

Nettie's Tea House

A TALE OF THE AFTERLIFE

R.D. Petti


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Balboa Press
A Division of Hay House
1663 Liberty Drive
Bloomington, IN 47403
www.balboapress.com
1 (877) 407-4847

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Printed in the United States of America.

ISBN: 978-1-4525-2310-1 (sc)
ISBN: 978-1-4525-2312-5 (hc)
ISBN: 978-1-4525-2311-8 (e)

Library of Congress Control Number: 2014918001

Balboa Press rev. date: 10/30/2014

To my children, Megan and Bryan, intrepid explorers of new frontiers, whose love has enriched me beyond measure.

To Helen, an expression of the Earth Mother in her perfection, you touch our souls with her eternal love and grace.

This, my truth I offer.
Take away what resonates.
Leave behind all else
That others might discover.
The Author

“When I let go of what I am, I become what I might be.”

—Lao-Tzu

“You become what you think.”

—Sri Amma Bhagavan

Acknowledgments

Humble thanks to and deep gratitude for the teachers who appeared when I was ready:

Karen and Chuck Robison, co-producers of *What If It Really Works?* (www.whatifitreallyworks.com). Karen and Chuck produce thought-provoking video interviews that navigate the frontiers of body, mind, and spirit, paving the way as beacons of hope for a bright and promising future. The pioneering vision, wisdom, and generosity of spirit they give to the world are inspirational. I am honored by their belief in me and the support they gave me in birthing my book.

Jennifer Hoffman, celebrated intuitive, author, transformational coach, and founder of Enlightening Life (www.enlighteninglife.com). Jennifer is dedicated to helping individuals connect to their highest potential and find deeper purpose and meaning in their lives. I embrace her mission and for many years have followed her teachings, which have had profound influence over my spiritual development. She has the uncanny ability to offer guidance intended for her global audience that seems to be directed to me alone and is presented the precise moment I am open to receive it.

Mara Freeman, director of the Avalon Mystery School, a training program in the Arts of Sacred Magic (www.chalicecentre.net). An astrologer, psychic, and psychologist, Mara has been writing and teaching about Celtic sacred and magical traditions and other Western esoteric subjects for almost twenty years. Her teachings were the inspiration of the otherworld setting of *Nettie's Tea House*. She is the author of *Grail Alchemy: Initiation in the Celtic Mystery Tradition* and *Kindling the Celtic Spirit*. She is a quintessential British writer whose works are a literary delight to read. My work with Mara and her program awakened the bard within me.

Mega Mease, energy diagnostic/spiritual mentor and founder of the Center for Advanced Energy Therapeutics (www.advancedenergytherapeutics.com). Mega is an extraordinary healer and instructor who helped me to lay a solid foundation at the outset of my journey of healing into wholeness and self-discovery.

Dr. Paul Hubbert, PhD, founder of the Institute for Holographic Sound and Inner Balance (www.holographicsound.com). Dr. Hubbert uses holographic sound in his workshops to heal and balance on multiple levels. He is a very powerful healer, and I am in utter awe of him. His amazing crystal singing bowls transported me to healing dimensions hitherto not experienced.

Robert Monroe's The Monroe Institute (www.monroeinstitute.org). The institute's programs use hemi-sync and other world-renowned technologies, which have shown me that we are more than our physical bodies. The experiences I have had as a result of the Monroe technologies have enhanced my awareness of consciousness and influenced the creation of this tale.

Edgar Cayce's Association for Research and Enlightenment (www.edgarcayce.org). The ARE's educational programs and facilitators are dedicated to helping individuals lead mindful and meaningful lives based on the readings of Edgar Cayce. Over the years I have been a member of the ARE, it has served as a veritable font of knowledge on all things metaphysical. Its educators are wisdom keepers of purposeful living.

The Oneness trainers and meditators of Sri Amma Bhagavan's Oneness University (www.onenessuniversity.org). Part of the Oneness Movement, these dedicated trainers started me on the path of Deeksha and mindfulness. The workshops and programs of Oneness University are geared toward moving individuals from all faiths and traditions worldwide into a higher state of consciousness and spiritual awakening.

