

11th Dimension



“The unknown will reveal its mystery in the presence of the Heart and the silence of the mind”

My frequent travel through other dimensions taught me several key elements to having reliably repeatable and controlled experiences of inter-dimensional travel. First, I learned to wake up in my dreams at will. As soon as I realized I was in a dream world, I would find another person in the dream and told them, very excitedly, that “I am dreaming.” As soon as I shared my excitement of knowing I was in a dream, my body transformed. As if magically, my dream body became super real in terms of my physical sensations and awareness. My physical existence in the dream world felt much more intense than the ordinary awareness we normally have in our daily reality. My point of observation was centered in my body and I could see my hands that also gained sensitivity to touch. Being able to see my hands and use them very intently played an important

role in my adventures in other dimensions. As soon as my body received this powerful upgrade in the dream world, I also learned that my body was able to walk and fly through matter. I often walked through walls and other physical objects. Practicing walking and flying through matter gave me the ability and courage to move between dimensions that were always separated by a physical boundary that resembled a wall or a ceiling or a floor. After I mastered moving through matter within a dimension, I was able to move fast through the seemingly impenetrable material interdimensional borders. Courage, combined with unshakable intent, propelled my body through space, matter and most importantly, across dimensions.



I also learned that by chanting loud the sound “Om”, I could direct my movement to higher dimensions. Chanting Om was so far the most potent tool I discovered while traveling in other dimensions. Any time I would find myself in a dimension that I wished to move from to a higher vibrational world, I would chant Om loud several times to create a vibration through my chant that would carry me higher. At that point, I also had to gather my courage and intent, to move me through the dimensional border. When

moving through the boarder itself, I sensed a thick, condensed layer of matter and energy through which my body had to move fast and without a single doubt. Somehow, the single-minded state of courage and intent that was required to pass through matter, reminded me of my past life in the desert of today's Arizona where my Hopi grandmother initiated me into my human existence, by instructing me to walk through a red rock, while purifying my heart. Now, I was using the same technique to move through interdimensional boarders.



The final two elements that constituted my ability to travel to other dimensions, were trust and surrender. Each and every time I was ready to push through the boundaries of matter that was separating dimensions from each other, I had to display and prove my trust and ability to surrender. I spent the last five years perfecting and proving my skill to trust and surrender. In 2015, when my training started on the inner planes, to relax, let go, trust and surrender, I was always asked to prove the completeness of my trust and surrender by my willingness to free fall either forward or backward. That may sound strange to you, but imagine standing on top of the tallest building in the world or the

highest and steepest mountain and having to fall either with your face down or backwards, with the back of your head leading the way, knowing that you are going to die unless you completely trust, surrender and create an alchemical formula of courage and intent within yourself that will magically transform the bottom you are about to hit into a penetrable dimensional boundary. When all necessary ingredients were in place, the hard material surface that would normally cause you to lose your life instantaneously, would to give in to your soul power and morph into a portal. And you'd breeze through the invisible portal into another world. That was the test. Not to fear losing my life but to risk everything. None of these tests were ambiguous. They were very clear. Either I trust, surrender and fall from ridiculous heights transforming the killer ground into a permeable thick layer of energy or my trust will falter me half way on my way down towards the ground and I will die. The more I used this skill to move between dimensions, the better I got at it. When I was first invited to free fall, I closed my eyes just in case the ground and my body would encounter each other. I did not want to see it coming and my closed eyes allowed my focus on trust and surrender to be more undisturbed.



Last night, when I was shooting through the many ceilings and floors of other dimensions, I found myself enjoying the thrill of having my eyes wide open. “I am dreaming,” I proclaimed out loud to another participant of my dream. My excitement was huge. The habit of waking up in a dream made it easier with each and every time to remember to wake up. Just like in our waking life, positive habits help us perform tasks on autopilot without much effort. I was now wired to use the dream world to wake up to a heightened state of awareness and abilities. As soon as I spoke out loud my triggering code words, “I am dreaming,” my body upgraded to its supernatural physicality. I looked at my hands and touched some random objects around me, just to test out my sensations. My body was switched on. This meant I would be able to move through matter, if I wanted to. And I wanted to. First, I moved through few dimensions just for the fun of passing through their borders. I randomly visited several dimensions that all resembled our reality but were indeed separate realities. I did not find anything fascinating or extraordinary about these worlds. “Om, Om, Om,” I began to sound the magical sound that would reliably move me upwards into higher, more brighter, more interesting

dimensions. As soon as I created a vibrational field with my Om's, I shot up through the ceiling into a higher dimension. Om would not have been enough to move me through, though. Courage, intent, trust and surrender were all necessary for my success. All ingredients had to be in place and the test of trust only passed through a complete surrender to a scary free fall had to also be orchestrated at each interdimensional passing. At this point in my life, after so many tests of my trust, after so many transitions between dimensions, the experiences were much more energizing and thrilling rather than frightening or nerve-wracking.

Pop. I popped through another ceiling-like layer to another higher dimension. I started to count. Some more Om's to get me even higher, I thought. "Om, Om, Om, Om." Bam.

Upward I went again. It was rather exhilarating. I kept on repeating the process of chanting, courage, intent as well as trust and surrender. I was not allowed into any higher dimensions without first passing the test of free fall. You have to show each and every time that you are ready and deserving, I guess. Or maybe just energetically equipped to move up higher. And so I did. My intent was set on moving higher and higher but I also chose to spend enough time in each dimension to explore it.

