

There is a shift happening on Earth and there are human beings all over the world who are becoming a new breed of humanity. The Awakening of the Silent Warriors is the story of personal transformation.

The Awakening of the Silent Warriors

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The Awakening of the Silent Warriors



Stephanie Searing

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CHAPTER 1 – Eternal Sunrise

One day I woke up. Not from a night's sleep, but from a different kind of sleep—a sleep involving my consciousness. One day, for no apparent reason, my inner light bulb was turned on, and I realized that my soul knew so much more than I had ever given it credit for. That was the day my spiritual journey began.

It started with the process of my shedding all of the social conditioning I had accumulated throughout my entire life in order to see the truth as I had never seen it before. It was as if my mind had been in a cage—a cage I did not know existed until I was released from it. Once the slate was wiped clean, I began a process of learning, changing, evolving, becoming, and realizing that I already am what I am. During the process of discovery I changed in every way possible: mind, body and spirit. Gradually, an understanding of the Oneness of everything in the universe, and my connection to the One, emerged. At some point along my journey I realized that this was not just my experience, but an experience shared by thousands, perhaps millions, of people all over the world.

A common term to define what is happening to all of us is the ascension or awakening. We are awakening to who we are as divine spiritual beings, so that we can experience the ascension and bring about changes on Earth. We are the lightworkers of the Earth. My hope is that, in sharing my journey thus far, other lightworkers (or, as I like to call them, “silent warriors”) will relate to what is happening to me and to the discoveries I have made along the way. We truly are spiritual beings on a human journey.

I need to give you some history about myself, a bit of the past to link to the present. I will try not to bore you with mundane details, and just cover the highlights that relate to where I am today, and which tie into some key aspects of my journey. Although I would like to say that my journey started two short years ago, it actually began the day I was incarnated into my current life.

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In 1970 I was born to an 18-year-old woman who earned her living as a waitress. I was the third child and third daughter in as many years. My alcoholic father left when I was very young, and our lives went downhill from there. Mom did not make very good choices, but she did the best she knew how to do. Life was hard for us girls; it was a struggle. We all experienced many events in our childhood, both large and small, that the psychiatric community would consider traumatic. When I was 12 years old I had to have an ovary removed in an emergency surgery. From the beginning my female organs never worked properly and instinctively, even as a child, I knew I would never have children. By the time I was 18 years old, I was what middle class America would affectionately call a “homeless, loser drug addict”. I had quit school at age 15 to work full time. I had gone from using drugs to selling them. My emaciated, 6’ tall, 120-pound body was covered with bruises, scratches and bite marks made by a boyfriend who believed me to be a possession rather than a human being. My life was a personal hell.

What happened next is a bit of a blur to me, even now. There are so many events in my childhood that I cannot recall. Chunks of memory are missing, sometimes in blocks of years at a time. I can, however, convey the significance of what happened next in my life, for it was the transition point from homeless, loser drug addict to human being. It was also the point in my life when, for the first time, I felt my soul. I could feel who I really was. Once you find who you really are, there can be no turning back.

Somehow I managed to join the Army. Do not ask me how this happened. I honestly do not know as I do not remember signing up. I do not even remember considering joining. I assume at some point a recruiter and I crossed paths. What I do remember is getting a call to report to the MEPS facility in Portland, Oregon, for two days worth of tests to make sure I was physically and mentally able to survive basic training. There was a problem. When the Army called me to go to the MEPS facility for my tests they did not give me much notice, and I had drugs in my system. Obviously, a urine test was going to be

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performed, and I only had a couple of days to get the drugs out of my system. Something happened on that first day at the MEPS facility that gave me a break. I was officially “underweight”, considered too thin to join the Army. The instructor gave me a list of food items to eat that night, and sent me back to my hotel. I was to come back to the facility and weigh in again the next morning. I had to gain two pounds overnight, so off to the store I went to buy the food items. I also purchased a large quantity of cranberry juice, because one of my friends back home had told me that this would clear the drugs out of my system, or at least cover them up enough to pass the test. I was given one more day, one more day to prepare!

