

BON FCP Stuff Before Chapter One

Cover Art by Paul Harmon

Front Cover: *Lady Of Shalot* - Oil on Canvas 48" x 36"

Back Cover: *Cinema Dreams* - Oil on Canvas 30" x 40"

Paul Harmon is an internationally exhibited artist who, from 1985 to early 1998, divided his time between permanent Studio/residences in Paris, France and Brentwood, Tennessee. Harmon's work is well represented in numerous galleries, museums, and major corporate and private collections in Europe, Asia, and the USA.

Paul's work hangs in the Tennessee State Museum, the Tampa Museum of Art, the George Bush Presidential Library and Museum, the Museum of The Principality of Monaco, and the city of Caen, France. He was chosen in 1981 to represent the U.S. in the Bienal de Arte, Medellin, Colombia, SA.

In 1994, Harmon had a major exhibition at the invitation of Caen, France. Curated by Galerie Deprez-Bellorget of Paris, this one-man exhibition was the official art show of the D-Day 50th anniversary.

Harmon is also the recipient of many major international painting awards including the Prix de la Ville de Monaco and the Prix de la Societe E.J.A. at the XXIV Prix International D'Art Contemporain de Monte-Carlo.

The painting *Working Man* from Harmon's exhibition/competition was chosen by Her Serene Highness Princess Caroline of Monaco for her private collection. In connection with the Prix de la Ville de Monaco, a canvas was commissioned by the Principality of Monaco for its permanent collection.

A comprehensive book, "Paul Harmon: *Crossing Borders*," is a 360-page color volume that showcases some of his work from 1961 to mid-2009.

More than 526 paintings are featured in the book, along with an essay by Art Historian Robert L. McGrath, professor of art history, emeritus, Dartmouth College.

Harmon's work is featured in the Elmore Leonard movie *Pronto*, directed by Jim McBride and starring Peter Falk, Glenna Headly and James LeGros. Harmon lives and works in a 1793 farmhouse and studio in Brentwood, Tennessee, that is included on National Register of Historic Places. For more information, visit <http://www.paulharmon.com>

Black Orchid Night
A Novel Idea

H.T. Manogue

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Black Orchid Night

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, business organizations, places and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. The author's use of names of actual persons, places and characters are incidental to the plot and are not intended to change the entirely fictional character of the work.

Special Thanks

The inspiration for this book came from several different sources. I know my dreams and inner senses helped form the concept of the book, but there were other physical and non-physical sources at work. Their input gave me added vision and intense clarity.

I want to thank Paul Harmon for allowing me to use two of his incredible creations for the front and back cover. Without Paul, this book would not have the appeal, pizzazz and quality of form that it has now. I am honored to call Paul my friend. Without him, this book would not have a face that perfectly displays the character of the work.

Special thanks to my friend Dia Sibert for organizing the interior of the book and my website. Dia has the unique talent of turning the ordinary into the extraordinary. Her interior design knowledge and friendship are appreciated.

I also want to thank Julie Lindy. Julie helped changed this book from a rough canvas to a sharp work of art. From day one, Julie was invested in this book. Her suggestions and edits made me think about the readers. I often get caught in the story, and ramble on about issues that are important to me and me alone. Julie reeled me back in and tightened the work so it flowed easier for readers. The material in this book can be challenging. Julie helped make it more understandable by her questions, comments, and an assortment of interesting notes. I didn't always take her advice, but thanks to her, this work will be read for decades.

Julie Lindy's information: www.editingforindies.com;

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The Stanislav Grof paragraph is from his "Essential Shift" interview with the Institute of Noetic Sciences. The Interview is no longer available on the IONS site.

Doctor Grof's website: www.stanislavgrof.com/

Institute of Noetic Sciences Website: <http://noetic.org/>

The Unknown Reality quote in Chapter 17 is from the book, The Unknown Reality, which is part of The Seth Series written by Jane Roberts and Robert Butts, and published by Amber-Allen Publishing.

The article in Chapter 17 was written in 1941 for the Louisville Courier Journal by David H. Bradford. The article was reprinted in the article: "The World War II Era and The Seeds of a Revolution." That article was reprinted on the website:

http://www.pearsonhighered.com/assets/hip/us/hip_us_pearsonhighered/samplechapter/0205728812.pdf

The articles in Chapters 26 about the Tuskegee Airmen and black nurses were also part of that reprint.

