

HUNA: The Seeing

The Confirming Mystical Experiences of Huna

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By Kahuna Lani

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Dedication

This is dedicated to Dr. William Tufts Brigham, Max Freedom Long, my mother, Lucille Stucker, and the Lorefounders and Lorewardens – Kahunas of Huna – Rev. Fred Kimball, Rev. Verne Cameron, Rev. Bill Cox, Rev. Dr. John K. Pollard III, Dr. Oscar Brunler, Ann Hock, and Betsy Kitselman-Carmen.

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A special thank you for the contributions of Dr. Stanley Russell, Dan Dexter, and Peter Eklund.

A very special acknowledgement is due Ms. Catherine Andrews whose lovely work "The Ascension" is reproduced on the cover.

*But love will have been enough;
all those impulses of love re turn to the
love that made them.*

*Even memory is not necessary for Love.
There is a land of the living and a land
of the dead and the bridge is love,
the only survival, the only meaning.*

*– Thornton Wilder
The Bridge of San Luis Rey*

Preface

By Kahuna Keonaona

Huna changed my life, in both subtle and not so subtle ways. The simplicity it brings in understanding is balanced by the complexity of living it.

Being a Hunian is as simple as living the hurtless and helpful life, yet it is much more than that. It is living with the recognition that we are all a part of the consciousness of God and that we are all nameless immortal souls who are experiencing lifetime after lifetime in an effort to bring knowledge and experience back to God. The pressure is off, although we can't stop striving to make this the best possible life in the best possible world.

Max Freedom Long introduced Huna to the world through his books and the Huna Research Associates (HRA) *Bulletins*. He established Huna as a community-based religion and incorporated in the state of California as a religion. The legal and ethical structure of Huna was patterned on the work of Ernest Holmes who founded both the Church of Religious Science and the Holmes' Center for the Study of Wholistic Healing.

The experimental side of Huna has dominated since the start of the HRA in 1948. In 1968, Thomas Lani Stucker spoke with Max about the future of Huna. Max gave him his blessing and permission to further Huna as a community-based religion. After Max's death in 1971, the HRA passed to Dr. Otha Wingo who formed Huna Research, Inc. (HRI) in Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

The religious side of Huna then lay dormant until the 1980's. At that time Kahuna Lani started the Huna Heiau (*hay-ee-ow*).

Kahuna Lani has spent his life improving the quality of people's lives through Huna and its Loes. He has had many adventures and experiences,

which confirm the rightness of Huna and its World View. Others have had mystical experiences also providing confirmation.

These stories are inspiring and these experiences are available to any and every one. They can not be explained in “scientific” terms, nor can they be understood outside of the context of Huna.

This book, the first on the core of Huna as defined by Max Freedom Long since the 1950’s, will quench the thirst of people who have lost their way, stumbled on the Path, or even don’t know they are on a Path.

May your life be enriched for having read this.

– Kahuna Keonaona
(*kah-HOO-nah kay-oh-nah-OH-nah*)

Introduction

In the 1950s, there was a group of geniuses living in the Los Angeles area that were both friends and fellow researchers into the Mysteries of Life. One such man was Max Freedom Long, who was the lineage holder of Huna, the Westernized psycho-religious practices of ancient Hawaii. Guided and adopted into the lineage of the Volcano Kahunas by Dr. William Tufts Brigham, founder of the Bernice P. Bishop Museum in Honolulu, Max studied the secrets behind the miracles performed by the Polynesian Kahunas of Hawaii. Max published many books about Huna, formed a worldwide organization of fellow researchers, and published monthly bulletins, which reported their progress. Copies of the *Huna Research Association (HRA) Bulletins* are still available from Dr. Otha Wingo who continues to make Max's work available through *Huna Research, Inc.*

A colleague of Max's, Kahuna Fred Kimball, had developed a system of communicating reliably with people by way of telepathy. He could also communicate with animals and the spirits of the dead. Fred trained many people in this technique, called Clairesthesia. Physical sensations, such as tickles or itches, form the basis of this system of communication.

Kahuna Fred spent his life helping people improve the quality of their lives and improve their relationships with their animal companions. Kahuna Max recognized that Huna was at work as Kahuna Fred was communicating with people's *unhipilis* (*oo-knee-hee-PEE-lee*). In fact, the technology he used was much like the *Coconut Wireless* of the Polynesian Islands, which enabled natives to be on shore waiting with the right goods for trade the very moment ships would arrive. This technology is still in use today by Australian aborigines as a method of communication between scouts and their tribes, and among members of a family.

Kahuna A. L. “Beau” Kitzelman was a brilliant mathematician and world-re nowned San skrit scholar. He was also a friend of Kahuna Fred’s and was most im pressed with his abil i ties. To gether they would at tend lec tures. It was Kahuna Fred who brought Kahuna Beau to hear Kahuna Max speak about Huna.

Kahunas Beau, Max, and Fred spent many hours discussing each other’s work, and it was apparent to Kahuna Max that Kahuna Beau’s invocation of “E” was the invocation of a person’s *Aumakua*, (*ow-mah-KOO-ah*) or Di vine Nature. Kahuna Max’s *Bulletins* reported about *Aumakua Therapy* a great many times over the years.

Aumakua Therapy continues to be at the core of a modern Kahuna’s mo- dalities of treatment and Service. When Kahuna Beau retired, he met and married Betsy whom he introduced to Kahuna Max and Kahuna Fred. Kahuna Betsy Kitzelman–Carmen continues his work and maintains her in- volvement with Huna.

Max Freedom Long’s *HRA Bulletins* described these Huna Lores as well as others like Rev. Verne Cameron’s *Aurameter Dowsing*, Dr. Edward Bach’s *Flower Remedies*, and Mrs. Kingsley-Tarpey’s *Healing Icons*. Dr. Oscar Brunler trained Max in *Psychometric Analysis*, which is also the title of one of Max’s books. He also wrote a series of articles in *Huna Vistas* on the *Kalo (Tarot) Cards of Huna*, which has become its own Huna Lore.

In 1962 I started reading, studying and prac tic ing these Lores. Some with Max, some af ter years spent try ing to find the Lorefounders and train ing with them.

Since then, other Lores have come to Huna – *Self-Parenting* from Dr. John K. Pollard III, *Ho`oponopono* (*ho oh-po-no-PO-no*) Counseling, and the *Ho`ailona* (*ho eye-LO-nah*) *Meditation Program*.

Max Free dom Long trained me in *Psychometric Analysis* and in the secrets and use of the Kalo Cards. Bill Cox, heir to Rev. Verne Cameron’s *Aurameter Dowsing Lore*, trained me in the use of the Aurameter. Miss Nora Weeks, an HRA member herself, trained me in the use of the *Bach Flower Remedies*. Betsy Kitzelman-Carmen trained me in *Aumakua Therapy*. Dr. John K. Pol- lard III has granted me the privilege of training peo ple in *Self-Parenting*.

But enough about me. There is more to Huna than its Lores, although they offer evidence that Huna works.

There are experiences, mystical in nature, that Huna *haumana* (*how-MA-na*) or students may have experienced and not understood. Without the knowledge that such experiences are possible, it is not likely that people attributed importance or understanding to what had been experienced.

When a person starts out on any Religious Path, it has to be started on faith alone. But as one proceeds, and if one's Path is really a True one, then after a time there will come mystical experiences which are of a similar nature to the ones that have happened to others on that same Path. If we remain within the metaphor of the Path, then confirming mystical experiences are the known "landscape" features of that Path.

This book will provide a framework and context for these experiences. That framework is Huna.

It is with much *aloha* that I present to you this book.

– Kahuna Lani

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Book I: The Past is Prelude

The Huna Religion and *Ho`omana*

The Ancient Practices of Hawaii

There are no general inclusives in the Hawaiian language. The term *general inclusive* refers to the idea that things are not unique, but are related, like boxes within boxes. This concept comes to us from the Greek philosopher Aristotle and now controls the English language. An example might be a *maple tree*. In the Hawaiian language, it could be no more than *that tree*, but in English, it starts out as an animal, vegetable or mineral, then a *plant* then a *tree*, then a *maple tree*, then *that tree*. In Hawaiian, this construct is not generally used. Instead we have the *general inclusive*. The term, *Ho`omana*, (*ho oh-MA-nah*) is the general inclusive in English for all religious practices in pre-contact or ancient Hawaii. Many anthropologists use this same term. Although the term for *priest* is *kahuna*, some anthropologists use the term *kahuna-ism* to refer to those religious practices.

As with the term or name Huna, *Ho`omana* as a name was unknown in ancient Hawaii. *Ho`o* is a prefix which is the general causative, meaning to *make more of*, or *to create*. *Mana* is the term for supernatural force, authority, or what the Christians call the “Grace” of God.

As the different religions in Hawaii were not in direct competition for the most part, many different practices would be engaged in by the different ranks of people. When one reads books on ancient Hawaii one gets the impression that there was unanimity of purpose and agreement among all the lines of kahunas. This is of course a false impression. This same misapprehension oc-

curs when people study ancient Egypt. The different Priesthoods or religions are all lumped together and so they appear to be cut from the same piece of cloth.

The *Kahuna Pule* (*POOH-lay*) (or Prayer Priest either of the *Kane* (*KAH-nay*) or *Lono* Temple schools would not have agreed on all points of Law or power, ethics or morality, nor would they have agreed with, or even had the same knowledge and chants as the *Kahuna Pele* (*PAY-lay*) (Volcano Priest). All three of these lines would have disagreed as to the nature of the thrust of life with the *Kahuna `Ana `ana* (Death Prayer Priest), while the *Kahuna Lomilomi* (Massage Healer Priest) looks askance at the *Kahuna La `au lapa `au* (Herbal Healing Priest). And Huna is derived from yet another class of kahuna, the famous *Kahunai Ke Umu Ki*, the Priests of the Firewalk, all of whom saw the meaning of life as different from all the others. When the speculative doctrines of the Huna Religion were being set up for testing in the late 1940's, Kahuna Charles Kenn, an associate of Max Freedom Long's had identified 52 lines of kahunas. At a speech at the 1980 HRI Conference at Punalu`u in Hawaii, he said that he had by then identified 100!

The anthropologists, because there are no general inclusions in any Polynesian language, with everything being seen as unique, have taken the word *Ho`omana* and lumped all these lines into one group as the Hawaiian religion. In fact, it does not mean that at all, of course. This reminds me of the story of the naming of the kangaroo. A linguist was out in the outback of Australia with a Koori. He pointed to a kangaroo and asked his guide, "What is that?" The Koori said in his own language, "What do you mean?" Which sounds like *kangaroo*, and there we have it! Anthropologists/linguists saw a Hawaiian going to Temple, and asked him where he was going, and the native said in his native language, *to make supernatural power* or *to invoke the Grace of God*, or *Ho`omana*. And so *Ho`omana* remains "worship" to this day.

Nowadays, some lines of kahunas are growing again. And there comes down to them a consensus of the *Ho`omana* beliefs and knowledge.

Let us examine them for a minute. In the Huna Religion, what we would call the *Aumakua*, the consensus of the *Ho`omana* Religions would call the

akua lele. What they call the *Aumakua*, we would call the *akua noho* (Nature Spirits). What they call *akua noho*, we would call Eating Companions.

Does this mean that Max was wrong? Or that *Ho`omana* is wrong? No, neither, just different. Also remember that our terms are Hawaiian loan words in the English language. They do not refer to what they may mean to the modern Hawaiians.

How then did so close an association develop in the minds of the people who confuse Huna with *Ho`omana*? To understand this, two things must be understood. What Max meant when he coined the term Huna (which in Hawaiian simply means *dust* or *secrets*), and the history of the times in which it was first presented to the world.

Max Freedom Long was as well trained as Dr. William Tufts Brigham and Baron Eugene Fersen could manage, but much had been lost. When he returned from Hawaii in 1936, Max realized that the ancient Hawaiians must have had words and phrases to express their thoughts. If so, then at least some of these would be enmeshed into the language. He then was able to break the Word Code using the 1865 Lorrin Andrews' *Dictionary of the Hawaiian Language*. This enabled him to understand the ancient magical practices. Max needed a word to identify what he was working on. He chose the word *Huna*. The coded words give us much of our terminology we use to day. But because of that, modern Hawaiian words don't mean exactly what they mean in Huna. Because the form of the Hawaiian language we use is the kind used more than a hundred and fifty years ago. Then, "Huna" referred only to his discovery of the Code and the Code itself. Huna, the Code, was worked into many languages and religions, as is presented in Max's book, *The Huna Code in Religions*. While Huna the Code (and what Max believed to be the central core-axis of the many Hawaiian religions) stems from a linguistic analysis of archaic Hawaiian, this does not imply any direct relationship with *Ho`omana*.

As the HRA (Huna Research Associates) was set up to test Max's theories and to reduce them to practice, a set of religious practices and principles were created. As they were made to fit Max's discoveries, it was also called "Huna." Thus in referring to the Word Code, we use Max's name for his discovery, "Huna." And in reference to the religious practices and principles of the reli-

gions created by Max Freedom Long (and William Tufts Brigham), this is rightly called Huna. But the religions of Hawaii can more rightly be called *Ho`omana*.

Max had help in the creation of the practices and principles. Among the most important contributors were: Charles Kenn, Baron Eugene Fersen, Dr. Oscar Brunler, Beau Kitselman, Rev. Verne Cameron, and Rev. Fred Kimball. These Kahuna Huna all created various Huna practices or Loes (priestcrafts), and are thus called Lorefounders.

As the priestcrafts were developed and tested, Huna came to have an individual character. The great foundation of Huna was considered by Kahuna Max to be Psychometric Analysis. Certainly it can be seen that Psychometric Analysis plays no part in Hawaiian *Ho`omana*, except for *Ho`oponopono* marriage counseling.

There is a physical genealogical relationship, of course. My teacher's teacher walked on hot lava under the protection of the last three *Kahuna i Ke Umu Ki*. To the extent that they initiated and adopted William Tufts Brigham, and to the extent that Brigham adopted Max Freedom Long, and to the extent that Max Freedom Long adopted his students, to that extent, we who studied directly under Max can claim a direct line of adoption to the Hawaiian Kahunas. But this is a fragile thread of truth upon which to hang a doctrine.

To the extent that Max Freedom Long was correct in his analysis, and to the extent that modern *Ho`omana* remembers these connections, to that extent is the Huna Religion related to the ancient or modern religions of *Ho`omana* in Hawaii. Otherwise, Huna bears the same relationship to the *Ho`omana* of Hawaii as Christianity bears to Judaism. And to that extent we may recognize *Ho`omana* as a distant cousin to us.

Now, how did the confusion between Huna and the *Ho`omana* Religions arise? Let us look back to Hawaii at the end of World War I.

The Kahuna "Big Daddy" Bray was trapped. He wanted to practice and perpetuate the chants and Herbal Knowledge brought down to him. Many of Hawaiian blood, and virtually all whites in political power, frowned on its practice. It was also against the law.

Upon the wide circulation of Max's book, *The Secret Science Behind Miracles*, a choice arose. Max had tied Dr. William Tufts Brigham to the ancient practices as he had tied it to Psychic Science. But except for some personal writings, Max did not name the ancient practices at all. When Max wrote of his discoveries however, he named it *Huna*. The majority of the people who controlled the political powers that were in Hawaii were stifled.

So while no Hawaiian had ever heard of Huna before, Big Daddy Bray took up the use of our name Huna, to follow in the wake of respectability created by the lifework of Kahuna Max Freedom Long. This was completely understandable. If he wanted to pursue life as a Kahuna (and he did) he would have to fit in.

The difficulty came from the fact that the two teachings were completely different from each other. Max and Daddy Bray disagreed on everything that was religious. Once, Big Daddy Bray came to the West Coast and there he was invited into Max's home. They both agreed that the other person was completely wrong, then not having to discuss that any further, Big Daddy Bray did a House Blessing for Max, and everyone went away happy.

So just what is a *kahuna*? As a title, Kahuna is used the same way as Sir. For example, Kahuna Max Freedom Long would be shortened to Kahuna Max. His titled name would not be Kahuna Long, like Mr. Long. Just as if he had been knighted, his short name would have been Sir Max, not Sir Long.

Kahuna is our word for priest. The Heiau Institute of Huna Theological Studies prepares one for the Priesthood of the Huna Heiau. When ordained, he is given the title Kahuna; she is given the title *Kahuna Wahine*. The work is a contraction between the words for keeper or servant, *kahu*, and secrets, Huna. So a *kahu huna* or *kahuna* is a *keeper of secrets*. However the word derivation does not really explain our use of the term.

"Kahuna" is a designation of function, and not an honorific. In other words, it means what one does in life as a vocation, something like one of the many designations of function in English, such as Plumber, Carpenter, Electrician; as opposed to the honorifics, such as "the most honorable," the "esteemed," etc. The honorific in Hunian would be the word *nui* (*NOO-ee*). And this would be what someone else called someone, not what a person called or expected others to call him. In deed, if a person expected to be called *nui*, then

they would n't be wor thy of the ti tle, as it also im plies hu mil ity. But a nor mal translation of nui is *big*, so now, "Big Daddy Bray" really isn't what was in tended...

Kahunas as well as oth ers have de voted their lives to Ser vice. For those on the Path, Kahunas have a special role.

There comes a time in the evolution of a person, when he has lived life-time af ter life time, when he or she wants to turn around on the Path, and help those who are still struggling behind. If this Path of Lifetimes, designed to pol ish our souls were a path in a wil der ness or for est, we would call these peo ple Forest Rangers. Kahunas are the Forest Rangers of our spiritual journey. He or she takes care of the fallen ones on the Path who are hurt or wounded or ex hausted. He com forts them, heals them if he can, holds them un til they stop shaking, brushes off their butts, and sends them on their way.

Contemporary Huna

Huna seems simple on the surface but its application in contemporary life can be quite a challenge, and re al ity can be such a com pli cated thing.

We are each composed of three selves or spirits. These are the *unihipili*, *uhane* (*ooh-HA-nay*) and *Aumakua*. In his books, Max Free dom Long coined these terms for them: low self, middle self, and High Self which refer to the subconscious mind, the conscious mind, and the Superconscious or Divine Nature of a man or woman. Each of these selves has its own area of expertise and function, and when working together, enables the living of a happy, healthy, prosper ous, and ef fec tive life.

The *unihipili* is our animal na ture, the youn gest of the three selves, and is the new est grad u ate from the an i mal king dom. It is re spon si ble for the work ings of our body; it is the source of all our emotions; it is the keeper of our mem o ries. The *unihipili* is the part of us, which feels but does not speak. It can only communicate with *us* in pictures and symbols. This is the Inner Child, and usu ally acts and feels as a six or seven year old would. He can be stub born. She can be will ful. He can feel guilty. She can be shamed. He al ways wants to please us. She always wants to be loved. He usually trusts us. She always wants to serve. The gender of the *unihipili* is the same gender as our *kino*

(*KEY-no*), or body. It is a belief in Huna that we have been the same gender each lifetime after life time. The *unihipili* is the part of us, which is telepathic and uses inductive reasoning.

The *uhane*, our conscious mind, is our older soul, and the self, which speaks. Once having been an *unihipili*, it graduates to learn to be a good Inner Parent to the *unihipili*. It is that part of us which makes choices and decisions; it speculates, plans, and strategizes. It looks forward to Graduation, when he merges with his Belovèd, (or she merges with her Belovèd) to become a parental pair of utterly trustworthy spirits, a single new *Aumakua*. The *uhane* uses deductive reasoning.

The *Aumakua* is also a part of us. It does not reside in our bodies; rather, it is attached to us by a shadowy cord composed of *aka* (Dark Matter). The *Aumakua* is our Divine Nature, often likened to a Guardian Angel. It watches over us and our Belovèds. It is both male and female joined together, the *marriage made in Heaven*. The *Aumakua* is responsible for creating the potentials in our lives. Its mode of thinking is Realization.

The three selves are composed of the stuff of consciousness, which is nothing more than the Dark Matter of the Universe, the body of God (whom we address as, *Io*). The soul stuff or matter is called *aka*.

The ancient Creation Chants, *Kumulipo* (*koo-moo-LEE-po*) of Polynesia, tell of the Cosmogogenesis - the origin of the Created World. *Io* (*yo*) was all there was. God - the parentless, the self-created, *Io*. *Io* dwelt inert in the great void of Darkness, which is called *Po*. But *Io* was immature and he was bored. So to end his inertness, *Io* said; *Let the Dark become a Light Possessing Darkness*. With that single Word, he exploded himself into bubbles of consciousness, which we call souls, to gain experience, to grow, to make mistakes, to learn, to mature. The *Kumulipo* says that then *Io dreamt* Himself into the Created World—as life. *Io* is the only life in the entire Cosmos. We are thus immortal, living lifetime after lifetime as we evolve to ever-higher states of consciousness. And at the Redemption of Light, *La Pana`i*, (*lah pah-NA ee*) comes the Big *un*-Bang, when the entire Created World turns to a singularity again. There is some warning of this. When the red shifted stars, evidence of an Expanding Universe change into blue shifted stars, indicating a Contracting Universe, then the Created World, with all its interest and drama will

be half-way through its cycle) we will re turn into the body of *Io*, carrying with us the ma tu rity of our ex pe ri ences in the Cre ated World. Thus the en tire Cre ated World, with all of its suffering, frus tra tion, and pain, is jus ti fied. And *Io* will ma ture.

We, and everything in the Created World are composed of bubbles of *Io*. Since everything that exists has come out of God, so we are all inter-con nected. There is no Creator and no created; no division between God and Man, as most religions present. Huna sees the inter-connectedness of every one and ev ery thing. We are all name less souls do ing the best we can. Hunians do not say, “*Your part of our life-boat is sink ing.*” We are all in this great drama together.

Huna sees each of us as the potential source of everything in our lives. There are Hosts or Crew in the world, and there are Guests waiting to be served. Normal persons, or Guests need love and to be loved. They need friends. They need help. They need to be served. The Eter nal Joke is on us, we are im mor tal—and have for got ten it. A per son who re mem bers him self as *Io*, takes responsibility for the condition of the Created World and starts to be come self-sourc ing, i.e., a Host or a member of the Crew. Hunians can re member that they are the source of all love, and therefore never *need* or crave love from any one. As the source of all friend ship, Hunians never crave or need a friend. Hunians are the friends of all, but need no friends. Ultimately, life becomes filled with friends and people whom we love and who love us.

We are re spon si ble for the con se quences of our ac tions, both good and not so good. As Hunians, we un der stand that we can not know the out come of our decisions until we come to the very end of this lifetime, so to speculate and worry and get caught in an end less *what-if* is en gaging in spec u la tion as an act of entertainment. Hunians know that *all* choices lead to pain, suffering and frustration. When we are weary, we can go to a comfort zone. When we are sufficiently rested (bored) we jump back into the fray.

The entire thrust of the Created World in which we dwell is to create heroes. One way we know this is that *Io* does us the kind ness of at tach ing fear to all our Growth Choices. *In all ethical situations, the Fear Choice is the Growth Choice.* Said Dr. Abraham Maslow, the founder of Humanistic Psy chology. The warrior or *koa* (*KOH-ah*) is one who consistently chooses the

Fear Choice. If you are living life correctly, then you know that fear is your guide and friend. The *thing* you fear is your challenge to be overcome, your source of wisdom.

Hunians try to walk the path of koa. A koa accepts things as they are, with an attitude of *wale* (*WAH-lay*). With no hate or fear for our opponent, with no investment in the outcome, we are free to act and carry out our worthy decisions. We are even free to carry out *bad* decisions. To a warrior, there are no enemies, just opponents.

A koa is not a romantic. John F. Kennedy made the greatest romantic statement when he said, *Some people see things as they are and ask why. I see what could have been and ask why not.* "But a warrior must see things exactly as they are, not as he would like them to be. It is only then that effective action can be taken.

Many people have come to me for counseling who, as a metaphor, one might say live in Cleveland, and want to take a trip to Florida. Rejecting the very idea that they live in Cleveland, they plan their trip starting from New York City. Oddly they can never seem to get to Florida from there, and seek me out to find out why.

Guilt and shame form blocks to communication with our *Aumakua*. Knowing that we are bound to hurt or be hurt, Hunians make daily use of a technology to make amends for hurts done others, and keep the pathway clear to our *Aumakua*.

The making and maintenance of our relationships with our *Aumakuas* could be called worship. We pray to them, if prayer means communication and relationship with a supernatural being. One of the major distinctions between Huna and the *Ho`omana* Religions of ancient Polynesia is that Hunians worship or pray to their *Aumakuas*. We rely upon our *Aumakuas* to do whatever is necessary to grant our prayer requests. If it means taking our prayer to other or higher deities, then so be it. We can not know what happens in the Realm of Light (which is dark, of course), the Spirit World, which is the domain of our *Aumakuas*.

Although there are rituals, ceremonies and Holidays (Holy Days) in Huna, most of our work is done on our selves. *Remembering ourselves as Io*, re-

remembering that we are immortal as well as being responsible for everything that exists is hard.

Hunians are on a fast track to graduation to *Aumakua*-hood. By observing the qualities of *Aumakuas*, we attempt to cultivate those qualities in ourselves. These virtues, when cultivated, alter our lives and personalities.

There are six qualities or Sacred Virtues which when developed lead to becoming a *kanaka makua*, (*kah-NAH-ka ma-KOO-a*) a mature individual. These are: *pono* (righteousness); *malama* (to nurture, take care of); *lokahi* (harmony, unity, similar to the Navajo concept of *hozran*); *aloha* (what God feels for his creation: love, interconnectedness, relatedness, acceptance, compassion); and these are all supported by *koa* (courage, valor), and together, they lead to the spontaneous development of the final Sacred Virtue, *Ho`okipa* (hospitality).

