

## CHAPTER 4: A FAMILY IS BORN

Jim hired a young student of Yogi Bhanan, a musician named Patrick, to help with carpentry at The Source before its opening. Patrick was recovering from five years on the road playing bass for the progressive rock band Fields. Worn down from his hard living, the atmosphere and philosophy of The Source especially appealed to him.

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**Patrick/Sunflower:** When I was on the road, there wasn't a day without drugs in my life and hardly a day when they weren't connected to free love, if you know what I mean. Living in the acid rock community, LSD became a way of life. I figure that I took it 500 times. I wanted to find out if there was a limit to the high, so I took it every day for 30 days straight. Well, I found there was a limit, and it was the point when the miniature flying saucers were landing in my inner ear and speaking to me in buzzing sounds. I think they said, "That's enough."

Along with the LSD there was a daily cornucopia of other powders and pills. Usually everyone would bring their stash and mix it into the punch. There could be two inches of gelatin capsules floating on the top. Pot was smoked just to take off the edge and as a social ceremony. We would travel on the road with the drum cases full, and so did everyone else. Then there was the endless supply of cocaine that kept you going in between gigs and on stage. The roadies handled everything.

When I got off the road, I was burned out. One day, while living in a band house in Laurel Canyon, there appeared a brother who came and camped out in the driveway. He was making leather clothes for the band and studying books about the Great Yogi Milarapa. I was especially intrigued with the stories of Milarapa: that he could melt snow three feet around him, use his powers to create dust storms when under attack by the enemy. I started to learn breathing techniques to pull in the *prana* from this camper who later joined the Family as Boaz. I was certain that it could heal me from the effects of the world that I had known. He told me of a great yogi who had come to Los Angeles and encouraged me to come to his class—Yogi Bhanan. I went and sat directly behind Father (Jim Baker) in class the first night and thereafter. It wasn't hard for me to quit the drug use. When you sit at the feet of the masters and spend time in meditation, the *prana* just takes over and makes everything right again.

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The restaurant was busy but loosely run by Patrick; still healing from his hard-living ways he would often need to rest out in his van. Meanwhile, no matter how packed it was, the restaurant was losing money, and food seemed to be vanishing out the back door with the hippie help. This problem later became one of the motivations for the group to work and live together.

The group that was gathering around The Source began to take form: the seed that became the Family.

Another musician, Tim, soon entered the fold. He would become Hom. He was an unpredictable singer-songwriter who would blow in and out of our lives like the wind. Many felt the need to do their own thing, and yet the Family pulled them back in. Hom would be in the middle of his shift at work and just walk out without saying a word. Three months later he would appear at the door, guitar in hand. Father would always take him back. Hom became part of Family's primary music energy.

Next came an 18-year-old Mississippi boy, Bob, who was working for a sound and light company that supported major rock tours and local LA concerts. He would soon become the manager of The Source, responsible for turning it into the big moneymaker and lifeblood of the Family that it would become.

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**Bob/Damian:** We were hired in October of 1969 to do the sound for a play that Yogi Bhanan was doing called *Divine Union*. I was instructed to go the National Armory on Highland Avenue to set up the PA system for the rehearsals, and that's where I first met Robin and Patrick Burke. I'll always remember my first impression of Robin. She was on stage rehearsing, and she mesmerized me. Incredibly beautiful, a great singer, when I watched her perform I thought, "She's going to be the next Janis Joplin or Grace Slick." She had that much talent, that much charisma. I

remember Patrick, whom I'd never met, came up to me that day and said, "I bet you're a Taurus." I was blown away—I am a Taurus.

Jim Baker came from The Source restaurant with lunch for everybody during the rehearsal. I had become a vegetarian at the Theosophical Society in Ojai. When Jim showed up dressed in white, everybody was oohing and ahing, saying, "Oh, there's Jim Baker from The Source." He was very charismatic. I began eating at The Source restaurant after that.

What probably drew me to The Source restaurant more than anything was a young angel by the name of Tricia Higgins, who was absolutely beautiful and a waitress there. I would go in and flirt with her and get my high protein cereal at about 11 o'clock in the morning when they had just opened up. It was a great way to start the day.