Lama Tsultrim Allione, founder of the Tara Mandala Buddhist Retreat Center (taramandala.org). Lama Tsultrim's book *Feeding Your Demons* brought the ancient practice of *Chod* to the West. The book offers an

intriguing method of confronting the demons we all wrestle with from time to time. I found this practice to be beneficial and recommend the book to anyone interested in transforming their demons into allies.

To my family, who had unwavering belief in and support of my first novel, I am humbled and honored:

My daughter Megan Tomasso, an interior designer extraordinaire and my design consultant, brought the graphic presentation of the manuscript to a level I could not have achieved without her help.

And her rocket scientist husband, Rocco Tomasso, made me smile for the camera.

My son Bryan Landes, a passionate diver and brilliant photographer of all things on land and under the sea, took some awesome author photos.

And his girlfriend, Jen Navaro, a gifted professional makeup artist, demonstrated her skill and mastery in the artful application of makeup that magically transformed me before the camera.

Special thanks to Dana Micheli, owner of Writers in the Sky, for believing in what I was doing and for her expert editorial help in taking my manuscript to a higher literary level.

Heartfelt thanks and unending gratitude to Milena Rooney, the illustrator of the exquisite spiral designs appearing in the book. Her art is sacred indeed, as is her generosity in sharing it with me. Her designs can be found at the website: <http://www.cafepress.com/spiralpathdesigns>.

To Jimalee McGee, my soul sister in the Southwest, thank you for your unconditional acceptance of me and encouragement of my dreamtime explorations.

And last but certainly not least, profuse thanks to my anam cara, Melissa Baker, for being there and for loaning me half her library on magical herbs and gardens.

Love to all.

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Prologue

Long ago, when the Earth was newly birthed, lived a race of light beings called the Doane. They were among several star races that descended to the nascent planet to help the Earth Mother Makima tend to her emergent life. The Doane were luminous, tall, willowy beings with blond white hair. They embodied the light principles of compassion and forgiveness; wisdom and understanding; unconditional self-love and love for others; harmony and balance; and connection to All That Is, which is in the hearts of all creation. Each Doane family specialized in a discipline. They were masters of art, music, mathematics, astronomy, earth sciences, and the healing arts, to name a few. Their work was their passion and a source of absolute joy and bliss.

These keepers of universal wisdom shared their knowledge with the denizens of Earth, giving rise to civilizations unparalleled in brilliance and grandeur in the history of the planet. The first Earth beings had been advanced in intelligence and skill, far beyond any race that succeeded them on the planet. They erected monuments, temples, and cities of crystal and light. They lived in mindfulness and harmony, respecting all sentient and non-sentient life in the living environment. These first great Earth civilizations were the crowning achievement of co-creation.

Grateful for the bountiful gifts these star beings had bestowed upon her planet, Makima discharged them from their mission with love. The Doane and the other star people returned to the higher dimensions of consciousness, where they continued to guide Earth's first physical beings—but from a mystical distance, in the realm of their imaginations.

As is the cyclical nature of Makima's dominion, these great civilizations eroded over time and fell into destruction. Some of their inhabitants



migrated to other regions of the planet. In these new lands, they handed down to their descendants—the human race—their knowledge, culture, and ideals.

Others transcended to the inner plane of Earth, where, emulating the great first civilizations, they built cities of light beneath the planet's surface. These highly evolved subterranean beings lived in harmony and balance in the realm of Agartha, embracing the light principles and modeling their confederation around them. The Agarthans were an enlightened race.

But another race dwelled within Inner Earth. They were called the Asura. They were not like the Agarthans. In fact, they knew nothing of Agarthan ways. The consciousness of the Agarthans had so evolved that the Asura were oblivious to them. Separated from the light principles, they devolved into fearful creatures. The light of their awareness grew dim and then went out. It was as though they were in a perpetual sleep state. Wearing blinders of separation, they learned to react to life with distrust and apprehension. Oblivious to the sanctity of all life, they argued, fought, and killed—even their own kind. No living thing was left untouched by their aggression. They polluted the waters of Makima's sacred, sustaining environment, felled great subterranean forests, and plundered her natural resources underground. Pockets of warring kingdoms popped up like shadowy tumors, further tainting the land and shutting out all hope of reconnecting with the light. This way of life gave them no satisfaction, but they knew no other. The Asura lived a life of suffering.