To Lucas, AJ and Annabelle

I shall not commit the fashionable stupidity of regarding everything I cannot explain as a fraud.

Carl Jung

**We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
William Shakespeare**

The best thing about dreams is that fleeting moment, when you are between asleep and awake, when you don't know the difference between reality and fantasy, when for just that one moment you feel with your entire soul that the dream is reality, and it really happened.

James Arthur Baldwin

What, if some day or night a demon were to steal after you into your loneliest loneliness and say to you: 'This life as you now live it and have lived it, you will have to live once more and innumerable times more' ... Would you not throw yourself down and gnash your teeth and curse the demon who spoke thus? Or have you once experienced a tremendous moment when you would have answered him: 'You are a god and never have I heard anything more divine.'

Friedrich Nietzsche

Foreword

I don't believe in happenstance, so to claim that I randomly met Hal Manogue while wandering among masses of people through the crowded exhibition hall at a major trade show would deny the power of auspicious coincidence. We found ourselves face-to-face, total strangers from different cities and states, drawn by a common interest: books. We spontaneously collided amidst throngs of people in search of other agendas. A conversation was inevitable: He is a writer. I'm a writer and editor, and we're both spiritual explorers who embrace the magic of universal mystery. Both of us are awestruck by the power of the written word and the under-manifested light and latent potential for brilliance in every human being. So we chatted. That chat led to a conversation, and not surprisingly, the conversation morphed into an enthralling and intense hour-long discussion – and of course, a connection. The relationship that resulted from that “random” encounter continues to thrive and evolve, and I never have a conversation with Hal Manogue without his gifting me with food for thought and inspiration.

“Black Orchid Night” not only will leave its readers with food for thought and inspiration, but with great storytelling as well. Hal Manogue is an expert in consciousness. Consciousness is an under explored field to which he's devoted his full attention and untold hours of study, as well as encounters with other masters in the field. His expertise on the many facets and faces of consciousness is reflected in his numerous works, and “Black Orchid Night” is a stellar example. In “Black Orchid Night,” Fiona, the protagonist, is Hal Manogue's emissary into one mysterious and under explored aspect of consciousness: lucid dreaming, whereby the dreamer is aware that he or she is dreaming, and with effort and intention, potentially can consciously direct the topics of dreams and influence their unfolding. Lucid dreams can occur in sleep states, in mediation, in intense “daydreams” – but always in that mystical and delightful Theta state where we teeter between semi-consciousness and the Delta state of deep and detached sleep. The joy we find in Fiona is her committed use of lucid dreaming with the intent to find answers to enrich her personal power and her self-realization, to deal with and manage her demons, to drill for answers to the burdensome events and relationships of her past, and to discover answers to questions that seem impossible to uncover. Fiona, without question, seeks personal resolution and healing through her power of lucid dreaming. Fiona is special, but she's also *us*, whether we see ourselves as special or not (by the way, we are!).

Hal Manogue masterfully uses Fiona to demonstrate that we all have potential to uncover our unanswered questions, to resolve our pain-drenched traumas, and to begin uncoiling the convoluted mysteries of our own lives. We each can empower ourselves by deliberately and diligently undertaking our own versions of Fiona's persistent quest and by actively modeling her search to fill the

nagging holes in the fabric of her psyche.

Through Fiona, Hal Manogue gives us tools to drill for the seemingly nonexistent answers to our own afflicted, unresolved mental and spiritual baggage, the stuff we've buried yet somehow still lug around, the long-ignored scars and harrowing heartbreaks that plague our everyday lives, the stuff we swear we'll never again talk or think about, and the painful questions we shrug off as "things we'll never know."