I sat in my hotel room eating bananas, donuts, pizza and God only knows what else, drinking what I assume was at least a gallon of cranberry juice. As I was consuming all of the food and juice all I could think was “please please please, please let me pass”. The next morning I was more nervous than I had ever been in my life. I knew that if I failed that test I would have to go back to my personal hell. I knew that this was my chance to escape, and I was frightened to death that they would not let me in. I was in tears all morning. Considering that I am a Capricorn, and not just any Capricorn, but have both my sun *and* moon in Capricorn, you must understand that “emotional basket case” does not exactly fit my profile. Indeed, it was a rare experience for me! That should tell you just how important this was to me. At the time I understood this more in the core of my being than in my conscious mind. My conscious mind just knew it wanted desperately to pass, quite possibly because failure is a Capricorn’s arch enemy.

I do not remember much about the weigh-in day, but I do remember that I passed: I passed the urine test, I passed the weigh-in, and I received my orders to ship off to Ft Dix, New Jersey, for basic training.

Basic training was strangely energizing for me. I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it. For the first time in my life I felt so awake and aware and healthy and alive. When we had to get up

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before dawn to exercise, I remember thinking how wonderful it was to have an opportunity to see the beautiful northeast sunrise every morning. When we had to stop for reveille before breakfast, I remember looking up at the flag and thanking God for being alive. When we had to go on all day marches with those enormous backpacks, I remember smiling and thinking about how strong my muscles were becoming. And when we were out shooting our M-16s or doing hand grenade training, I remember thinking how much fun I would have telling my future friends what I had an opportunity to do in my youth.

Someone had given me one of those tiny Bibles during my time in basic training. I believe it only contained the New Testament gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. I remember reading that Bible at night under the bed covers with a flashlight. It inspired me, and it made me feel something I had never felt before, a connection to a higher power. It was there in basic training that I first connected to God.

I gained 40 pounds of pure muscle during the eight weeks I was at Ft Dix. In fact, I gained so much weight that my uniform no longer fit, and I still have the pinched nerve in my hip to prove it. The Army really should re-evaluate those little metal clips on the inside of the pants. Ow!

Additional training followed, and I returned to Oregon for my assignment, which was at the Oregon Military Department in Salem, Oregon. Unfortunately, I had no money and no friends or family supporting my new life, so I was on my own. I had to wait two months for my first paycheck, so I would sneak into the break room and steal soda crackers every day for sustenance. I was in a National Guard unit as a full duty company clerk, so one could say I was one-half Regular Army and one-half National Guard as I performed the duties and functions of both in my clerical position. The weekdays were for my normal company clerk duties, and the weekends were for “weekend warrior” training. Sometime while I was there I passed all of the necessary tests to obtain my GED (high school equivalency). It

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was there, at the Oregon Military Department, that I met my first husband.

My first husband was the commanding officer of our unit, and had full National Guard status, so I only saw him on the weekends. He would come into the office, in his perfectly pressed uniform and shined up captain's bars to sign papers and tell jokes to the senior sergeants. He was not a particularly attractive man, but to me he represented a life that I had never experienced before, and I was more than just a little curious to experience what I imagined would equate to a "normal life". Apparently he saw something in me that he desired as well, because we began dating. Unfortunately, an officer and an enlisted person are not allowed to fraternize in the military, so we had to hide our relationship. Until, that is, one day when a very nosy supply sergeant saw us together. The rumors spread like wildfire through the Oregon Military Department, and all hell broke loose. My husband had to resign his commission. I found a way to shed my active duty position and transfer to the reserves, where I converted to the inactive reserves and, finally, left the service. I still managed to get an honorable discharge—figure that one out.