First, as I was moving higher above the dimension we reside in, I noticed that the dimensions right above us were enclosed by walls with no windows. As if we all lived inside a ginormous tower made of a material that resembled wood and despite the seeming vastness of each dimension, in reality, not visible to the inhabitants of the dimension, the world was enclosed into walls that did not allow for a view outside the dimension. At this point, I also could not see outside. It seemed that every dimension I moved up into, had the same tower-like structure. Actually, to be more precise, each dimension was just a story / floor of the tower, with clear borders between each floor. But also each floor shared the same walls of the tower. As I was moving up, thanks to the power of Om, I found that the higher I got the more cracks in the walls appeared as super small windows, allowing for a very restricted view of what was outside. In dimension Five and Six, I found tiny windows that allowed me to peek outside, as if I was in a prison that maximized the restriction on being able to see the world 'out there'.



When I reached the 7th dimension, my experience changed. The windows were still very small, the size of a tile on a bathroom wall. But I saw nature, plants and bright sun

light through the small crack in the wall. I reached out to them to connect and also I knew that if I wanted to go higher, I needed the Sun and the plants as nature, to support my journey. I let them know telepathically and asked for their energy to boost mine. In the 7th dimension, I was also assisted by other beings in my ascent. “Om, Om, Om, Om,” I chanted again, hoping to create a vibrational elevator. Suddenly, I clearly heard celestial voices sounding Om back to me or maybe even with me. The simple sound became a symphony of the most divine synchronicity of Om. Many voices whose faces I did not see, contributed to my Om vibration. I was not ready to leave this beautiful moment of collective harmony behind. To my surprise, even in this very advanced dimension, the windows to outside reality were super small. “What was outside anyway,” I wondered. Each time I peeked through the small wall openings, I saw some plants and has a restricted view of light blue sky but nothing else was available to my sight. Thanks to the supporting vibrations of the beings in the 7th dimension, I was able to move up and up.



The ceiling became penetrable and eventually, after a brief visit to the 8th dimension, I landed in the 9th dimension.

The 9th dimension could be described as an etheric Tibetan world. The tools, the writing, the sounds, the beings, all resembled that which I consider to be Tibetan on planet Earth. So far, this was the most fascinating and clear dimension to me on my determined upward multidimensional ascent. The exploration of the 9th dimension was breathtaking. My hands touched every object that offered its presence to my transience. The bells, the dorjes, the prayer wheels. They all existed here and were used by the devoted inhabitants of this world. “Could this be the world of Shambhala?” I asked myself a rhetorical question to which I received no answer but I was convinced. I was in the Tibetan mythical kingdom of Shambhala. I have no proof and no evidence. Just a subjective knowing. At this point, knowing my journey was not complete, I realized my physical energy was not sufficient enough to move up. This time, Om would not suffice to fuel my passing through another dimensional portal. I found a small window in the 9th Shambhala dimension to seek assistance. On Earth, I was deeply aligned with nature and the Sun, so I dared to speak to both telepathically and share my need for simple energy with each. My plea was responded to in an instant, the Sun and the plants of the Earth, send me a boost of physical

energy to move up once again. I chanted Om and the beings of the 9th dimension joined me with their breath-taking voices. “Om, Om, Om,” I had never heard anything so beautiful as the collective chanting of Om with beings from higher dimensions. The music we were creating was indescribable and beyond beautiful.



I somehow have no recollection of the 10th dimension but the 11th dimension will forever be engrained in my mind. All crystal glass, the top of the tower, pyramid-like structure on top of ten dimensions that can barely see anything outside their worlds. This is like night and day. Day. Here is the day of all dimensions. No more shadow, no more darkness, you can see it all. You are in a crystal glass pyramid-shaped top of a tower of all dimensions. But there are no doors! All glass but no windows you can open, no doors to walk through. The 11th dimension gave me the view of the world out there. Nature, plants, sky. Most magnificent light-blue sky. And yet, no freedom to walk, well, fly or float, outside. “I still don’t understand the world outside this tower,” I thought to myself. I really was wondering why all dimensions would still be contained into a tower that even the highest level can not escape. I was shocked. A tower where most dimensions have

no idea of what is outside. Some very high dimensions get to have tiny windows but really, nothing good enough to really see and understand what is out there. And when you get to the top, the 11th majestic dimension, you do get 100% view of a world out there, but no way to escape? I was more than puzzled. I walked around and touched the window glass that was separating me from the sky. The status quo was inarguable. This is the design of reality. Just is. I did not see any beings until I got to a wooden, very sophisticated desk. I carefully examined the desk and did not fail to notice a glamorous woman being behind it. Her long brown hair was brushed back, exposing her forehead and her shining brown eyes to me. I starred at her speechlessly. “No way,” I screamed out loud. “You are me!” my volume turned from hundred to zero. I was standing face to face with the highest version of myself. Her face was a face of a shining, perfect angel. And yet I knew, I was her and she was me. My whole body started to vibrate. I found a treasure I could not explain. I found the pinnacle of my own journey I couldn't explain. I was just standing there, surrounded by the view of the sky through the glass windows, with no walls, nothing but glass and yet a boundary. Is there more? How do I go

from here and should I? I did not find out. I laughed for no reason and returned to my human body.