Among the some of the transferable tools that Hal Manogue employs through Fiona:

- Pursuing our personal passions and goals that bring us joy and make us *think*;
- Surrounding ourselves with friends and trusted, positive people;
- Protecting our homes and other personal sacred spaces with discernment;
- Confronting the difficult relationships, painful memories, and uncomfortable events of our lives with the courage to open our minds and put these burdens to work as tools for our own healing;
- Banishing toxic people and circumstances in our lives that sabotage our growth;
- Seeking objective, expert guidance to help facilitate our healing – people who, with the highest intention, safely prod us to those dark recesses of our minds that we invest great effort in avoiding;
- Giving ourselves permission to have fun – a necessary and non-negotiable healing elixir; and
- Courageously pushing us to open new windows of light and enlightenment into our own conscious minds – often with apprehension – so that we can move forward prepared to engage in the ongoing work of becoming our best selves, free of grudges and unhindered by burdensome emotional baggage that no longer serves us any useful purpose, while simultaneously preparing us to confront new and sometimes painful challenges.

And just as importantly, Manogue introduces Fiona to a colorful parade of people who are an integral part of her, people she's known all along without knowing that she knows them, who unwittingly shaped her current circumstances and help her discover the resolution and peace that eludes her for so long. He shows us that the best and the worst people come into our lives to teach us, but most importantly, we are all connected.

Through Fiona's committed persistence to acquiring clarity and resolution about the unresolved mysteries and traumas of her past, she's led (and willingly goes) to the most unexpected people, places, and eras of time that lead her to become the person she is now, and she draws on the people who support and guide her to help her become the person she wants to be.

With Fiona as his heroine and the delightful narrative of "Black Orchid Night, Manogue masterfully introduces us to transferable techniques that we can apply to our own lives, to our own quests for personal revelation, to our committed emotional and spiritual growth – and provides us with useful tools that can help us evolve unfettered as we navigate both the fearsome undertows and the soothing,

joyous waters of our lives.

Julie Lindy
Third Eye Editing
October 4, 2015

Julie Lindy, Editor
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Julie has ghostwritten and edited numerous nonfiction books and novels, including USA Today and Amazon best sellers. She landed her first professional writing gig at age 19 and has written professionally ever since. Her background is old-school journalism. Julie began her career at a newspaper owned by the New York Times. She spent several years in the newspaper business covering beats such as education, health, politics, prisons, agriculture, police and feature writing before moving into trade publications, and later, into freelance writing and editing. She continues to write and edit for global mass media and has won awards from the Associate Press, Gannett Co. Inc., the Newsletter Publishers Foundation, and state societies.

Julie's approach to editing is simple: the editor is the reader's advocate. Audiences begin books or magazines or articles because they *want* to read them. The writer's job is to keep them invested all the way through the final sentence. Why ask readers to start something they won't finish? Julie believes editor's job is to help writers lure readers to the final destination.

A few years after graduating from LSU, Julie completed a seminar in International Media Studies at the University of London. Later, she earned a master's degree in teaching secondary English education, and teaching 6th and 9th grades was among the most profound experiences of her life.

Julie loves travel and has lived for brief periods of time in England and Russia. She loves animals, community service, metaphysics, chilling out with good friends and family, exploring bookstores, and learning 'til her brain hurts, laughing 'til her tummy hurts, theater and movies. And she loves hearing from interesting people, so feel free to reach out to her!

Preface

As Shakespeare pointed out, we are such stuff as dreams are made on. We achieve so many things while dreaming, but we don't remember most of our accomplishments. For centuries, our dream reality has been a victim of antiquated beliefs and religious misconceptions. Hence, our dreams are shrouded in mystery. I've been studying the dream reality for the last seven years, and I've discovered some interesting facts about our dream experiences. The first fact is we don't understand the complete nature of our consciousness, so we say, "It's only a dream."

But dreams are not meant to be tucked away on the discount rack in our consciousness. We don't realize it, but we ignore part of ourselves in order to function physically in the ongoing expansion of the human species. We believe we are built that way. We fail to see we are in the process of becoming what we already are, and we certainly overlook the undeniable fact that dreams set the tone for that becoming.

Dreams exist in levels, just like this reality. Our wakeful levels of reality are measured in time sequences, but there is no time sequence in dreams, so it's difficult to make sense of them and put them in order. Dreams have their own sense of order. On one level, dreams mix wakeful experiences with other probabilities, and we experience a mish-mash of dream events. On another level our conscious beliefs and innate beliefs are homogenized, and we experience people, places and events in unusual ways. These dream levels help us with insights and artful expressions. On another level, we enter the spacious presence of consciousness where all experiences are formed.