We were married in 1990, when I was 20 years old and he was 38. We remained husband and wife for 10 years. There were a few years during this time period when I thought I was the most contented person in the world. I had a normal life. We owned our first home, and I had a good job and a husband. I had all the things middle class America values. I also managed to go to college and get a bachelors degree in business. Some time around 1996 or 1997 I had to have my uterus removed. The pills I had taken since I was 12 in order to regulate my remaining female organs were giving me horrific migraines, and the symptoms of my monthly female cycle were so severe I was miserable. I had been miserable for so long that I just stopped taking the medication. Once I did that, my uterus had to be removed. After this procedure was done I felt completely liberated. I was full of energy, healthy and happy, and amazingly balanced. The best thing I ever did for myself was getting rid of that organ! Of

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course, this would clarify what I had always known, that I would never have children, and I am perfectly okay with that. You see, this was all part of the plan from the day I incarnated into this life.

My husband came from a typical Christian middle class family. Because of some issues he had with his parents, he had concluded that God did not exist and that religion was for the weak-minded. Being so young and impressionable, and because he was such a controlling man, I went along with his beliefs. I convinced myself that God did not exist. I never forgot about the connection I had made during basic training; I just stored it away in a secret location in my subconscious for 10 years.

After my husband and I divorced I once again became drawn to God. I began attending different Christian churches around the area to see which one “fit”. I would attend nearly every Sunday for months, become involved in volunteer activities, socialize with the people attending the church, and participate in other typical church-related activities. After a while I would feel an outsider, and would develop issues with the way things were done at the church. It did not seem as though the purpose of attending that particular church was to truly connect with God. The church would seem too political, and the more deeply I became involved in the church the further from God I felt. So, I would change to another church and go through the same process all over again.

After a few years I realized that my problem was not with the specific churches, but with religion. It was not for me. I expect that at this point many individuals would conclude that they were an “atheist”, give up God, and get on with their lives. There really are not many places to go to for guidance for someone trying to find ways in which to connect with God outside of organized religion. I was very blessed, because from the time I realized religion was not for me to the time my light bulb went on was just a few months. I did not have an opportunity to sit around and let my mind turn me into an atheist.

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In 2003, I met my current husband, Scott. We met during my search for a church, so after we were married the search was for “our” church. Scott has been a Christian his entire life, born into a Methodist family with a grandfather who had been a Methodist preacher. He thought he was getting a Christian wife, and was very disappointed when I stopped searching. He thought I had given up on God when, in reality, what I had given up on was organized religion. This is something I think Scott still struggles to understand, but about which he tries to remain open-minded.

One morning, as I was getting ready for work, I realized if I believed in astrology that I believed in a connection between myself and the planets, sun, moon and stars. I have a little interest in astrology, nothing too serious, but I do believe that the planetary alignments at the moment of your birth define some aspects of your personality. Up to this point I had not given the “why” of that understanding any thought, but at that moment I understood the “why”. It was as if I had been hit in the head with a 2’x4’. I recall saying to my husband at that moment that “If I believe in astrology then I believe in a connection between people and the solar system, the stars, the cosmos. We are connected in ways that I need to understand.” That was the day I began what I now refer to as my spiritual journey, the day my light bulb was turned on.

My first exposure to something that piqued my curiosity about this was a film called Zeitgeist. My mother e-mailed me the link not long after I was hit with the spiritual 2’x4’. Just in time! If you have not seen this film, I highly recommend it, as well as the newest release called Zeitgeist Addendum (www.zeitgeistmovie.com). Although these films clearly have a spin towards certain opinions, they contain an abundance of useful information that will open your eyes to some of the ways in which society manipulates your mind. The films attempt to bring you out of your sleeping consciousness and away from social conditioning and manipulation. In the first film there is an interesting part about Jesus, and how he relates to the shift in ages that is coming in 2012 and beyond. One of the most profound

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understandings I took away from these films is that I will never, ever again underestimate the absolute ruthlessness of people in power.