After I came back from a tour with the Grateful Dead and Joe Cocker in May of 1970, my employers told me that they only had weekend jobs for the next few months. So I went into The Source and applied for a job. Patrick was the manager and said I could start that night as a waiter. At that time, Jim Baker and Robin were in Hawaii on honeymoon. After they returned, Robin put a blackboard in front of The Source restaurant, right on Sunset Boulevard, and wrote on the blackboard, "This Sunday, Jim Baker will give a class in meditation at 11 a.m. Don't be late!"

I'll always remember that first Sunday morning class. I was totally straight. I didn't take any LSD or smoke any Pacalolo. When Jim Baker came down and sat on his little bench with that sheepskin rug over it, when he began talking, it was suddenly like this cloud of white had surrounded him and his face had turned into the face of God. And it was like he was speaking directly to me. It was a real mystical experience. I'll never forget it. It was an instantaneous spiritual breakthrough for me. I felt extremely connected to him from that moment on, and I still am today.

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The Sunday classes began. This was a time when many people were finding spirituality through gurus, masters, or teachers, and because of his personality and the love and wisdom that flowed so freely from him, people began to see Jim in this sort of role right away. Jim told the class that the reason all the young people were growing their hair long was that they were the saints, sages, and prophets reincarnated here in this lifetime to do the "Great Work." This revelation gave life a greater meaning and purpose for many of the young, confused ones who were there. In the style of the Essenes and the Sikhs, everyone started wearing turbans and white clothes, and The Source grew into a half-hippie and half-yogi energy.

Jim was also attending the Yogi's classes, but something was shifting inside of him. There was a deepening intensity about him, and he was physically changing. Jim decided that Patrick, who had left for a while to open an ashram for the yogi in Arizona, needed to come back and be a part of what was happening. He sent Robin to go get him.

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**Patrick/Sunflower:** Yogi Bhajan asked me one day, "What do you want to do? Hang out at the Whisky-A-Go-Go or do something with your life?" He then sent me out to start his first satellite ashram in Tucson. He told me to just get into my van and when I arrived in Tucson, everything would be shown to me. I conferred with Jim Baker as to my departure. He thought it would be good for me, so I left for Tucson with his blessings. Upon arrival, I stopped the van at a park, got out my sitar and prayer rug, sat in full lotus, closed my eyes and started to play. About a half hour later I opened my eyes and two people were sitting in full lotus in front of me. They had come to learn yoga, and so I said, "Come back this afternoon at four o'clock and we will start." They came back with two more friends and within two weeks we had 80 people twice a day in the same park learning Kundalini yoga.

Soon after, we opened up an ashram, and many people were living there and practicing the teachings of Yogi Bhajan.

Meanwhile, The Source restaurant was gathering many young brothers and sisters who had come to work there. Jim was evolving and his hair was growing and he was becoming somewhat discontent with the practices of the Yogi. He also saw that I had become trapped in my spiritual ego what with having all of those followers. So he sent his girlfriend Robin (later to become his wife, Ahom) on a mission to get me. When she saw what was going on, she knew it wouldn't be

easy for me to leave. That night in the ashram, when everyone was going to bed, she undressed and climbed into my sleeping bag. Since I had been preaching the path of celibacy, the illusion was that I had succumbed to my lust and all hell broke out. Of course I knew that we hadn't done anything, but that was not to be believed.

Within three days I called Yogi Bhajan and told him I was returning to Los Angeles. He was incredibly upset and put a curse on me, saying that I would not teach again for 14 years. When I returned, Jim and Robin and I were out for dinner one night at a local Chinese restaurant. As we were seated, I was amazed to see the transformation in Jim since I'd been gone; it was so brilliant. I looked at him while he was eating with his head kind of down, and suddenly, his head transformed before my eyes, and I saw the face of Jesus, lit up so bright it was hard to keep looking at it. I felt like we were both engulfed by light. Jim just kept eating, and finally he looked up at me and laughed out loud and said, "We go together in this lifetime! What do you think we ought to do about it, open up a church?"

So we decided to close The Source on Sundays, and a few of us started the first official classes. Things just grew from there, and as Jim gathered more of the children and the Source grew into a Family. Father Yod was born.

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Jim's first classes were held in The Source's dining room on Sundays where he taught breathing, yoga, meditation, and the Star Exercise. The number of people at Sunday meditation class grew quickly. Many people who came to class stayed, hanging out at The Source throughout the week and ultimately, getting hired to work there. Tim (who would become Aladdin and later Hom) was also a musician and began working there. Not long after meditation class started, he began calling Jim "Father." Robin and Patrick were still calling him Jim, but Bob began calling Jim "Father" as well.