These dream experiences are a variety pack filled with waking probabilities that we lay out for physical manifestation. Some are manifested; some are not. Once we enter the fourth level, we wander through the hallways of consciousness and tap into the pulse of the soul. In this hallway, more levels of our dream reality are experienced. We live life as the soul lives it. We are the soul and all its counterparts. This consciousness journey takes us to the reality of the soul. In dreams, the ego is dormant. We free ourselves from our waking focus, so we have the ability to function without a body as we wander through these vast neverending dream realities. Our body remains in one place, but we still sense the sensations created by our body.

We remember some of these levels as we travel through them while dreaming. There are endless levels, and an endless amount of no time to experience them. Our dreams never end. We just move in and out of them, just like we move in and out of this reality. The interesting thing about dreaming is we sense that we don't just live one lifetime. We begin to realize how it feels to live in multiple lifetimes.

Lucid dreamers have the ability to remember portions of dreams, and some of these dreamers also have the talent to dream at will. These people are not different

than any other person in terms of psychic gifts or supernatural powers. What these people have is an open channel to other realities. They allow their consciousness to move multidimensionally using practice, a knowing attitude, and an open-ended belief structure. We all could remember where we go in dreams if we used those inner gifts. We rarely use them by objective design, but we always use them subjectively.

Black Orchid Night is the story of one of these lucid dreamers. She accepts what she experiences in dreams as another form of reality. Her waking world becomes a schoolroom filled with a new set of choices and probabilities. The lucid dreamer in this story discovers the connection we have with each other no matter what segment of the social ladder they represent. We all have been nasty characters, lonely and depressed individuals that make some really bad choices. The dreamer in this story is surrounded by the anguish of family dynamics and associations that can be considered sleazy and harmfully narcissistic. She begins to understand that she is more than one body and brain in one particular time. She finds another portion of herself living as someone with different skin color, and in a different time period. She realizes that skin color and ethnic backgrounds are choices that produce lesson for soul expansion. She interacts with this particular counterpart, and that connection influences present moment choices for both individuals.

It's not necessary to believe you are more than one individual in order to be another individual. We are wired that way by our multidimensional soul. We will still function and expand from the action of the soul regardless of our ignorance. Our mission as individuals is to experience our desires and expand from them. We are part of the creative activity I call the soul. The soul doesn't reincarnate. Reincarnation implies time. The soul creates without time. What we experience and what the character in this story experiences is one incarnation of the many incarnations that the soul expresses for creative expansion.

HTM

October 2015

The Musing

Yoga says instinct is a trace of an old experience that has been repeated many times and the impressions have sunk down to the bottom of the mental lake. Although they go down, they aren't completely erased. Don't think you ever forget anything. All experiences are stored in the *chittam*; and, when the proper atmosphere is created, they come to the surface again. When we do something several times it forms a habit. Continue with that habit for a long time, and it becomes your character. Continue with that character and eventually, perhaps in another life, it comes up as instinct.

Swami Satchidananda

Prologue

If you're really a mean person, you're going to come back as a fly and eat poop.

Kurt Cobain

Fiona remembered what her mother told her as she chased the pesky fly off her nose. She looked out her double-wide window in her orchid nursery. Her deceased mother, Olivia, came to her in a dream shortly after her death, and Fiona never forgot what Olivia told her. She heard the words again as the large fly played hopscotch on the bridge of her nose.

"Your life is divided into two worlds. You will encounter people and places that exist in a different time, and you will know them. Know that all you experience in those worlds is real. Everyone you meet and everything you do in dreams happens somewhere at some time."

Fiona smiled. She started to read a few words from her favorite book. But she was also looking through the north side window of her three-acre Williamson County property at three young does grazing on the lawn. She was still reading, but as she read and gazed at the does, her focus quickly changed. She was distracted by the fly once again for obvious reasons. She reached for a sanitary wipe and put it up to her nose as she reminded herself that she couldn't stand the thought of fly poop invading her internal organs through her nostrils. With hands flying about like two paddles in a game of ping-pong, she tried to focus on the words she'd just read instead of her tiny nemesis. But as she gently touched her nose with the wet wipe, her ability to dream lucidly took her to another place. Instead of seeing the does running into the lush, green Harpeth River Valley woods, she remembered a recent dream. She was leaving Chicago in the 1940s. In the dream, she was riding on a bus to Nashville. She remembered the man in front of her on the bus, but she automatically snapped out of that dream. There wasn't time for that one now. The fly was back. Fiona put her hand through her hair, and then with the force of a tennis champion, she tried to swat the pest with the back of her hand. The insect reminded her that she could continue to fight, or she could run without moving, thanks to her ability to dream lucidly. She pushed herself up from the desk and went to her mini-fridge filled with bottled water. The fly followed her. She grabbed a bottle of spring water. The first cold swig gave her body an inner jolt. She went back to her desk and sat down. The fly was sitting on the desk. She put the bottle