Koa is at the fulcrum of all virtue. It takes courage to manifest any of the other virtues. It is upon the rising of the Moral World above the Ethical World that we normally live in, that courage really comes to the forefront of our lives.

Io calls upon us to live bold but kind lives.

The Aumakua, The Belovèd, and La Lani

Have you seen the Light? Do you believe in angels? Is he (she) your Soul Mate? And just what is a Soul Mate any way? These questions are so frequently asked that people assume they understand what they are asking. Let's understand these in Hunian terms.

The question of what an *Aumakua* is, is answered in an article written by Keonaona, Kahuna Huna Wahine and Dean of the Heiau Institute of Huna Theological Studies, which I have included here.

The questions of what *La Lani* (the Heavenly Light) is and what your Belovèd is, I will try to make a brief sketch for you here.

The Aumakua

Aumakuas are not new to us, but they are mysterious. At some point in our lives we may have felt guarded, guided, inspired, filled with the joy of life, whole, amazed at the glory of

all that is around us, more than content, supported, filled with awe, full of the confidence that any and everything is within our grasp, or interconnected to everything in the Created World. These are all signs that we are close to our *Aumakua* at that time, and are feeling and seeing the Created World as they do.

An *Aumakua* is the name given by the ancient Hawaiians to that part of ourselves which is our Divine Nature, our guardian angel, our own personal god, our beloved and utterly trustworthy parental pair of spirits and it is to our *Aumakuas* that all our prayers, wishes and dreams are directed. It is the great group of *Aumakuas* who arrange all the coincidences in our lives, who bring us opportunities for growth, suffering (which leads to growth), happiness, prosperity, lovers, jobs, books, friends, difficult lessons, new cars, old cars, computers, new dishes, teachers, and seminars.

Your *Aumakua* is as much a part of you as your left foot, although it is a Light Being and immortal. But then, so are you. You are a nameless soul, composed of three selves—the low self, called the *unihipili*; the middle self, called the *uhane*, and the High Self called the *Aumakua*. Your *unihipili* is in fact your youngest self, the newest soul to inhabit the body; your *uhane* is next to oldest; your *Aumakua*, being much like parents—is oldest, wisest, and ever-ready to come to you in your need. Each self is a distinct spirit, with its own abilities and needs and history. Your *unihipili* is the seat of your emotions and can fuel you with the energy and passion to live a rich, full life. The *unihipili* feels. The *uhane* is your conscious mind. It thinks, strategizes, plans, and speculates, but does not remember or feel; it reasons. Whenever you think to yourself, “I,” you are referring to your *uhane*. When you say inside of yourself, “You...” you’re speaking of and to your *unihipili*.

The relationship between your *uhane* and *unihipili* is very much like the relationship of parent to child. It is up to you to acquire good parenting techniques so that you can help your

unihipili grow and evolve. One day, you will Graduate and become a new *Aumakua* your self. Your *unihipili* will become an *uhane*, and your *uhane* will merge with your Belovèd's *uhane* to form a new *Aumakua*. Your *Aumakua* will move on to its next level of evolution. A new animal spirit will enter and become a new *unihipili*. This is how it has always been—countless generations of evolution and graduation.

Your *Aumakua* is composed of a male and female spirit, the merged *uhanes* of a *Belovèd* pair. As true parents, older and wiser, it inspires. It guides; it heals; it protects us and makes our prayers come true. Our *Aumakuas* are as far above us as we are from our animal companions who look to us for love, protection, food, and care.

Your *Aumakua* is waiting for you to invite it into your life. Yet it holds free-will sacred, and will do very little unless asked. *Aumakuas* can only present us with options and hope that we choose, if not wisely, then at least choose the option that brings us growth. *Aumakuas* are often frustrated—by us! They go to much effort to set up the opportunities that we pray for, and many times, we ignore the chance. When we act immorally or unethically, they are powerless to stop us. Nor would they want to, as there is a learning and growth opportunity there. They will not necessarily intervene, even if death is a strong possibility, because, after all, we are safe, being immortal.

Some people have actually seen their *Aumakua*. They look androgynous, like *Prince Valiant* of the comic strip. Dressed in white robes, glowing, and sometimes carrying a sword, they are about eight feet tall with wings twelve feet long. Seeing one's *Aumakua* is one of the three confirming mystical experiences of Huna. The related experience, *Seeing La Lani*, the Heavenly Light, is also connected with the *Aumakua*. When your *Aumakua* is present, a feeling of well being and peace permeates you.

Prayers are sent to the *Aumakua* by the *unihipili*. A well constructed thought form is created by the *uhane* and a clear picture is presented to the *unihipili* with the request that it sent it along, with *mana* (life force, *l`élan vital*), to the *Aumakua*. Prayers your *Aumakua* will *not* grant will include those that might harm another. Should you pray for something that involves an other party, *their Aumakua* needs to approve before it can be materialized.

We have no direct way to communicate with our *Aumakuas*, save the *Kalo (Tarot) Cards*. Of course, your friendly neighborhood Kahuna can and does invoke one's *Aumakua* as needed.

Aumakuas have a sense of humor, are compassionate, and also fierce. *Aumakuas* may show up when you are making a really serious mistake, like breaking a vow or promise. They can also reveal themselves when you are in desperate need.

It's been many lifetimes since an *Aumakua* has been human, so it may not really understand the value of some things here on the physical plane. Like money. They may let you go hungry, but they won't let you starve.

One of the secrets of Huna taught by Kahuna Fred Kimball is that all things work on appreciation. Appreciation of our *unihipili* encourages it to do more, to learn more, to attempt more. *Aumakuas* too like appreciation. When they grant our prayers they ask nothing in return, except our appreciation. Our gratitude and *mana* are like water to a precious flower. The more *mana* we send, the more raw material *Aumakuas* have with which to build our futures.

If our prayer is answered and it is not exactly what we want, we thank our *Aumakua*, appreciate it and send more *mana* with a better picture of what we want.

Aumakuas are not perfect. Like us, they make mistakes and learn and grow. They also have specialties. Some *Aumakuas* are better at

healing, some at bringing people together, others for providing opportunities to amass wealth.

As Hunians, we are on a fast track to become *Aumakuas*, to aspire to *Aumakua*-hood in this lifetime by way of *ke alanui e pono ia Huna* (The Great Path of Huna Righteousness).

The love of your *Aumakua* can't be earned. You can't lose it. It's already yours.

-- Kahuna Keonaona

The Belovèd

There really is n't room here for a needed ex po si tion on Huna's Doctrine of Evolutionary Consciousness or the Creator God, *Io*, or even the Hunian Mazeway, or even what a Mazeway is. But I think we should have a brief sketch here of these matters, the better to understand Huna.

I in tend to go fur ther into the na ture of *Io* in a later vol ume, but we need to touch on this here too.

Knowledge of the great Creator God of Huna and the Polynesian people did not come into our culture until 1936. Max Freedom Long was having a difficult enough time of it getting Huna off the ground without complicating it by refer ences to a new Cre ator God. Yet he was aware of *Io* and did men tion a World Soul and World *Mana* in his written works.

The story of the discovery of *Io* by occidentals is a compelling one. The identification of *Io* (a Maori or New Zealand term) was *too sacred* for the native commoners to hear about, and so only the highest priests of the Maori's religion knew about this. The same was true for the Tuamotuan Polynesian tribe (who knew *Io* by a differ ent name). Be cause of these two facts we as sume that the same was true for Ha waii. But *Io* was un known to any but the high est caste of Island Priest or Kahuna, the *Kahuna Pule*, or Temple Priests.

The core rit ual-priest hood of Ha waii died off early with out heirs upon the ar rival of the out sid ers. In 1804 the pes ti lence called *ahulau oku`u* took place, and many families died out, their knowledge with them.

Then in October of 1819, Liholiho (Kamehameha II broke *kapu* (taboo) on the night of *kukahi*, and Civil War in the King dom of Ha waii com menced.

The Islands burned. Most of the High Priests were killed by the Hawaiians. This was the end of the native religion in many ways. By 1820, the Hawaiian Civil War had spread to the Big Island of Hawaii. The final battle was fought at Kuamoo. There is a monument to day alongside the road on the Big Island where this battle took place. More people died as they fell victim to a measles (*mai pu`upu`u ula*) epidemic that swept the Islands in 1848. This was followed in 1852 by a smallpox (*mai pu`upu`u li`ili`i*) epidemic, which also killed many whole families.

The first Christian missionaries arrived in The Islands at *Kailua* on March 30, 1820. A young Hawaiian prince had begged the Yale missionaries to come over and *save his people!*

When the Hawaiian Islands were first discovered in 1778, there were an estimated 500,000 native pureblood Hawaiians; scarcely a hundred years later, there were only an estimated 50,000 left. To day there are perhaps 1,000. Considering the secrecy in which the family “trades” were maintained, and the swiftness of their deaths, it is easy to see that much was lost.

Because the knowledge of *Io* as the Creator God occurred in two Polynesian civilizations, it can be assumed to have been in Hawaii too. But no one survived to pass on the tradition. With the sudden death of King Kamehameha’s Kahuna, Hewahewa, the story of the true foundation in the Created World was lost to Hawaii as well as all the other nations of Polynesia. So throughout Polynesia, including Hawaii, we see the four primary gods take their stations: *Ku, Kane, Kanaloa, and Lono*.

But the evolution of souls is hinted at in the *Kumulipo*, Chant of the Beginning, or Chant of Creation.

It is the teaching of Huna that the wholeness of the soul is divided or really shriven or torn in two; probably while busy being plants in the plant kingdom, (where we see both bisexual plants and male and female plants), into a male and female soul. The One and the Other are called the Belovèds or soul-mates in Huna. Further, it is the teaching of Huna that all sexual desire is nothing more than an expression of the search or desire to be one with the Belovèd. No matter how desperate or not normal.

These two parts of a single soul remain apart until they are blended or reunited (marriage made in Heaven) to produce a single *Aumakua* when re-birth into the Created World is no longer necessary.

Hence, the Beloved is a person's *other half* in reality!

La Lani: The Light of Heaven

Huna recognizes three worlds as parts of the Created World. These are the Mundane World, i.e., the world in which we move and act; the Dreamworld, which encloses our beloved dead, this is our natural haunt, and we come to the Created World from time to time and animate flesh, which otherwise is a bag of mud. We are all Dreamworld creatures, dreaming life into the inert Created World; and the Realm of Light, where our *Aumakua*s live (which is dark and black, of course.) The Realm of Light may or may not be inside the *Manawa* or space-time continuum of the Polynesians and Huna.

There are many more "islands" in the Dreamworld than there are in inhabited planets in all of creation. Then too, no one is disappointed when they die. So there *is* a "happy hunting ground," etc. To get a grip or handle on this concept, we can think of *Po* (the Void) as a vast sea, which has many islands in it. Each of these islands is a concept field made real from the expectations of those who believe in it. There may well be a Christian Heaven with fluffy clouds and Angels, inhabited by the souls of medieval peasants whose simple Faith brought them there. There may be the Garden of Islam, with rivers of milk and honey and nymphs to give one pleasure. But most of us find ourselves in pretty much the same circumstances we are currently in. Except that we don't have to go to the bathroom or pay the rent.

La Lani is a cold white light that appears in response to some prayers, and signals the awesome presence of an *Aumakua*. When one has had the experience of *Seeing La Lani*, then there is a stronger bonding with one's *Aumakua* that will never pass.

Before we can go much further in our discussion of religious issues, we need to better understand what a religion is. This is my own take on it, and I will present the material dogmatically so that you may judge and form your own conclusions.

Religions and Mazeways

There are two kinds of doctrines. To keep things simple, one is called a *doctrine*, the other is called a *dogma*.

Any system of beliefs has a fundamental set of assumptions or teachings that are considered True beyond conjecture or question, and held by Faith. This system of fundamental assertions can be called the Group Canon. These assertions come in many forms but can not be universalized until they can be applied to everyday existence. If there is an organization, the Group Canon is studied by a group of people, typically ministers, priests, or clerics, who try to understand what the Close Relative of God (or CRG) had to say and apply it to the commoner's life (or layman's life). These new assertions are called *doctrines*.

When these new speculations or assertions refer to, and take their power from, what is already known to be true in the Group Canon, it is called a *doctrine*. However, when the new assertions or speculations do not or can not refer back to what is already known to be true, it is called *dogma*.

A *defining characteristic* is an element that must be present in order for a definition to apply. At the same time that element must not be present in any other thing.

So what is the defining characteristic of all religions? It is the presence or absence of a Mazeway. If a teaching has a Mazeway, it is a religion. If it doesn't have a Mazeway, it is not a religion. That being the case, we ask, "*What is a Mazeway?*"

Each of us experiences our life as if we lived in a maze or labyrinth. We are forced to make decisions based on inadequate information every day, and the ultimate consequences of those decisions are not known to us until it is too late to change those decisions. What we need in those instances is a map to the Maze of our lives—a Mazeway.

This has interesting social consequences. When a society is doing well, the essential things needed for a happy life are abundant. A good job, love, food, shelter, etc., and when life is good and secure, there is little need or room for a

Mazeway or religion. Our Mazes are well stocked and we have no reason to be or feel needy.

When essential things get scarce and little or no confidence can be placed on the morrow, then Atavistic Movements arise. That is, movements of people attracted to the Mazeways they were born into. *Give me that ol' time religion* becomes the theme of that culture. In other words, people are attracted to various religions in order to live better lives.

The Consequences of Science as Religion and Belief Systems

Something is out there. Whatever is out there, we can call God. All religions are seeking some kind of relationship with that some Thing. Everyone who is sane is trying to get along, trying to have a good life.

Humans seem to have a place for religion. For most Western people today, that slot is artificially consumed by Science.

Ask a person, “*What religion do you belong to?*” And if they, in fact, belong to a religion, they will be able to answer you. But if you ask them the question, “*Which science do you believe in?*” they probably won’t be able to answer you.

There are many competing sciences, of course: Astronomy vs. Astrology; Physics vs. Metaphysics etc. But which one is real? Which one is the truth?

A person who has Science filling the religion slot believes in one of the many *belief systems*. So for him, there is only one Science, but there are many religions.

The philosopher and mythologist Joseph Campbell studied religion all his life, yet he never had a single religious experience. Why? In my opinion, it is because he believed in the existence of *belief systems* and therefore did not have enough determination or faith to follow any one true Path long enough to receive its enlightenments. In other words, belief in a *belief system* existing at all, can prevent one from having any religious experiences.

There is only One-True-Path, and for me that is called Huna. Every other Path of Sublime Enlightenment is but a Hunian response in a person’s Heart in search for God’s truth.

Or as Dr. Oscar Brunler, Kahuna and Fellow of the Huna Fellowship put it:

*The One is the same one,
The goal is the same,
And on the Path
That One is manifested
In the hearts of all.*

All religions are the search for God—that is, the search for the answers to the *Big Questions*, e.g., *Why was I born? What is this life all about? Why was the Cosmos Created? Is there a God? Why is there Evil? How should I live?* Religion alone is equipped to answer these questions.

Someone who has Science filling the slot of the Mazeway, the defining characteristic of religion which answers the Big Questions, is called a Materialist.

Science is ill-equipped to properly function in this capacity. Science cannot be our guide. That is left to Huna or whatever One-True-Path someone may be on.

Huna vs. Materialism

People talk about how Science *proved* that there is no Soul, no God. What can they possibly mean? All the meanings I can think of concerning those types of dogmatic statements are false.

First of all, there is no *one* Science. There are biology, anthropology, chemistry, zoology, metallurgy, psychology, astronomy, theoretical physics and so on. Which one of these scientific studies exactly is the one responsible for finding out about what Life is?

None. No science can ever ask the correct questions. Nor is there any Science of Life.

In fact, if a scientist is a person who practices the Scientific method, then there are almost no Scientists at all, as almost none of them practice the Scientific Method. In addition, Science, even if it tried to discover what Life is, would ultimately fail, as the purpose of science is to discover Truth and only

half the Universe is composed of Truth. The other half is composed of Beauty (*Arte, Honor, Courage, Intentions, etc.*) that is immune to the probing of Science.

We begin to see that this proposition is unquestioned and held in common by a majority of Western Materialists. No Scientist I have ever heard of has ever followed a specific scientific discipline in investigating what Life is. The great Kahuna Huna, Beau Kitselman was one of the early leaders of Huna. He was the discoverer and founder of a critical element of Huna, *Aumakua Therapy*. Kahuna Beau had this to say about this strange viewpoint—where people think that some scientist somewhere has proven that Life and Soul do not exist:

Some of you who read this discourse may be of a scientific persuasion, and you may feel something of a sense of superiority as you think of these people who speculate about superior orders of being and how foolish they are, and you may think that you have known many a crack pot who was persuaded that we live on seven spiritual planes and that there are Masters, and so on and so forth, and other ideas which to you, in your eyes are absurd. If so, sir or madam, I should like to point out to you that there is no such thing as an extraordinary attainment of wisdom, or freedom, or salvation, or something of that kind, is also an idea about a condition superior to this. To say that something does not exist is still to say something about it, and there is something very handy about saying that. Suppose we listen to the man who says there is an occult hierarchy and that we must become a neophyte and then an initiate and a disciple, and so on and so forth, and travel the long road to becoming a master.

There is a lot of work in that, and we can get out of it very easily by just denying that the whole thing exists. We can just say it is n't so, we can say we realize that when you die you are dead and there is an end to it, and all this occult twaddle is just so much nonsense, a tower of nonsense by day and a pillar of bosh by night. Well, then, of course, you who say this can feel

that, I'm about as wise as any one because any one who knows the facts of life, simple materialism, that person has as much wisdom as anyone else has. So the easiest way in this world to persuade your self that you are omniscient, that is, to have the feeling of knowing all that there is to know, is to adopt the intellectual pose of the materialist.

There is a lot less proof for the position of the materialist than there is for that of the occultist, because, as you know, there is some evidence that has been offered in favor of survival, in favor of spiritualism, in favor of telekinesis and extra-sensory perception, etc. There has been evidence offered, but no one yet has brought forth evidence that when we die we go nowhere. No one yet has brought forth evidence that when we die we are dead, which is the belief of the materialist. The body is dead, yes, but no one has brought forth evidence that this is what we are. So the materialist is a believer in a position which has very little proof, if any at all, whereas the occultist is often a person who has some basis for his beliefs. Although to be perfectly honest, I know many an occultist who gets along without any basis for his beliefs, in so far as evidence is concerned; he has picked his beliefs because he finds them comfortable. But so has the materialist! The materialist doesn't have to worry about the cultivation of many virtues, the cultivation of powers that lead to wisdom, and so on, because he has just shrugged the whole thing off, and he has the advantage of looking down on everyone who believes in such nonsense, as he calls it, and that is encouraging to his conceit.

In my experience, I would say that there are two classes of persons who impress me as having more conceit in them than perhaps almost any other persons I know of, outside of a few megalomaniacs in the political sphere are in the religious sphere, that is to say, assistant professors of physics and of psychology, such as we find in the universities. We find that full professors of physics and of psychology have a certain amount of humility. They know their subjects well enough to know that there are a great many things that they don't know. Quite frequently they are open-minded persons. But assistant professors often haven't learned this yet, and they have an air of smug conceit, smug self-satisfaction about them that is quite a remarkable thing to be hold, and of course it prevents any integration of the personality as long as it lasts, and it may even cause them to become extraordinarily poorly adjusted persons in their daily life.

So if you have a scientific background and have had various pressures put upon you to turn you into a materialist, let me point out that materialism is also a speculation about what a wise man is. To say that there is no such thing as a wise man or a wise man is one who knows chemistry and physics better than other people, and so on, to say that is to have a definite view about what a wise man is. Now, I am not saying that materialism isn't so. It may be so. It seems to me that one of the things we have learned on the way to wisdom is to live our lives in such a way that no matter what the theory or reality may be the truth, we live intelligently even according to that theory. Now, if we persuade ourselves that we know that materialism is true or that it is untrue, we may be pretending to know, and to pretend to know something that we do not know is a form of conceit, and conceit is such a self-satisfying thing that it often prevents the intelligent functioning of the mind for long periods, so be on your guard against anything which you find flattering to your own ego, to your own individuality, personality. Such things can immobilize you, mentally, transformationally, for quite some time.

- Kahuna Beau Kitselman

So what happened? How did this mass delusion come into being? When did Science fail? Max Freedom, *Kahuna Huna Nui* and Second Primal Leader of the Huna Movement put it this way in his first book, *Recovering the Ancient Magic*:

As any complexed belief lodged in the subconscious mind has a way of coming by itself quite unnoticed into the conscious mind and rousing by emotion a stubborn resistance to any statement not in accord with that belief, it now becomes necessary that we drain off our own Scientific Attitude complex as rapidly as possible.

It takes time to make a complex, and it also takes time to drain it off. The making process begins with a conclusion ac-

cepted by the conscious mind because it seems logical. Those conditions of acceptance being fulfilled, the conscious mind repeatedly sends those thought-conclusions to the subconscious, and in about the time it would take to memorize a page of verse, the complex begins to form. Such beliefs once memorized, make the memorization or acceptance of a contrary page of verse or belief very slow and difficult.

As I cannot speak with authority against Science and the holdings of the Scientific attitude, I must use what logic and reason I can. Let me now tell the simple facts about the great mistake made by Science in arriving at its dogma of "nothing not physical." A logical explanation is potent against complexed and unreasoned beliefs.

Back in the days of Greece, the skeleton of Science was formed by the Philosophers. Mathematics was developed, and there was evolved the lasting method of investigating actual phenomena and writing down the results of experiments or observations such as involved matter, force, time and space - the Scientific Method. Scientific investigation was then, and still is, a process of mixing various combinations of the two elements, force and matter, within the limitations of time and space, then carefully observing the results and drawing conclusions from them. Stars, chemical combinations in a laboratory, the metabolism of the body - all such things are the sum total of the materials of Science. Observing, measuring and fabricating new and useful combinations, these are the total activities of Science. There is nothing mysterious about Science or its methods, which is deserving of the present blind worship accorded them.

Now we come to the human element in Science—the scientists. All of them have always possessed both a religious and a scientific complex of beliefs, which war on each other. Thus, each scientist is compelled to leave the strict field of observation of things as they are and become a philosopher in order that he may form theories or guesses as to what or who has cre-

ated his materials. Philosophy and Science should be kept apart. Their very natures and fields are different. But this is never possible.

Now let us see how the dogma of *nothing not physical* was evolved with such blind ing effects on later think ers. In the very early days a conclusion was reached that, when properly understood, noth ing in the Uni verse would any lon ger be mys te rious or in any way supernatural. God would even be quite natural and open to scientific investigation once He was understood. This was a very logical and proper conclusion - a most laudable one. But what came of that conclusion once it spread far and wide? This came of it: Men ceased to distinguish between supernatural and super-physical, despite the world of dif fer ence. Un der the first con clu sion there could be a ten uous mat ter such as cre ative thought e *manating* from God or His lesser externalizing manifestations. Thought, consciousness, anything too tenuous to bring into the laboratory, could exist and could be changed from su per nat u ral to nat u ral simply by understanding it and learn ing how it worked.

Science, however, was fight ing what it con sid ered ground-less superstitions. These it found in the beliefs and dogmas of both Religion and Magic—in the theology and sorcery of the Middle Ages. In this fight, scientists slowly became unable to think clearly because of new complexes developed while attacking the most absurd and blatant superstitions. Eventually the logical dogma of nothing really supernatural when once understood changed to nothing exists but the physical elements: matter, force, time and space. This dogma was a disaster to the human race, although it did much to clear away actual su per sti tions. In its wake came the extend ing of the new dogma to its log i cal ex treme and the re sult ing blan ket de nial of any intelligence lying behind the created universe. The uni-verse was now looked upon as a machine, which accidentally happened to create itself as if built by a su pe rior in tel li gence. It was ac cepted as such and con sid ered - log i cally again, once the

creator had been done away with - to be a machine running itself without an engineer or consciousness back of it.

This unfortunate state of affairs has made the work of Science most difficult. It has complexed scientists and made them go all around Robin Hood's barn trying to explain the simplest phenomena of growth and evolution, not as God-engineered, but the result of blind and unconscious forces reacting haphazardly on matter in the confines of time and space. That these abortive efforts have failed dismally can be seen in the unavoidable development of the theory of Natural Law. This Natural Law is contrary to the blinding dogma of materialism, but nothing can be done without it. There are laws governing every chemical reaction. Acid invariably neutralizes alkali. Seed of wheat invariably produces more seeds of wheat. Nothing is haphazard. So we see that even the tremendous dogma of *nothing not physical* has had to substitute Natural Law for God. The holes in the dogma simply had to be plugged by some form of creative and supporting intelligence.

Once we are able to see with a clear vision, not obstructed by a complexed belief in the mysterious and awe-inspiring infallibility of Science, the dogma of materialism becomes pitiful and absurd. But it is neither pitiful nor absurd to those blinded by this dogma-complex which even budding scientists absorb with each text read and each lecture heard while at college. The complex once established, it makes it utterly impossible for the scientist to be able to approach any problem of investigation without going to unreasonable extremes to make his observations and conclusions conform to that dogma.

Perhaps on Sunday the same scientist will be under the influence of his Religious complex and, curiously enough, be for the moment very sure that there is a vague God-the-Absolute behind all creation. Were the scientist less human he would see how illogical it is to carry two such contrary beliefs in the same mind; but who is not human, and who is not complexed?

Most complicated and human of all are we laymen. We do not understand Science to the full, and so can only rely on what we draw from the Scientific Attitude fed us through the commercial press and the school. Science is, to us, all but infallible. We do our best to accept its dogma of materialism. Many of us have given up Religion and tried to accept Philosophy in its stead, with its slightly more scientific definition of God. Magic, we have all but forgotten. Even the meaning of the word has lost its significance and become confused with stage magic and superstition. But there is hope. The complex is a thing at last discovered by Psychology, and Magic is on its way back to bring Religion into its own and Science into a new freedom where greater progress than ever before can be made.