As within, so without. The human race populated the surface of the planet. They possessed traits of both the Agarthans and the Asura. With the gift of free will, they could choose an enlightened way of living, a life of suffering, or, as was the case for most of humanity, some state in between.

Over time, all manner of natural disasters—earthquakes, tsunamis, fires, floods, hurricanes, and mudslides—erupted on the surface of the globe. Human desperation and pain spread throughout the land. The human race had many opinions concerning the causes of these tragic events. Conspiracy theories abounded, growing taller with each telling of the tale. Legend said that a secret society existed solely to create chaos and fear in mankind. Throughout the centuries, this society was known by many names and operated under many guises. But the name that inspired

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the most terror in the hearts of humanity was the notorious Order of Obsolete Programs, whose members, according to legend, dwelled in the darkness beneath the Earth and wreaked havoc on its surface.

Each such disaster violently ejected the souls of its victims from the planet. Abruptly wrested from life, they were confused and traumatized and unable to complete their transition. They wandered about the astral world, the land of dreams and possibilities, in search of peace and healing.

Nettie Tulrose looked upon the scene on Earth with compassion. As a descendent of the greatest Doane Masters of the Healing Arts, Nettie dwelled in the astral world after serving Earth with distinction for eons as a nature deva. Her domain was the mountainous regions of the astral plane. She lived humbly in the mists of the mountains, where earth meets sky. It was there, in the crags of her modest home, that she manifested a way station where she could offer succor to the distressed souls exiting Earth.

The way station served teas specially brewed from recipes handed down from her Doane ancestors. These astral teas had a profound healing effect. Their reputation spread far and wide throughout the omniverse. Hearing of the famous Tulrose teas, celestial healers flocked to the way station and offered their unique services to Nettie. As healing modalities were added, the way station evolved into a mountain spa and health resort, complete with therapeutic mineral hot springs. The spa provided assistance to any soul in the omniverse that was unable to fully transition, had unfinished business, or was otherwise stuck.

Tales of the teas' healing powers spread by telepathic word of mouth from the many satisfied soul clients. Even fully transitioned souls from all dimensions and planes of consciousness wanted to partake of Nettie's extraordinary teas. In the spirit of the abundant omniverse, the purveyor of these fine teas welcomed these souls to the health resort with an open heart. To serve this growing clientele, Nettie fashioned tea rooms out of the astral mountains—and created what affectionately became known throughout eternity as Nettie's Tea House.





1. Tea House Reverie

Agatha let out a long sigh as she sank into her arbor office chair. The last of the Earth souls from the great tsunami in the East had been treated and were on their way. The coming moments would give her a needed respite. Earth souls had been exiting the planet in unparalleled numbers, but only a few new arrivals were expected at the tea house this moment.

She got up from her desk and looked out her treetop window, fixing her gaze on the summit in the western mountains. A shaft of golden-white light flashed and flooded her chambers as if in response. Her office chambers were fashioned among the boughs of a massive apple tree. Its roots below and branches above extended seemingly to infinity, and its colossal limbs burgeoned with bright, crimson apples and heady blossoms in unearthly hues of purple, pink, and white. Like the tree it was made of, her chambers were a sanctuary for every sort of winged and four-legged creature and creepy crawly of the astral mountain kingdom. It was teeming with the pulse of creation.

Agatha had sent telepathic word to Manolo, the tea house handyman, to meet with her. Since her sister Nettie had ascended to a higher dimension of consciousness, Agatha had relied on Manolo more and more to help her with the steady influx of Earth souls. Prior to joining the tea house staff, he had inspired souls in the higher dimensions to volunteer to incarnate to Earth as light workers so they could help at this critical juncture. The planet and human race hung in a delicate balance between further destruction and transformation into a new-world paradigm modeled on the Earth's ancient light principles.