down, picked up her book, and tried to smash the winged annoyance, but the green-back fly was too fast. Fiona felt the frustration of missing the fly and the experience of the bus ride. Those thoughts made her a little queasy. Her nursery was her safe haven, and it was under attack. It wasn't the fly that was inflicting most of the damage: It was her endless daytime dreams. Fiona knew she was caught in two realities, and she tried her best to come to terms with both of them. Years of therapy helped, but her failed relationships and a strong resentment of religion made her a prisoner in her aging body. She thought about the recurring bus dream again. She thought about the people close to her that were in that dream

with her. She had many recurring dreams through the years, but this one, the bus ride, changed her perceptions of life. She started to think that she was living more than one life. Her waking life and her dream life were so different. She thought about Dr. Krabb, her therapist. He called her dream adventures soul counterparts “excursions,” and she liked that description. The bus ride to Nashville would come back time and time again, but for some reason, that dream was gone now. She saw three young kids playing football. She was a child of the 1960s once again, and she was in England. Her daydreaming mind turned to her childhood and her parents. Fiona Adi Mistry was born in the small village of Raby Mere on the Wirral Peninsula just outside of the English city of Liverpool. Her dad, Roger, was a personnel director for a large oil company, and her mother, Olivia, was a French teacher at Liverpool Institute. Roger and Olivia were from two different backgrounds. Roger was part of a well-respected family from central India. His parents were doctors, and Olivia’s parents were professors. Olivia’s father, Stanley Evans, was an expert in Sanskrit literature, and her mother, Phoebe Altman Evans, was an ancient history and religion professor. Olivia met Roger and his family on one of their research trips to India, when Olivia and Roger were teenagers. Roger’s given name in India was Chetan, but he quickly changed it to Roger when he began his studies at Oxford. His mother and father were Oxford educated, so it was the only school Roger cared about, plus he knew he could see Olivia more. He knew they would marry. While at Oxford, the pair got together every weekend and on holidays. Roger never went back to India to live. Oxford was only 172 miles from Olivia’s home in Liverpool, so she would go to Oxford one weekend, and he would visit Liverpool the next. Roger spent holidays with the Evans, so he became the son they never had.

Fiona studied at the institute where her mother taught for a few years, but then fate took over. She didn’t know what fate was back then, but she knew now. She was an attractive little tomboy. Her dark curly hair was shoulder length, and her almond shaped blue-green eyes sparkled in the sunlight. She was average height, but she was extremely muscular. Her dad said she got that physique from his side of the

family. She could almost throw and kick a ball as far as her older brother, Geoff could. She told him that she would, when the time came, play football for Red, the Liverpool Women’s Club. That dream never materialized. Fee, as the family called her, was back on the school’s football field, but she was still at her desk thanks to her ability to dream lucidly at will. In this dream, she was watching her older sister chase the ball and then attempt to kick it. She heard Geoff shout, “Up the Pool.” Geoff was a big Liverpool City Club fan. Sarah’s young body was not as coordinated as Fee’s, so she consistently missed the ball. Eleven-year-old Geoff laughed and called her a lump each time Sarah missed the ball. Sarah was the plain, non-athletic child with a very nervous attitude and peculiar tendencies. Geoff was a tall, skinny boy with sunken piercing eyes and a will to disrupt whatever the girls wanted to do. His troubling idiosyncrasies seem to exacerbate as he aged. Geoff’s short black hair stood up at attention around his forehead, thanks to a healthy dose of petroleum jelly, as he ran after Sarah. His deep-set black eyes gave the impression that he was always thinking about something devious, even when

he was playing. Fiona always thought he didn't like to play with them, and his actions usually confirmed her suspicions. He came off as angry and troubled, and he was. When the nervous twitch in his right eye started to flicker like the wings of a hummingbird, a wave of grief was coming for anyone in his line of fire. As Fee watched the daydream unfold, she saw Geoff come over to her as she positioned herself behind the ball. He grabbed her around the waist. She turned and looked at him with her piercing eyes. Fiona usually didn't miss when she focused on kicking the ball. She was a natural, and in this particular dream, she was about to show off her football talents, but for some reason, Geoff wanted to alter the outcome. As she turned, his right foot locked on Fiona's kicking leg, and she fell to the ground. She heard his angry, snarly voice in her ear.