A young girl named Michelle began coming to the restaurant, ordering a basket of rolls with butter and sitting for hours, asking for refills, as she had no money and loved being there. Bob, then a waiter, was happy to accommodate this beautiful young woman all day long. She had beautiful pale skin, blue eyes, and her long, natural white-blonde hair was incredible. Michelle was also a talented singer who later sang with an otherwise all-black gospel group called the Life Choir in South Central Los Angeles. She would later become Aquariana.

Since Michelle was only 14, her mother, Lilya, gave her blessing for her daughter to be in the Family. One day at Morning Meditation, Lilya came in with Michelle, looked at Damian, and said, "You will end up being my son-in-law!" Years later, her prediction came true.

As the last year of the tumultuous '60s passed, more and more people flocked to The Source. Many just came for a meal, but quite a few arrived expecting more.

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**Whisper:** In 1970, I was a young hippie who began to question the purpose and meaning of life and set out on a spiritual quest of sorts. I was living on some land outside of Santa Cruz with a platform and a wood-burning stove, having given away most of my earthly possessions to pursue an austere life closer to nature. I was also going to a meditation class in town, thinking that this might be a way to find some answers. Santa Cruz was a magical place at that time, a vortex of New Age energy. One day, I experienced what I believe to be a divine revelation: I decided to go sit in the woods and try to meditate. Nothing happened. But as I was returning to my campsite, I had what I believe was a vision. As I knelt down at my campsite, my head bowed, my eyes rolled back into my head, and I saw an arm and hand extended from a beautiful, colorful robe, and I heard the words, "Come up." I felt as though I had a profound spiritual experience of some kind. It was as if I was either being invited or being allowed to ascend to a higher level and that my seeking and searching for a higher purpose had been recognized. All I know is that this was an actual physical experience for me, one that I will never forget.

Not long after that experience, I met a wealthy Los Angeles lawyer and his girlfriend who were also in Santa Cruz to soak up the spiritual vibes of the area. They invited me to return to Los Angeles and stay at his house. It turned out that many spiritual people, including visiting gurus, would stay at his estate on Sunset Boulevard while in L.A. I stayed there for a while and then eventually moved in with his girlfriend in Santa Monica to help her with her two children. One night she took me over to a friend's house, who told me about a spiritual group who ran a

vegetarian restaurant on the Sunset Strip. She said the leader of the group said he was reincarnated from Atlantis and that he had returned to gather his children. This struck a chord with me. That Sunday we drove past The Source, and I saw a man with long hair and a beard dressed in white surrounded by a small group of people also dressed in white. I called The Source and Damian told me about morning meditation classes. The next day, I hitchhiked through Laurel Canyon at 1 a.m. to go to meditation class! I believe Damian was teaching the class that day. After meditation, he took me into the restaurant to meet Father, who looked at me and said that I had finally come home. That was it; I had found what I was looking for. I moved in with Aquariana to a nearby apartment and started working at The Source and going to meditation classes every morning. Aquariana was sweet and funny—a good sister to me in those early days.

Jim Baker gave me several names throughout the years. I think my first name was Valtroubador, then Valley Hi, also Ophelia for a short time, and finally Whisper. Those early days with him were very special.

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Meditation class doubled in size, and then tripled as more and more people heard stories of an amazing teacher at The Source. One day, during meditation class, Jim began to intone the opening chant that he had been taught by Yogi Bhanjan—which makes one a channel for the yogic energy—only to hear his inner voice saying: “STAND AND TAKE THE POSITION OF THE FIVE POINTED STAR.” Jim instantly repeated this to his students, and then: “WITH HEAD BACK, BEGIN THE BREATH OF FIRE FOR 108 COUNTS.” This was the Star Exercise, a ritual he had learned in a book by Eugene Fersen called *The Science of Being*, but now he was synthesizing it with the Yogi’s teachings in a new way. This was a defining moment for Jim as he began to realize that he could open himself up as a channel for teachings to come down, rather than rely on books, yogis, and other teachers. We didn’t use the word “channel” in those days. We would always say things like, “The teachings are coming down.” And we always spoke those words with a bit of awe.