— Max Freedom Long

We need not limit ourselves to the writings of the great minds responsible for the relentless majesty of the Huna Movement. Michael Crichton, MD, Ph.D., in his philosophical novel, *Jurassic Park*, says much the same thing.

We may have spent our entire life immersed in a fiction. It may be that Science is not what we were told it was. That in fact it is a pseudo-religion that is based on ritual traditions with a lot of public relations thrown in.

In other words, if we were fish, it would be difficult for us to discover water, wouldn't it?

All universities were invented and created by the Church—not Science. All hospitals—the idea itself—come from the Church. Science had nothing to do with it, and no scientist was involved in them. All architecture, especially the technology of dome construction and flying buttresses were the invention of religious technology. All written languages were created by religions to allow for the unaltered passage in time of their Truths and understandings on how to live a better life. Technology (the understanding of how things are done) is universal and has nothing to do with science, except that science, like all the other religions and pseudo-religions uses technology.

We are moving in the correct direction with the concept of science, but it will have to be made a lot clearer. After all, we have probably been immersed

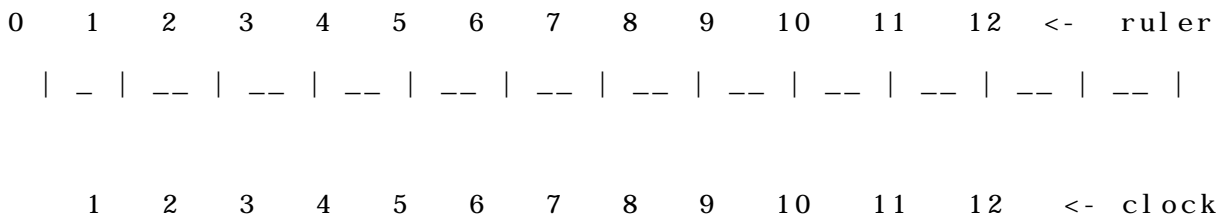
in the propaganda of the Government Indoctrination Centers (public schools) all our lives. Our presence here demonstrates that we are trying to be independent thinkers. Yet we may not have encountered all the data we need.

Consider the following example of our monolithic institution as we have probably been taught.

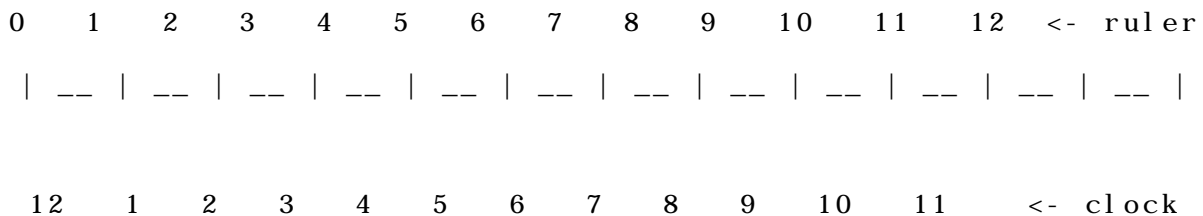
Excuse me, what time is it?

How many hours are there on a clock? Twelve? Correct. Let's start counting the hours, starting at say, nine. 9, 10, 11, 12. WRONG! Think of the clock as a ruler rather than as a circle.

Assume you have a normal 12-hour analog clock but the numbered band around it is detachable and is exactly 12 inches. Now cut the band at "one," straighten it out, and compare it to your ruler.



It does not quite fit! Let's cut it at the 12.



It still doesn't quite fit. What if the 12 were a lie? What if you could never start a new series with 12? Then if there is no twelfth hour in a 12-hour sequence? What if the real number of the hour is 0? Let's try that. Erase the false to fact 12 and replace it with 0. Cut the band at 0 and compare.

```

0   1   2   3   4   5   6   7   8   9   10  11  12 <- ruler
|  _  |  _  |  _  |  _  |  _  |  _  |  _  |  _  |  _  |  _  |  _  |

```

```

0   1   2   3   4   5   6   7   8   9   10  11   <- clock

```

Great! We now know that there isn't an hour named 12, never has been, and never will be. Then why were we taught this absurd fiction?

It is a ritual tradition handed down through generations of Scientist-Priests. Are you a participant in this ritual? Do you say, "Meet me at 12:15" or "0:15?"

As devout worshippers of Science, it never occurs to us to challenge the sanity of our Scientists. Whatever they say is true. There is no more resistance in the followers of Science than there was in the peasants of the Dark Ages to the Pope and the pronouncements of his Clerics. The Clerics, at least, had to reference the Scriptures to prove their arguments. Scientists seem to invent things as they go along.

There is only one true path to God, and if you are a Kahuna, it is called Huna. Every other Path of Sublime Enlightenment is but a Hunian response in the person's heart. In other words, there exists in every person's heart a desire to find God or some aspect of Him. This universal human need is served by a quest to find the deity. All such quests are called religion. In that sense, there is only one religion, the one path you are on.

The One True Path

There is much confusion concerning The One True Path, and it is unfortunate that it is used mostly to judge and condemn others. It is difficult to understand because it requires a shift in one's point of view. This difficulty is compounded by the benefits and limitations of using English, or other Romance Languages. The Sapir-Whorff linguistical hypothesis posits that the perception of Reality is predetermined by the bias of the language spoken by the perceiver. And so the dilemma.

One difficulty that has plagued the entire Western World for the last two thousand years is the fact that the English language deals well, and mostly, with *positive* space, and very poorly with *negative* space.

Positive and Negative Space

Some years ago I was on the Big Island and had the opportunity to enter the Cave of *Kapo-kohe-lele*. The *Kahu*, guardian or keeper, of the Cave asked me to pay attention to the hollow rock on the floor. It was about a foot and a half across and like a huge egg shell. It looked familiar, but I couldn't make the connection. When he pointed out what it really was, I was stunned. It was an exact replica of the island of Hawaii! What confused me was its orientation. Our maps are all drawn from a top-looking-down viewpoint, whereas this map was made as if seen from deep in the Earth looking upward. I didn't recognize it. I was so used to the Western form of making maps that I never even thought of the idea that three dimensional maps could be made of the land as seen from the center of the Earth.

In the Polynesian religion, *Io* is seen even before the making of Time, as existing in *Po*, the endless, humid, warmth: the Void.

Consider the word *puka* (*POO-kah*. *Pukashell* necklaces were popularized by Hawaiian surfers and then claimed by tourists. They are made from little shells with natural holes in the center. But what does the word *puka* mean? *Puka* is a doorway, a gateway, an entrance, and a hole. The word *puka* does *not* refer to the shell itself, but to the void in its center.

Po is the Void, which encloses *Io*, exactly as the *puka* shell encloses the hole in its center, and just as a doorway encloses an opening (negative space) in a wall.

The map of the Big Island in the Cave was negative space.

Ancient reports and old stories of the Polynesian sailors were confusing to the Westerners who read these reports. This was due to the cognitive dissonance created when trying to apply Positive Space understanding to a Negative Space model.

Imagine holding a globe of the Earth. Hold the globe so that your location is at the top. Then sever the globe in a line between where you are and where you want to be. Now continuing to hold the globe with your position at the top, what do you see when you point to your destination? You will go not only over, but under too!

So which is the more “advanced” and accurate? The Polynesian one.

All our maps are two dimensional, and thus seem to be flat. But we really know that we are on a sphere. Therefore to go anywhere at all is to go “down” from where we are, as well as over.

Our maps are incorrect representations. Our model for movement on our globe has us moving “down” which we don’t account for on our maps. It’s an automatic function of the Western mind.

A few years ago there was a new approach to drawing, *Drawing from the Right Side of the Brain*, by Betty Edwards. The book acknowledged that average people don’t draw what they think they are drawing. What they *would* draw were symbolic representations rather than the actual subject. For example, when asked to draw a picture of a friend or relative, one would draw a stick figure rather than a realistic representation of this person they knew so well.

In order to break a person’s linguistic habits, which permeate all cognitive activity, the orientation of the object to be drawn was inverted. Instead of drawing the “positive space,” the object’s image, they would draw the “negative space,” the space not occupied by the object.

Roads within Roads within Roads

Let's say that *Io* or God is a vast and huge lake of fresh water. So large that no shore can be seen while on the lake. In the middle of the lake is a large volcano, which had blown its top a long time ago. This leaves an interior crater some miles across. Within this caldera is a large lake surrounded by the mountains formed by the cone. Virtually all of humanity dwells inside that caldera; they fish in the lake and farm on its shores. There are many roads surrounding the lake, which form concentric circles around this lake.

There are very few people who have ever climbed the dangerous mountain *pali* (*PAH-lee*) or cliffs, to see what is on the other side. The few who made it and survived to tell about it, tell of an island. But there are those who don't believe them, the Atheists. There are those who just don't care or see how it could affect their lives and are the Agnostics.

Then there are those who have decided to "protect" the people from their own devices and try to prevent anyone from climbing the dangerous mountains. They are the Iconoclasts. Ultimately, they are servants of their "Science." But their Science sees that they are surrounded on all sides by high mountains, so they know that is all that there is. And anyone who says differently is a liar or a fraud.

But still, some people do make it over the mountain cliff and return. They try to describe the Path they took. They also try to instruct others in how to follow that Path. For some, they may fall over the cliffs—this is not a right Path for them. The finders of the Paths get to name them. One is called Christianity, another The Tao, another Huna, another Islam and so on.

No matter what Paths lead over the cliffs, people still strive to discover what is on the other side of the mountain. This striving is the desire to know God, to answer the Big Questions, and to live a better life. The Paths are called Religions. This need to strive is branded into our hearts.

From wherever a person is standing, the One True Path starts in his Heart, and begins to form a passage way from the interior of life to the exterior of life. From being alone, to never being lonely again. Because you remember yourself as *Io*.

What is The One True Path then? Stand with your back to the lake and go outward until you meet the idea of God. You will notice others on The One

True Path. Because of parallelism, they will appear to be moving away from you and your Path at an angle. Indeed, you will appear to others whose backs are to the lake on the opposite side to be moving away from them!

The ever-expanding concentric Paths, or the islands of land, are all like the *puka*—negative spaces in which one travels on the One True Path.

Many of our religious prejudices result from not understanding the nature of the One True Path. All religions lead to God. From my Path, another's will look crooked or angled. From another on their One True Path, my Path will look crooked or angled. *Both* are the One True Path. One cannot judge, and therefore condemn another's One True Path. It can only be judged from the inside. From the heart.

Another reason for religious intolerance may stem from the difficulty Western linguistics creates with the concept of negative space. These difficulties would have faded away in time, if people were fluent in Chumash, or Hopi, or Hawaiian or even the liturgical language I'm constructing—*Hunian*.

The active voice dominates English sentence structure. *Hunian* is biased towards the passive voice. So I wonder, is it possible to really comprehend the nature of *Io* in English? The active voice assumes that the subject acts on the environment. That *we* are in control. This concept is false. The tribal languages, like *Hunian*, see people as being acted upon. As being a part of the Created World, rather than in control of the environment. Tribal languages see each person in a continuous flow of Creation. They are constantly being re-created. They are being sculptured. They are not the sculptor.

Now in which direction is the One True Path? How many One True Paths are there? There is only one. Only one One True Path.

As in our metaphor, every Hawaiian Island is surrounded by water and is topped by a volcanic mountain. There are therefore two logical directions in Hawaii: *makahakai*, towards the sea; and *mauka*, towards the mountain. For several years the Hawaiian Police Department has been frustrated because Hawaiian Police officers are using these Hawaiian directions in their reports instead of English directions.

So in our metaphor, which is the One True path? The *makahakai*.

So if your back is to the lake and start walking towards the *pali* or cliff, totally surrounding everyone, always keeping your back to the lake, that is the One True Path to the ocean—The *Makahakai*.

And you will note with some satisfaction that others on that path will appear to you to be going in the *wrong* direction, even directly counter to you.

All of you are on the same One True Path, the *Makahakai* Path. There is only One Ocean. There is only One God. There is only one Path to it, the One True Path, the *Makahakai* Path, *towards the sea*.

Huna: A Natural Religion

Abraham Maslow discusses “low religions” and “high religions” in his book, *Religions, Values and Peak Experience*. A low religion has no founder; rather, it is composed of the discoveries of many people. While it has no revelations, it does have authoritative philosophers and practitioners whose observations and theories or *mana`o* (philosophy) can be relied upon in general and are venerated. In the most part, the “low religions” are the tribal pagan religions.

The “high religions” are in the main, revealed religions. Some one person had a revelation or peak experience and spoke through a new understanding to the masses, or sometimes to a select few. Many times this ended in delusions of grandeur.

After that one person came people who had not had these experiences but built an edifice around that character. All written languages seem to have been created by religionists in order to maintain those revelations intact.

Every religion built on the vision of one person (a close relative of God, or CRG, is a “high religion.” They have fine public relations. This includes the high religions of Jesus, Abraham and Moses, Buddha, Zoroaster, Hindu (worshippers of the words of Rama and Krishna et al.), Theosophy (Mme. Helena Blavatsky), and of course, the inspired religions of Mormon, Urantia, Ohaspe, etc.

The “high religions” have one thing in common. They all depend on the vision of one person.

If Jesus were proved beyond any doubt to have been crazy, Christianity would on that day fall. If Blavatsky were shown to be a fraud, Theosophy would fall. Yet if it were shown that Max invented Huna from the whole cloth, it would not make a lot of difference. Huna does not depend on Max; it exists on its own. Huna is something one *does*, and *it works*. Likewise, the Christian who lives his life according to the understandings he has, is in no danger of delusion.

Wisdom doesn't depend on its messenger. It is self-contained. For example, an *Aumakua* recently (in religious terms) used a Word Processor to make a statement. This is perhaps the only thing that an *Aumakua* itself has written anything I know of. Although the title "He" put on it says it comes from Him, that really doesn't matter. The wisdom of it would be the same if you saw it written on a bathroom somewhere:

High Self Speaks!

You may feel at times that you have no power to influence the course of events. You may feel that God has forsaken you, cast you aside, and is ignoring you for reasons that you may or may not understand.

This, too, is a dream, just as your ideas of your "powers" were dreams. Yes, you had powers, as did many others unknown to you. There were moments when your aspirations were aligned with theirs and wonderful things happened. Now it seems to you that nothing you wish for can come true, and you feel powerless and forsaken by God.

This does not serve you, because you imagine your self weak and impotent. How could that be useful to you? Why not imagine your self powerful and strong, preparing for a mighty leap to a new, vaster realm of existence where you can play with others like your self who have made the same leap in faith!

Now is the time to manifest elegance, style, and impeccability in everything that you do, and in everything that you undertake. Now you have the time and energy to focus on bringing a new level of order and sanity into your own immediate environment, your body, your personal possessions, your living space, and your relationships.

This is the challenge for you at this time.

Now is the time to develop your new vision, the vision that enables you to inspire a new band of supporters, admirers, players, participants, friends, and lovers to join you in a nobler, cleaner, more focused and practical game that will carry each of you towards the fulfillment of your vision.

You are not powerless and impotent. You are at the peak of your powers! They are infinitely more subtle than the powers you have been playing with in the past, and they are infinitely more powerful. Use them now on yourself to become acquainted with them, and then allow them to expand your awareness of their incredible force and bring about the realization of your vision in the universe!

Continue to look for the positive intention in everything you feel, see, hear, and experience. You have many gifts which you take for granted. Take nothing for granted, else what you have may go away.

Your most valuable resources are your friends, family, and associates. Treat them well and think well of them. Look for the positive intention in their behavior and inner states. Honor them, that they may feel good about honoring you. Treat them with respect, elegance, style, and impeccability.

Continue to expand and clarify your vision. It will change and become more refined as you change and become more refined. Allow it to do so. Do not get stuck in the past, in old values that no longer serve you.

Make this dream the most elegant, gratifying dream you can imagine. Share it with others, especially those in your life now and from the past, as well as the new people you encounter along the way.

Express your vision by word of mouth, in writings such as this, and in other ways so that others may be inspired and find hope.

– Dr. Stanley Russell
February 28, 1987

What are the natural religions? They are Huna (the teachings of Max Freedom Long, Dr. William Tufts Brigham, etc.), *Ho`omana* (the ancient Hawaiian/Polynesian religious practices), American Indian Medicine, the religion of the Clever Men of Australia, and the Brotherhood of the Cord of Africa. As far as is known, these are pretty much the only natural religions left. In other words, in the main, the low religions are the tribal pagan religions.

No natural religion depends on one man, though the leaders are revered. Like the Shinto religion of Japan, they may have compelling commentaries by authoritative practitioners.

There exist in Nature all the Powers of the Created World. It is the job of the natural religions to discern these, and bring them into play, either for the good of the People or for the Harmony of the People with the Earth. But for each Way or Path, each People have their own view point, their own perspective. Without that view point or perspective no progress could be made. Huna is unique and has a special way of looking at things. A special way of manipulating the Earthpower.

You do not need Huna or the wisdom of William Tufts Brigham or of Max Freedom Long to see your *Aumakua*. Your *Aumakua* is already an objective reality. You *do* need Huna to understand it.

Huna awaits our discovery and use. But the way we see the real world and the way we use it depends on our understanding of it.

My vision of my *Aumakua* is as valid as Max's. But because of, I understand it.

All the natural religions have a professional use to them. They heal the ills of the People, give them their religion and so on. (See *Patterns of Culture* by Ruth Benedict and *The Heathens: Primitive Man and His Religions* by Prof. William Howells for a complete discussion of these matters.)

The synthetic religions usually confine themselves to endless speculations and philosophy yet they also provide their answers the *Big Questions*.

The high religions tend to see themselves in competition with the low religions. One does not generally choose one's low religion. Low religion is what makes a culture. It makes a person a member of the Sioux, the Cheyenne, etc.

Science has always gone hand and hand with the high religions in the attempted destruction of the low religions, but for different reasons.

The high religions cannot afford a different view of the universe; their only reason for being is to bring to the world their crystallized version of one man's dream. Science finds the presentation of power in the natural religions a threat to their power and their tidy view of the mechanical Universe.

Nevertheless, Huna exists for two purposes: to give Power into the use of the People, and to restore Harmony in Nature.

Max Freedom originally established an organization to do research into the rediscovered Huna religion. He wrote a series of *Bulletins*. In *Huna Vistas #84* he was ready to convert that research organization into a community-based religion. In this he failed, as there was a general revolt amongst the HRA's (Huna Research Associates). He then sent everyone a questionnaire to find out what the beliefs of these people were. About half of them were Huna-hyphenates and the other half were Huna-minuses. Then there were about a dozen like me, who saw Huna for what it was and were in agreement with Max.

The Huna-hyphenates were people who were loyal to religions that did not already work very well, and they had added Huna to it in order to correct that and make them work. Those people were Huna-Catholics, Huna-Presbyterians and so on. The other group, the Huna-minuses, consisted of people who had developed their own ideas and conceptions of God, Cosmology, etc. Those people would have Huna minus the *unihipili* and replaced by Carl Jung's Universal Subconscious, or Huna minus *mana* and so on.

They threatened mass resignations if Max were to develop and organize Huna any more deeply, as it would then threaten their loyalties and such. Max acquiesced. Most of these HRA's have died, and their opinions and prejudices do not matter any more.

Mana (or power) is the keystone of all Huna practices. But Huna is not a neutral discipline. Huna has a Path of its own. It is pure and clean and born of the Light.

Huna changes the one who uses it.

The *Seeing of the Aumakua* and the *Belovèd* are doorways into greater power and understanding of the Real world.

A Further Understanding of Huna Theory

After Max Freedom Long saw his Belovèd, he wrote the following:

Love is The Law. In the lower forms of life the growth is toward individuality and separateness. One individual, so very often, eats the next. But always there is the uniting process and colonies of cells increase in size at each evolutionary step. At last, at the upper heights, individuals begin to cooperate and to cease to prey on others of their kind. Love begins to dawn...and under the Law of Love the final step of *graduation* takes place and the mates unite.

The *unhipili* still belongs to the Animal level and while it responds like an animal and loves a mate in the lesser way, it is learning to think and act like an *uhane*. Mixing reason and love with animal selfishness, jealousy and anger is the *unhipili* way, and our task, as I now see it, is to do our best to take the *unhipili* in hand and cultivate its good side—the side that gives love and makes it worthy of love.

The *uhane* love appears to me now to be made possible because the ability to love is not like the other emotions - things stemming from the *Aumakua* may be the one and only emotion that the *uhane* can carry along with it as it graduates from the low to the middle state. That the *Aumakua* has the ability to love is a foregone conclusion. It is something we can feel and to which we respond to in kind. Literature, be it sacred or secular, stresses the higher octaves of love... The *kahunas* speak through the Code from the dim past and say to the elect: *Only by learning to love and to make yourself worthy of love can you become ready to enjoy the Marriage made in Heaven - the union with the mate.*

– Max Freedom Long

Much more work is to be done in understanding the individual qualities of the different selves. But as in all things Huna, it will not be enough to merely speculate. Investigation will have to be carried out.

There exists in English a possible direction, silly though it may be. It is perfectly possible to say, for example, *I love her but I don't like her*. Or, *I don't love him but I like him*. These should be exactly the same if we had only one consciousness, but they are not, are they? The first example implies that one is of two minds on the matter. While the second implies a normal progression. The implication of the second is that a deeper relationship is sanctioned by something; that is, that *something* is not hindering a deeper relationship.

But *being of two minds*, that is significant. To me this suggests that the *uhane* has a set of pseudo-emotions, which are partially expressible in English. The second example suggests that English connotes a vague suggestion of sanctions controlled by the *uhane*.

There is a wealth of information concerning the unconscious assumptions in the idiomatic forms of languages. English is available to us, for what it is worth. The idiomatic forms of the artificial/synthetic Polynesian Language is, of course lost to us in the main. We are fortunate to have the Lorrin Andrews *Dictionary of the Hawaiian Language*, first printed in 1865, to guide us as Hunians and able to compare old definitions with the current ones. The idioms we would be interested in have probably been lost. As an example, one of the Hawaiian emotions, such as *kena* (*KAY-nah*), is no longer listed in the current dictionaries of the Hawaiian Language. The concept of *kena* doesn't exist in English. So if everything that is in modern Hawaiian is a translation, and if this has been going on for a number of years. Then any concept not in English will slowly die out in Hawaiian. Thus *kena* (Andrews *Dictionary of Hawaiian*, 1865):

KE-NA, s. Hard labor; wearisome service.

2. Depression of mind under unmitigated toil.

3. *The feelings of a parent towards a child that refuses his instructions; weariness, anger and love all combined.*

To further illustrate the idea, we can take for example the Hawaiian word *au* (*ow*). If you look up the word *au* in a modern Hawaiian language dictionary, it will tell you that the word means *I, self, current or flow (as in a sea)*.

This is not accurate. Let's look at what happened. To understand it, we have to have a little understanding of the concept of God or *Io* the All-Source or *Io* the Almighty in the Polynesian framework.

The original Creator God, known to the Maoris of New Zealand as *Io*, remained a secret amongst the populace. *Io* as a concept was believed to be too sacred or *kapu* to be revealed to the commoners.

William Howells, former Chairman and Professor of Anthropology at Harvard University, tells us in his foundational work, *The Heathens: Primitive Man and His Religions*, that the Polynesian religion is a polished sphere.

Io was unknown to the Occidental world until about 1936. Two major things happened then. A young anthropologist had been studying the secrets of *Io* the Almighty in the small Polynesian population of Tuamotua. Then the news broke that a Christianized Maori kahuna held the same stories and chants as this Tuamotua tribe, but the Maori used the name of *Io*. Other than that the systems were the same.

So what happened in Hawaii? The knowledge of *Io* was kept a secret by the ancient Hawaiian priests. They died out so quickly and at around the same time, that their secrets were lost.

Now let us take a look at what happened to the Hawaiian word *au*.

The concept of *Io* is of a massive deity who created everything from himself. That, according to Max Freedom Long, includes such qualities as *dullness* and *sharpness*.

As such, there is only one true soul, the soul of *Io*. We are all then flows or currents within the mind of *Io* (God).

In ancient Hawaiian, one cannot say, *I am going to the store*. One is compelled to say, *It has come to this flow in the mind of God to go to the store.* Quite a difference.

Both sentences are said the same way in Hawaiian. Indeed in every place in English where the word *I* is used, the word *au* is used in Hawaiian. The true meaning of *au* was lost and the English concept of individuality and alien-ness replaced the idea of one's place in the Created World—and no one knew it. When the Hawaiian parents spoke to their children who were forced into the Missionary Schools, their use of "*au*" was as it should be. There was

no way to know that the word had lost its meaning and the English concept added to it.

In 1980 I had a talk with Kahuna Charlie Kenn at Punalu`u on the Big Island of Hawaii. The conversation on this very subject was recorded by an HRI Board Director. At first I thought that this great repository of Hawaiiana, Kahuna Charlie, was raving about *au* until I looked at it further.

There was no way to discover that the children who were going to Missionary School had a misunderstanding of the ancient Hawaiian word *au* as they always used *au* in the sense of the English *I* whenever it was appropriate to use *au* in the Hawaiian language. In a single generation, and covertly, the original understanding of the word *au* was lost, and with it the linguistic understanding of *Io*, and with that, the understanding of one's place in the Created World.

Before the coming of the Missionaries to Hawaii there were three ways to greet someone. After the Missionaries came, there was only one - *Aloha*.

This word does not mean what it seems to mean (*hello, good bye, love, etc.*). It is a clan greeting. Its meaning is difficult, and it has to do with the Creator God *Io*.