"You've got to plan for all sorts of attacks, little girl. Everyone is an attacker in one way or another."

Fiona's focus quickly changed. She was back behind the oak desk. Thankfully, the fly was gone, but beads of sweat formed on her forehead. She didn't like to think about Geoff or Sarah, but she knew her lucid dreaming adventures could take her anywhere. Her relationship with her siblings was not the best then, and now at 50, her relationship with her older siblings was nonexistent. She knew early on that Sarah never liked her. But Sarah acted like she needed her, especially when they played. Fiona wasn't sure why her mind took her back to that particular moment in the past. She thought about that as she looked at a plump gray squirrel having lunch on one of her ten bird feeders positioned outside of her orchid nursery. She liked to watch these natural acrobats. They seemed to enjoy the challenge of finding food, eating it, or stockpiling it for another day. Not only were the squirrels

acrobats, they were food bankers as well. She thought that was why her mind went back to that childhood scene. Brother Geoff was like a squirrel. He loved to take things from others. For years, Geoff would prey on younger kids, and then hurt them in some way.

She remembered how Geoff developed the habit of saving the spoils of his conquests in some demented way. He kept a journal, and if he took something personal from one of his young victims, he put those items in the old family footlocker that sat in his room. He always kept the chest locked with a heavy metal combination lock. Sarah and Fiona would ask him about the contents from time to time, but he would always tell them to "bugger off." He felt his vulgar vocabulary was one of his greatest assets, and he used it without regret on everyone. Including his parents. Roger and Olivia worried about Geoff's language issues, but they dismissed those thoughts rather quickly for some unknown reason. Fiona switched her thoughts to her church days and how she felt uneasy about God. The family, except for Geoff, went to church every week. She was taught that God was the doer and maker of her life. The thought of God being a man made her sick to her stomach, but she didn't know why.

Fiona's mind wandered again. Her move to the United States was front and center. The family moved to Nashville the year Roger was hired as the U.S. human resources director for a Danish pharmaceutical company. Olivia decided to stay home so the three kids could adjust to this small American city. When the family

moved to Nashville, Geoff was almost thirteen. The move brought out the worst in him. Sarah and Fiona seemed excited about the move for different reasons, but Geoff rebelled. The family knew before the move that Geoff could have serious psychological issues. He trapped twelve-year-old Jiggy Didi in an old hay barn before they left England. Geoff kept Sarah's friend Jiggy in the barn for two hours. He didn't try to rape her, but he did cop a feel, and he scared her with threatening comments. Geoff let her go after she promised not to tell. Jiggy suffered in silence until she realized Geoff would do it again if he had the chance. Jiggy told Sarah before she told her own parents. Jiggy thought Sarah could help stop Geoff's threats, but Sarah knew Geoff would only make her life miserable if she did. Jiggy didn't want to tell her parents. She thought they might flog her for being with a boy in a barn. She was young, but old enough to know that it was the woman's fault in her native Maldives Islands when any sort of sexual acts occurred, and she believed it was probably the same in England. Jiggy decided to confront Geoff in front of Fiona and Sarah, but Geoff threatened all of them. Sarah encouraged Jiggy to tell her mum and dad. Sarah wasn't sure what Jiggy's parents would do, but it was her only solution. Sarah didn't want to tell her parents about Geoff. She was torn between her friendship with Jiggy and her fear and love for Geoff. Jiggy

thought about Sarah's advice and decided she had no choice. It was a flogging or another attack by Geoff. So Jiggy went to her parents and told them everything. Fiona felt a twinge of sadness when she remembered that she and Sarah never told their parents what Geoff did to Jiggy. Maybe if they did, Geoff would have turned out differently.