At the time, “channeling” wasn’t in vogue, and we were young and didn’t even know the term. Abilities like this lead most of us to see only the spiritual or God side of Father. Most of the Family did not know Father as Jim Baker, so later, when Jim Baker the man would reveal himself every once in a while, sometimes it confused us. Only later would some of us understand that Jim Baker never left Father; they were different polarities of the same being.

Inspired by his inner voice, Jim then began to channel more and more of his own teachings, but he would still attend the Yogi’s classes, as he said it was a “higher vibration.”

Jim often said: “If you want to know something, ask it, if you want to learn something, write it, if you want to master something, teach it.” And his classes continued to grow. He even had Yogi Bhanjan come to give a class one morning.

Damian discovered that Jim was coming down to the restaurant about 4:30 a.m. to meditate by himself in front of the Starman painting. Jim had commissioned that painting by Barry Finch and Josie, artists from a Dutch collective called “The Fool,” who worked extensively with the Beatles. Father always told us we were “star-seeded beings.” Damian started to slip in and sit behind Father in silent meditation. Patrick found out about it and started to come too. Then three girls, who were 14 and 15, wanted to attend. So these first early morning meditations included Father, Bob (Damian), Tim (Hom), Patrick (Sunflower), Michelle (Aquariana), Marcia (Blessing), and Nancy (Heaven). When Robin found out that the girls were coming, she started to come downstairs, too. From that point, those who came into the group automatically called Jim “Father” and came to all of the morning meditations.

Yogi Bhanjan decided he wanted Jim to take over the Los Angeles ashram for him and invited him to come to India with him to meet the Yogi’s teacher and get his blessing. On October 4, 1970, Father had been in the early stages of planning the India trip when the Ten Commandments for the Age of Aquarius “came down” through him. These were commandments that didn’t intend to replace the original commandments in the Bible but to amend them for the New Age. The spiritual focus of the group, and Father, was starting to manifest.

Father loved and respected the Yogi greatly, but he was beginning to move in a different direction. Robin encouraged Jim to form his own spiritual family. Slowly, what had started out as a small group of people who were working at The Source became more and more communal, developing a cohesive energy. By now, the workers in the little Source restaurant had morphed into “The Brotherhood of The Source,”

and some were calling it a Family.

At this point, the restaurant was doing very well, and Damian started to take over more responsibilities. He had a knack for organization and worked first as a waiter, then as the chef, and ultimately replaced Patrick as manager, which freed up Patrick to craft what would become a “chamber of increasing consciousness” in the form of our Redwood Temple, stationed behind The Source. It was completed in November of 1970, just before Father left for India. If anyone ever had any doubts, all they had to do was to go into this sacred space for a little while and the power of the Spirit would bring them back around. It was built exclusively of old growth, clearheart redwood and held together by dowels with no nails or screws. On the back wall was a stained glass five-pointed star. The door for the entrance was only three feet high, and you had to bend or crawl to enter, like the entrance to the King’s Chamber in the Great Pyramid.

Father found his place at the head of the chamber and put in an armless chair with a sheepskin to establish the spot from which he would teach. A small gong was to the side on a wooden stand. Father had one of the big, color, hardbound copies of *The Secret Teachings of All Ages* on a stand in the corner. Woolen Oriental rugs were put in with sheepskins and pillows spread around. Father held our first night time meditations here.

Next to the temple there was a picnic table (and for a while, a teepee) and a gravity bar swing so that everyone could regularly hang upside down and rejuvenate their brain cells. No one shaved, and no deodorant was necessary because our diet was so pure.

In December of 1970, when Jim was leaving for India with the Yogi, The Source was in bad financial shape. Although business was booming, the place was disorganized, and the debt was so high that Father said he didn’t expect the place to be open when he got back. He told Bob that the sheriff would probably come while he was gone and put a padlock on the door. Robin and Damian worked 24/7 in an effort to turn it around so that this wouldn’t happen. Damian reorganized the operations, and Robin worked her charm in talking all of the vendors into extending credit to the restaurant.

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**Bob/Damian:** The last thing Father did before he left for a while in December of 1970 was make me manager. The restaurant was \$10,000 in debt at the time, and he went through everything with me: how to handle the money, the ordering, employees, etc. Basically, he passed on to me his knowledge, and I followed everything he said to the best of my ability. When he came back three months later, the \$10,000 had been paid off, and we even had just a little money in the bank account.

