



# **The First Law**

**A novel where spiritual energy evolves**

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## Prologue

“Are you ready?”

“With you?” Dersti teased. “How can anyone be ready when you keep coming up with new things to throw at me?”

Leydon smiled and tightened the straps around his shoulders. Glancing at Dersti, he sighed softly.

*There is such a thing as loving someone to the point you would die for them, and this is an interesting lifestyle. The feeling of gratitude that you walk around with in your heart is a gift! All the love and acceptance you ever dreamed possible is palpable, so easy to feel. As if all the love you ever felt for everyone and everything dwells, swells, and blossoms in your heart. It's there within easy reach, with no blocks or mental machinations to stir hesitation in feeling love. You feel happy, eternally grateful. You smile for no and every reason.*

“Come and help me,” Leydon said, opening the force field door of the hovercraft. The door hissed open, and he and Dersti peered out upon the endless green plains carpeting the earth 5,000 meters below them.

*There is intellectual knowledge of love. You know that is what you want to feel. And then there is emotional and spiritual knowledge of love. That “AH-HA” moment that floods your conscience when your heart fully opens to love. It is no longer an intellectual concept but a throbbing necessity, true and present, in your heart!*

“Ready?” he yelled above the rush of wind.

She nodded and squeezed his hand.

*You awaken in love to a glorious sunrise washed with creamy reds and smeared with orange. Your days are like a rose bush. You're aware the perfect rose may have a thorn, but you mostly gaze in awe and simply accept, that a thorn bush has perfect and beautiful roses! And you feel grateful for the roses, which glow and darken with mystery and passion in the crimson sunset of love. Then you sleep and dream upon pink clouds of love. Day after day, you feel gratitude for love.*

Leydon dove first from the hov, followed by Dersti. Hard wind whipped their bodies as they sped to around 120 mph. Dersti, who had only been skydiving twice before, may have screamed. But her shriek of joy was lost in their earthly descent.

*Love given by grace can be lost by ego. If you choose to stay in love and it is a choice, love becomes who you are. And love is not sheltered in any one heart; it spreads in ripples to the person who opened your heart to love and beyond, until those around you can feel the love that radiates from you! Once your heart feels the love of the beloved and senses how glorious love feels, you feel it for others. A glow surrounds, envelops, encompasses you.*

Dersti held out her arms to Leydon. They linked hands and twirled together through the air, breathing the sky and the clouds and each other. Separating, both spread their arms and legs so the webbing on their suits caught the air. They glided down, spiraling around each other, watching one another's beaming smiles. The wind fluttered grinning cheeks, just as it ruffled the webbing of the suits allowing flight.

*You feel it, and others see it. Soon the feeling of love spreads to even more distant others, for it is the most contagious feeling in the world. God created us in love, and our brains are hardwired for the feeling of love. It becomes a journey of exploring love in*

*everything. From the soft lips of your lover to the curl of a rose petal. Love glitters in every living creation. Even within the perfection of the thorn.*

As the ground rapidly approached they shared a quick nod of acknowledgment, both pulled their parachutes. What was the rapid, gliding flight of two flying squirrels, swiftly transformed into the slow, graceful descent of two dandelion seeds, floating at the whim of the wind.

# Chapter 1

## On Miracles and Odd Happenings

Tail whipping back and forth like a fan, Zeus peered up and grinned at Logan in a silent thank-you for the walk. What a smile! A celebration of life, really. When Zeus pulled back those furry white cheeks, he revealed much more than bright teeth and big dimples; he revealed his soul, which was far more beautiful than his exterior.

A fluffy white Samoyed, Zeus was the perfect picture of agility, beauty and dignity. His compact, muscular body wiggled as he padded along the path. Lips curled into a perpetual smile, he always seemed to find a reason to smile and fan the fuzzy tail that curled over his back. Endearing black eyes touched up with a natural hint of black eyeliner and a black button nose rounded off the image. Zeus was more than man's best friend; he was family. And what a family Logan, Zeus and second Samoyed, Loki, were.

Pale wisps of distant sunshine filtered through heavy clouds. Thunder grumbled across the sky every once in a while that misty morning in New Mexico. The trio was wandering through the Sandia Mountains situated between Albuquerque and Santa Fe. Logan paused for a moment and wiped a few rogue raindrops from his face. As far as his piercing eyes could see, the mountains all around him rippled away into distant mist. A nuzzle at his leg drew him back to the present.

Logan loved both his dogs, but Zeus was special. Zeus, whose nose was now buried in the leg of Logan's pants, elevated his human friend to a new understanding of the meaning of love. Of course, Logan had plenty of girlfriends and had even been married before meeting the Samoyed. But it was Zeus who opened his heart to the true meaning of what it felt like to love and to be loved unconditionally.