BON FCP Chapter One

Chapter 1

I melted into the dream as if I had always been there. I knew where I had come from; I knew where I was going.

Chelsie Shakespeare

Her thick, long black hair was soaking wet under her cream-colored, wide brim gardening hat, and the perspiration was slowly making its way to one of her crystal blue-green eyes. Her black Foster Grant sunglasses were beginning to fog from the moderate humidity and 70-degree temperature in her self-constructed backyard planthouse. Her white cotton V-neck t-shirt was beginning to show the outline of her braless 32C breasts, but all those minor distractions didn't matter. She was shivering with delight as she held one of her new potted purple *Ophrys Apifera*. She had several in her collection, but this group was the first group from the mountains of Sardinia. She was partial to this particular species because she remembered it growing wild when she was a child in Wales. Her mind began to race up and down her memory banks as she carried the first orchid in the group to its new home. Incredibly, the orchid reminded her of her first sexual fantasy. She was mentally experiencing a sex tape with her first love, Jude Pringle, in her inner theater. She never had sex with Jude, but she fantasized about it. She was scared to have sex with him. He was a big boy for his age, and she thought he had too big a penis for her small body. Even after all these years, her body felt a twitch as her mind played with her. Within seconds, her sexual imagination was in the full throttle position, but she quickly brought herself back to the task at hand. She carefully put the first orchid in the new group in its designated plant box. Fiona was especially fond of this species because orchid aficionados like to call the *Ophrys* "the bee orchid." She called them savvy beauties since they had the ability to use trickery and deceit to attract male bees for procreation purposes. She also knew that this ingenious species gave up the need for male bees and turned to pseudocopulation to continue their long lineage. That was a fascinating concept. "Funny," she whispered.

"Humans use several sexual tactics to keep the species alive, but few people understand the diversity and the beauty in procreation like plants do. Most people don't know that side of plants."

Fiona looked around the plant house as if someone heard her. But she was alone. She was always alone these days. She thought about the human drama she encountered through her life. Her relationship with her family as well as her interactions with the opposite sex left her feeling like a vacant house that was slowly deteriorating from neglect and abuse. Her parent's religion didn't help her justify the dreams and the visions she was having, and it certainly didn't help get a grip on her sexual disappointments.

Her mind switched back to the orchids. Her orchid business was her religion. It was her 21st century resurrection, she thought. She was on a mission of personal

discovery. She methodically uncovered the sexual secrets of orchids, but her own sexuality was wrapped in the irony of her dreams. The thought of intercourse with a man was buried under the rubble of several failed relationships. She was a researcher and dreamer now. The only thing more important in life than orchids was her ability to dream. Her childhood dreams were typical dreams, but all that changed when the first tragedy took a slice of her life and devoured it. She thought she would have nightmares after her mother's suicide, but instead, she found the full flavor of the dream world. Her mother's suicide changed her in so many ways. Fiona's mother was her best friend all through her childhood. She was the only one who that understood her passion for being alone and her love of orchids. Fiona didn't know where her passions came from, and at times, she wished she could talk to her mother about them again. Her wish became a reality shortly after her mother's funeral. Olivia dropped herself in the white antique iron tub in the family's 1940s bungalow after taking a handful of sleeping pills and drowned herself. Sitting on the floor next to the white iron tub was a purple orchid and a note. Fiona didn't read the note, but she later learned through Geoff that the note simply said:

"Death by my own hand is a birth in another life. Look for me whenever you see an orchid bloom. Those new blooms are coming from a part of me, here, in this new life."

Fiona remembered her mother the night before she died. She sat quietly in the den reading a magazine. Fiona noticed the article she was reading. It was about World

War II and how black soldiers helped win the war by flying missions over France. She remembered asking her a question.

"Mum, where were you during that war?"

Her mother looked up at her and smiled. Then her expression changed.

"Part of me was already dead when that war started, Fee. My sister committed suicide before the war, and part of me died with her."

Her mother looked back down and continued reading.

She remembered how shocked she was to hear her mother talk about a sister that night. Fiona never knew her mother had a sister. But Fiona knew why now. She found out after the bus stopped in Nashville, the bus ride in her recurring dream. She started to go deeper into her bus ride dream, but her phone rang, and she was back in the year 2012.