He said, “How did you do it, son?” And I said, “I did it exactly the way you told me to, Father.” And he went out to Bob Smith Volkswagen and bought me a brand new \$2,500 Volkswagen van with the bed in the back and the wheel in the front, the first time I’d ever seen a cassette player. He drove it up and handed me the keys, and I said, “What’s this?” And he said, “This is for you for work well done.” This was the start of the fleet of vans for the Family.

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Not only did Bob and Robin pull The Source out of debt, they established a Family bond among all who were working there. Father made Damian vice president of The Source Corporation. The Source restaurant later went on to be recognized as one of the most successful in Los Angeles, making \$500,000 in one year in 1974, a great deal of money for that time.

Father had been in India for about three months. While there, he had some powerful epiphanies that changed his ideas about Yogi Bhanjan and the path he was following. One day, he witnessed a man approach the yogi for his help in a dire situation. The Yogi said he would return to help him the next day. But as the next day passed, the yogi never went to help the man. This caused Jim to reassess the way he saw Yogi Bhanjan. Then, as he was crossing the Ganges on a boat to Kathmandu to acquire some Sacred Shin (hashish), he was wearing his Sikh headdress, and an Indian man on the boat asked him if he were a Hindu or a Sikh. After a profound pause, he suddenly threw his headdress into the river and said: “Neither a Hindu nor a Sikh shall I be, for my soul is universal and free!”

Many of the people on the boat fell at his feet and saw him as a holy man and followed him until he left India.

The India trip gave Jim a fresh view. He clearly recognized that his lifetime quest was to find the perfect father figure. As he had evolved and his consciousness had grown, his desire had shifted from finding a flesh father figure to a spiritual father. Many had made the proclamation that the next great

spiritual leader would come from the West. This intuition was buttressed within the foundations of the United States by the Freemasons, and Father strongly believed as those founding Freemasons did, that this spiritual leader would be destined to come from the West. Father saw Yogi Bajan as the most powerful spiritual figure of his time, a leader who was from the East but who had come to the West, and he had hoped that Yogi Bajan would fulfill this epic role for him and for Western civilization. But it was becoming clearer to him that, as the Yogi had told him, this role was not his destiny in this lifetime. Jim began to distance himself from the Yogi as “the Father.”

Jim returned to Los Angeles a changed man. He began to teach meditation and spiritual knowledge in The Source parking lot on Sunday mornings, and his students quickly doubled and tripled in size. Jim had been using the Sikh chant, *Eckankar Sat Nam Siri Wha Guru*. Then he began chanting the Western affirmation from *The Science of Being*: “One God creates, constitutes, governs, sustains and contains all. His name is life, mind, truth, love, and spirit. I am his soul—his soul and I are one.”

Soon after that, in March 1971, his book *Liberation* came down, which included the ten Aquarian commandments and other pronouncements. Robin sat and typed it as it came down and Sunflower proofread it; it was finished within ten days. Jim couldn’t find a publisher, so he published it himself. He handed everyone in the Family a copy. Father later sold them at the restaurant for \$1.

*Liberation* was initially dedicated to Yogi Bajan: “To my beloved Father and the last of the great Masters. The dawning New Age will have every flesh father be an Earthly Spiritual Father, ending the necessity for a middle man between man and God!”

At this time, Jim began to see that he would have to fulfill the role of spiritual father for the dawn of the Aquarian Age and his new Family. Amazingly, many of the souls who would make up the Family came to him, as if on cue, with their own tales of visions or uncanny synchronicities that led them to their “earthly spiritual Father” and The Source.

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**Yahavah:** On a Monday morning, I was passed out on my balcony, where I had slept all night under a cold New York sky. I heard the phone ring but didn’t have the power to go answer it. Fifteen minutes later, my girlfriend showed up with a suitcase. She packed me a small carry-on and took me to the airport. I said: “But I am married, and my husband will be sad.” She said, “You are lost and you need a change.”

She had two tickets that her father, the ambassador from Romania, had bought her so that she could fly to L.A. to be with her boyfriend. She needed a companion and decided I was it. She was only 17 and I was 27, but we got along well. Her boyfriend was my husband’s best friend, but I was not doing well at all with my husband at this time. We were lost in sex, alcohol and drugs, and I was going to the dogs and she knew it.

My soul then let her take over my physical reality, and that same night we slept in this awesome mansion in Laurel Canyon. I walked to The Source that morning for my first L.A. breakfast. It was the most delicious breakfast I had ever had. For the first time in my life I did not have stomach pain after a meal. I was suffering from an ulcer and also had asthma. It was bad.