This brings me to the next thing that started to happen to me. As the months progressed I began to be disturbingly aware of absurdities in our society, and I developed a very focused intuition regarding manipulation, lies, deceit and anyone presenting themselves to me in a false manner. The rules of society (including government, religion, politics, etc.) look different to me now. In fact, the entire world and the entire universe look completely different to me, as I realize just how absurd our society has become. I believe that humans have become sheep-like. We have allowed ourselves to become completely unconscious, and to let those in positions of power and greed think for us. We are being told what we should care about, what we need and do not need, how we should view other human beings, and what society expects from us. We are told all of this by people whose primary concerns are manipulation, greed, power, or the development of insecurities. Like a good little sheep I had been buying into all of it until now, when I feel as though there is a big, bright fluorescent light being shined on everything that is so very, very wrong with humanity.

So much of what I learned in my search for a church did not make any sense to me. I was encouraged to talk to God on a regular basis but, if He actually answered me by communicating back, I was delusional. I was allowed to believe in angels, encouraged to believe in them, but they could not communicate with me either. I could believe in angels and demons, but in no other levels of spirits, just those two. I would only have one lifetime on Earth, one chance, and if I messed it up by committing suicide at 15 years of age because my step-father was raping and beating me and I could not stand it any longer, or I otherwise just plain old “messed up” in this lifetime, I would spend eternity in Hell. *Eternity!* This is my loving and personal God? The churches I attended did not believe that an individual’s life here on Earth has a specific purpose. No purpose? How can that be?

Churchgoers are made to feel guilty for missing a Sunday service, for not giving enough money to the church, or for not

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volunteering enough of their time to church activities. The more that they give, the more is expected from them. They are made to feel guilty for most natural human instincts, such as sexual desire and the ego, but are not made to feel guilty for purchasing a million dollar home with a six-car garage instead of giving all of their money to charity. If Christians really believe what the Bible says, then would they not live simply, love all humans with all of their hearts, not judge people for their transgressions or limitations, not be afraid to die, and give all their material wealth to the poor? What I find fascinating is that of the Christians following the teachings of Jesus Christ, the largest concentration of fundamental Christians in the United States is in the “Bible Belt”. The Bible Belt is also where the majority of the extremely politically conservative people live. They typically vote Republican, do not support social programs, tend to support big corporations, and care much less about the environment and humanitarian activities than about money and oil. How does that make sense? What confuses me most is that if Christians really and truly believe that they are saved, and when they die they get to go to Heaven, why do they fight so hard to stay here on Earth for as long as they possibly can? There are just too many flaws in this belief system, and I believe those flaws are reflected in the drastically reduced number of people who associate with a specific religion, the declining numbers of church attendance, and the changes churches are now making to try and keep up with the times. Will organized religion survive? Not if some drastic changes are not made, but I believe those changes are now in process.

One of the absurdities in society that took me some time to understand was the idea that displaying pride or confidence is somehow “bad”. I believe society views such a display very differently if someone comes from an old money or powerful family background, rather than if they come from a middle or lower class family. The Bible calls pride a sin. When you show confidence in yourself others may call you arrogant. What is this all about?

I have developed two conclusions. First, religious and governmental organizations and those in power do not really want the

“little people” to believe in themselves—to believe that they are powerful and can accomplish anything they wish in their lives. They do not want you to feel empowered, as keeping you humble is a wonderful way to keep you within the flock. Second, people do not enjoy hearing about the successes or happiness or adventures of another because they inevitably look inward at themselves, comparing lives and accomplishments, and develop resentment. How many people do you know are truly happy about your happiness? Who do not show even the slightest twinge of jealousy? Who encourage you to be empowered? Probably very few.

