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THE LIVING AKASH
Remembering You Are the Record Keeper
CHAPTER ONE
The Library in the Sky

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The Library in the Sky

When I was a child, I used to go to a library in the sky.

I didn't call it the Akashic Records. I didn't know what the Akashic Records were. I didn't know that other people wrote books about them, taught ways of accessing them or devoted their lives to working within them.

To me, it was simply the library in the sky.

There were great shelves and scrolls, and tall men with beards and robes. Sometimes we would sit together in a circle. Sometimes I would take down a scroll, and sometimes one would be brought to me. We would open them and look.

What I saw wasn't always written language.

There was geometry. There were equations. There was information about the land where I lived, about people around me, my family and my community. There were things I couldn't possibly have understood intellectually as a child and yet, in that place, somehow I did.

I grew up in New Zealand, surrounded by the extraordinary natural beauty of that land. Some of what I encountered in the library seemed connected to the land itself - its geology, its energy, its history. Other things were deeply personal.

And that made childhood rather confusing.

I didn't always know what had happened in ordinary life and what had happened in the library.

I learned to watch other people.

If I remembered something about somebody but they weren't behaving as though the conversation had happened, perhaps it hadn't happened here. If I knew something that nobody else seemed to know, I learned not to immediately assume that everybody had the same information.

Gradually, I learned how to move between two very different experiences of reality.

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And I learned to keep quiet.

Not because my family was completely closed to the unseen. In some ways, quite the opposite.

I grew up within a rambling Irish Catholic family, with Welsh ancestry through my father. We went to church. There were clear ideas about what we were supposed to believe.

And yet there was also an understanding of the spirit world.

If we saw somebody who had died, my mother didn't necessarily tell us that we were imagining things. She might ask us to describe who we had seen. Sometimes she recognised them.

"Oh, that's Grandma."

And that was that.

The dead could be present and Sunday Mass could still happen.

Children are remarkably capable of holding contradictions that adults spend years trying to resolve.

But the library was harder to explain.

Often I would wake exhausted, with an enormous amount of information tumbling around inside me. I would try desperately to hold onto it.

I remember that feeling of almost being awake.

I'm going to remember this.

Closer.

I've got it this time.

And then my eyes would open.

Gone.

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Or not entirely gone - perhaps that was the problem. Fragments remained. Images. Information. Feelings. Something I knew was important but couldn't yet put into coherent language.

So eventually I stopped trying to explain it.

I grew up.

I remained interested in the alternative world, although for a long time there was guilt tangled through that interest. I explored things that felt safe enough. Energy work. Chakras, as I called them then. Crystals. Tarot. Healing.

But the library didn't go away.

I could ignore it.

I couldn't stop belonging to it.

Many years later, I was attending a Sandplay Therapy training in the Blue Mountains outside Sydney.

One morning I got up early to make a cup of tea.

I was exhausted.

I had been in the library all night.

A lovely woman on the training noticed me and assumed that perhaps the course had brought something up emotionally. She gently offered to sit with me and suggested we could do some Sandplay together.

I was too tired to maintain the filter I had spent years perfecting.

I told her there wasn't anything in particular I needed to process, and in fact, I wished there was.

I was simply exhausted because I'd been in the library in the sky all night, and I had information for everybody, but it was completely jumbled.

And then I went to make my tea.

She didn't laugh.

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She didn't look frightened.

She didn't tell me I was ridiculous.

Instead, she made herself a cup of tea too and asked if I would sit with her and tell her about the library.

So I did.

I talked.

And talked.

Eventually she looked at me and said something that changed my life.

I didn't know where I was going, did I?

No, not at all.

I had been going there for as long as I could remember.

But I had no idea what it was.

She told me that what I was describing had a name.

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It was documented. People wrote about it. People wanted to understand it. There were books I could read.

For the first time, something that had been completely normal to my Soul and completely bewildering to my human self had a name.

There was relief in that.

There was also resistance.

Because once something has a name, you have to decide what you're going to do with it.

And I wasn't at all certain I wanted to become the sort of person who talked publicly about invisible libraries, Souls and spiritual realms.

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In fact, when this wonderful woman suggested that this might be my gift - that perhaps I could teach people about it one day - part of me wanted to run in precisely the opposite direction.

I had seen enough spiritual ego to know what I didn't want to become.

I didn't want followers.

I didn't want to be a guru.

I didn't want people handing their own knowing over to me because I could see something they couldn't.

So I did something far more sensible.

I went to art school.

I made art.

I had fun.

And still the Akash waited.

It would be tempting to tell this story now as though the child going into the library already understood everything.

She didn't.

And neither did the woman who eventually learned its name.

For many years, the library was how I understood the Akash because the library was how I experienced it.

That distinction matters.

The shelves weren't a mistake.

The scrolls weren't a mistake.

The beings weren't a mistake.

The library was real within my experience of the Akash.

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What changed was my understanding of what it represented.

Over more than twenty-five years of professionally reading, healing, teaching and exploring within the Records, the architecture kept opening.

The library became a doorway.

Beyond the doorway were fields of consciousness I hadn't originally understood were connected.

Soul.

Earth.

Galactic.

Universal.

Cosmic.

Records within Records.

Fields within fields.

Living systems of information, consciousness, experience and creation.

Eventually I had to reconsider the very language I had been using.

We talk about going to the Akash.

But what if we are already within it?

We talk about opening our Records.

But what if record keeping is occurring continuously through life itself?

We ask someone to read our Records.

But what happens when we begin learning to recognise, heal and tend them ourselves?

And perhaps the largest question of all:

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What if the Akash isn't merely recording your life?

What if you are participating in the Living Akash with every life you live?

That is the journey I want to take with you in this book.

We will enter the Records.

We will learn ways of perceiving them.

We will work with the body, Nature, the Elements, Totem, Heart Shachara and the different fields of the Akash.

You will make your own Akashic Earth Bag.

And eventually, when the foundations are in place, I will show you how to enter consciously and begin experiencing the Akash for yourself.

But I don't want to begin by asking you to believe me.

I want to begin where I began.

With curiosity.

Because the greatest discovery I made wasn't that the library in the sky existed.

It was that the library was only the beginning.

And many years later, I would find the words for what I had really been experiencing all along:

YOU ARE the Akash.

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Personal Reflections

A private space for your discoveries and experiences as you explore the Living Akash.

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