From the Polynesian as well as the Huna viewpoint, everything that is, *is Io*. A *soul is au* (or the word *I*).

Io is flexible. We might be reminded of water. Ice is water. Snow is water. Steam is water. So what does water look and feel like? Many things.

Like wise, a self can be thought of as a tiny piece of consciousness. All consciousness *is Io*. *Io* is always growing and maturing. So, if a pre-missionary Polynesian person said, "*I am not a teapot*," it did not mean that. It meant, "*This flow of consciousness in the mind of God (Io) is man--ing, not tea-pot-ing.*"

Aloha is the recognition of this fact. In other words, it means, *I recognize a state of voluntary mutual interdependence between us.*

The closest I have been able to find a way to express this in English is found in A. A. Milne's *Winnie the Pooh*.

Piglet sidled up to Pooh from behind.

'Pooh,' he whispered.

'Yes, Piglet?'

*'Nothing,' said Piglet, taking Pooh's paw,
'I just wanted to be sure of you.'*

Paul Pearsall, Ph.D. states in his book, *The Pleasure Prescription: To Love, to Work, To Play - Life in Balance*:

Ha`ole (ha OH-lay) - The mental and physical exhaustion of the millions of over-stressed and overworked individuals in today's society leads to what Polynesians call a ha`ole life (ha = breath; ole = without). Ha`ole living is an urgent, breathless existence in pursuit of an elusive better that leaves one disconnected and fatigued.

Aloha - The Oceanic people taught that a joyful and healthy life is based on following our seventh sense or aloha, the instinctive drive to do what is pleasurable and healthful. Alo means to share and ha means breath, so aloha literally means to give and share the breath of life.

In other words, *aloha* is a recognition that we are all in this together.

The Waterworks of God

If God exists and we exist, then what purpose do we Healers or Exorcists serve, and why should we be paid for that work? Can we accept any credit for results, as all the power, Grace, or *mana* resides in *Io*, the All-Source, God?

We define the ability to invoke God's *mana* as a Sacrament. The ability to effectively perform a Sacrament is a good, if not the only test of whether or not a person actually knows God or a god, or anything about the Universe at all.

When I was younger I had a friendship for a number of years with a Medicine Woman, who had a special relationship with Wakon Tanka (The Spirit-which-Moves, God), or Pejunta (the Great Mystery), which the people believed was everywhere. However, they still resented the fact that they were unskilled enough to need to her to contact Spirit, which in the ory they should be able to do themselves. At a personal level, this resentment of their part upset her, although I pointed out to her that the choice was theirs, that they continued to rely on her skills to contact Spirit, rather than make the effort to learn to do so themselves. This was entirely their choice, not hers.

What is the balance between personal responsibility and the works of *mana* or Grace? Let us trade the ideas of God and Grace for that of water; the People or Laity as a field of wheat; and the priest or kahuna as the farmer.

Water exists. It is a gift from God. Here in California, it is found in abundance in the Northern part of the state. Southern California is a natural semi-arid desert.

As a consequence, we get a water bill. Are we really paying for water? No. We are paying for the water works; the water, a gift from God, is actually free. We can see this is true when it rains or in the mountains when it snows. Getting water is as simple as opening your mouth and tilting your head back.

Like wise, when we pay for a Healer or an Exorcist, we are not paying for the actual work of God, nor the effect of Grace or *mana*, but for the effort, sweat, training, planning and so on that the Healer or Exorcist had had to endure to make that bridge or *he anuenu* (rainbow) between God and the Transient (client).

In Huna it takes five to seven years to produce a Healer. Now why would a person go through that much effort and vexation if he or she could not make a living with it?

When a plumber charges for his work, what we are paying him for is his expertise, knowledge, and his time to apply his skills to solving our problem. We are happy to pay him. It balances the benefits we receive with the expenditure of his *mana* and that part of his life time used to solve that problem. So, too, for Kahunas, Healers and Exorcists. People are happy to pay us for solving their problems, assisting them, and improving the quality of their lives. Just as you are not paying the plumber for the attributes of water, you are not paying the Healer for the attributes of God.

When I dispense Bach Flower Remedies, for example, I do not charge for them. After all, they (as they exist in the fields in England) are a gift from God. I do charge for my time and expertise.

If a person is a Host here, i.e., in Service, and has done Service that I respect, then I make no charge for my training and effort, nor do Hunians in my congregation pay for my Services (as they are already paid for by their tithes).

But for the average person off the street, he pays a set fee. No one deserves a chunk of another person's lifetime just because they have learned how to breathe.

The measure of a person's competence as a Healer or Exorcist rests with the demonstration of the results of his or her efforts. If *ahaumana* is successful, then he or she has learned and understood.

I had been preparing for a *Koa Ahahui* (Huna Warrior Path Seminar) where I would be teaching four kahunas-in-training how to make a *ki`i kukui* (*KEE ee koo-KOO-ee*). I had spent months getting them ready for the lecture, yet even that would not nearly be enough.

If they were successful, the tan *kukui* nut wood would turn black when properly blessed. With that successful blessing, the *kukui* will heal people touched by them. If the students cannot call down the finger of God, the *kukuis* will not change color.

In many ways, the making of a *ki`i kukui* is a lot like a healing of a medical failure or medical emergency or an exorcism. It is where the rubber meets the road. It shows a student kahuna (or *haumana*) if they have accomplished the goal of their religious training.

They have to struggle with the understandings that I give them. They will not come all at once. After all, as far as I knew, I was the last of the kahunas who can make a *ki`i kukui*.

This reminds me of the Hunian proverb:

*Long, long ago,
Before this tiny planet,
Our Earth,
With its mountains
And rivers and seas
Was threaded to the cord of time,
Souls were created
By an incomprehensible Creator.
These souls,
Conscious of their existence*

*As humans,
 Wander along some
 Mysterious Path
 Towards some distant goal.
 We struggle and strive
 We suffer and fight,
 We love and grieve,
 We are born and die.
 We have been created
 For some greater purpose.*

– Dr. Oscar Brunler

Let us go back to our analogy of the Waterworks again. The Mazeway is like the system of valves and pumps.

The purpose of a Mazeway, or the system of Mores of a religion, is *to clear the Path* to God. As a person does not turn purple when saved, one has to have some other way to find out if one's religion is being followed correctly.

My students will have to adjust what they have learned—adjust their comprehension until kukui nuts turn black when they bless it. Until that happens, they don't understand what I have taught them.

So if *pride* interferes with the Blessing, then they will have to adjust that within themselves. If on the other hand, it does not stop the Blessing from happening, then that lesson has been understood correctly. So a *teaching* or *understanding* is only so good as it allows holiness to flow through a person.

In Huna, we see the Will of *Io* as inescapable. Any way the Created World allows something to happen, is the correct way for it to happen. So in the Sacraments, if they work then the person is doing it correctly. If they do not work, then the person is not doing it correctly. This means that the Sacraments need to be such that they can be tested objectively.

In this case, holiness is *not* defined any which way. It means that a *ki`i kukui* can be correctly made, a Healing done, an Exorcism completed, and all to a verifiable degree.

In other words, if a *ki`i kukui* turns black when the person for whom it has been made wears it, then the Kahuna's mental valves or faucets for holiness is set correctly. If the wood remains tan, then that person is not congruent with that kind of holiness.

A Mazeway is a list of instructions on how to live a better life than would otherwise be the case. And it is a list of instructions on Holiness.

If the teachings of a religion have strayed from that Holiness, then miracles will no longer be popular or possible by that People. The simple actions of Holiness may be looked at askance by that People if they decide to have Faith and refuse to go out looking for the means to do effective Sacraments.

In other words, at least the "low religions" have to "work." They have to do things, and be effective with those things. This is not easy. It is hard, but possible and necessary.

But then, as I have quoted Abraham Maslow, "*In all ethical situations, the Fear Choice is the Growth Choice.*"

Book II: Witness to Seeings

*Since I've learned that you are near, my dear,
I keep glimpsing you as from the corner of an eye,
Twinkling at me in mirth.*

*Tell me, have you a secret you can't share?
And, just now stand ing close be hind my chair,
reading the profoundly wise words I wrote down,
Why were you so moved by silent laughter?
Perhaps the answer I can guess,
But why-oh why-still standing there,
did you twist a baby curl into my gray hair?*

*Are you remembering something I've forgotten?
Something we did to gether lives ago?*

-- Max Freedom Long

A Bit of Verse

The Tremendous Importance of the Confirming Mystical Experiences of Huna

Kahuna Max Freedom Long said this:

I believe that we have passed a milestone of inestimable importance and are now in a position to lay before the world as an esoteric *fact* what has for endless centuries been known in inner circles as a secret so sacred and wonderful that only the picked members of the esoteric orders were allowed to glimpse it and still our shining *fact* is only half baked into final form. Like *the proof of the pudding*, which is *in the eating*, our *fact*—while not being something to eat—is *certainly* something that must be experienced before it becomes one's very own to live and even die for and by. Our *fact* can now be given thus:

Our final goal is *union*. The *first union* is between the lower selves and the *Aumakua*. It is *not* the blending or permanent adding of the selves together to make *one* new self. That is the old mistake. It is the recognition of the *Aumakua* and its part in a three-self man. It is making contact with it, and inviting it to take its proper part in our lives. That is the only possible *union* on this level of living, being and doing.

The *second union* is the final reunion and reuniting of the mates, male and female, as they graduate into the *Aumakua* state and in union become a new High Self Father–Mother.

The proofs are three:

In trying for union or contact with the *Aumakua*, we first hear that there is an *Aumakua*, then we think of it and try to make contact. Eventually contact is made and we have the physical sensation of seeing *The Light* which is symbolic of the *Aumakua*.

In learning the fact that we have a mate, we hear that there *is* one. We think about it and begin to believe. We are given a

dream, vision or seeing in which we meet the mate. We feel as physical sensation the greatest love we have ever experienced. We may be amazed that we are capable of so much love. Belief becomes conviction.

The third proof is the feeling of ecstatic love and joy that at times comes when a contact with the *Aumakua* is made but when no *Light* is seen. About all these sensations of *seeing, feeling* or visual perception in a physical sense, there is something that marks each as much truer, clearer and weighted with verity. Other lesser experiences are often forgotten, but not these. The memory of each is retained as if burned in by the fire of Truth itself. Each carries with it all the *proof* that is possible to us on the physical level, and we do well to remember that conclusions we reach by the process of *reasoning* will seldom remain fixed and able to bear weight if leaned upon too heavily. They are reeds which bend in the winds of contrary arguments, while the things of the *seeing* and *feeling* remain the rocks upon which we can build.

-- Max Freedom Long

There are three techniques used by our *Aumakuas* to bring about the fulfillment of these prayers. They are:

The Power Dream or Vision Dream. Here one has a very special kind of *dream*, which has certain earmarks. These include the fact that you *start* awake (or awaken with a start). That is, at one moment you are sound asleep and in your dream, the next second you are fully awake, and perhaps even sitting up in bed, or standing on the floor. This is because your spirit was out of your body, and returns at a snap. An other element of the Power Dream is the fact that this *dream* does not fade out, as a normal dream will. The last is a quality I will describe to you, but which you will not know until you experience it. After a Power Dream, there is a calm, certain conviction of its validity. There is simply no doubt at all. It is known to you as true experience.

The Spontaneous Eye Fixation. Here you will be in your normal waking consciousness, perhaps at work, or even driving. With nothing special your mind, suddenly something will catch your eye, you will glance at it, and in

that second, you will move into a dream. When you re turn, there will be that same elusive quality of validity as above.

The Seeing: This is the most dramatic. Here reality itself is in a way suspended. Here in the *normal* world the action takes place. With *Seeing*, it is real, whether the experience is one of *La Lani*, the *Aumakua*, or the Belovèd. You actually see the thing in the real world.

We have at this time no control at all over which way our *Aumakua* answers our prayer-form. Once you have experienced these things, you will see that in the end, it is the experience that counts, and not its vehicle.

Both the Power Dream and the Spontaneous Eye Fixation visions take place in a specific locality called the *manawa* or the space-time continuum of Huna, whereas the normal dream takes place in your local vicinity.

The *Seeing of La Lani* (the Heavenly Light) is fairly common among serious delvers of religion. However, people who have seen their *Aumakua* is a much smaller group in the world's population. My impression, from extensive study of the world's sacred literature over the years, is that it would seem that more HRA's have Seen their Belovèd than have others in all the known history of every religion.

Seeing and *feeling* are not the same as *talking* about seeing and feeling. The three sensings are: *Meeting La Lani*; *Meeting one's Aumakua*; *Meeting one's Belovèd*. *Meeting* here means an experience of the Power Dream, the Spontaneous Eye Fixation Vision, or a true, visual experience of *Seeing*.

In *Huna Vistas #70*, Max Freedom Long decided to share his deeply personal experiences related to his Spontaneous Eye Fixation, during which he *Saw His Belovèd*. I present it here.

The Seeing

*Knowing I will not find you
I search.*

*I know not who you are
And still I search.
Ah, my sundered self.*

*Loneliness heightens my desire.
Brief couplings tell me what I have
not.
Generation upon generation we seek
And find not.
Ever closer.
Ever nearer.
But where are you?*

*Just a glimpse, I ask.
Reveal yourself.
Enter my dreams as I would enter
yours.*

*Echoes of each other
Like a reflection in a mirror.
I long for you.
The kiss that feeds.*

*Join with me.
Let us dance upon the light.
Merged for eternity
Watching those we leave behind.
Until they, too, find each other.*

– Kahuna Keonaona

Searching for the Belovèd

Max Freedom Long's Vision of His Belovèd

Another door has opened for us in our long effort to get at the basic truths served for us through the use of the Huna Code and the several writings in which the Code was used. What I have to share with you this time is precious and intimate to me—and perhaps the most difficult thing I will ever try to get across to you in feeble words on dull paper. I have hesitated to make the attempt and have twice decided that there were good reasons for not making it. But here, at the end of my long weighing, I have come to the conclusion that I would be less than faithful to your trust in me if I held back. I am painfully aware that only a few of you are ready for what I am going to try to pass across to you, but if only a very few can catch the spark which has been kindled in me, that will justify the dismal failure to reach the others.

What I am laboring so to try to relate is a matter of heart and of the sensing of something—a sensing that certainly involves the *unihipili* and its heritage of our emotions. According to the Huna theory, as we have worked it out from the wisps of intuition and information so reluctantly handed down to us through code and half-exposed symbols, the meeting of the *uhanes* to form the graduation *Union* is a mind-level thing. But what I have experienced certainly involves the *unihipili* as well. It makes me begin to wonder whether the *Aumakua* gave me a glimpse of the *Union* with the help of the *unihipili* (who would be left behind later as a graduated *uhane*), or whether the beloved little brother also comes along and does its amazing part with its ability to feel the emotion of love. Or is love emotion? Can the middle self love on its own?

This question demands that we throw wide open again the matter of just what it is that happens when we experience the three combined *seeings* and *feelings* which have been common to sages down the many centuries, and which are the only valid things upon which a true edifice of religion has been constructed.

The *seeing-feeling* of the Light of the *Aumakua* is so common and universal that Huna begins and ends on the fact that so many have seen the Light in a very similar way and have recognized it as being an evidence of the *Aumakua* or of a Higher Being often with different names in different systems of religion. It is the prime symbol of the *Aumakua* in Huna and as coded in the Four Gospels. Thinking back to my own early experience in the middle of a black night in Hawaii, I recall that there was little thinking involved. I was awakened to find the room filled with the wonderful whiteness of the heatless light. There was no sound—nothing to sense but the *seeing*, but my *uhane* mind raced with questions and wondering. Then the light dimmed and was gone. In a later contact, I was asleep, and I found myself floating without body in a sea of slightly amber light—a vast and all covering Light. This time I sensed great peace and contentment, wanting never to change. But soon I realized that I had forgotten something very important, and when I made the great mental effort of recall, I slowly remembered that I was a man and that my name was Max Long—upon which I awakened and found myself back in the body. Twice I have made the contact with hardly a shade of light, but have known in some way that I was in touch with it and with my Father–Mother *Aumakua*, and each time there came a flood of joy—a moment or two of an ecstasy of loving and being loved by the endlessly dear Parental Spirit. Always it is the same—basically emotion—and if we have worked out Huna correctly, we have been helped to these contacts through the *unhipili* and its power to use the senses and respond to stimulation with different degrees of emotion, the important one here being that of love. “The joy of the Lord” some ancient sages have called it.

In all the great religions of the past we have had, as a Secret of Secrets, and Reward of Rewards, the *Union* of the Adam and Eve parts of the man. It is the basic thing that stands close beside the fact of the Light as the *Aumakua*. In India and modern Hindu-derived religious speculations, the *Union* has been lost in the confusion of guesses which have been made to win back

the lost Secret. The idea of union with the *Aumakua* has mistakenly replaced that of the union of the mated male and female parts of each *uhane*. The story of the creation is almost rushed in its telling in Genesis. And, starting with the elaborate story of Adam and Eve, the continuing account carries forward the coded mystery of the final *Union* of the mated *uhanes*, even as the *Aumakua* has already been blessed by a similar *Union*.

Our alternative may help us keep to the Huna theory as we have worked it out. Can we simply say that Love is a thing beyond and apart from the emotions which have been assigned to the keeping of the *unihipili*? We argue that certainly the *Aumakua* Mother–Father can express love, for we feel it poured out upon us in the rare moments of communion. We may also argue that as the *uhane* has once been an *unihipili*, it certainly should have learned to love and perhaps has never lost that priceless ability. I prefer to believe that someplace in this mixture lies the truth, and that as *uhanes* we can be independent. We may even be able to remember for ourselves where love is concerned, and thus have the sure memory to recognize the Belovèd when met, and of knowing her as the dear comrade of the past in carnations. She may have been wife or sister or mother or close as a friend while the rough edges were worn smooth by the various experiences of our lives.

The two halves that eventually will fit together perfectly to make one piece, have the needed burred projections worn off by lives lived with those not the real mate by the *war between the sexes* in which each of the marriage partners flaying the other daily, strives blindly to whittle the other down to fit into the mold that was never intended for it. I have from my recent experience no reason to feel that we, as *uhanes*, can't remember the whitling process and pain and wars of the learning years, but I am certain that enough memory goes with the remembered love to allow all the times of love and association to be recalled and made into one shining recognition and realization.

A new and shining meaning is given to the long-familiar words, *I was never so glad to see one in my whole life!*

This is my story. I had been thinking about *Union* and the mate and about the graduation time to which I look forward so hopefully, and it occurred to me that I might get more information from the *Aumakua* via my *unihipili* and the pendulum contact method which I had learned to use.

I quieted down, accumulated *mana* with a series of four breaths and soon the pendulum began to swing. I sent the *mana* and my love to my *Aumakua* and the familiar pattern of the plus sign inside the large circle was slowly traced out in the air above the palm of my left hand. When the *mana* had been offered and the return flow of *mana* felt, the pendulum stopped swinging and I asked permission to ask questions, getting an answering yes through the pendulum. After a few questions and a yes to assure me that the theory of *Union* was correct and that I might be helped to such a union in no long time, I asked whether or not my mate was ready and whether she might be aware of the coming change and also waiting for it. The pendulum did not move, but as I watched it intently, there came an inner seeing. I stood looking across a misty stage which was empty. I was lonely. Then across the stage toward me she came. She came lightly, not hurrying greatly, and her shining love leaped ahead of her to meet mine.

This is the place for poetry and all the magically rhymed adjectives, but nothing is enough. All I can say is that *I was never so glad to see any one in my life!* And, that *I loved Her better than anything else in the world.* I have never before felt such joy in a reunion or such love for the one with whom I was reunited after a long separation.

Little use to try to describe what I felt and how full my heart was in that short moment while she came toward me with such stars in her eyes that I cannot now say what color they were. She was by no means a large woman, and (this is an element which I blame on my *unihipili* and its strange tendency to change things which it has been given to deliver in dreams)

she was dressed for all the world like the actresses who play the part of the English flower girl in *Pygmalion*, even to the battered little sailor hat with its bent-stemmed droop of a flower. But I had hardly time enough to see her before - almost ten feet before our hands had/could touch - she faded out, the stage with her and I was looking again at my unmoving pendulum. What can I say about the experience and how it left me? Lofty verse? No, I stand like a tongue-tied lad before his first love. All I can find to whisper is another line winnowed from the utterings of a million lovers, *I'll never be the same again*.

No memories were aroused of other lives or other times of association, but my imagination was so quickened that I could see her in my mind's eye in a hundred quick changes of guise - but always with a face I knew endlessly well, and ever loved. She was not my loved wife of the present incarnation, but seemed to contain this love and all the other lovers distilled from the long and broken line of joyous years. In her was and is every woman I have ever loved. She is the little girl with whom I played at seven and who was mysteriously aloof and strange and very dear. She was the Grandmother so loved in my little days, and my own lovely mother. She was the first and middle and last love, all in one... And she is either there, or will be when the graduation day arrives... My Father-Mother have seen fit to give me this conviction.

Thinking of you who will read these lines, I am abashed. I have bared my heart despite many misgivings, and I am well aware that many of you will sniff or snort or scorn. I am painfully aware of the several letters received in the past, mostly from HRAs who have been deeply hurt, and who shudder away from the very thought of ever having to meet in union with one of the opposite sex and be blended with that one into a single bi-polar Self. But a few of you stand very close to me, and in you I am confident of the response - for you have loved and have been loved. You speak my halting language at these strange levels where love can be rape, or can be all and everything. To the latter, I have dared to look for understanding.

- Max Freedom Long

As Max mentioned above, he did have the experience of *Seeing La Lani*, the Heavenly Light. He describes that experience in great detail, which follows.

Max Freedom Long Sees La Lani

I want to tell you about my experience in seeing the cold white light that surrounds everything. It is the thing that tells you that you have opened the path to the *Aumakua* and that contact has been made. And down through the years after that, you will never be cut off entirely, unless you become a great sinner, which most of you will not be, if you once have been good enough to make the contact.

When I was a young man, I lived in Hawaii. I was teaching school, and as the Principal of the little eight-room school, I was assigned a cottage that had three rooms in it, as well as a kitchen and a bath. I set aside one room and put some nice white Japanese matting on the floor, and there I put an incense burner, a cushion to sit on, and two or three books that I thought were inspirational.

The idea was to try to get to a higher something; to develop my inner spiritual awareness. I didn't know exactly what I was trying to get into contact with, but I knew that it was something higher than the conscious mind. My text book in the first place was the *Bahgavad Gita*, that is *The Song of the Lord* that the later Hindus used. And it is full of all kinds of coded Huna, very vague in spots, but it speaks of the Three Selves.

I would finish my day in school, do my various tasks, then before dinner if I would have a little time, I would take a shower and put on a clean kimono, go into this room I saved only for meditation, light my little incense burner with some nice smelling incense, sit cross-legged on my pillow, and then strike a little gong that I had found. It was a little brass gong, and I struck it three times. That helped to get the subconscious

to pay attention each time. I would remind myself of my intentions by intoning *Aum. Aum, aum, aum*. And then I would try it on a low pitch, *aum, aum, aum*. My idea was that if I could strike my own pitch exactly right I might be able to make a sudden contact with the High Self. That is what we called it at that time, from the *Bahgavad Gita's* nomenclature. This went on for perhaps three months, very seldom did I miss my evening half-hour of meditation, and nothing much came of it. I went through the various texts. I read the Bible a little bit, although I wasn't much inclined to accept the Bible as the dogmas are now recorded in the outer teachings. I read here and there in things that I thought were inspirational. Nothing happened and I got a little discouraged. So I decided that I was on the wrong track, and perhaps that meditation would not bring me what I wanted, and I gave it up.

I just don't know how long it was, it might have been two or three days, or it might have been a week after I gave up my meditation and said to myself, *There's nothing there that I can touch. If it is there, I can't find it*. Then in the middle of the night I was awakened. I was sleeping soundly. My bed was surrounded by mosquito netting. Down there we had no screen on the windows, and the mosquitoes were rather bothersome so I was surrounded by a good big white mosquito net. When I was awakened, I seemed to have been awakened by the fact that there was a great flood of light. The whole inside of the mosquito netting was all lighted up with a beautiful brilliant white light. I was amazed and startled. I sat up in bed. I looked around. And I tried to look through the mosquito net to see where the light was coming from. There was a window a little bit high up on the wall. But there was no light coming through the window. Nothing except this very beautiful white cold light. There was no sound, no sensation of any kind.

And then suddenly I felt a great welling up of joy in my heart, of love. And as I did that, the light gradually faded out. Everything was still. Everything was quiet. I got out of bed. I threw back the mosquito netting. I went to look out the win-

dow to see if it could be possible that some source of light out there could have shone through the window. I could see nothing, no possible chance. And so I decided that I must have had an occult experience, and that I must have touched some higher spiritual something. That was a great stepping stone. It left me so deeply impressed that I never forgot the sensation. And I kept longing to repeat it.

So I renewed my meditation, and I meditated upon the light, and upon the higher something that was behind the light. A higher spiritual entity-being.

A little bit later I ran into a Zen teacher. He gave me *koans*. These are questions that have no answer except to have you keep thinking about the question itself. The answer-less question. Until from no place, and because there is no answer, you devise an answer of your own. It may not fit the question, may have nothing to do with it, but it acts as a trigger to get you to think and to prove and to reach, and to try to touch something. What I did was to touch the light again. This time, instead of having the light flood me, I became part of the light. I went out of the body for a few minutes and forgot who I was. Where I went I don't know, but I was out of the body and I forgot that I was *Max Long*. I forgot where I was, or what I was doing, or anything. I simply became a part of a beautiful white light. And that turned to a beautiful pearl gray, and then it turned to a very pale pink and then to a very pale blue. Finally to a pale green, and a pale violet.

