

Walking With The Masters

By Christina Lopes

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Introduction

Walking With The Masters is the story of a woman named Tina, who completely surrendered her identity-- intellectual, clinician, career-driven, gay woman-- and opened herself up to the loving energy that surrounds us all. The more of herself she gave up, the more guidance she received from an unseen reality that exists side-by-side with ours.

This story is based on actual events and a version of it may be playing out somewhere at this very moment. What is truth and what is fiction? I leave it up to you to discern with an open heart.

It really is true that we can live lives beyond our wildest dreams. We are so very loved and guided by an energy that creates supernovas, galaxies and entire universes. So the ultimate question then is this:

If life and the universe can bring you so much more than you can dream of, why dream in the first place?

Life is an absolute miracle, especially when we open ourselves up to experiencing it fully. Open yourself up to the unseen. Open yourself up to the inexplicable. Open yourself up to magic.

“All you need is a little faith, trust, and pixie dust.”

Peter Pan

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Sample Chapters

Chapt 2:

The first thing my sight focused on was the large palm tree right outside the balcony. It looked different. In fact, the whole world looked different now. I noticed right away that my senses were more pronounced. I felt like Superman, with his supersonic ears. I could hear everything with more intensity. The birds chirping endlessly, the waves breaking a few feet from my doorstep, the palm tree leaves swaying in the wind. I could see a fly buzzing in front of my face. I could see the details of its body and wings. It looked suspended in thin air. I noticed everything seemed to slow down, as if life was in slow motion. All my senses were now paying attention to the details. I looked down at my hands slowly. They were still numb. They looked like my hands but didn't feel like them. I sat there for a few minutes, just looking around. My peace and quiet was suddenly interrupted by a loud honk from the street. Then I heard my mom's powerful voice. "Christina! Christina!"

I got up quickly to open the door but almost fell over. My body was still moving in a wave. I stood still and took a deep breath before opening the door. "Yes Mama?", I managed to utter in a distinctly lower tone voice than usual. Mama sensed something was up. "Are you ok? What's wrong?" I felt like I was high, completely drugged out of my mind. "Yeah, I'm ok Mama. I was just meditating." She smiled. "I've been meditating too! Do you know that I even slept the whole night? It was wonderful." I was completely listening to her but at the same time was acutely aware of my surroundings and noticed I was relying on the railing outside my door to keep me standing. I was also contracting my whole body with all my might. That was the only way to keep "the epic wave" from taking over my body. "Ok then, I'll leave to it." And off she went, thankfully not asking any more questions at this point.

Chapt 5:

I went back to bed but couldn't fall asleep. My mind was thinking about the marvels of the universe and the very existence of shadows. The ascended masters that spoke through me emanated love toward these dark things. They called them "brothers and sisters in shadow". How could this be? My mind was confused. I thought there was supposed to be good and evil. Shadows were supposed to be evil. And then another thought popped into my mind. If the

universe is constantly evolving, shouldn't shadows be evolving too? Doesn't evolution mean that darkness ascends also? I would have the answers to some of these questions the next morning.

Fairy

Nothing is stronger than love. Nothing. Fear is not. That's why loving your brothers and sisters in shadow is more important than you think. Not just because it is a way of being. Love is a way of being, it is a state. But think of the underlying beauty of this. If nothing is stronger than love and I am asking you to love your brothers and sisters in shadow, what am I really saying? I am saying that by loving them you disable them. You disable their power.

You were asking how you make shadow evolve. Perhaps you make them evolve by removing from them the key ingredient that has kept them so 'dark', if I may use the word dark. What has kept them in lower energetic frequencies for so long? They feed on the emotion fear. But what if the evolution for shadow is to not feed on fear? What if the evolution for shadow is the same as for light? What if it is love?

Chapt 10:

It took me a couple of weeks to settle into Santa Cruz life. The surroundings were breathtaking: miles and miles of pristine, deserted beaches. Whereas Ericeira had become a yearlong destination because of its waves, Santa Cruz was more of the sleepy cousin: it was packed in the summer and then deserted by the time fall arrived. I got into the habit of running on the beach every day. And I had a lot of beaches to choose from. It was incredible to shuffle along, barefoot on the white sand, and not see one single soul for miles. I'd stumble upon the occasional sports fisherman, sitting on his bucket, waiting for the line to tug. I'd smile and move along. I was now completely alone. I would go days on end without saying a word to another human being. I had no friends in close proximity, no acquaintances, no family. No one. I was already used to the solitude because for the last year and a half I had spent a lot of time alone. But even when I was alone on the island, I would at least dine with my family or hang out with friends every once in awhile. I had never in my life experienced this level of aloneness before.

Chapt 11:

The days were now cold and dark. Winter was here. But I still kept my outdoor routine going: jogging barefoot on the deserted beaches. At this point, not even the fishermen were out on the sand. It was obviously too cold for the sane. It was just me, the ocean, and the birds. I would jog for about twenty minutes, then sprint up the tall dunes for another twenty. And at the end, I would sit on the freezing sand and meditate for a little while. The ocean was becoming louder, messier by the day. It reminded me of the piece of Northern Atlantic that bathed my island home. The large waves and strong seaside winds were soothing to me. I understood why the universe had brought me here. The energy of this place was lighter than my island home, but it was still characterized by water. Water was the predominant energy signature here. And water has remarkable cleansing properties. It washes away, cleans. And I was fully aware of the things that still needed “cleaning” in me.