Life for Logan didn't get much better than a stroll through the hidden paths of the mountains with his dogs, having dinner with his friends, and enjoying the spirituality he felt in AA meetings. Yet what dramatic changes these simple pleasures seemed to Logan. Having grown up poor in the system of an alcoholic family, luxuries such as peaceful walks were hard to come by. One of the stories he rarely related was how his mother had quit buying toilet paper in order to save money for vodka. She replaced the roll with two buckets in the bathroom. One bucket was filled with worn rags and torn stretches of old sheets, and the other bucket brimmed with water and bleach. You would pick a rag, any rag, and use it to wipe your ass. Plop the rag into the bleach water and you're free to go. Logan sort of understood the concept but was revolted when he realized his mother washed the dirtied rags and reused them. Forced to get a regular job at fourteen, he soon started to buy his own toilet paper. And so the seeds of one of the first big lessons of his childhood were planted: money could change his life and ultimately make him happy.

Because he grew up in an alcoholic family, his main survival tactics became self-reliance and determination. There were benefits to those traits, and they carried him through medical school until he was eventually board certified in Family Practice medicine. But there were also downsides. In striking out on his own he succumbed to the very plague that gnawed at his family's core. He became an alcoholic himself.

Thank God that during Logan's internship it dawned on him that in a couple years he would be in practice and be the one making life and death decisions. One evening while downing a foaming mug he realized he could barely stand, let alone fiddle with the responsibility of a patient's life. He was terrified by the very idea of it and admitted defeat. Powerless over alcohol and acknowledging his need for help, he sought out treatment and got sober. That was 24 years ago.

Often he would wander outside and lean against the wooden walls of his mountain retreat in the cold night and summon the distant memories. He did not regret the past nor his parents' choices. For everything that happened to him helped shape his character and made him into the understanding man he was today. Today, he liked himself. He was in a profession that enabled him to make money, although money alone no longer made him happy. Had he not experienced that one revelation, he might still be trapped in the mental prison of believing that money equated to happiness. And at times being able to buy enough toilet paper to sustain his dignity folded his lips into a smile, he knew it was love that equaled happiness.

Logan paused for a moment on the path and quietly called out so his dogs would wait for him. Loki plopped down where she stood and laid her elegant head on her paws. Zeus padded back at once and rubbed his body against Logan's legs. The man ran his coarse fingers through his friend's silken fur and struggled to catch his breath.

His body was starting to give out. Whether it was damage done from his drinking and drugging years, the overwhelming environmental pollution, Vertig's syndrome, or just plain wear and tear, he wasn't certain. Although the scientist in him couldn't help but correlate cause and effect, he knew it was useless to try to analyze what he had done right or wrong through the years. He realized there were just too many factors involved to ever obtain a clear understanding. The greenhouse effect, polluted air and asthma were all contributing factors that haunted him like wraiths every day of his childhood. There were also, of course, other factors. Like growing up in an alcoholic family. Being abused as a child. Living on a raped, battered, dying planet. And then there was that feeling, almost as if he was from a different time and space, which just couldn't be ignored.

The current mystery in his life was inexplicable. He sometimes felt when something in his body would give out or change, something else would be enhanced. Every physical trauma bestowed a spiritual gift. As Logan leaned forward to stretch his sore back, a low moan escaped his lips. He had two herniated discs in his back and they were a constant bother. For years he tried everything from acupuncture to back surgery—not just once but twice—yet still had chronic pain. He knew pain was a motivator for personal growth. The spiritual and emotional pain of his alcoholism had, for instance, motivated him to carry out the work necessary to obtain new heights of spiritual growth. The physical pain writhing in his back was motivating him to grow. He engaged himself in more prayer and meditation than ever before. He couldn't work as hard at his job in medicine, but the "gift" related to this was that his life had slowed down. For the first time in his life he was able to appreciate simple meditation, walks with his dogs and the misty scent of roses in the morning dew.

He had become a believer in gifts. Often he had seen that whenever the shit hit the fan in his life, there would always be a forthcoming gift if he remained observant for it. One of the unexplainable gifts granted to him lately was that he had started to see auras. Over the last couple of years his ability to see the distinct colors and layers in the aura enveloping every living being had become more refined. He appreciated this gift, but the scientist in him also wanted to make sure it wasn't the manifestation of a brain tumor! Remembering his appointment with his doctor later that morning, he whistled to his dogs to follow him home beneath the snarling cumulus clouds sweeping across the sky.