After I enjoyed that for how long I don't know, it might have been for five minutes, I became restless, I became anxious about something; and I couldn't think what it was that I was anxious about. I tried to remember who I was, what I was, where I was going, what the experience meant. And in the great effort to remember, to place myself in time and space, I suddenly came back into the body, almost, you might say, with a crash. Then I realized that I had forgotten who I was, that I now remembered that I was *Max Long*, and that I had been out in this strange experience in which I had been one with the

light. That was a wonderful experience of oneness. To be one with the light; I had no feeling of the body, or gravity. No feeling of anything except a great pleasure in being light. I was for the time being, Light. And it is as wonderful to be light as it is to be much of anything else.

– Max Freedom Long

*Aloft among the moun tains I had striven,
The rocky world around a magic sight,
Yet not a glimpse of outlet was I given
Nor any way to reach the sun lit height.*

*Then I met thee, in utmost need, the Other
Now linked with thee, new courage I could find:
I raised myself with thee to wander further
And lo! Our des tiny proved good and kind.*

*We found a path all clear, there was no other,
And mount ing up, we saw a Tem ple stand;
The climb was steep, we ven tured it to gether,
And still today find courage hand in hand.*

*It may be that we stand where life is ending,
The goal unreached-enough-the way is clear.
We met each other, that was the great turning,
From two con fused ones grew a light-filled pair.*

– Christian Morgenstern
translated by Mabel Cotterell
To The Other

Dan D. Sees His Aumakua

I met Dan D. at the 1980 HRI Huna International Convention at Punalu`u in Hawaii. We talked about Huna and he mentioned that he had Seen his *Aumakua*. I asked him if he would be kind enough to write down the story of his experience so that I might include it in a book. He agreed. I had a similar conversation with Peter at that same conference.

Soon after I returned from the Islands, I received this letter from Dan. He titled it, *On the Seeing of the Aumakua*. Peter's story of *Seeing of his Aumakua* follows.

If there is anything to be said about the *Seeing of the Aumakua*, it must be clearly understood that any attempt to relate a real understanding of the experience is foredoomed to failure.

As a profoundly mystical occurrence in an anti-mystical cultural context, it is purely and absolutely ineffable. It can't be described in words, for our frail and limited vocabulary is of the *uhane*.

The seeing of the *Aumakua* is an event belonging to a very different spectrum of human affairs, one far surpassing the workaday pragmatic foolishness that we normally take for reality.

Like the sight of a brilliant comet streaking through the black night sky, it shinningly illuminates our very little place in the world and makes us shockingly aware for an instant of other greater and grander things in the Universe.

This *seeing* came at a time in my life not so long ago when the bleak clouds of bitter experience had blotted out whatever light had been in my world. I had a rough go of it with what Max Freedom Long called *Eating Companions*.

These particular ones had been peripherally involved in a well-known bizarre murder case and for some reason had come to me with their usual retinue of unpleasant tricks.

I had been divorced and cast out by the only one who had shed a little light in my life. At the time I felt a little like some Dostoyevskian character cast out into the raging storms of despair, wandering *Sturm und Drang*, aimlessly in the emotional slums of a darkened wasteland.

The terrible Star of Suicide lay heavy on the horizon. It would have been so easy to seek the solace of a blissful nothingness - just a flick of the finger on the trigger of my 9mm automatic - an instant panacea for the darkness of life.

The gun lay on the shelf in the den. I simply needed to walk twenty feet to cure the woes of life.

I lay in bed, these thoughts going through my mind.

Yet something deep inside me revolted, a grand nay-saying to my nay-saying. A part of me realized that there was something wrong, very wrong. I clenched my teeth and fists convulsively into the tear-soaked pillow and cried in lonesome despair a plea to whatever gods there may be to protect me from my own foolish ignorance and from the shameful self-treason in my mind.

There was a calming mysterious blankness of mind for a moment as though some ethereal specter had emptied my brain of its burden. For a moment I lost all sense of identity, of personality, location, memory, sensation - a total yet short-lived amnesia that was the soothing balm of heaven and the calm before the storm.

Then it happened: In my mind's eye I saw a small, yet brilliant vertical line of gold-white iridescence appear in the distant blackness. Almost hypnotically fascinated, I watched as it grew in size and brightness as though it were coming nearer. The details became more clear. It was a long vertical rod of electric arc-like brilliance, with a bisecting line straight up the middle. A dim short cross-bar appeared at the bottom. As the golden bar began to pulsate its raying luminescence, I could simply discern a diaphanous form behind the light. As the shapes became more sharply defined in my mind's eye, I began

to witness what must be the most utterly inspiring sight available to humankind.

The shaft of light was a brilliantly pulsing sword of golden electric fire held by a gigantic Being of wondrous shining beauty - a guardian angel - an Aumakua!

The light was blinding, far more golden and intense than any Earthly light, yet warm and comfortable, reassuring. I could begin to see the utter uncompromising awesome strength of this - more than human - Being.

Its giant fists grasped the broad sword of light with an odd sort of gentle vigilance. Its arms were bared, showing a soft, almost feminine skin covering a frame of the most incredibly Herculean musculature. The face, framed by wavy lengths of light auburn hair was commanding. With the piercing watchful blue eyes of serious authority. Yet the lips and gentle facial shape betrayed a soft infinite understanding, forgiveness, and gentle love.

In my awe, the silliest of questions came to my mind, *Do I salute or embrace it?* For here was a being both truly mother and father in one: a seven-foot giant of iron-muscled light whose fearsome strength far surpassed any earthly father and whose kindness, loving forgiveness and infinite compassion were far more than that of more mundane mothers.

And looking at it too, with its brilliance and kindness and strength, I knew I was looking at myself. Or rather a sublime pattern for myself of that perfection that is somewhere a tiny seed in all of us.

I felt as a humble servant before it, for I knew that my own paltry sniveling little thoughts and wishes were as minuscule as I was before this magnificent pattern for men. I knew with conviction for an instant the truth of that dictum so little understood, *Not my will, but thine be done.* And the answer of the Aumakua would have surely been, *Yes. For my will for thee is truly thy highest will.*

Seemingly though, these thoughts are more reflections than the reality that was the present moment. I began to wonder whether in my severe depression I had subconsciously conjured some innate aberration as a self-defense mechanism of my own psyche. Was I suffering under the delusion of hallucination?

I lay with my eyes closed enjoying the blissful sight of a being such as this, yet the *uhane*, the thinker, the chatterer was forcing me to questions, to rationalize, to worry about my sanity.

Reality is not the Inner Vision, it is said, but the real vision of the eyes. Open your eyes said the Philosophizer and see the real world. See the room, the curtains, the lake: and be sane.

Was I going crazy? Only foaming fools and religious crackpots babble about angels and *Aumakuas*. My mathematical, Western, rationalistic-self demanded, *Enough of this! Open your eyes!* So I did. And it was there! Still there, right there, not three feet away, standing in front of the real window and real curtains with the same forceful loving brilliance. My bedroom was fine, just the way it always was except illuminated by the brilliant golden radiance that shone from the sword of light. My keys on the bed stand, books piled on the floor, Levis on the chair and an incredible golden seven-foot mother-father-God-self with wings nearly reaching the ceiling stood over the heat vent near the window. Everything's O.K.

The thinker in me panicked, not expecting the contraction of its long-held prejudices. It buried its head in the pillow.

And the *Seeing of my Aumakua* was done.

For the rest of the day my mind was in a blissful turmoil, torn between a duality of realities. And perhaps it took me three or four days to come back to that sleepful illusory state of being, the pragmatic workaday world of business that we so confidently call reality.

Yet I know, as Carlos Castaneda says, that there is a separate reality as well, the higher reality of the lofty *Aumakua*!

– Dan D.

*There is a luster in the gallant thought
That our shed bodies may give Sheen to grass,
That cells now warm in flesh may be new-wrought
In tangled stems where ferns or poppies mass.
There would be beauty in such partnership.
To mingle in fresh patterns with old leaves
Or, blended with long-buried roots, to slip
As curled young tendrils over weathered eaves.
But you Beloved? And your dawn-swept mind-
Your voice, your hair? I want no meadow-rue,
No cool green fronds, no atomsre-combined.
I want no altered patterning of you!
Unless-unless-our merging cells could be
One petaled bough-or one storm-wrestling tree.*

– Helen Molyneaux Salisbury, HRA
To Touch Infinity

Peter E.'s Aumakua Visitation

To properly tell of this miraculous event, that took only a few moments, it is necessary to do a few things, sketch in briefly the background leading up to it; the miraculous event itself, in all its glory and power; the things known and sensed immediately at the time, though not said; and the aftermath, what came of it.

This event was not the result of the knowledge of Huna. Quite the contrary, this event led to the quest for knowledge, and the eventual acquaintance with the books of Max Freedom Long, and the lore of Huna described in them.

I have always been an intellectual person, demanding total logic in everything. I had long before left Christianity because of its lack of logic or consistency, but in my alcoholic illness I made the error in logic of becoming an atheist, rather than investigating whether there was or was not a God; then searching out a logical and consistent explanation.

In the fall of 1960 I was recovering from alcoholism, freshly sober and groping for sanity.

Spiritually, I was wavering between agnosticism and belief. The evidence in my life of aid and guidance was pushing me towards a belief in a spiritual force, I knew not what.

I was using the term *Higher Power* rather than *God*, to remove the old negative contexts connected with the term *God*.

It allowed a restructuring of nuances. It gives different expectations. It gives a more personal feeling, rather than that of a far off ultimate God. The term let me rebuild on the basis of spiritual experience, rather than the teachings of childhood by dogmatic church and elders. It gave me a *tabula rasa*, a blank page to begin anew on.

One facet of my program of recovery was taking an inventory of my life. A total assessment of behavior, thinking and motivation. This followed by the telling this whole assessment to another human being, in a one-to-one situation, in a spiritual context.

The process of a complete life's inventory followed by a total realization and review of it with another human is gut-wrenching and cathartic, if done sincerely.

I reviewed my life I emptied myself. I opened the flood gates on things I had thought, felt, done, and wanted to do. I felt drained, released, and relieved, as one feels upon vomiting up an illness. I also felt dirty, defiled and beyond the pale of what is acceptable in the human community. The feeling that one gets that *I am worse, nastier, a greater criminal or sinner than anyone else. I am beyond redemption.*

These were the feelings I had as the gentleman I had told those things to went to prepare more coffee. This was at 4:30 AM, January, 1961. It had been five emotionally tormenting hours. I went to a darkened, empty part of the building, alone, and in my aloneness, in my anguish, in my grief, in my feeling of being beyond the pale of acceptance by other people, beyond acceptance of God Himself, I cried out, *Have You turned your back on me too?*

I was shocked. I was aghast. I was dumbfounded. I was frightened. I was relieved. I was comforted. I was forgiven. I was blessed. I was accepted. I was loved; all in a magical instant of time.

Those who have never had this happen to them might imagine they would bask for hours in the Heavenly presence, communing, learning, enjoying. I cannot speak for others, only for myself. It is like using jumpers to start another car. When the engine starts, you remove the cables, because the sustained power is too great.

Like an orgasm, I could not endure it for too long.

I withdrew from the contact that had come so unexpectedly.

I said nothing about it to anyone for years for fear of being thought weird, and having others pick it over and soil a beautiful thing.

What had I learned in this magical moment of time? For though it was but a short time, one senses and knows with a full sensing, a total knowing.

The Being was totally composed of white light. What should have been blinding white light. Because it was so brilliant, I should not have been able to look at Him or see. However, I did look; I did see. A Being of white light who at least seemed to have a head and shoulders. He looked at me and was too bright for me to see eyes, but I sensed a seeing of me, a looking, a regarding of me.

I sensed a Being of Love, of power, of miracles and magic. But not a sense of remoteness or the awesome terrible power one gets from an ultimate God of the Universe. Nor a sense of what the Bible terms angels - this was not it either. He was higher, more exalted.

It was a sense of companionship; guardianship, that had gone on for unknown, uncounted time and would never end. I would never be deserted, never alone.

Though I used the terms *He* and *Him*, I knew the terminology did not fit. The Being was neither male nor female, but both.; not neutered nor unnatural. The Being was a composite, a unity, a completeness. This is why the term *It* can not be used for this Being. *It* is a thing, a neuter, an object - this Being was complete, more complete than anyone I knew.

I sensed the power and thrust that is masculine along with the enfoldment and love that is feminine. Words cannot describe this knowing and sensing.

A note of interest - this visitation, this miracle happened in January of 1961, years before the books about death experiences, where people meet the Being of Light, but this was the same type of Being I was to read about years later, that others died to see. And the aftermath? First, there is a sensing, and a knowing that whenever I reach out there is a presence of guidance or help. The difference between believing and knowing: most believe. I *know*.

Then came the search, the search for a system of belief that explained and encompassed what I had experienced, what I knew. One that logically explained the divided disciplines of Theology, Psychology, and Anthropology, and the World, both natural and spiritual, as I had experienced it.

This led to my game of *Martian*, wherein I attempted to approach all religions as if I had just arrived from Mars. Every one is raised in an environment with beliefs, expectations and preconceptions. By playing *Martian*, one leaves all this behind. One approaches them all openly and objectively.

With this approach, there was not one religion that really made sense, so I came to the conclusion that somewhere, someone or some small group possessed the Truth. It had to be a small group, because the bulk of humanity was not ready for the Truth.

People are not ready for the truth because they are content with the beliefs they were brought up on. Some are afraid to look outside. Some are not ready because they cannot stretch their minds. Some because they demand a war God, a God to punish their enemies.

Many need the comfort of the rituals and dogmas they are used to. Most demand drama, heraldry and complexity in their beliefs. However, when I became ready, a friend of mine gave me the book, *The Secret Science Behind Miracles* by Max Freedom Long.

—Peter E.

*Beloved, it is true—your very fingers
Were shaped to fit the curves within my own.
But you and I have found what long out-lingers
The grace of sinew or the strength of bone:
A brighter stuff than flesh whose atoms spin
In tune with other atoms, cadenced-timed.
It is your Self that is my spirit-kin,
Your metered thought with which my breath is rhymed.
This would be true were the oceans massed between,
Mighty with storm.
Today where long kelp flows
I found a salty Oak leaf, almost green,
A hundred miles from where an oak tree grows.
Though you were farther than the nebulae,
Your thought would come floating back to me.*

– M. Salisbury, HRA

This Brighter Stuff

Lani's Spontaneous Eye Fixation Vision of the Aumakua

Around 1970, I was working at a Greyhound bus station in Pasadena, CA. I had been working there for about two years. There was a young man working there, named Carlos who suddenly decided to leave for parts unknown. He did know where he was going and had not yet told us. Before he left, he decided to go to one more party. There he met a young man named Josephus, nick-named Eef. Eef, who did not usually like to go to parties, had heard about the party from a friend of his and had the sudden impulse to go. He was a little worried, in that he had lost his job and had not been able to find another. He told this to Carlos. Carlos thought that Eef would fit in just fine at Greyhound, and suggested that he come in the next day to apply.

The next day when Eef did apply for the job, we found out that Carlos was quitting. Eef was hired.

Eef was one of the few people I have ever met with whom there was an immediate affinity. He was interested in Metaphysics, so it was natural for me to start initiating him into Huna. Soon he was not doing too well at work. Our conversations about Huna, which was so different from anything he had ever learned about or heard of before, were blowing away his ability to think.

Some people who have been initiated into Huna know what this is like. There is a huge tingling seemingly located in your brain which goes on and on. It makes it hard to think. I was initiated by Max Freedom Long at his home in Vista, CA. My initiation felt like the tingle you get in your nose from champagne.

This went on for about three weeks. It seemed as though Eef were on drugs all the time. Actually, he never took any drugs—it was just I!

The man who ran the small bus station had been in the U.S. Army for twenty-three years, primarily as a master ser-

geant. He was a pretty good boss and he had planned a dinner for us at the station one night.

That warm summer evening, after the dinner, Eef and I decided to take a ride in my car on our way home. We came to a red light and I stopped the car just like normal. I turned to look at the WALK signal so I would know when the light would change. The green WALK signal turned to red and started to flash DON'T WALK. As I stared at the flashing I moved into a dream.

I seemed to be standing in a place of intense darkness, like that of outer space, only without any stars. There was a Being standing and glowing at my right. He was luminous and to an extent, vague. There issued forth a blue-white light. There was a sense of calm, safety, and homecoming which swept over me. And a sense of infinite patience. I did not turn to face him. There was a second luminous Being standing about twenty feet in front of me. Then I was able to notice that there were a large number of such Beings sitting in a circle around us, just watching.

There are many instances when the faces of Beings of Light may be seen; however in this case, I could not make out individual features. There was simply a soft and diffused blue-white light in the shape of a person. I had no doubt of the power or intelligence within. It was clear to me that I was being judged in some way, but there was such a sense of safety and peace so that I was not disturbed. Three conversations or discussions took place. I do not mean to imply that speech took place. Thoughts came into my mind and I responded in my mind.

The first conversation was with my *Aumakua* who was on my right. He said that Eef had not been brought into contact with me to be initiated into Huna, that he had his own Path and that was not Huna. This was said softly and matter-of-factly. There was absolutely no sense of rebuke. It was only a statement of fact. Nor was any request made of me. I acknowledged the statement. Then my *Aumakua* said that it was

be yond the power of Eef's Path that he be healed, and that was the rea son that he had been brought to me.

I acknowledged this. Then, as that discussion was con-cluded, the *Aumakua* stand ing in front of me stepped for ward. He introduced himself as Eef's *Aumakua*. He was holding something in his hands. I looked at what he was holding. It was difficult to describe. It was like a transparent model of a brain, which I pre sumed to be Eef's. The most im por tant thing about it was that there was a le sion or cleft across in a hor i zon-tal di rec tion. In side this cut was a struc ture of red lines and dif-ferent sized red dots at the intersection of the lines. This I could under stand was a di a gram of a complexed fix a tion struc-ture. Eef was in need of a mental healing.

In the progressive development of the different healing powers of Huna, in almost every case, it follows the general rule of all things. You ei ther can not do it at all, or if you can do it, it is easy to do. The ex cep tion is the men tal heal ing. Even in one's development when the healing becomes possible, it is never easy.

Eef's *Aumakua* had not asked anything of me. The *Aumakua*s, like *Io* Himself—the source of our souls and minds—jealously guards Free Will.

So they would never have “told me what to do.” It was their job to make certain that I understood what the Path was, the choice of whether to take it or not, was mine alone.

I mulled this over. It seemed to me that if my *Aumakua* had entered into a bargain with his *Aumakua*, then I would not want to let him down. Once I had de cided this, Eef's *Aumakua* was gone. The second issue was now concluded.

The Great Company or *Poe* (*POH-ay*) *Aumakua* which sur rounded us then in tro duced them selves. They just took the op por tu nity to meet me in per son. They did want to as sure me about cer tain things which are best left pri vate. But twenty-five years later, my life has been as se vere as they sug gested it would be. Bless their hearts!

Meanwhile, back at the traffic light, the DON'T WALK light stopped flashing and I continued home. As things turned out, Eef refused to let me work on him. His religion called this type of healing an occult practice. While he admitted that there was something wrong with his mind, he said he would handle it himself.

As the year passes, we both quit our jobs and moved on. Then we met again and renewed our relationship.

He had actually worked on his problem for five long years, and he asked me to assist him. He still refused to allow me to use any *mana*, but he did allow me to talk and counsel him.

In Dr. Aubrey T. Westlake's book, *The Pattern of Health*, I had read that memories are constructed by one's *unihipili* into a three dimensional array of thought form clusters connected by *aka* threads, i.e., a pattern of thought. In a mental healing, the complexes are detected by a pattern of avoidance.

If I could figure out what was troubling Eef, then all would be fine. He was not about to tell me himself, but we could talk about other things. I understood that he would lie if I got too close for comfort.

Under such circumstances, it took me three weeks of talking to find out what was wrong and counsel him to a cure. Even to this day there is a shadow of it left. During the three week healing process the only thing I had to go on was the memorized matrix his *Aumakua* showed me.

Kahuna Lani's Seeing of His Belovèd

To put this story in perspective, I need to describe my childhood and how I came to Huna.

I was around ten years old in the mid-1950's. In those days, just about every one went to cocktail parties. Then it was common for my father and those of his generation to have life-long friends. My father's brother had such a friendship, one from childhood which lasted until the day my uncle died. While he

was primarily my uncle's friend, my parents were friendly with him also. It was at his home where something unusual occurred at a cocktail party.

He was known for his interest in the *new mental things*. In fact, he had even totally converted to the New Thought Church of Religious Science. At that time he was particularly interested in hypnosis. As this party got underway, he had cleared everything off the coffee table, put down a champagne glass, had everyone sit down, and said, "Now watch this."

He sat down and started to stare at the glass. In a matter of a minute or two, the glass shattered and exploded inward, leaving only a ring of glass dust in a circular pile on the tabletop. He never explained how he had done it nor would he ever repeat the feat. Some time later he gave my uncle a strange book and asked him to read it and tell him what he thought of it. My uncle read it, but said that it was way beyond him and gave it to my father to read. My father read it, and said that he did not understand it either and put it in our book case, I knew nothing of these things at the time.

About seven years later, I found that book, *The Secret Science Behind Miracles*, and read it. It inspired me to write a letter to Max Freedom Long, but my mother intercepted his reply. She only wanted me to be happy and independent. She worried that Huna would only give me a further excuse not to engage in Life and move into the World. She called Max and together certain arrangements were made.

In a later letter, Max informed me that they had decided that I would not go into any deep study nor make any deep commitment to Huna until my twenty-first birthday. But until that time, I was welcome to correspond with him and read his books and other writings on Huna. He sent me a complete set of the *HRA Bulletins* and *Huna Vistas*, and I read them all.

On my twenty-first birthday I locked myself in my room. I decided to stay in there until I had decided what my life was going to be all about. One option was to be average: go to college, get married, get a nine-to-five job and live happily ever

after. Another option was that I could live a *weird* kind of life. It was not an easy choice for me. I considered it for at least ten maybe twelve hours. In the end, I figured out that the first choice was so very widely traveled, that we all needed to find out what was out there in the real world in a different direction. So I came out of my room and announced to my friends who had come over, my mother and my sister, that I had decided to be *weird*.

I wrote to Max and told him that I wanted to see him. He invited me to meet him at his home in Vista which was north of San Diego. I told him I had decided to devote my life to the good of the People, and my expression of this was to be Huna. So he initiated me into Huna.

I buried myself in my studies. Were it not for my mother, some Sioux Medicine Men I knew, and the full power of Max and his Telepathic Mutual Healing Group (TMHG), I would not have survived my early training.

Some times as much as three months would go by without a single friendly touch from another person. I was learning to heal, and I was healing people. Every one a life-or-death case. Because of me there is a blind girl who sees. There is a girl who was going to have her foot amputated, who today walks on both feet. There is a man whose arm was severed in an accident which was sewn back on and because of me, he can use and feel it. A boy who was being prepared to have both his kidneys removed who was cured in a day.

But I had no one to touch, and no one to touch me. And so I prayed over and over to know, *When?* When I was twenty-two, the answer came. I would meet her when I was twenty-four. So I waited two and a half years, and I met her.

It was love at first sight for both of us. Then she ran off and married her boss. As she told me later, it was because Hunaterriified her. All the *Aumakuas* can do is make certain that their people meet. The rest is up to us. Needless to say, it was depressing.

I decided to call it a day and go home to the Spirit World. I decided to check out—kill myself. Life is too rough. I prayed, *Let me go home!* I prayed.

It was about 2 AM on a cold spring night. I closed my eyes and felt relaxed. As I began to slip off into sleep, I noticed a golden yellow glow coming through my eyelids. At first I thought that it was the head lights of a car shining through my bedroom window. But as it persisted far too long to be a car, I opened my eyes. Half of my room was missing, and in its place another room was added. It was as if a line had been drawn from corner to corner, and one half dematerialized. I was not dreaming.

The soft light was coming from her room. She was, or had been, kneeling at her work. She looked a little bewildered too, as her room in Arizona did not normally have a young man sitting up in his bed!

Then our eyes met. There was an instant recognition. I cannot explain what was communicated. I am as much at a loss as Max was. Perhaps the only thing I can say is that there was shared, in one brief moment, a world of endless love and care.

Then it started to fade gently away, and I spoke to myself and said, *Will I meet her?* A deep male voice in my room answered, *She has other things to do. This time, you will not meet her.* I understood and it was all right.

Then it was gone. I wanted to remember all my life that it was not a dream, so I woke my mother and I made us both a cup of coffee. There, sitting over our coffee, I told her what I had just seen so that in the years ahead I would know that I saw. I took hold of my life after that.

And in the waste land where I find myself at work at times, when I think I just cannot do these things anymore, when I feel like giving up, I will Remember Myself in the Vision. I will see Her kneeling there, working on Her weaving. And I will tell Her that I'm hurting. And She says that it is important that I continue, that we will be together again some day, and this

will all seem like a dream. Then She gets a look that tells me that She would take my burden if She could. And that makes me smile to think of Her frail body under such a load. Then She gets a little pout, *You just see if I couldn't!* And then She smiles. She knows She's gotten me doing it again, and I'm smiling. Some thing has been lifted from my heart a little, and I can go on again.

Book III: Vectors of the Alanui

Introduction

One day I was with my fellow Kahuna, Keonaona, watching television. It suddenly occurred to me that I would rather be doing my Huna work but at the moment had no clients to help and serve.

“Keonaona,” I said, “I am the only Kahuna Huna in the world who changes the color of wood when I bless it, so how come I’m just sitting here with you watching a TV program?”

“Oh, That’s easy,” she said, “no one knows about you.”

So I decided to tell you about the *ki`i kukuis* I make.