More and more of these light workers were incarnating, and much



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to Agatha's delight, they were using various forms of astral travel—vision journeys, out-of-body experiences, lucid dreams, and other means of projecting consciousness—to visit the tea house while still in their physical bodies. While at the tea house, they acquired the tools to heal the planet and expand the consciousness of humanity. In fact, one of them was due to arrive at the tea house any moment, but not by astral projection or even in keeping with her natural time to exit the planet. This light worker had rather lost her way. Agatha smiled, knowing that the tea house would afford her the opportunity to experience the right thing at the right time. This was what the humans called synchronicity.



“It’s snowing. That’s all I need right now,” Gabriella groaned as the flecks of snow dotted her windshield. She had hoped to be out of the mountains before the storm hit, but she had lost a lot of time getting back to the main road after taking a wrong turn. Not quite twilight, the sky was darkened with swollen, gray clouds.

“What was I thinking, taking this shortcut through the mountains?” she berated herself, for she had known when she set out that a major snowstorm was looming.

She had been looking forward to attending this weekend retreat for some time now. Advertised as a journey of self-discovery, the conference promised all the big names on the health and well-being circuit. Gabriella attended these events with religious zeal, clinging to the hope that they would provide the magical cure for her problems. She had already given up on the conventional means of treatment—psychotherapy and medication. Knowing her fear of public speaking, her last therapist had insisted that Gabriella attend group therapy. The mere thought of it made her feel anxious, while these conference presenters had all the answers; at least, that’s what their many books had proclaimed.

The snow was getting heavier. Clumps of flakes landed on her windshield and accumulated on the sides as the wipers attempted in vain to push the snow away. The gray of the day gave way to black night. Her car radio had issued several severe-weather warnings, advising motorists to



get off the roads in the area. All Gabriella could see was a vague outline of the road with a sea of white specks furiously swirling about her. The road was slick, and Gabriella knew that navigating the hairpin turns would be treacherous. She had to stop, but where? There was not a soul in sight. No houses, no side roads to turn onto to wait out the storm—there was just one winding curve after another, all the way up the mountain.

Her heart began to palpitate. In her haste to leave her apartment, she had forgotten her homeopathic anti-anxiety remedy. She took a deep breath and tried a new calming technique she had learned, envisioning herself at her destination, safe and warm and enjoying a nice cup of tea. As she drove around one of the curves, the car fishtailed and skidded toward an embankment. She turned into the slide and got the car back on the road. Her heart beat even faster. *So much for creative visualization.*

At the next curve, the car skidded again, and then spun off the road and raced down the mountain slope. “Someone help me, please!” she pleaded, but heard nothing except the screeching of the tires as her car crashed through tree branches and forest undergrowth then careened wildly down its runaway mountainside path. Gabriella felt a searing pain as her head hit the steering wheel; then the world faded away into inky blackness.

She regained consciousness gradually, as if she were reentering the world. Slowly, she tested her limbs, feeling a bit lightheaded, almost as if she were floating. She also realized, to her amazement, that she felt uncharacteristically calm and, despite the severe blow to her head, in no pain at all.

She saw a light in the distance. Headlights appeared far up on the road ahead. They were coming toward her. Snowflakes flickered in their beams like fireflies. The snow had muffled all sound of the vehicle. The shape of a pickup truck emerged; its blinding light pierced through the white of the storm. It stopped alongside her car. The driver rolled down his window and smiled at Gabriella.

A golden light emanating from the cab of the truck glistened in the snow around her. No words were uttered, but Gabriella knew without question that he was there to help her and that she would be safe in the warmth of the bright light.



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She opened her own window to speak to him, and while no words came from her mouth, she communicated with ease that she had been in an accident and was grateful for his help. She gained instant knowledge that he was taking her to a place up the road where she would spend the night. She climbed into the cab of the truck without hesitation, thanking him in her heart for his kindness. He reached over to help her in. The gentle touch of his hand soothed her to the core.

I'm Manolo.

Pleased to meet you. I'm Gabriella.

The lingering tension from the snowy drive disappeared with his touch, leaving her completely at ease. In the dim light, she could just make out Manolo's profile, but she knew she was safe and in the company of an old friend.

