**Tulku Tales from India: Changing Patterns of Reincarnation**

**Preface**

I have always had experiences. Like birth, for instance. The woman next to my mother in the army hospital screamed herself to death in unsuccessful childbirth, and being born into such insanity, I decided there must be some terrible mistake, so I stopped breathing. An attentive little nun noticed and rushed me into an oxygen tent, foiling my hopes for an easy return. And although I don't remember clearly, I think God said, “Oh, no you don't, get back there and get busy.” So I did. From childhood on, then, there were 'experiences': fairies and elves, conversing birds, spirit animal friends and mermaids. And now its getting even more complicated.

I was never one of those scientific, materialisticaly-­minded folk who can proudly say, “I was a straight arrow. Dead to the spiritual world. Just a real regular guy or gal (as the case may be.) Until . . . “ and then go on to tell of their great awakening, the opening of the heavens, talking to God and Angels, or whatever their particular 'experience' was. No, that's not me. I have always been prone to STEs (Spiritually Transforming Experiences.) By normal standards, I always was a little flaky, woo woo, loosely wound or whatever euphemism you find appropriate to describe one who came into this world with cracks in her facade, through which other worlds, past life memories, spirit beings, and that incredible iridescent blue light streamed in, sometimes accompanied, if sex was involved, by ecstatically divine celestial music. (But that's another story.)

So, as I was saying, there were these experiences. I had them and then sometimes even years later, I understood them. A certain amount of trust was built up in the process and in the interims. Most of the times, I just did what was needed in the moment, and only later, did I see the bigger picture, or perceive the intricate patterns of karma and destiny. Actually, most of my daily life looked pretty uneventful; you know, washing dishes, raising children, cleaning house, reading, writing, working, sewing, singing, dancing; you know: living. It was the illusive, invisible light, music, fragrances, thoughts and feelings that wove the myriad realities into one below the threshold of waking consciousness, that was my rock-­bottom ground of existence. But nobody knew as most of it was not physically observable.

I do have a scientific and mechanical bent, as proved by my SAT scores back in high school, in 'ought six'. So after rearing my children (as a single mother, pretty much, for 15 years) and my youngest was 14 years old, I went back to college. I love reading and study, and pouring over anthologies of poetry; and I find research to be fascinating, especially when I like my subject. So at the Evergreen State College, right there in Olympia, Washington, I was able to delve into what really interests me, which turns out to be life, death, birth, infinity, karma and reincarnation, and, the human capacity for awareness of the spiritual worlds behind every facet of life, and the experiences thereof.

This story tells of my first “Major Mission” through the cracks between the worlds and in multi-­dimensional time/space; should I choose to accept the assignment – and I did. It just happens to incorporate all of my favorite subjects. So, Gentle Reader, just let loose, go with the flow, and enjoy. And remember, truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

P.S. A final confession: punctuation is the bane of my literary existence.