Huna is a low religion. A low religion, as defined by Dr. Abraham Maslow, the psychologist who invented Humanistic Psychology, has no founder; rather, it is composed of the discoveries of many people. While it has no revelations, it does have authoritative philosophers and practitioners whose observations and theories or *mana`o* (philosophy) can be relied upon in general and are venerated.

Low religions are composed of many elements that fit together like a jigsaw puzzle, and are created by trial and error. They are the tribal religions. No Great One, either God, a Son of God, or even a Close Relative of God, ever came down and said, for example, *“If you bless a kukui nut, it will turn a beautiful black color,”* nor what this would mean.

The Huna Lore of the *ki`i kukui* developed as pieces in a jigsaw puzzle. Many seemingly unrelated elements were brought together to make this Lore. Understanding this process should give you an appreciation of Huna, the work I do, and how Huna might be of Service to you, or interest you.

It came about like this...

The Failure of Science

In high school, my interest in science was unquenchable. Every day when I came home from school I put away my textbooks and studied the history of the development of the sciences. As president of my high school science club, I would arrange for scientific demonstrations at school assemblies.

I eventually noticed a pattern in the development of each science I studied. At some critical or crucial point a direction had to be chosen. In every case, the choice which was made was one which cheapened our lives. For example, let's look at the science of logic. Logic had originally been created by the Greek philosopher Aristotle. When Rome conquered Athens, Logic was lost to Europe for several centuries. It was not until the Spanish regained their lands from the Moors that the vast store of knowledge contained in the great library of Tripoli was recovered. The Roman Catholic Church spent 150 years translating the Arabic texts there first into Hebrew and then into Latin. Islam had kept the books on Logic alive. Thus, Logic returned to Western Culture.

The study of Logic flourished during the Victorian Age in England. One of the new logicians was Rev. Charles Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll.

Aristotelian Logic was found to be faulty and Boolean Logic was created and it flowered. Now Logic could be applied to deduce the truth of conclusions based on a given set of circumstances. Dodgson continued to build on that Boolean Logic. The methods he developed are very well illustrated in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's stories of Sherlock Holmes' powers of deduction.

Unfortunately, there were no textbooks for the study of Victorian Logic. Although Dodgson taught his logic games to his 12 year-old schoolgirls, and published the first of two volumes on Symbolic Logic as games, there was nothing else.

After the 1903 publication of Bertrand Russell's book, *The Principles of Mathematics*, the ability and the knowledge of deduction were destroyed. Before Russell's impact was felt, logic tests consisted of a series of statements which required the student to deduce all possible conclusions. Afterwards,

logic tests provided the conclusions, and the students had to describe how the answers were determined—quite a different matter. Symbolic Logic, which so easily could have been applied to unravel very difficult questions in our lives, was now lost. This was a tragic loss to us. Recently, some of Rev. Dodgson's logic problems were found. Copies were sent to the world's greatest university logicians. Not one of them could solve these logic problems!

Russell's book gave credit to Victorian Logic and then claimed to be its extension. As is the case with many branches of science, this had the tendency to block continued pursuit along past lines of study.

The study and use of Symbolic Logic stopped. Our abilities to think clearly, to reason, and even to question what we hear or see have been impaired. And so, we are betrayed. The quality of our lives has been diminished, and once again, Science, or rather our use of it, failed.

My Introduction into Huna

By the age of thirteen, with few friends and no real social contact, I had turned inward. By the time I was in High School I was well known and could walk into any group and be welcome. While I was welcome, I was never a part of any group. I was lonely but able to get passing grades without study. At home I would get out my books on physics or electronics and study them. By the time I was sixteen I had mastered the fundamentals of every science. I had been able to predict the direction research would take and what they would find. I had also created and mastered a system of mental discipline.

There were many people who depended on me, but I had few friends. There was no one who had any understanding of what my eyes saw. There was no one who saw the patterns of force and action marching behind the scenes. So to be "safe," I robotized myself. Dropping all emotions and stopping the seeking outward for human contact on a personal level, I could not have made use of what I had gained.

My father's bookcase held no interest for me. He was not interested in the things I was. In fact, he would search my room to see if he could find any books about science. If he did, he would destroy them and there would be a big fight.

Once I had given up on science and turned inward, one book, covered with dust, caught my interest. It was a strange book given to my father years earlier, *The Secret Science Behind Miracles*, by Max Freedom Long. I read it. I felt as though I had come home, and was welcome.

I started corresponding with Max in 1962 but my mother intercepted his first return letter. Mom was worried that I might be getting involved with an evil cult, so she called him. Max and Mom got along marvelously. She loved his sense of humor. In fact, Max had the best sense of humor of anyone I've ever met. Together they decided that I should not get deeply involved with Huna until I was twenty-one. The next four years were rich in correspondence and weekly conversations.

My early studies of Huna included reading of Dr. A. L. "Beau" Kitselman's work. Dr. Kitselman was one of the early leaders of Huna. He was a mathematician and a leading Sanskrit linguist. A participant in Stanford University's long-term genius study (which followed identified geniuses from an early age until they died); and the discoverer and founder of a critical element of Huna: *Aumakua Therapy*. He had much to say about his experiences with scientists and materialists. I repeat this small excerpt:

The materialist doesn't have to worry about the cultivation of many virtues, the cultivation of powers that lead to wisdom, and so on, because he has just shrugged the whole thing off, and he has the advantage of looking down on everyone who believes in such nonsense, as he calls it, and that is encouraging to his conceit. Conceit is such a self-satisfying thing that it often prevents the intelligent functioning of the mind for long periods. Such things can immobilize you.

– Kahuna Beau Kitselman

This and further readings contributed to my feeling that Science had failed us and further convinced me that I was on the right track in studying Huna. I read everything Max had written; the following passage is from Max Freedom Long's first book, *Recovering the Ancient Magic*:

Back in the days of Greece, the skeleton of Science was formed by the Philosophers. Mathematics was developed, and there was evolved the lasting method of investigating actual

phenomena and writing down the results of experiments or observations such as involved matter, force, time and space - the Scientific Method. Scientific investigation was then, and still is, a process of mixing various combinations of the two elements, force and matter, within, the limitations of time and space, then carefully observing the results and drawing conclusions from them. Stars, chemical combinations in a laboratory, the metabolism of the body - all such things are the sum total of the materials of Science. Observing, measuring and fabricating new and useful combinations, these are the total activities of Science. There is nothing mysterious about Science or its methods which is deserving of the present blind worship accorded them.

Scientists slowly became unable to think clearly because of new complexes developed while attacking the most absurd and blatant superstitions. Eventually the logical dogma of nothing really supernatural when once understood changed to nothing exists but the physical elements: matter, force, time and space. This dogma was a disaster to the human race. In its wake came the extending of the new dogma to its logical extreme and the resulting blanket denial of any intelligence lying beyond the created universe. The universe was now looked upon as a machine which accidentally happened to create itself as if built by a superior intelligence. It was accepted as such and considered logically - again, once the creator had been away with - to be a machine running itself without an engineer or consciousness back of it.

This unfortunate state of affairs has made the work of Science most difficult. It has complexed scientists and made them go all around Robin Hood's barn trying to explain the simplest phenomena of growth and evolution, not as God-engineered, but the result of blind and unconscious forces reacting haphazardly on matter in the confines of time and space. That these abortive efforts have failed dismally can be seen in the unavoidable development of the theory of Natural Law. This Natural Law is contrary to the blinding dogma of materialism,

but nothing can be done without it. There are laws governing every chemical reaction. Acid invariably neutralizes alkali. Seed of wheat invariably produces more seeds of wheat. Nothing is haphazard. So we see that even the tremendous dogma of *nothing not physical* has had to substitute Natural Law for God. The holes in the dogma simply had to be plugged by some form of creative and supporting intelligence.

Most complicated and human of all are we laymen. We do not understand Science to the full and so can only rely on what we draw from the Scientific Attitude fed us through the commercial press and the school. Science is, to us, all but infallible. We do our best to accept its dogma of materialism. Many of us have given up Religion and tried to accept Philosophy in its stead.

– Max Freedom Long

I knew at that point that I had found my home and direction in life, but I still didn't know what form my life would take.

Initiation into Huna

The first time I actually met Max Freedom Long we got into the only argument we ever had. Max had already sent me a complete set of *HRA (Huna Research Associates) Bulletins* and *Huna Vistas Newsletters*, and I had studied them—all 3,000 pages! I was concerned that his teachings were being perceived as a form of psychology and self-help. I felt that there needed to be professionals to help people—Kahunas. Max said he was an old man and had done the best he could. It was up to the next generation to carry on. He agreed that Huna should evolve back into a community-based religion.

I was not sure I wanted to devote my life to being a Kahuna. My girlfriend at the time was a Sioux Medicine Woman, and I could marry her and raise Appaloosa horses on the Pine Ridge Reservation. It was an attractive choice. Max said that I would be wasting my life. If I had done that, he would have been right.

My actual initiation into Huna is a very personal story. I was in Max's home in Vista, CA, a little ways north of San Diego. I remember wearing the same suit I had worn for my high school graduation in 1962; it was now 1968. I had finally decided to devote my life to Huna in service to the People as a Kahuna.

When I first told him of my decision, I was in Max's front room and I started to have a physical sensation in my brain that made me dizzy. I had to sit down. It felt like my brain was filled with the tiny bubbles that travel up your nose when you drink champagne. I asked Max what he was doing (not that I minded). He wouldn't say anything to me. He just smiled. To this day, I don't know what Max did to me. But I credit much of my success with Huna to it.

I continued to receive copies of the *Huna Vistas Newsletters* until he died. These mini-magazines contained the whole body of Huna research from 1948–1971.

He had written of many Huna disciplines in these *Bulletins*. Max wanted to develop a way of indicating the mastery of these priestcrafts for all to see, but he had never found the way.

I also thought it was a great idea to identify the more advanced Hunians, but I didn't yet know what form this identification should take. I did know that it was an important step towards a better organization of Huna.

Patterns

Huna teaches us that we are composed of three selves. Max Freedom Long coined the English terms, *low self* for the *unihipili* or subconscious mind; the *middle self* for the *uhane* or conscious mind; and the *High Self* for the *Aumakua*.

The *Aumakua* is a third of our triune soul, which can be called our Divine Nature or Guardian Angel. The *Aumakua* is a part of us, just as our thumb is a part of us.

Aumakuas are responsible for many things in our lives: for inspiration, for insights, and coincidences. Seemingly unrelated events or circumstances can

be viewed as a pattern created by the *Aumakuas*. One such pattern began with the publishing of the book, *The Pattern of Health* by Dr. Aubrey T. Westlake.

Dr. Westlake had sent a copy of his new book to Max. Although Max had never known of Dr. Westlake or his work, there was a chapter in the book about Huna, reviewed in one of the *HRA Bulletins*, which I had read.

I obtained a copy of Dr. Westlake's book and studied it. In it, Dr. Westlake described many of his research studies. While he had been investigating the accuracy of Dowsing, he had come across Huna, studied it, and reported on it in the book. This book also had chapters describing two more disciplines which eventually became priestcrafts of Huna: Dr. Edward G. Bach's Flower Remedies; and the work of Mrs. Kingsley-Tarpey - that of making icons which healed people of their diseases. The story of how the Bach Flower Remedies became integrated into Huna is the result of a separate but parallel pattern.

Max was intrigued and contacted Mrs. Kingsley-Tarpey through Dr. Westlake. She was ninety-four years of age at the time. She became a serious student of Max's works and a convert to Huna. Mrs. Kingsley-Tarpey documented much of her work for Max, and continued to do more research with him before she died. Max published the results of their research in the *HRA Bulletins*.

Years later I moved from Los Angeles, where I was born and raised, to the San Francisco Bay Area. Here one of my students found that much of Mrs. Kingsley-Tarpey's writings were available in England and told me about his discovery. I ordered the papers from the *British Society of Dowsters* and this helped me understand her work better.

The making of Mrs. Kingsley-Tarpey's healing icons involves the creation of complex *aka-mana* structures, i.e., permanent thought forms that are little thought machines. When completed, her Icons can heal people of diseases wherever they may be, as long as they have one of her Icons which are independent of her. She frequently made oil paintings which she turned into Healing Icons. People would just relax in front of them and they would arise healed.

It took me about ten years to master what was to become the Huna Priestcraft of *Ho`akua* (god making), although I was never to do it as well as she could.

The pattern of the *Aumakuas* came to fullness with this Lore. This became the foundation of the *ki`i kukui*.

Kirlian Photography

Kirlian photography research in the United States began under the direction of Dr. Thelma Moss when she was a parapsychologist at UCLA. (See her book, *The Body Electric*.) Her interest was sparked by the 1970 publication of *Psychic Discoveries behind the Iron Curtain* by Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder.

Kirlian photography captures the corona discharge effect of objects using high-voltage, low-current electricity. The corona discharge effect is what makes sparks glow and the aurora borealis. There have been many arguments concerning what Kirlian photography actually captures. The researcher John Iovine's book, *Kirlian Photography: A Hands-On Guide* presents the scientific theories and protocols for experimentation.

Case for scientific argument is well founded. However, there are common and repeatable distortions in the photographs which have not been acceptably explained. So, what is causing these red, volcano-shaped flares? It is no secret that colored lights appear in the photographs made by Kirlian cameras, the question rests on why there are common flares and other marks showing up consistently in these photos.

Scientists at the time of its heyday wanted Kirlian photographs to be wrong, so they ignored the facts. New Agers assert that people's auras are being directly captured in Kirlian photography. Neither is correct. But something *is* being detected. Electricity flows along the path of least resistance, so obviously, there is some kind of a subtle physical structure which is causing electricity to flow in very specific and often unexpected ways.

For example, if a Kirlian photograph is made of two people's almost-touching fingertips, interesting things may be observed. If the people

have just met, then the *auras* around their fingertips will be normal; if they don't like each other, then their *auras* will actually deform and be suppressed in the direction of the opposite finger; if the two people are in love, then again, the *auras* will deform, but this time the *auras* will appear to be reaching toward each other. This experiment is easily repeated with identical results. Whatever causes these distortions, we call the *soul*. Kirlian photography therefore, offers scientific proof that the soul exists.

Around the time I was studying it, I saw a movie on Kirlian photography, that showed the severed hand of a Yeti or Abominable Snowman. The hand had been mummified by the Lamas in Tibet. As captured by Kirlian photography, nerve traces in the hand seemed to be still operating.

As I was working to develop my abilities with Mrs. Kingsley-Tarpey's Healing Icons, I began to wonder if the Yeti's hand wasn't still alive in some fashion. If it was, then perhaps mummification was the key I was looking for to make a *Ki Leaf Fan* that did not require fresh leaves. Could I restore the technique of mummification to Huna? In other words, could I make a permanent thought-form cluster that would permanently support mummification? This was my hope — that from Dr. William Tufts Brigham's discovery and analysis, to Max Freedom Long's synthesis, to my application.

The Sacred Ki Leaf Fan

The leaves of the **Ki** plant (Cordyline terminals or **Ti** in English) are used throughout Polynesia as a spirit repellent (as is turmeric). *Ki* leaves are used to repel evil spirits and other unwanted spiritual effluvia. The trouble with using the leaves is that they have to be fresh and alive to work. As fresh *ki* leaves were not always available to me, I had been looking for a way to keep a fresh supply.

My idea was to attach some *ki* leaves in the shape of a fan onto a wooden handle and mummify them. If the mummification worked (the leaves would be alive but dry), then I would have an active and traditional *Ki Leaf Fan* to use in my work as a Kahuna. The *Ki Leaf Fan* would be a defensive weapon during my *Kalas* or Exorcisms, and would become part of my essential Huna Priestcrafts.

There are things that I don't know I know until someone asks me a question about it. There are things that I do and I don't know how I do them. I did not actively learn how to mummify *ki* leaves. Yet I engaged in a very specific Huna technique which enabled me to mummify *ki* leaves.

There is a concept in Huna which describes this process, *Ho`oulu ia*. *Ho`oulu ia* is a mild and helpful possession. It causes an intensified growing of an idea resulting from the possession by one's *Aumakua*. In other words, as I was in a state of reverie, an idea came to mind. I tried it, and it worked! Still, mummification requires a lot of mental discipline to master. I discovered by trial and error that when successful, mummified *ki* leaves turn a deeper green color. But when mummification fails, the leaves turn brown and develop ugly black splotches and die, just like other leaves.

I now had my sacred *Ki Leaf Fan* for *Kalas* and Home Sanctifications.

The Aurameter

The Aurameter is a dowsing instrument created by one of Huna's great Lorefounders, Rev. Verne Cameron. He died in 1970 and his successor is Rev. Bill Cox.

My Huna church, the Huna Heiau, brought Rev. Cox up to initiate us into the use of the Aurameter with additional special training in how to use it in the Huna manner. He told us that this was the only time he had taught anyone the Huna secrets of the Aurameter that had been passed onto him from Rev. Cameron. A very great honor for us!

The Aurameter looks something like an oversized ballpoint pen, with a large spring on the front of it. Although it can be used in any situation where you'd normally use a doodlebug, I use mine to detect Evil. My Aurameter provides for me my main sense of what is going on when I'm doing a House Blessing or Home Sanctification.

For example, I remember a time when my apprentice Gary and I were hired to do a Home Sanctification in Santa Cruz, some miles south of San Francisco.

We almost didn't find the place, as it was located far away in the mountains. When we finally got there, I knocked on the door. I heard people inside but no one answered the door, so we went around the house hoping that someone would eventually notice us.

In order to effectively use my time on the outside, I put my Aurameter to use.

One of the great wonders of this most important Huna instrument is the fact that it will point to whatever the Dowser (or in my case, the Kahuna) is concentrating on. By going around the outside of the house thinking of Evil and Chaos, my Aurameter would point to anything inside the house which was a source of these and that I would need to address.

My Aurameter did identify a source of Evil coming from the center of the house.

After a time, someone came to the front door and let us in. After explaining what had happened, our client could not understand what was causing the problem. The *emanation* was coming from their game room. This room was unusual in that it was completely surrounded by other rooms and had no windows at all.

Inside the room I took out my Aurameter again and it pointed, this time to a stack of game boxes along a far wall. Our client said that the boxes there were just used for storage and that they contained no pieces of what ever game was printed on the covers. I walked over to the stack, Aurameter in hand.

It pointed to a box about halfway down the stack. I took out the box. Our client was correct in that it contained only storage items. However, printed on the cover was a painting of a demon torturing someone! It was incredible to me to think that my Aurameter had detected it from over a hundred feet away and from the outside of the house! I threw it in the trash, and continued with the Sanctification.



The Cameron Aurameter

as drawn by Max Freedom Long

A Home Sanctification

I remember doing a House Blessing for a young couple who were getting divorced. A number of very interesting things happened.

When I first met the couple, we had a little talk, and I took the case history of their time in the house.

Their house was built in a dumbbell or baton shape. After I had cleansed the living quarters, I started to walk down the narrow hall into the bedroom areas. When I was halfway down the hall, I suddenly came to a wall of cold air. That was the demarcation of where my Sanctification had ended. Beyond that line was where the couple had been sleeping—in the cold.

I asked both of them to walk back and forth along this hallway several times, and they felt the wall of cold just as I did. I moved the wall of cold further down the hall several times, and then finished the interior House Blessing.

Outside it was a different matter.

I went outside to smoke my pipe, to think about their story, and to check out the grounds with my Aurameter.

When first married, the couple had planted a triple birch tree combination in their front yard when they had moved into the house. As I used my Aurameter on the grounds, it detected a flow of Evil coming from that birch tree area. I went over to the trees and the entity living there took control of my Aurameter.

It used it like a pendulum, and this opened a gateway to communication between us. The movement of the Aurameter's tip up and down was a *yes*, and the crosswise movement of my Aurameter's tip was a *no*.

The entity claimed to be the cause of the couple's divorce. I asked the couple if they wanted me to intercede using *Ho`oponopono* (Polynesian/Hunian Marriage and Family Pastoral Counseling), but they had already made up their minds and were no longer interested in each other as mates. This situation made me sad even though it is a common occurrence to fall out of love.

The entity belonged to a talisman that had been buried deep under the spot where later the three trees had been planted. Evil must have made the spot attractive to the couple in some fashion. It was unclear who buried it, or why, but the entity indicated it had been buried with malice towards the couple.

I did not want to dig up someone's front lawn in the middle of the night, so a different approach had to be taken. I plunged the handle of my un-tried sacred *Ki Leaf Fan* into the ground inside the circumference of the trees. Immediately the top of the fan with the mummified *ki* leaves on it spread open like a miniature palm tree. It was draining all the *mana* or psychic energy from whatever was buried there.

I sang a Chant of Cleansing and a few minutes later the leaves returned to their normal shape. The Evil there was permanently gone. I went inside.

But the *Ki Leaf Fan* was ruined. There were ugly blister marks and brown spots all over the leaves. This was the first, but not the only time I have seen an instant uglification of mummified *ki* leaves when they actively repel Evil.

The Aurameter is also used a second way. It can be moved in a direction until the tip actually touches a thought-form cluster when it will bend off, or slip off it as if it had encountered a soap bubble. I used that function as I started working on my first *ki`i kukui* so I could watch its little soul grow.

Amulets of Protection

A number of years ago I was caught in the web of a human sacrifice cult and things were not going well. One of the reasons for this was the fact that the people in the cult were very capable. They were even able to take over my apprentice's mind and SNAP he would go crazy. This did not bode well for us as he lived far away from me. Each time he would go crazy I would have to drive all the way to Texas to restore his sanity. The cult I was fighting even managed to take control of the phone service in his town. They monitored my calls to him, and cut off every conversation. I had to think of a better way to protect and defend him. This resulted in the Huna Amulet of Protection.

There is a difference between an amulet and a talisman. An amulet has a power in and of itself which it imparts to its owner or wearer. A talisman embodies a power that is independent of its owner, and operates automatically.

The Huna Amulet of Protection works somewhat similarly to the *ki`i kukui*, although the Amulet of Protection is independent of its owner and the *ki`i kukui* is not.

Most people have some kind of psychic protection surrounding them like a penumbra.

Without such protection, possession would be more widespread and mankind would not be alive.

Now if this penumbra could be enhanced in some fashion, any psychic attack on that person would first have to overcome this enhancement. This is the working principle of the Huna Amulet of Protection. One of its components is a small braid of mummified *ki* leaves which surround it.

There were four people whom I needed to protect during the extended battle with the human sacrifice cult. These four people fell into two distinct groups. An attack on my sister or my apprentice's wife would serve to anger me and increase my calm determination. However, an effective attack on my mother or apprentice would have weakened and wounded me indirectly.

To be on the safe side, I decided to make four Amulets of Protection. One each for my mother, my sister, my apprentice, and his wife. Each was tuned to its owner and wrapped in a red wool covering.

These being the very first Amulets I had ever made, I did not know what to expect.

A few months after I had given my mother her Amulet, she told me that it looked a little strange. I asked her to let me see it. This was the first time I had seen it since I had given it to her. Much to my surprise, most of the mummified *ki* leaf braid was gone! There was not a single bit of *ki* leaves attached to the red wool cloth. The mummified braid could only have dematerialized.

I immediately called my apprentice and my sister to have them check their Amulets. My sister's was fine, as was the Amulet of my apprentice's wife. But the braid of my apprentice's Amulet was diminished! Spiritual attacks had been made. They chose to attack me by attacking the two people closest to me.

This was the first indication I had that the sacred *ki* leaf braid on the Amulet of Protection did several things. It indicated that the Amulet had gone through a battle or at least had been touched by Evil. The braided *ki* leaves op-

erated like a gauge. As long as there was still sacred *ki* remaining, the Amulet could be presumed to be active. It could also be assumed that when the entire sacred *ki* leaf braid had been consumed, the Amulet would no longer be effective.

This again demonstrated the efficacy of the mummification technique which is also central to the making of the *ki`i kukui*.

It was also compelling to me that only two of the four Amulets were altered, and that the other two were still pristine.

The Doctor and her Graduate Student

I wanted to speak with Dr. Thelma Moss to find out if she still did Kirlian photography. She no longer was in academia, but a friend of mind, Dr. William Baldwin, knew her and how I could contact her.

Dr. Moss told me that she was no longer doing Kirlian photography, but her graduate student, John Hubacker, who had done most of the research, was still active in the field. She gave me his phone number and I called him.

John Hubacker was still very active, and had created his own company that sold Kirlian photography equipment to the public (*Pacific Psychotronics*).

I made arrangements for a session to do some photography at his home where he also worked. We produced some interesting photographs of my fingertips, but what I really was interested in knowing was if the control of *mana* that I had developed was detectable by photography. This led us into a discussion of the Phantom Leaf experiment.

The Phantom Leaf experiment is highly controversial. It involves taking a Kirlian photograph of a leaf that has been cut in two; one half is thrown away. A Kirlian photo is made of the half-leaf that remains, and on *very rare occasions*, would show the whole leaf, including the missing half.

To a Kahuna, a photograph, no matter how rare, of something which once existed in the physical world has significant implications. It clearly demonstrates the existence of a subtle pattern that cannot be measured. This subtle pattern, in the case of a leaf, would be made of *aka*, or the shadowy substance of Huna, and would be a photograph of the *soul* of the leaf.

If I could produce the Phantom Leaf effect, it would provide hard evidence of the existence of the soul and would demonstrate my skill as a Huna Healer.

John Hubacker resisted doing the experiment at first because to date, no Healer had ever been successful at it. But I was persuasive and succeeded in getting him to try making one.

We picked a fresh ivy leaf from a vine in John's backyard and tore off the upper three lobes that we then discarded.

We then came back inside to his Kirlian photo shop to take the photograph. While the leaf was on the photographic plate, I placed my fingers on it, focused on the leaf's *saka-mana* structure, and extended my will and *mana* into it.

And the entire leaf was photographed! The Phantom Leaf experiment had been successful!