With the hands of a master, Manolo turned the truck around on the narrow road and headed back up the mountain. The touch of his nimble fingers on the steering wheel was so light it was as if his fingers were floating above it, guiding the wheel from on high.

Manolo said nothing, but his placid demeanor pervaded the cab with a stillness as profound as the snowy silence outside. The windshield wipers moved in rhythm, back and forth. The toasty warmth of the heater made Gabriella feel dreamy. Her heavy eyelids wanted to close in serene slumber, but she resisted the urge. She glanced over at Manolo, wondering where he was from.

I'm the handyman at the lodge where we're going.

Gabriella was not aware of a lodge in the area but was too relaxed to fret about it. As they approached the mountaintop, the snow tapered off to a few light flakes before stopping altogether. They pulled off the road into a parking lot cleared of snow.

Manolo collected her bag and helped Gabriella out of the truck, then motioned toward a stone stairway that led up the side of the mountain. As they climbed the steps, an unimposing house nestled in the mountains above them came into view. It jutted out from the highest peak of the mountain range, appearing as part of the mountain itself. Built out of quartz crystal and granite, it had two, small-framed windows on either side of a thick oak door. A sign above the door read: Nettie's Tea House.



Manolo opened the door and ushered Gabriella into the foyer. Like its façade, the interior of the tea house was made from the stones of the mountain. Specks of quartz and granite flickered across the walls and ceiling like stars in the night sky. Rough-hewn oak beams separated the house into rooms filled with small tables and overstuffed cushioned chairs. Crystal bowls singing in the background filled the house with otherworldly peace.

Taking long, quiet strides, Manolo led Gabriella into one of the rooms. In the starry light of the tea house, Gabriella was able to get a closer look at him. He was a tall, brown-skinned man, dressed in a plain, thick flannel shirt and corduroy pants. His face was tender, almost childlike, with round high cheekbones, and his long, dark hair was run through with bright saffron highlights. It was pulled away from his face, with the thick, wavy locks tied atop his head and again at the nape of his neck. His youthful appearance belied the aura of golden antiquity surrounding him. Gazing into his amber eyes, Gabriella felt the depth of his wisdom, which graced his presence with profound calm.

The scarlet-orange flames dancing in the hearth beckoned Gabriella. She sat in a recliner by the fire, cozy and warm, soothed by the crackling flames and a sense of serenity she had never before experienced. She was about to ask Manolo a question when she realized he was no longer present.

A teapot and one cup sat on the table beside her chair. Though she possessed an arsenal of limiting beliefs about herself, when it came to tea, Gabriella took pride in being a connoisseur. She collected specialty teas from around the world, steeping and brewing them with passion and creating her own blends and infusions. She had teas to accompany meals, medicinal teas, holiday teas, floral teas, and spice teas. An occasion never passed without a suitable cup of tea.

She poured herself some of the steaming liquid, noting the sparkling gold color and tantalizing floral aroma. She breathed in the aroma, then lifted the cup to her lips. It swirled in her mouth, electrifying her taste buds. Never had she seen a tea with such brilliance of color or tasted such a soul-satisfying brew; however, she did recognize some of the ingredients. The familiar taste of chamomile was accented with flavors of orange blossoms and rosebuds popping in her mouth. Eucalyptus and

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a touch of ginger warmed her throat, and a peppery sensation lingered on her palate.

Gabriella placed the teacup back on the table and snuggled into the cozy chair, her eyelids growing heavy with sleep. Along the side of the room, she noticed a gathering of people at a long, wooden table, enjoying a meal in jolly camaraderie. Exchanging merry smiles, they clanked their tea mugs and laughed in a flickering fiery orange glow. *Funny, I didn't see them when I walked in.* With heartfelt affection they raised their mugs, inviting Gabriella to join them. Gabriella gazed on the fellowship with soulful longing. She so wished to be a part of them, never to feel alone again. They looked so happy. She wanted to be happy, too. But she did not join them, and the scene before her dissolved away as she fell into a deep slumber, like a babe in its mother's arms.