Chapt 12:

I had a client here and there for some energy healing, but nothing that could sustain me financially, especially now that I was trying to rent a house. On this topic, all I could discern as a “heart truth” at that moment was a faint whisper: *trees*. I felt I needed to be by trees now. How odd, I thought. I had always been an ocean person so this new feeling of wanting to be near trees caught me by surprise. Was I confused? Perhaps “hearing” wrong?

I went on a renting website and saw a little house that seemed nice. It was in Azenhas do Mar, a breathtaking little fisherman’s village, about an hour north of Lisbon. I went to see the place and was instantly captivated. It was a beautiful little one bedroom duplex, so close to the ocean that you could hear the breaking waves. It reminded me of the family summer house I had lived in while on the islands. I took in the ocean breeze and smelled the scent of seaweed. It seemed perfect for the Tina that always loved the ocean. But was it right for me now? I kept hearing the heart whisper “trees”, right beneath all the mental activity. Was I rushing to grab this place because it was the first house I had actually liked? Was I simply seizing this opportunity because Christmas was fast approaching and I needed to leave the house I was currently occupying? I asked my guides for help. And all I got was a more audible answer: “trees”. I

wasn't sure what to do so I went back for a second look at the house and to meet the landlady. She was a lovely woman in her sixties, who was renting the house because she no longer used it. It was fully furnished and equipped.

On this second visit, I paused outside in the courtyard of the condominium and looked around. I was looking for trees. If I could only find some trees, then perhaps this house really would fit my heart's desires. Nothing. All I could see were bushes far off on the horizon. *Does a bush count as a tree?* I giggled. I was trying to bargain with my own heart. How silly. When I got back to Santa Cruz, I immediately sat on my meditation mat and tried to access my heart truth. But my mind was really active. I had to leave this house and it had to be soon. The little devil had a strong opinion to share: "That house won't be on the market long so you better move!" I contracted my stomach and got on the phone with the real estate agent. "I wish to put an offer on the house." Yet, when I hung up, after formally making a move on the little home, I felt a tightness in my chest. There was something off about this whole thing. The house was perfect, the place gorgeous. But there were no trees.

Chapt 13:

I scurried up the hill and sat on the boulder. I closed my eyes and felt this spot deeply. I had never felt energy this intensely before. It was so strong, so loving, that I had a hard time keeping my spine straight up. I wanted to melt. I had felt this loving energy before, especially during my healing sessions. But here, the intensity of the energy was much higher. It felt like the veil between heaven and earth was completely removed in this exact spot. I felt the dwarf lean in against my left shoulder. I began to see his features more clearly, now that he was so close. He was my size once I was sitting. I concentrated on his features. "Wow, you're kind of ugly". I immediately felt horrible for thinking that, especially because I knew he could read my mind. "It's ok. I don't get offended by these things." I smiled. "I look this way for a reason. What am I trying to show you?" I squinted my closed eyes, as if that could improve my third eye vision. He sensed my difficulties with the visualization. "What do I look like?" I relaxed my eyes and shoulders. He just looked like a fat little... "Sausage!" He laughed. "Not quite. Try again." I started laughing out loud. "Ok, don't get mad, but if you're not a sausage then you're a turd!" He laughed wholeheartedly, that kind of genuine belly laugh. "You're almost there! Look closer. A

turd can also look like...” He flashed his teeth at me. They were gross and brown. They looked like bark. Tree bark. “Oh my God...you look like a tree trunk!” He smiled. “Precisely!”

I felt proud of myself for winning the guessing game. “Look at the trees all around. What does a tree trunk symbolize to you?” I opened my eyes and looked around at the majestic tall beings. There was a huge tree right in front of the boulder I was sitting on. I stared at her, running my eyes all the way from the ground up to her branches. “Tree trunks kind of hold the tree together. They also connect the roots to the leaves. They carry nutrients from the roots up and sun energy from the leaves down.” He nodded. “So, one could also say that a tree trunk is a bridge of sorts. It connects the sky to the earth.” Indeed it did. “A tree trunk is very similar to you then, right?” I looked over to the left, as if my physical eyes could actually see him. “I guess.” He pointed at the trunk right in front of us. “Notice how the trunk sways in the wind but always returns to its center. It’s stable. The tree trunk also knows that it can only grow high into the sky when it has deep enough roots. The roots must come first. The deeper the roots, the higher she can reach into the sky.” I looked all the way up, to the last leaves on this tree. She was beautiful. Gentle. “I am to help you become a better bridge, a better tree trunk. I am to give you stability. And for that, we must work on your roots.” I felt a deep love for this little man. “My name is Cornelius. You can find me here whenever you want.” And just like that, he was gone.

Chapt 15:

After the wonderful weekend with Em, I headed back into the woods, to my boulder on the hill. I had been thinking about the serious but beautiful nature being that I had seen days before. Why was she with me now? What was she to teach me? I sat on the rock, closed my eyes, and settled my energy down. I began to see little light orbs, flying around everywhere. They were just zigzagging all around me. It was a beautiful energy. It was peaceful, loving, sweet like my... “Fairies!” I opened my eyes with excitement. I looked all over the place but couldn’t see anything. Obviously. I closed my eyes again and was startled to find my fairy floating right in front of my face. She kissed my forehead and giggled. And then she was off, flying around like a little orb among all the other little orbs. It was impossible to describe the energy of a fairy to someone. Sweet love. That was the closest I could get to the truth. I was so distracted with all the little ones flying around that I didn’t notice someone else standing right next to me. She

flashed her luminescent energy, to get my attention. The light was blinding, almost painful actually. "What are you? Michael's twin or something? That light is really bright!" She remained serious. "Boy, at least Cornelius has a sense of humor. I can't imagine what you would do if I ever called you a turd." She budged. I could see a tiny little hint of a smile.