I had demonstrated my ability to activate the leaf's soul!

I was the first Healer who had been successful with the Phantom Leaf experiment out of the hundreds John Hubacker had tested. He was very impressed and wanted to keep the photograph for a book he was writing, but it came home with me.

HRI and Dr. E. Otha Wingo

Max Freedom founded the HRA (*Huna Research Associates*) which after his death has carried on under the direction of Dr. E. Otha Wingo.

Huna Research, Inc. is located today in Cape Girardeau, MO. At the time HRI was founded I had been mourning Max's death. And as one of his personal students, I found myself to be very orthodox in my approach to Huna. Because HRI did not seem to be as orthodox as I was, I dropped out of the organization.

One of the Priestcrafts of Huna which Max Freedom Long trained me in was Psychometric Analysis. While it had been popular in the 1950's, by 1977 I was the only one who could do the readings accurately, and I was advertising Psychometric Analysis readings in *Fate Magazine*.

Psychometric Analysis was created by the Huna Lorefounder, Dr. Oscar Brunler. It shows the good or evil intent of the *uhane* and the constructive or

destruc tive in tent of the *unihipili*, as well as in di cates whether a per son is pos sessed or not. It also shows the Evolution of the Soul or Biometric level, e.g., one's basic intelligence.

In 1980 I received an or der for a Psychometric Analy sis in the mail. It was just a sig na ture in ink and a check from a Pe ter. I did Pe ter's P/A and it was in ter est ing, so I wrote him sev eral pages de scrib ing the mean ing of the read ing. He wrote back and said my P/A of him was com pletely cor rect and com plete. He ex plained that he had given me no help in do ing it in or der to test my abil ities.

Peter wanted me to go to the 1980 HRI International Huna Conference at the Aspen Con fer ence Cen ter at Punalu`u on the Big Is land of Ha waii. It was his feel ing that HRI had slipped away from Huna i.e., from the teach ings Max Freedom Long, and into the New Age-like teach ings of the con tem po rary Ha wai ians. Of course, I have no is sues with con tem po rary *Ho`omana* teach ings, just that it is not Huna as taught by Max. Peter felt that HRI needed some one around who had ac tu ally known and had been trained by Max, and who still believed in and prac ticed the orig i nal from of Huna.

He talked me into it. This would be my first time in Hawaii, and I would have the opportunity to meet Peter there.

Travel arrange ments had been co or di nated by a Ha wai ian *Kahuna Wahine Ho`oponopono*, Morna Simeona. Al though I had given her my itin er ary, I was not met at the Hilo air port as prom ised, nor were the other Hunians who had arrived there. It would be about three and a half hours before our promised transportation would arrive.

I joined the grow ing num ber of con fer ence at ten dees. It was here that I met the late Huna phi los o pher Bob Ma son. Bob was a ma jor con trib u tor to HRI's news letter, *The Huna Work*. His column was called *Musings of a Midnight Philosopher*.

Bob no ticed me as I was us ing the Huna tech nique of *Letting your unihipili Chase Bugs*. This technique allowed the hours to pass without trou ble, as my *unihipili* was oc cu pied count ing ants march ing in a line, the cracks in the out door floor tiles, etc.

Trying to describe this technique demonstrates how different Western Culture is from the Hawaiian culture, and how different English is from Hawaiian.

Letting your unihipili Chase Bugs is not so much as an activity, as it is a way to enter a particular state of being or awareness. When one is in that state, boredom is removed because the *unihipili* is taking an intense interest in everything.

The ancient Polynesian word, *wale*, best describes this state. The 1865 Judge Lorrin Andrews *Dictionary of the Hawaiian Language* is a major part of Huna and it defines *wale* as:

A state of being or existing without qualification; used mostly in an adverbial sense; only; alone; gratuitous. etc., as: *e noho wale*, to sit only, i.e., to sit idly; *e hana wale*, to work only, i.e., to work without reward, gratuitously; *e oleo wale*, to speak without effect; *e hele wale*, to go as one is, i.e., to go naked. As *wale* has no corresponding term in English, it is difficult to define; the idea must be gained by the connection.

By now, quite a large group of Huna students there were not happy campers. They began to yell at each other after the third hour went by waiting for our rides. They had been trying to call the phone number given to us to announce their arrival and readiness for pickup. Nobody answered the phone. In fact, the phone number was in Oahu!

After a time, people began to notice me. They quieted down and asked me what I was doing. I answered them and told them how Max Freedom Long had taught it to me. They looked at each other for a minute then resumed screaming at each other.

I shrugged my shoulders at Bob Mason, and he did the same.

Some HRI members arranged to rent a microbus. As the microbus arrived, the pre-arranged transportation also arrived. After a harrowing ride we arrived at the Aspen Conference Center. Every one was upset. Not a good start, but I was enjoying my first trip to the Islands anyway.

Inside the condominium administrative headquarters was another battleground. I put on a dumb sort of smile and smoked my pipe. It turned out that although everyone had confirmed reservations, they had overbooked the

rooms. I had requested a private room which had been confirmed, but I was out of luck too. This was not good news. I entered the small office that was roiling with emotions with a sly smile on my face. Inside this mad house everyone was yelling at everyone else.

I patiently waited my turn to yell at the small Japanese–Hawaiian lady who had the misfortune to be running the office that morning.

When she turned to look at me, I invoked her *Aumakua*, and spoke softly to her—setting peace within her, then explained my situation. For not only did I need a room, I needed private room for Healing and Counseling sessions. She was sweet as she told me that she had no rooms left, especially one that was a single. She was very polite to me as she turned back to the on-going battle. I politely asked her to let me know when such a condo was found for me, and decided to take a walk.

I have used the technique of invoking someone's *Aumakua* many times. During a radio interview at KTOB in Santa Rosa, CA, the two men who were interviewing me asked me to chant for them over the airwaves. But I had to decline, as there are no general-purpose chants. Chants are intended to achieve specific purposes.

They then asked me if I would work on their boss, the station manager, who had an appointment with the I.R.S. later that day. He was very nervous and worried about it.

During a short break, I entered his office. I stood behind him and touched his shoulders while silently invoking his *Aumakua*. This lasted only a minute or two.

Feeling the presence of one's Divine Nature is always a good thing. It makes a person feel loved and protected and strong. The station manager felt all this. He also experienced a cessation of all worries and fears. He returned to the studio with me and related this unexpected and sudden change of mood on the radio.

The presence of one's *Aumakua* can lead to ever more important things. The *Kahuna Wahine*, Mary Pukui, wrote in the first volume of her book, *Nana i ke Kumu*, (look to the source):

Ho`oulu ia: mild, helpful possession, enabling concept such as inspiration in an artistic endeavor. Literally the *making*

to grow. Inspiration given by one's *Aumakua* so that a mediocre performer becomes a superior one. The extra bit of strength to finish work or artistic project. Thought of as a gift of the *Aumakua*, this inspiration was evidence of mild possession (*noho*) of one's *Aumakua*. One of several enabling concepts.

Any disciplined Hunian has access to his or her own *Aumakua*, but a Kahuna has the spiritual authority to access other people's *Aumakuas*. As a Kahuna, I invoked the *Aumakua* of the Japanese–Hawaiian lady to restore her former sense of calm and serenity in a sea of chaos.

Another time I was riding a city bus in Honolulu when a young man sitting next to me was shaking. I entered him into *Aumakua Therapy* without ever saying anything to him. When he got off the bus about twenty minutes later, he was strong and had ceased shaking. The moral of the story is: one never knows whom you might be sitting next to on a bus.

Back at the Aspen Conference Center I walked down the path between the two rows of condos. As I walked along, I heard my name called and turned to see who was calling me. There was Dr. E. Otha Wingo, head of the Huna Research Inc., with a big smile on his face. He told me that they had found a condo for me, which was perfect in all ways!

This was the first time I had ever met Otha. He and his son Vinson continue to devote their lives to the perpetuation of Huna and its teachings as the direct heir to Max Freedom Long, and we have continued to correspond all the years since.

I met many interesting Hunians at Punalu`u. After the Conference, Peter and I took off for Waikiki. We had finished our work together, and it was time to play.

I first encountered the *kukui* nut *lei* while browsing in the shops of Honolulu with Peter.

The Kukui

The *kukui* fruit is like a green fuzzy tennis ball. It has a kernel like the pit of a peach. The meat of the seed or kernel is about 50% flammable oil. In the Old

Times (which in the Hawaiian language is called *wa kahiko*) the *kukui* nut shells were drilled on the ends then buried in anthills so that the ants would clean out the insides for the *leis*.

Kukui nuts were strung together and the bottom nut would be lit. Each nut produces a bright light for eleven minutes. As each nut burns out it ignites the next one. The English name for the *Kukui* tree is Candle nut, which is a translation of *kukui*, meaning light, candle, or torch. In the Old Times, there was no light in the night except for the *kukuis*.

As time went on, the word *kukui* began to evolve. At first it meant only the fruit, then the word began to mean any light in the night. Eventually it has come to mean enlightenment.

It was found that the *kukui* nut would take a high polish and *leis* (necklaces) were made for the *ali`i* (royal caste) to wear as a sign of their enlightenment. The royal families were called light-bearers.

The *kukui leis* I saw in the Honolulu shops were either tan or black. They were made for the tourists and some came from the Philippines. I found out later that the expensive ones came from Hawaii. They come in several lengths, the maximum being forty-nut *leis*. They are strangely attractive and handsome.

A Kahuna

Max Freedom Long was a Kahuna. He was not a Hawaiian kahuna, but a Kahuna Huna, a Priest of Huna. He had been adopted and ordained by the

initiated *Kahuna i Ke Umu Ki* (Firewalker), Dr. William Tufts Brigham. It was Brigham who founded our Order in the Hawaiian Islands in 1872. Not only was Dr. Brigham a renowned scientist and founder of the Bernice P. Bishop Museum in Honolulu, he was recognized by the native Hawaiians as the first white Kahuna.

As he spent his life in prayer on behalf of any and every one who asked him, Max is considered to be a *Kahuna Pule*, or a Prayer Kahuna, one who spends his life in prayer. By virtue of the great reverence his many followers felt for him, he is called *nui*, or great.



A single *kukui* nut.

Kahuna Huna Pule Nui, or
 he used twice a day: The Tele-
 ☞ — the Great Rit-ual Prayer of
 rt-term experiment in 1948. It
 ntil he died in 1971.
 he did not use our Huna termi-
 f man. I was espe- cially

A *kukui* torch.

worried about non-Hunians assuming they know what a High Self and middle self are. Many people have even formed odd ideas about the low self.

Max told me that he had invented those terms so new people would have an easier time accepting Huna, but by the time we were talking, he had seen that he had made a mistake. People could be in Huna for twenty years and still not know the Hunian names of the three Selves, and therefore, not appreciate their full definitions. People had also constructed their own definitions.

A couple of years ago I was contacted by *Whole Life Expo* and invited to either lead a workshop or give a lecture on Huna. As someone was already scheduled to give a High Self seminar, I offered to give a low self seminar. The low self is, after all, responsible for our memory, our emotions, our physical drives, and our psychic abilities. They declined my offer saying that it would not be politically correct.

Max told me that as he had invented the terms and used them in all his books, it was too late for him to convert them back into their proper terms. I, however, have persisted.

Max discovered that the *Aumakua*s of people could be bound together into a *poe*, which is a company or guild. A Kahuna can bring about such a *Poe Aumakua* for a specific purpose. Max did this when he brought about the *Great Poe Aumakua* of Huna for the group ritual prayer. *Aumakua*s have individual special ties, or talents as do people. One *Aumakua* may have a talent for bringing people together; another may focus on healing. Bringing a diverse group of *Aumakua*s together creates a group able to accomplish more than any one individual *Aumakua* could.

Although the original TMHG was started as a little experiment, it became the core of the Huna Religion. The TMHG cannot be abandoned to day without a drastic withering of Huna.

I was the beneficiary of the TMHG's power many times, but the best experiences for me were when I participated and I had no personal challenges to overcome; when I just wanted to be of service to others.

Everyone who participated in the experiment prepared a 3 X 5 card for Max. On one side was our signature in ink. We licked the other side of the card and drew a circle around it. We would hold the card between our palms until it felt warm and then sent it to Max along with a prayer request. This usually was a description of a circumstance we wanted healed or improved.

We memorized the long-ish prayer which has embedded self-hypnosis commands. Twice a day, at the same time Max was doing it, seven days a week, we would enter the Telepathic Mutual Healing Group. We would report any and all results which would occur within 30 days. If we did not report, Max would remove us from the prayer group.

Each time we prayed, we would start by making a forty-breath *mana* charge. The forty-breath charge is at the center of all Huna prayer and healing practices. It was hard to keep track of all the breaths as we were doing it, so we each had to devise a way to keep track of the breath patterns.

Strategies

I moved to the San Francisco Bay Area around 1985. I started the Huna Heiau (church) and began holding classes.

As the Huna Heiau continued to develop and we had many participants, it became desirable to have some sort of outward mark which would indicate individual progress along the Huna Path (*ke alanui e pono ia Huna*, the Great Path of Huna Righteousness). I had to bring Max's old thought into reality.

I decided to award a single kukui nut in recognition of spiritual progress, or successful completion of a course, or inculcation of a virtue. Hunians would be able to string them into a *lei* to wear at Huna functions. I defined the requirements in such a manner that it would take fifteen to twenty years to complete a forty-nut *lei*.

As a Kahuna, I wanted my gifts of *kukuis* to be more than symbolic. I wanted my students, fellow travelers on *ke alanui e pono ia Huna*, my extended *ohana* (family), to have something very special. So I blessed each kukui which I gave out. Now they were no longer ordinary *kukuis* which you could buy in any souvenir store in Hawaii. Each one became a *ki`i kukui*.

The word *ki`i* is the same as the Tahitian word *tiki*. A *ki`i* is an idol, picture, image, doll or any other reflection of a god. The *ki`i kukuis* I was now giving out were artificially created gods whose souls reside inside a *kukui* nut-shell. Each *ki`i kukui* is made for a specific individual, and it takes me about twenty-one days to make one.

I started giving them out when each student completes the initial Huna Initiation Course. Then once a year at *makahiki*, the most important of the Huna holidays, I present *ki`i kukuis* to each member of the Huna Heiau who earned them during the past year.

Then Hunians who had earned *ki`i kukui* started doing healings with them. This was a real surprise to me.

It was found that as far as headaches go, a single *ki`i kukui* has the pain-reducing effect of about two aspirin tablets. They proved effective on sprained ankles, sore muscles, the reduction of inflammation, and easing of small

burns. Of course, for dangerous injuries or serious healings, always see your friendly neighborhood *Kahuna Huna Ho`ola* (Huna Healer)!

Interestingly, *ki`i kukui* are also effective on an animal's wounds.

For the *ki`i kukui* to be effective, the person who is healed does not have to believe or have faith in Huna. As long as the *ki`i kukui* is held by its true owner, the *ki`i kukui* can be touched to anyone else for healing effect.

The *ki`i kukui* must be cared for by its owner. As long as the *kapus*(taboos) associated with them remain unbroken, the *ki`i kukui* retains its power as long as their owner lives. When the owner dies, the supply of *mana* is cut off and the *ki`i kukui* dies soon afterwards.

Becoming a Magician in One Easy Lesson

We have seen the different elements that converged to create the first *ki`i kukui*. Even so, I wanted them to be more special.

In one of the *HRA Bulletins* which Max Freedom Long had sent me (December 1, 1954, No. 110) was an essay he wrote called, *How to Become a Magician: A Complete Course in One Lesson*. In this essay, he discussed subjects which he had never spoken of before (or since).

One of the things that this article discussed was how to make an Aladdin's Lamp. The ritual involved holding a small oil lamp until it felt warm and included a prayer to invoke or awaken it each time it was used. The Genie of the Lamp, of course, is one's own *Aumakua*. I decided that the Prayer of Awakening could be applied to the *ki`i kukui* in order to activate it.

This means that I included the Prayer within the Commands I use to transform a kukui nut into a *ki`i kukui*. In doing so, I ask the person's *Aumakua* to strengthen its *aka cord* contact with the *kukui* shell.

At first I thought that I could make *generic ki`i kukui* which could be inherited or traded, given to anyone. But this is not the case. My skill so far is limited such that I can make a *ki`i kukui* for a specific person only. Once I begin to create the *ki`i kukui* with an individual in mind, only that person's *mana* can sustain it.

There may be times when it is difficult to make a Huna prayer due to one's *unhipili* feeling guilty for one thing or another. When this happens, the path to the *Aumakua* may become blocked. This is called *sin*. Using the *ki`i kukui* gives one the ability to make a quick and clean connection with one's *Aumakua*.

The *ki`i kukui Prayer of Awakening* is the *ki`i kukui's* spiritual authority or power. This authority increases with the addition of each new *ki`i kukui* to the person's *lei*.

Then something strange happened...

Life into Life

Kukui nuts come in a wide range of color, from the rare bone-white to perfect patent leather black. Most of them are light brown or tan, some times with streaks of black. We decided to reserve the beautiful tan ones for making of *ki`i kukui*.

With all these puzzle pieces falling into place, I mummified kukui nuts and created the first *ki`i kukui*. After a few weeks the people I gave them to started commenting that the kukui nuts were changing color. I attributed this to them not paying too much attention to the *kukuis* when I gave them out. After all, I knew Hawaiians have had kukui leis for decades and theirs did not change color.

Within three months there were no tan *ki`i kukuis* left. They had all turned a beautiful shiny black. I had (once again) been wrong in my speculation.

Shortly thereafter, I was in Hawaii and had the opportunity to speak with the woman who owned the only company in Hawaii producing *kukui leis*. I had imagined that different colored kukui nuts came from different trees. She explained to me that this is not the case.

Almost everyone in Hawaii has kukui trees on their lawns. The trees are loved because they are so beautiful. Everyone also hates kukui trees because the pits of the kukui fruit are so hard it is very difficult to mow their lawns. Taking advantage of this situation, the *Hawaiian Kukui Nut Factory* hired

Hawaiian boys to ask people if they would like to have the *kukuis* gathered from their lawns.

The fruit was brought back to the factory where they would be opened and the nuts exposed. There was no way to predict what color they would be until after they were polished.

The white ones are immature. Black ones are fully mature. The tan ones, in all their diversity of color, had simply fallen from the tree before they had reached maturity.

The owner, who had been making *kukui leis* for forty years, told me that the dropping from the tree permanently stopped the maturation process, and no normal process could change their color.

If the color of the *kukuis* were changing to black when I breathed a Blessing into them, then they had to have been re-animated to complete their maturation.

Questions and Answers

When I made the first *ki`i kukui*, my apprentice Gary suggested that the *ki`i kukui*'s might be changing color because of the almost continual skin contact they had with the recipients. Two stories spring to my mind which disprove this.

One of the attendees of the Huna Initiation Intensive Keonaona and I led in Switzerland a few years ago was Kuleana. At the end of the Course she received her first *ki`i kukui*. A couple of months later I heard from her. The *ki`i kukui* had turned a beautiful black color, but it had also developed a large crack in its shell. I caught up with her in Southern California, and switched the soul of her *ki`i* to a new tan kukui shell. Keonaona and I saw Kuleana the next day. Kuleana's new *ki`i kukui* had turned a solid and perfect black in less than twenty-four hours! I was impressed.

The other case I remember was of Michael the eleven-year-old son of a couple who also had taken the Huna Intensive in Zurich. After seeing the *ki`i kukuis* his parents had earned at the Intensive, he did not want to feel left out and I could not turn him down.

He and his parents were going to be in the San Francisco area where Kahuna Keonaona and I would see them. I worked to make a *ki`i kukui* to give him. Even though I was sick at the time, I thought I had succeeded. Several months after I had given it to him, his kukui shell still had not changed color. A year later I saw his parents in Norway where we were giving the Intermediate Huna Course and I gave them another *ki`i kukui* I had made for him. This time, I had taken my time with it, and in a matter of days of his ownership, it turned a beautiful black color.

There are many stories like those two, and they have convinced us of the effectiveness of the Blessing.

I know a young man about 21 years old, a friend of Keonaona's. He has been around this Huna stuff long enough to see it work for himself. He asked me if Huna was so potent, why didn't everyone know about it?

I think that one reason is that Huna gives a person an *edge* on life, and if every one was into Huna, then that edge would be lost. It works, so people don't want to share it.

He has also told me that if only I could do some thing sci en tific with it, then with the backing of Science, all would be well.

This question reminded me of something. At the time when Ernest Holmes created the *Church of Religious Science*, he also created the *Holmes Center for Research in Wholistic Healing*. This Center has been the source of grants for almost all serious studies in alternative healing done in the finest universities.

A num ber of years ago I tried to get in volved with them. I made an ap pointment to talk to its di rec tor. She was pre par ing to re tire, hav ing been its first di rector, and that for over twenty years.

When I got there I noticed that the secretary was hobbling around with only one shoe on. I in tro duced my self and asked her what was wrong. She explained that that very morning she had stumbled in the dark of her house against the raised brick that formed the floor in front of her fire place, and had broken her big toe.

With her permission, I reached down and restored her toe's bone and bruised flesh. In the matter of a few sec onds her toe was re stored to nor malcy with no swelling, no pain, and no bruising. All the black and blue flesh had be come a happy pink.

While I was working on the secretary's toe, the director of one of the de part ments came over to watch. She told me that she had ar thri tis in her hands, and had got ten it when she was train ing to be come a Healer. Her teacher had as sured her that ar thri tis was just a price that had to be paid for be ing a Healer. I sug gested to her that per haps she had the wrong teacher. I reached over and cured the ar thri tis in her hands.

The di rec tor of the Cen ter came by and asked me if Huna Healing was al ways so quick and pow er ful. But alas, it is not so. Usually it takes sev eral treat ments. It is not every day that I wake up with the authority to do Instantaneous Healing.

The director asked me what I wanted from them, and I told her that I wanted to have Huna's heal ing ef fec tive ness val i dated. In es sence, I wanted to be a guinea pig in someone's study. But nothing ever came of my offer. Not even with two instantaneous healings performed in front of her was anyone willing to investigate it!

While I was working on this manuscript, I sent a copy to my friend Bob. When I asked him about it, he wondered why I had written this. What difference did it make that the *kukui* nut shells turn black when I blessed them?

I asked Keonaona about it. She felt Bob's question was good, and asked me why I was writing down all these stories and what I wanted the readers to get from this book.

It seems to me that most people would like to have a Religious Experience that is not created by their imagination; specifically one that they can prove had taken place. Whilst perhaps not as spectacular as seeing an *Aumakua*, the fact that the *kukui* nuts that I bless are re-animated and continue to mature as if they were alive is for me telling proof of the power of Huna, and just as much a Religious Experience as any other relayed in this book, and validation of the path we are on.

Epilogue

There is a Hawaiian Kahuna whom I talked to about the ancient traditions of the kukui. She now gives out kukui nuts to people who come to her classes. But they don't change color and they don't heal. They are symbolic. I guess that's how things work these days.

Ultimately, Huna is a religion, and religions can be much more powerful and useful than you may have been led to believe.

It can be useful to have a miracle nearby to settle your faith down a bit, i.e., make it real for you. Even a little one may suffice you from time to time. Even the changing of color of a little *ki`i kukui* when it has been blessed by a Kahuna, lets you know that something real has happened.

This is as real as it gets. It is what is called in the New Thought Movement, a *demonstration*.

Appendix

A few years ago I was reading a very good book about the ancient Hawaiians, *The Kahuna Sorcerers of Hawaii, Past and Present* by Julius Scammon Rodman, originally published in 1979.

There are many good things in this book, but I was especially surprised to find the following part of a letter by Charles Kale Kenn, originally written to their mutual friend, Leinani Melville:

“Max Long was *auana**. I too cannot swallow this Huna stuff, and I told him so. His first book, *Recovering the Ancient Magic* (1936), was published in England shortly after he left Hawaii. He came here in 1917 to teach in Ka`u, then Kona, before moving to Honolulu, where he worked in a photography shop. He left here around 1934. He claims to have been the disciple of Dr. William Tufts Brigham, Director of the B. P. Bishop Museum, who was regarded as a Great Kahuna. Max means well but, being a *haole* (I concur in what you say), is unable to comprehend the inner meaning of the kahuna philosophy.”

* [EDITOR'S NOTE: from the Andrews Dictionary of the Hawaiian Language]

AU-A-NA, *v.* Also written *auwana*. *Au*, to swim, and *ana*, the participial termination—*ing*. A swimming off. The word has its origin in the overturning of a canoe, when men and all the cargo of the canoe float off in different directions.

1. To be scattered; dispersed, as things disperse in the upsetting of a canoe.
2. To go astray, as the mind; *auwana hewa ka naau*; to be wandering, as the thoughts.
3. To scatter from each other, as people.

4. To go here and there in search of something.
5. Hoo. To scatter; disperse abroad; to cause to wander: to go from place to place. *Ua hooauwanaia ka poe hewa i ka make*, the wicked are scattered in death.

This really bothered me. Charlie Kenn was indeed an old member of the HRA. He was also a great scholar of the ancient Polyne sians. He was de clared a *Living Treasure* by the Hawaiian State govern ment.

How ever, his res ig na tion was com mon knowl edge amongst us HRA's. He has sent his res ig na tion let ter to, and it had been printed, with Max's reply, in the *HRA Bulletins*.

I had met Charlie Kenn at the HRI International Huna Conference in 1980 at Punalu`u on the Big Island. There we had had a conversation that was recorded by a Director of HRI.