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"Doctor," Logan said.

"Doctor," Warren repeated.

Warren Cloud was one of Logan's best friends. Ever since they struggled and triumphed through medical school together, it became an inside joke between them to address one another in this manner. Although attending medical school was a brutal and humbling process, they knew that someday they would become doctors if only they could endure the inhumane system. There

were days, though, when they had to do silly little things like calling each other ‘doctor’ in order to remind themselves what all the trauma was actually for. That, and enjoying an occasional evening out. The best nights were those they couldn’t recall the following morning.

“So, what do you think?”

Logan had already given his friend the history of his latest condition and told him that sometimes seeing colorful auras surrounding someone made it hard for him to concentrate while speaking with that individual.

“Well, your funduscopic exam, MRI and visual acuity all seem normal.” Warren paused. “How badly do the colors bother you?” he added.

“Not too much, I guess. What scares me most is that as time goes on the colors seem to be getting brighter and more defined.”

“So do you see auras in most people?”

“Yes . . . everybody, in fact. Some I have to really focus on, but others are like walking neon rainbows.”

“So what do they look like? The auras, I mean.”

Logan leaned back and kneaded his crinkled forehead with his fingers. “The colors are transparent, so when I look at someone directly I can easily see their face and form. It’s kind of like a halo of light, I guess. There are usually multiple layers of light, and they totally surround and engulf the physical body. The light is contoured to the form of the human body, and when we move or lift an arm the aura moves right along with us. For example, when your arms are down at your side the aura is shaped like an egg around you. When I look at someone’s face, their face is free of color, but the periphery is where I see color.”

“Seems like the light is polarized,” Warren added.

“That’s right, and the light seems to radiate out in straight lines from the body. So when you’re looking directly at someone you don’t see the colors. It’s only when you look at someone in profile—that is, when the light is at a 90° angle to your line of sight—that you can see his or her aura. So here’s another way to explain it; it’s like looking at a cactus with spines coming out in all directions. When you look directly at the cactus, you can’t really see those spines coming straight at you but can easily see the spines coming out from the sides. Does that make sense?”

“Interesting,” Warren said thoughtfully. “It does make sense,” he added with a glitter in his brilliant sapphire eyes.

Logan sat up a little straighter. “Oh, one more important point. While there are many different layers of light with many different colors, everyone seems to have a color that dominates their aura. For example, mine is an emerald green with purple streaks spiraling out from the edges. And the exact colors and intensity change with our emotional condition.”

Warren’s lips folded into a smirk. “So, dare I ask what you see in my aura?”

“Black! Lots of black.”

“Hey, eat shit!”

“Oh, I’m just kidding!” Logan said with a chuckle. “I knew you were going to ask and I could hardly wait to answer.”

“You’re just a funny guy,” Warren mumbled.

“Yeah, I’ve been told so. That’s exactly what my wife said when we were getting divorced.”

“Well, all right, enough of that. What do you really see in my aura?” Warren asked again with a hopeful smile.

“The outermost, predominant layer has a reddish-orange hue, and then you have many layers underneath of varying colors. It’s really quite attractive,” Logan murmured sensuously with a sly grin.

“Oh, of course it’s gorgeous,” Warren said, pride dripping from his tone. “What do the different colors mean?”

“Can’t say I’ve studied that much yet, though I do have a book on color therapy. Did you know that some people have made color therapy into a whole field of serious study? Anyway, I

know blue is a color of calm and red is supposed to be a color symbolizing energy or anger. I looked mine up and found out that emerald green is supposed to be the color of healing,” Logan said proudly.

“Well, I guess red makes sense for me right now since I’m fired up about my economic situation,” Warren gruffly explained.

“I wouldn’t lose sleep over it, especially since I don’t think the red color means you’re a bad person.”

“I know, and I’m sorry I sounded a little defensive. Anyway, let’s get back to the topic at hand. Like so many things in medicine, it really boils down to how much the condition bothers you. After all, the treatment could be worse than the disease. You know some New Age guru would give his left nut to be able to see auras!”

The friends broke into laughter.

“I think you’re right,” Logan agreed, still chuckling. “I think it would be different if I had always been able to see auras and learned to live with it, but the rapid onset has sort of got me freaked out. In a way, I feel blessed to have been given this gift. But in another way, I also feel self-conscious about it. What the hell does all this mean, you know?”

As often is the case with friends, the discussion diverged into general chatting and catching up afterwards. It was finally decided to use one of the best treatments in medicine, especially when the diagnosis is unclear. “Tincture of time” would be the treatment for Logan’s ailment, and they enveloped each other in a hug before Logan left for home.