world.”

“What do you see as the current state of the world?”

“We’re severely divided and pitted against each other,” I said. “Rather than support one another as equals, we let ego-driven world leaders, who are desperately hanging on to outdated concepts of power, divide us with a constant diet of fear and anger. But at the same time, huge shifts and changes are taking place that can’t and won’t be stopped. Change is a Universal reality, and consciousness is spiraling upward and will continue to do so.”

Chapter 41

The Waiting Room

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“Welcome, and thank you for joining me,” Sara said from her teacher’s seat in front of the room. Sara, in her early seventies, was tall, slender, and stately.

Carol, Sean, and I sat shoulder-to-shoulder in the first row.

“This is a special group.” She gestured to the twenty of us seated in front of her. “I know each of you personally, and I know your meditation practices. Many of you are advanced in your spiritual pursuit. *But* a label like *advanced* can suck you into the quicksand of ego where you sink quickly into your attachments and aversions.”

I took a deep breath, feeling like she was talking directly to me.

“My invitation this weekend is to go back to the basics of your practice.” She stood. “With that in mind, why meditate?”

“It’s good for me and helps me relax,” someone behind us said.

Carol raised her hand. “It keeps me sane.”

“Excellent reasons,” Sara said, “but don’t forget the core intent of meditation is to keep us in touch with the feminine life force, our inner beloved, we call Shakti. *She* exists in all things. On the macrocosm, she is found in the tides of the ocean and the magnetic lure emanating from the core of the Earth.”

“Holy shit,” Carol whispered as she squeezed my hand.

“On the microcosm, she is found in the pulse of our heart and the rhythm of our breath. For many in this room, all we need to do to stay in touch with *her* is close our eyes and connect to our breath. But no matter how

consummate we may be in meditation, we're human, living in a modern world, so we have blocks and distractions. That's why no matter what level we may feel we are, we have to stay committed."

Sutra 1:13, discipline equals freedom.

Sara began to sway and move her hands as if conducting a celestial orchestra.

"Through meditation, we learn to dance with the Shakti-life force. We move effortlessly with the rhythm of who we are, and through the steadiness of our practice, we invite the feminine energy to dance through us."

She returned to her seat.

"Close your eyes," she instructed. "Slowly breathe in and out through the spaciousness of your heart. Set your intention for this weekend, perhaps to notice what hinders you from moving forward. Open yourself to an inner vision that is full of Shakti so you can see a clear path for your journey back to the source of love."

We sat breathing for several minutes.

"Open your eyes," Sara said.