I came back to The Source religiously every morning for a time and always had the same thing because that was all I could afford to eat. I had the carrot, beet, and sprout salad with a bun.

A strange thing happened at the mansion I was living in. I was tripping one evening on a picture of a dog that was hanging in front of my bed, and then Jim Baker’s face came through it—it was so clear. He was sending me waves of comfort and peace because I was tripping all alone and was totally freaked out. I was comforted and went to sleep but never could forget His face.

Six months later I met this girl who was living two doors down from Frank Sinatra’s house in Beverly Hills. We got up every morning at 4 a.m. and we chanted together in front of an altar. She would go back to sleep after, but I was too awake and could not sleep any more. She let me drive her new Jaguar, so I would go up by Frank Sinatra’s house and watch the sunrise. It was such an amazing view.

On one blessed morning, I drove by The Source at 5 a.m. and heard a choir of angels singing “YOD HE VAH HE” to the tune of the Israeli Anthem. I had just come from Israel about three months earlier and was immediately reminded of my ancient Jewish heritage. My grandfather was a well-known rabbi in Casablanca, Morocco. I studied Hebrew since the age of two and finished my elementary school in the Hebrew language and French. I moved to Israel when I was 15 and

lived there for 10 years. It's where I met Daniel, my first husband.

I stopped my car, trying to figure out what I just heard, then I saw a group of angels standing in golden sun rays singing with all their might. Their bodies appeared completely translucent in the night, as if they were all in golden white clothes and had golden white long hair: men, women and children. I could not make this apparition real. I thought I was really tripping. I must have stayed liked that for a couple minutes until some guy came to my car window and started banging. I finally woke up from my trance and went straight to The Source parking lot and parked there.

I was greeted by two giants, Pythias and Starman. They told me that I would have to wait until they broke up from their meeting and started their morning routine at The Source then I could come and ask my questions.

Father was surrounded by women, men, and children. Everyone there was so charismatic; it seemed almost impossible to be near so much love and beauty. But something stronger than my mind kept me there. I asked Father how I could be part of all this energy. He told me that I would have to get up every morning at 3 a.m. and chant "Yod He Vah He" for one hour daily and come back after 30 days. Then I could be part of it.

I barely spoke English, but I told him in my half-French, half-English that I would do that and come back. I left with my heart swollen with joy, excitement, adventure, and passion for my newfound reality.

But destiny would have it differently. On my way back home to Beverly Hills, my car rolled at a stop sign and touched an old woman's car. She saw that I was driving a Jaguar and wanted compensation for hitting her. I did not have any money or insurance so my girlfriend Debbie had to pay for it. It made her mad, so she kicked me out of her house. That was bad for me, because I did not have a car, money, or a place to stay.

She gave me \$250 and sent me to Santa Monica to stay with one of her friends. The same day I bought a Mustang, and the next morning went to The Source at 3 a.m. for meditation. But I got lost and eventually reached The Source parking lot at 4:30 a.m., but they had started already and would not let me join them.

I sat in my car just watching the whole thing with tears of both frustration and joy, and I swore to myself that I would leave my house at midnight the next night so that I could be there for morning meditation. I finally arrived the morning of the third day on time. I took part in the morning rituals and was blown away, flying higher than with any drug or lovemaking I had ever felt. These loving people giving me so much love and light were amazing. I felt like I was in the midst of angels in paradise.

After the sunrise, we all went and sat outside of the restaurant. I felt compelled to be close to YaHoWha and to never leave him no matter what. I started crying and told him that I could not live one more day without the feeling I felt this morning and asked if I could join the Source Family sooner than 30 days. He sat me on his lap, looked me right in the eye and asked me: "WHO AM I?" I said: "YOU ARE MY FATHER!" He said aloud so that everyone could hear him, "YOU ARE MY DAUGHTER; WELCOME HOME."

He held me against his heart very tenderly and said that I could move in right away. I cried a river of joy and ecstasy. I have never stopped feeling that feeling, and even now I laugh and sing and live like a river of life flowing through Heaven.

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One day a flame-haired young man with a fiery countenance and eyes of two different colors arrived at the Source. Joel had come all the way from Chicago after he had heard about the Source. He would become Djinn, one of the family's central musicians, the guitar player in YaHoWha 13 and a number of other Family band incarnations.