In our conversation, he told me that shortly after he had sent his letters to Max and his friend Melville (whom Rodman had quoted), he had tried to prove that Max was a fraud. He had ac tu ally found Max's old em ployer at the Kodak Film Shop in Honolulu, who had confirmed that Max was always talk ing about the kahunas. Char lie had also found the re tired sec re tary of Dr. William Tufts Brigham who had confirmed that Max had become a close as so ci ate of Dr. Brigham be fore he had died. So in try ing to prove that Max was a fraud, Charlie Kenn had actually proven Max's story as true, as much as could be done.

Char lie had also told me that now that Huna is still vi a ble al most ten years af ter Max's death, that it should be given a chance to suc ceed. That is why he was supporting the HRI Convention.

So I called Julias Rodman and asked him why he had n't in cluded Max's re buttal in his book. He turned out to be a fine gentleman, but did not know about the *HRA Bulletins* and *Huna Vistas*. So I sent him a copy of Charlie Kenn's res igna tion and Max's response.

But I do not think that there will be a re print of this most valu able book, so I have included these materials here, regardless of the fact that it will re-in-vent the controversy for some.

Bulletin of the Huna Research Associates No. 64

- = 1951 = -

Covering studies and experiments in the field of Huna and related psycho-religious investigations

Max Freedom Long, FHF.,
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Charles W. Kenn, and F.H.F., our good friend who is rapidly becoming the recognized authority on the Hawaii of yesterday, and who gave us the book reporting on the Honolulu firewalking tests some months ago, questions the experimental work of the summer. He writes, as of October 3rd, from Honolulu:

“Your last *Bulletin* was interesting. But I still believe that it is not important that we find some *logical reasons* to explain why things happen as they do in Huna. The very fact that they *do happen* is all that is necessary to know. The Polynesians tell the story of Maui, culture hero, who succeeded in accomplishing six deeds for the benefit of man, but with the seventh, in trying to find the secret of indefinite earthly life, he perished. This gives us a deep insight into the ways of thinking of these peoples, as well as the suggestion that they, too realized that it is folly to inquire into the why of spiritual things. The Huna concept of immortality lies in the idea of ancestor worship, *Ho`omana kupuna*, that a descendent is only a continuation of ancestors, a germ of that spark within him was taken from all ancestors down the line, and the ceremony of *oki piko* - cutting the umbilical cord of the first-born starting a new clan, *lahui*, is for the purpose of perpetuation that new line indefinitely through descendants in a straight line. The idea of measuring this or that so-called *aka* body seems rather far-fetched from where I sit. I presume that every man has his own set of ideas about certain things which appear to govern his actions more than what really is or is not basic Huna philosophy. Remember the story of the boy who took apart his father's watch to see what made it tick, found that the ticking had stopped and that he could not get the watch back together again? Maui, in search of the secret of immortality (his

seventh deed), entered the open mouth of the sleeping monster (*mo`o*) and went on into its insides to examine its heart. On his way out, having learned the secret, the *mo`o* awakened and closed its jaws, crushing Maui to death.”

HRA Kenn is on firm ground when he objects that the measuring of *aka* bodies of men and thoughts are not a part of basic Huna. In self-defense I must make my position clear. Years ago, when I was trying to learn what the kahunas of many kinds and classes knew or had known, believed or had believed, and done or had done, I found myself up to the ears in pieces of a jig-saw puzzle—mighty few of whose parts matched. While I learned after a fashion what rites were observed and what things were attempted, and what were accomplished, I was not at all satisfied. I wanted to know why. I still want to know *why*. I am made that way. And, by the same token, I affirm that until one knows the how’s and why’s of any action of body or mind or energy; one is working more or less in the dark. That was *where I came in*. I’m irresistibly urged to go down and have a look at the heart to see what makes it tick—to get at the Secret. When and if I come up with that Secret, and if the jaws close on me, I will at least have followed the paths dictated by my particular cast of mind. I am not content at all to know the exact ritual and precise facts of the rite of cutting the umbilical cord of the first-born. I want to know how those ancestors of ours got to be *Aumakuas* and why they should be worshipped. At this point in my long search—after thirty years—I still have not learned exactly how I should construct a thought-form cluster to make my prayer, or exactly how to generate and use the *mana* which I am convinced that the kahunas used. If an instrument, be it a pendulum, a Biometer, or HRA Cameron’s Aurameter invention will measure the size and shape of a thought-form cluster I make, and tell me how long it endures or where it goes or how to make it radiate more strongly—even if that isn’t basic Huna—I’m all for it. After all these years of sniffing around the facts, beliefs and all-pervading superstitions of other men—most of whom have been dead for a very long time—I now want a few simple things which will work. I know that this seems very much like the seventh deed of Maui, and I admit that some of the matters touched upon in our HRA studies are in deed far-fetched in their relation to what we accept as *Basic Huna*—the Huna of almost no why’s at all—nevertheless ...

I do believe ... help thou my unbelief. This quotation from Mark 9:24 describes the state of mental confusion of most of us. We accept some set of rites and beliefs, believe completely, we can get our prayers answered. But even as the hopeful but fearful father in the New Testament story, we affirm and beg for help to confirm our belief—all in the same breath.

Childhood faith and belief in doctrines has been derived for most of us from early Church training, teaching, contacts and personal observation and experience. As children we have been encouraged to believe and to pray. Most of us learned very early in life that our prayers were seldom answered. We may have felt a great sadness because of this—or because we observed the prayers of our elders go unanswered. In any event, our forming minds received deep impressions of doubt which lasted down the years.

What renews and strengthens our greatly weakened belief? Evidence? *Is seeing believing?* Yes to both, provided there has not been an emotional reaction in childhood or later, to the lack of answers to our most earnest prayers—a response amounting to an emotional storm which left in its wake a series of fixed hurts and doubts, to say nothing of almost inevitable resentments. To get rid of these fixations or to hurdle them, requires far more than a single convincing piece of evidence knowing that God is in His heaven and that He or His angels hear and answer prayer. Where a strong set of fixations exist, no amount of pounding with evidence will cause the slightest change. Ancient Huna and modern Psychology teach this. Then how to *help thou my unbelief?* Will some Savior do it for us? Improbably at this late date. The only way we know to get rid of fixations is (1) to find them, and (2) to rationalize their cause and thus drain them off.

For a number of years I have advocated this method of approach. I still advocate it. I am still busy using it myself. I have to go back into my early days to search for the origin of my personal fixed doubts. When I find such a source it always is accompanied by the damning rationalization and complete and irrefutable proof that I first prayed, and that, as a result, secondly, I got no resultant answer. The instant I touch such a sore spot—unhealed for all the years—I am slapped in the face and across the heart by that old logic which is the blind behind which the emotional content of the fixation lurks. That is why, some years ago, I saw that, at least in the majority of cases, it was necessary to make a fresh start, to find the best possible set of beliefs, to accept them

logically and emotionally, and to begin the slow work of rebuilding the crushed belief in a Higher Power, and faith in the possibility of an answer to prayer.

Armor against fresh frustration and the danger of awakening and strengthening the old fixed doubts, lies, at least for me, in having in hand and ready for use a *logical excuse or reason* by which to explain to myself why I made a prayer action and why I got no results. Huna has been a god send to me. It tells me (1) what I have to do, and do correctly, to make a successful prayer action. It tells me the conditions that will or will not permit the proper action on my part—the limitations under which I must be willing to work. I must not hurt another. I must not have a guilt sense to prevent the *unihipili* from making contact with the *Aumakua* and sending the *mana*, the carefully readied thought structure of the condition desired, etc. (2) I must keep doubts from entering in as I make the picture I desire to avoid. I must water my prayer-plant in the *Aumakua*-garden each day with the water of *mana*. I must not change my picture—pull up my plant to see if it is taking root. I must hold the faith unflinchingly hour by hour, day by day, month by month, and, if the game is worth the candle, year by year. (3) I must make certain that I do not mention my prayer-action and the follow-up to someone who will curse the entire project with a sneer of scorn or word of doubt. This is to be avoided at all cost. Mental attitudes rub off of one of us onto another like soot and black contagion. The slightest whisper of doubt will hit us with trip hammer force as powerful suggestions because old doubt fixations are so easy to revive. The need to *go into your closet to pray* is a very great need indeed. Nothing is so fragile as the thought picture of the prayer, so easily shattered—or so brilliant with the light of Faith and Love whose overshadowing we must come to know as Real beyond reality.

To the simple mind of an islander—a kahuna of yesterday—there was, I grant you—less need for the elaborate rationalization and complete understanding, which are an utter necessity for me. He had not been treated to such large doses of a religion which retained outer form but had lost its workable knowledge of both low and high magic. Perhaps, as a child, he had seen the prayer-actions made, the rituals gone through, careful step by careful step, and had seen the gods respond and the firewalk made possible. Contrast such a proof—such a powerful physical stimulus—with the vague or even contra-

dictory answers to prayer in Christian circles. Even a simple belief must be based on something, but a belief complexed by fixations resulting from repeated failures in demonstration can not be rebuilt except on new and massive foundations of proof and repeated proof. I would that each of us could perform the rites and be given the proofs of Fire-immunity before every major effort of prayer.

Lacking an ever-ready Fire-walk for proof, to help my unbelief, I grasp at all straws. My need is immediate, not a matter of tomorrow or something to talk to death or fritter away in speculation. I sit twice, or more often at times, each day in the TMHG ritual, and I have the burden on my heart and the uplift under my spirit, of the needs of those who work with me. Some of my friends are ill, a few are blind, and many are in trouble of one kind or another. Anything that will bolster up my faith and help my unbelief is priceless. If Verne Cameron can let me make a thought-picture of a vase on a shelf, then find it with his gadget and measure its size and outline its shape—tell me how long it remains there as a real structure, that helps me to know that Huna is right—my accepted belief—and that I can and do make forms by thinking, actual and substantial forms, even if of matter too fine to be seen by the eyes or felt by the hands. The same can be said of every bit of corroborative proof that there are thought-form-structures, that things do radiate a form of energy, that there is *mana*, that invisible cords do connect people, things and man with his *Aumakua*. Heaven knows that I have one answer to prayer after another, and that hardly a day passes without the arrival of letters telling me that my HRA friends are getting definite answers to their prayers and to their TMHG prayers in which we work together as a congregation, though telepathic *aka* cord contact. These proofs would be far more than sufficient for a simple and unhampered mind which remained a stranger to the doubt fixations I have known, but for me, such proofs need to be renewed as the offices on the altar—daily yes, almost hourly.

No, not basic Huna - but for me - basic necessity.

-- Max Freedom Long

Max Freedom Long and the Tarot

Another of the Huna Lores is the Tarot or *Kalo* Cards. We only use the Rider-Waite deck because the cards were drawn by Pamela Coleman-Smith, a psychic whom, we believe, channeled the ideas of the card designs from a Kahuna of ancient Hawaii. The cards, and in particular the Major Arcana, have strong Hunian symbolism and teaching. In particular, there are a few cards that have special significance with regard to the *Aumakua* and its nature.

I would like to quote below an excerpt from the only bulletin that Max ever wrote about Evolutionary Consciousness and the Belovèd:

Max Freedom Long:

In the **Chariot VII** picture we have the *Aumakua* as the driver of the chariot, and as the *Aumakua* is made up of a united male and female self (the *marriage which is made in heaven*), the two faces are made to appear, one on each shoulder. The front of the chariot is adorned with a double symbol, which repeats the greatly important fact of this union. The rod is passed through the ring and over it is placed the symbol of Spirit, the wings of a bird, and between the wings the circle of the Sun, which is the symbol of Light, which is in turn the symbol for the *Aumakua* or utterly trustworthy parental pair. On the breast of the *Aumakua* figure is a square, and as the square is often the symbol of the physical body and physical life, this indicates that the *Aumakua* is a *part* of the three-self man, and is attached to the *unhipili* and *uhane* and to the physical body during earthly life, and to the shadow or *aka* bodies after physical death. The stars on the canopy above the *Aumakua* may symbolize a great lapse of time, and we are reminded of the incarnations needed to allow each of the three selves to grow and evolve from the physical to the higher levels of conscious being. Two posts hold up the canopy front and back, once more reminding us of the pillars behind the **Hierophant V** and the **High Priestess II**—the pillars of the two sexes parted but striving to unite more and more completely until they make the perfect union.

No more beautiful truth and no more lovely symbology is to be found in all religion than that of the final and perfect union in love of the male and female, when the step upward is at last taken to become an *Aumakua*. No greater urge or drive has been built into the level of the *unihipili* and *uhane* than that of mating. Nothing can be as beautiful and satisfactory as a near-perfect mating on the lower two levels, and nothing so painful and difficult as a very imperfect mating.

In India some of the great teachers have worshipped the Mother half of the *Aumakua*, just as we in Christendom have worshipped, unknowingly the Father half. To a man on this level the vision of the perfected Mother replaces at times the sad imitation of perfection found in the mate. The same is true to exactly the same extent for the woman who dreams of the perfect man-mate. Only when we come to understand that we are learning by hard knocks to grow to be the ideal mate, can we become loving and gently philosophical, seeing in the mate the makings of the perfection we envision, and helping the mate to grow toward the perfection. The best help is, of course, that of making ourselves more and more perfect, as the Father-Mother in heaven are perfect.

The reason Love is the most important of all things and of all commands is that it helps forward the slow steps that will bring the full and complete blending and union of the sundered pair of mates who have had to serve on the physical level to bring children into the world, and on the *uhane* level to train them. Such service never ends. The *Aumakua* pair must be the guiding and loving parents of the lower selves, but at last, when the physical body is no longer a necessity to the *Aumakua* as a vehicle (as it is to the two lower selves), the union can become complete, the powers of the *manas* blended for miraculous use betimes, and the maternal and paternal sides united to give perfect love and service, if the lower selves will but accept it.

The initiate will be wise to learn to go before the appropriate half of the *Aumakua* above and *in* them (at call) for renewal

and comfort and restoration of bright and sustaining vision. Let the man who finds himself made uneasy by the inner call



of the mate, and whose own present mate does not satisfy him, turn to the Mother. In her love and gentleness and utter perfection of femininity and motherliness, he will find all that is needed at the moment to fill the lack and to refresh. It is the same for the woman. Let her turn inwardly to the Father, who will give the love and tenderness that has been lacking in the lowly mate.

There is no problem of the conflict of the sexes which the Mother or Father cannot understand and no sorrow which cannot be assuaged by the simple act of turning to the perfect state of the *Aumakua* and sharing it for a time. The strength to love and to guide with love the child is likewise drawn from a retreat to the Parental Pair.

One makes the contact and bathes in the perfect love as in the Fountain of Youth, to be renewed in patience, love and

even wisdom, so that the parental duty, which we are learning slowly to perform more perfectly, can be accepted successfully. Gradually one learns *to become perfect, even as the Father-Mother in heaven is perfect*. Each fresh attempt is a step carrying one in the right upward direction of growth. No smallest effort is ever wasted or lost. Love and service are their own reward. *There is no pain like hate*, said Guatama, and he spoke a great truth. The Joy of Service is the joy of growing upward. Delayed growth is pain.

Each of us lives behind a mask. Learn to look past the ugly features of the mask of the mate and see behind them the perfection which you help emerge by slow steps with your love and understanding. If you are teamed with one *not* your mate, but who will one day be the perfect mate of another, help that person forward and pray that your own mate, somewhere, will likewise be receiving help to grow.

The two creatures who draw the chariot are the male and female mates, the animal part of each being the *unhipili*, the human part being the *uhane* in the symbology. They are resting easily under the guidance of the *Aumakua*, and the symbol is that of the good and harmonious way of life in which all three selves work as a team for mutual good. This is the ideal condition, and in it there is no lack of time. Growth and evolution is easily and slowly and pleasantly made. There is *all the time there is* to be enjoyed.

The **Tower XVI**, in contrast, is the reverse side of the happy picture of the three selves working in perfect accord. The tower is shown on the card with three windows, representing the three selves, but the highest and largest window, which stands for the *Aumakua*, is empty. The lightning strikes and the two

figures, representing the *unihipili* and *uhane*, are cast out and are falling to their doom. The figure wearing a three-pointed crown would fit an *uhane* who was aware of the three selves as a great Truth, but because the *Aumakua* was not asked for guidance and protection, the lightning passes the large crown of the *Aumakua* and blasts the tower.

An other reading of the symbology can make the two falling figures a man and a woman who have failed as mates to live under the guidance of the *Aumakua* pair with love and tolerance and understanding.

The **Star XVII**, a symbol of the waste of *mana* or life force, water being poured into water and on the land to run back into the stream. The two vessels from which the water of life is poured can represent the mates, man and woman, working at cross purposes, the *Aumakua* Guidance being replaced by the distorted stars of confusion. The bird on the bush, however, is depicted to show the *Aumakua* as a spirit watching helplessly.

We see The **Moon XIX**, and again we see repeated the symbolizing of the disaster coming from failure to work in harmony with the *Aumakua*. The crab is said to walk backward as often as forward, and speaks loudly of false starts and retreat at the very beginning of the path of progress. The dog and wolf bay at the moon and accomplish nothing. They can represent the *unihipili* following the guidance of an animal instinct, or can be the mates (as the side towers, two in number, would also suggest), lacking knowledge of the *Aumakua*, symbolized as waiting with closed eyes on the face of the moon, unable to take its normal part in the three-self life.

The story is thrice repeated in these six contrasting cards. We cannot miss or mistake the teaching given here. Nor can we avoid the conclusion that the Huna lore gives us in its basics the nearest explanation to be had of the symbology. The Trinity of Egypt and of later Christianity approaches the thing we come to see, but falls far short, not recognizing the full implication of the three parts of man or their purposes. In the lore of India the Triune Gods and triune man come down to us in a

state so confused that the simple and direct knowledge is all but lost. The part played by the sexes is almost unrecognized, and sex is considered one of the barriers to progress instead of the splendid driving force of creation which draws the parted halves of the man closer and closer together in preparation for the final glory of union and completion.

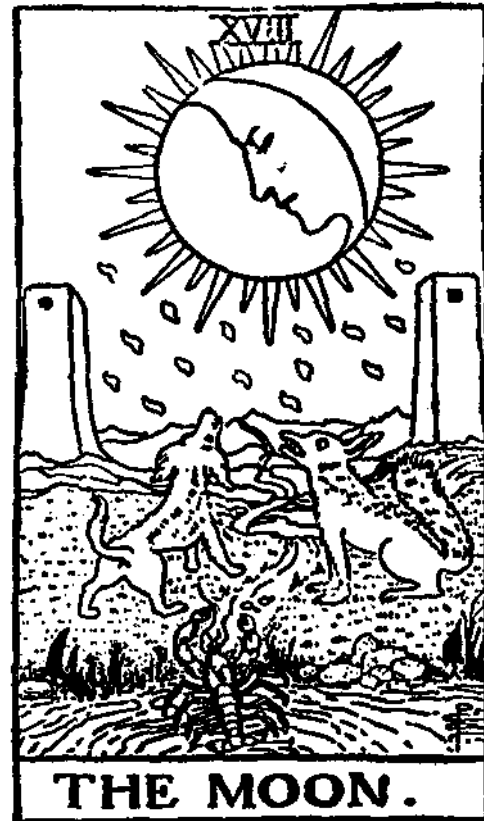
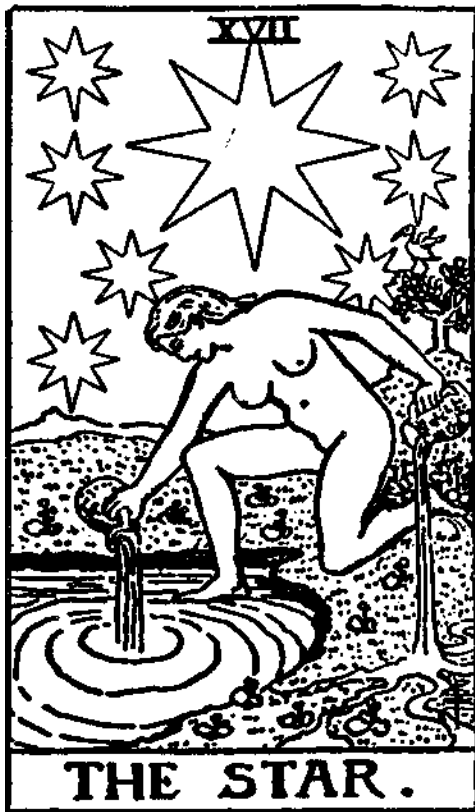
The **Emperor IV** and **Death XIII** card pair can be studied for a moment, and then we will have examined all the symbolic meanings of the Major Tarot Cards and the hidden meanings that the contrasts bring out. The **Emperor** gives us in symbols the very top of accomplishment. The man is old and wise and armed and most powerful of all. There is little still to



be gained by him. In his hand he has the scepter of union - the united male and female. But he is not able to take the final step to become an *Aumakua*. In the **Death** card we see the earthly power and possessions canceled by the necessity of death. Reincarnation is suggested, but there is no mistaking the symbol of the sun, rising at the end of the distant path, nor the male and female of the towers, indicating the mates who must finish the journey together to reach the sun - to reach the Graduation

stage between incarnations when the selves step up a grade, and the *uhane* pair enter the *Aumakua* level.

On the banner of the figure of **Death** appears the symbol of the five-pointed mystery which may have once been the star



made by overlaying three triangles, the five-pointed star of the three selves of Huna. Waite has suggested a Rose Cross origin of the emblem, with the rose in the center here, but the cross is missing and is replaced by five pine cones to make the five points which tell us what we need to know. The church dignitary and the simple child fall before the figure of **Death** at the end of each round of incarnation, but in the end the truth symbolized by the design on the banner becomes known. Then the Graduation upward is possible, not while in the body, but when out of it.

– Max Freedom Long

And so it was. Max Freedom Long died in 1971, going home and leaving the Path of Huna for us to remember and pass on.



Max Freedom Long's Short Talk #7

Before Max died he wanted to give a special gift to the HRA's. He decided to record a series of nine short talks on Huna, each twenty minutes long. They were lectures which people gathering in small groups to study Huna would have a spring board for discussion and further study.

In *Short Talk #7*, Max discusses Graduation and the merger of the Belovèds into *Aumakua*-hood. Below is part of his transcription.

The *Aumakua* follows the Law in that it cares for its children. In the creature world, the more evolved a creature becomes, the better it loves and cares for its offspring. Man cares most, and his children are longest of all in growing to maturity and being able to care for themselves. We learn to love after a selfish and very personal fashion in bringing children into the world and caring for them. But as *Aumakua*s the love becomes perfected and selfless, as does the love of the man and woman, who unite and blend their being as they graduate into a new *Aumakua*. This is the second great teaching of the Four Gospels. It is the *marriage made in heaven*, and to gain it we have to learn to love more perfectly.

During the past incarnations, so we gather, the true mates are born in the same group at about the same time so that they can meet each other and continue the task of learning to love more perfectly. We seem to come back as wife and husband or as members of the same family, or as lovers. We have to overcome such things as the sex rivalry - which causes the *war between the sexes* - and is really the instinctive effort of the couple to break down the differences between them and to get ready to blend and make an *Aumakua*. We try desperately to make much trouble. The constant nagging of the wife may be such a reaction which has become chronic with her. The neglect and lack of love and tenderness on the part of the man may keep him from filling her in her most dream of the way he should be in the end.

One of our most important jobs is to learn to love selflessly, and well and to endure and adjust to the lacks of the mate. We may be married to the mate of some other person in the group, but we can get practice with the one we happen to be wedded to in this incarnation. If we make a fairly good job of learning, we just might be led by our *Aumakua* to find the true mate and to enjoy a taste of heaven through the love and recognition.

I do not know just where or how the idea of *soul mates* evolved, but it is wide spread, and could well have been part of the secret lore of Huna which escaped from the initiate kahunas and became common property—with the usual misunderstanding and warping, of course. We read in literature of the ones who have left the ordinary love and found the ultimate and perfect love. The great poets sing of the perfect mate and the perfect love. But for the majority the dream is only a far and nostalgic hope—a dream seldom told or even recognized as such. We see men and women staring at each other perhaps, *across a room*, each asking, questing, *Are you the one? Are you? Are you?*

But if we find the true mate under the most ideal circumstances, the love is difficult to make perfect, for the *unihipili* of each of us is like the little brother who hides behind the sofa when his sister is courting. They rule the body, and while the middle selves may be more than satisfactory in their likes and dislikes and their intellectual approach, the physical of each may be out of step and ready to clash. Fortunately, in deed, is the pair whose *unihipilis* also go together nicely. But still, we see instances in which the love surmounts physical defects and the love endures despite the physical handicaps. Always we practice loving, striving for the perfection of which we dream. If we can accomplish a near perfection, be it said, it makes little difference if the mate falls short. We are learning the great lesson that, in another incarnation, will admit us into the inner room. Keep your lamps filled with oil and be watchful, for who knows *when the bridegroom cometh*. (Women, do not let your love spoil your children while you fight back your husband

and keep him from disciplining them, and denying him love. On the other hand, husbands should take their full part in the rearing of the children and give the wife all the love and support she needs. The normal way of living is the best way. A lop-sided marriage is a bad one.) (I have pontificated.)

– Max Freedom Long

How to Contact Us

If you have any questions about the materials in this book, or would like to receive the training to devote your life in the service to others as a Kahuna yourself, then feel free to e-mail Kahuna Lani at:

kahunalani@earthlink.net

You may wish to check the Huna Heiau's Web Sites:

www.huna-heiau.org

www.access-huna.com

If you are in need of assistance, and would like to have the Huna Heiau's TMHG work for you, then contact us as above via email.

You will be asked to send us a one-page letter detailing your *pilikia* (troubles); sign your name in ink; lick a spot on the paper and draw a circle around it. Then fold the letter and hold it between your palms until it feels warm. Send it to the address you will be given.

You must report any change in your circumstances every thirty days or your request will automatically be removed. It is good to make a donation to the Huna Heiau at that time as well; however, that should not be an impediment to our effort and assistance to you.

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