"Hi Fiona, Matt here. I need some orchids for the rectory. Can I come by in the morning and pick them up?"

"Hey Matt. I mean Father Matt. Sure, come after 9. That's when I'm on my second cup of coffee."

"Right. I don't want to come before that. I've known you too long. You can be a little grumpy in the morning, if I remember correctly."

"You know me too well, Matt. See you tomorrow."

Matt Ligon was her first high school boyfriend. He never tried to act out the role of a horny teen, and she never knew why until graduation. That's when he announced he was entering the seminary.

She never understood why Matt picked God over her until she started dreaming

about "the bar". Now she knew seeing God was the not the final peg in the hole of death. But she had a little exposure to a new way of thinking when she saw an auburn-haired, blue-eyed, youthful version of her mother sitting on a wooded white bench one Sunday in August. Fee remembered falling asleep after her family birthday gathering. Her deceased mother was dressed in a white and purple linen robe. She was wearing her favorite silver-beaded house shoes. Olivia was surrounded by every color in the rainbow represented by phalaenopsis orchids that surrounded her. Not only did Fiona see the orchid's translucent colors, she smelled the difference in each color. Then, for the first time, she heard the orchids speak in

what sounded like a British-accented voice filled with helium. Olivia smiled and immediately handed Fiona a delicate purple orchid.

"This is for you, my child. You are one of us and always will be. Your life is divided into two worlds. You will encounter people and places that exist in a different time, and you will know them. Know that all you experience in those worlds is real. Everyone you meet and everything you do in dreams happens somewhere at some time."

Her mother sat with her on that white bench surrounded by orchids night after night and would tell her, before she said anything else, that she was free. She heard Mother's voice as she opened her eyes in the morning:

"Fee, honey, you're an orchid dressed like a human now."

One night, her mother was standing next to the bench. A cluster of different colored *Holcoglossum amesianum* orchids were arranged in a row on the seat of the bench. Her mother's words came out slowly.

"Instincts and emotions move you through your life, child. Attract what you need from that world and discard the frivolous senseless words, and people who hold you to a distorted form of righteousness. Resurrect your life using your imagination."

Suddenly Fiona flashed back to when she was twenty-one. Roger and new stepmother, Violet Simmons, felt it was time for Fiona to face life. Fiona told them about her dreams and her encounter with her mother and the orchids. They questioned her sanity.

The pair believed the same demons that took Olivia away were working on Fiona. They felt it was their duty to stop the madness before she harmed herself. She saw herself at breakfast one morning in June. Roger had decided to call his University of Liverpool roommate, Arthur Schuler, and ask for his help. Schuler was a wellrespected but somewhat bohemian British psychiatrist who left England to set up a practice in New York. Roger and Schuler tried to reach Fiona with the tools of a democratic society, but she wanted no part of it. She liked Schuler and believed he knew what she was going through, but her father had different thoughts about her actions. The two men couldn't agree on anything when it came time to prescribe a solution. So Dr. Schuler dismissed himself from the case.

"Roger, your daughter has an unusual ability that we don't fully understand. I need time with her. I want her to come to New York and stay with me."

The message from Schuler was still on her mind, and so was Roger's face when

she told him she was moving out. Roger asked why, then told her before she could answer that she was putting faith in the wrong person.

“Do you mean Schuler, Dad?”

“Yes, I do. He’s twenty-three years older and a bit of a loon. I’m sorry I ever him involved him in this madness.”

Fiona looked out the window and saw three young deer grazing in the woods behind the house. She felt the nerves in her hand twitch as she watched herself twirled around in the brown padded breakfast chair. She turned the chair toward her father. She looked at him and saw the pain in his eyes.

“I’m not going to have sex with him, Dad. I’m going for help.”

As she relived the scene, she realized how alone he was back then

“I must go, Daddy. You know why.”

Roger stared at her. He hesitated for a couple of seconds, and then nodded his head. He stood and looked at Violet as he quickly walked out of the room. Violet frowned at Fiona. She jumped to her feet and called for Roger to wait.

Fiona turned toward the window again. The deer were gone, but the iris and the honeysuckle in the garden seemed to be looking at her.

She smiled.

“The Earth does laugh in flowers”, she thought to herself.