You, and I am speaking to *all* of you out there, are capable of amazing things. You can accomplish anything your heart and mind desire. You are a powerful, unique spiritual being in a human body. Believe in yourself, have confidence in your abilities, and let everyone else deal with their own issues. Without self-confident people in the world we would never have great leaders, great thinkers, or great warriors. These titles are not reserved for “other people”. We are all just as capable as the next person of accomplishing great things. There are no bars on the cages that we are in. Our minds just *think* there are.

Watching the news is more and more difficult for me. Manipulation has become so transparent to me that I find myself getting frustrated and angry at the so-called “mainstream media”. One day I was sitting on the sofa with my husband and ranting about the news. At one point I proclaimed “The only thing the news wants to do is make you afraid by telling you what you should be afraid of.” Within mere seconds after my husband responded that he did not believe that to be true, the news station staff member he was watching said “And now, the thing you’re most afraid of...” I laughed, and my husband decided to stop arguing the point with me. The clear agenda of mainstream media is to promote fear among the masses for money, ratings and power. How many people stop and ask themselves why, out of the millions upon millions of things that happen all around the world every single day, the media chooses, say, about ten things to tell you about. What about the other things that happened around the

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world on that day? Are they any less important because the media did not tell me that I should care about them? I believe that quite the opposite is true! The stories they do not tell me about often turn out to be the most informative and interesting of all. After all, the media is only telling the stories they feel will increase ratings, and this means anything that makes us afraid.

I believe that our medical system is a joke. Veterinary medicine seems more advanced to me, I suspect because there is a lot less politics, money, and lobbying involved. Patients are treated for medical symptoms rather than cause. Doctors are more than happy to give a pill for symptoms, but rarely want to discuss treating the cause of the medical symptoms. Western, or allopathic medicine, is not holistic. We have physicians to focus on our bodies, psychiatrists to focus on our minds and religions to focus on our souls, when we should be consulting professionals who understand the link between mind, body and spirit, and treat patients with this connection in mind. Doctors do not know everything. I have often been confronted by people who do or do not do something because a doctor told them this is what they should or should not do, even though in application it makes their problem worse.

Several years ago I developed a problem with my joints that I learned was rheumatoid arthritis. I did not care much for doctors, so I had not procured a primary care physician. My medical insurance carrier at that time required me to get a referral, if I wished to see a specialist, from a primary care physician. I found one in the phone book, and made an appointment. When I first arrived in the examination room the doctor gave me a questionnaire to fill out, which included questions such as how much are you sleeping, where do you hurt, how are you feeling, how is your mood, etc.

When the doctor came back, and before I could even tell him that the only reason I was there was to get a referral, he informed me that I was moderately depressed and wanted me to start on antidepressants. I became angry with the doctor, and informed him that the reason I appeared depressed is because I was in a tremendous amount of pain, and I asked for my referral. He implied that the

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reason I was in pain might be because I was depressed. This made me even angrier. I believe the next words out of my mouth were “You damn doctors have got everyone in the country on antidepressants and everyone is still depressed! Why are you so determined to get me on these drugs? Is the pharmaceutical company buying you a boat or something?”, after which the doctor spent the next half hour trying to justify his position, even taking me back to his college days.

I left the doctor’s office with my referral, but without any drugs, and never returned. I could not help but notice as I exited his office that everyone in the waiting room was staring at me. I have no doubt that all of them were on antidepressants. My point here is that only we know our bodies, not the doctors, and we must stand our ground and let doctors know that we will be taking an active role in our health care treatment.

This brings me to the next absurdity. I am not going to talk about advertising and how the corporations are so good at convincing you that you need something you really do not need, because that is not my biggest concern in this area, although it is rather annoying. My primary concern is that the United States government continues to allow pharmaceutical companies to advertise directly to the public. The United States is one of very few countries in the world that allows direct advertising of prescription drugs to the consumer. This must stop.

Over the past few years I have noticed that I am seeing more and more enormous wind turbines on the hills around eastern Washington. I look at these expensive, inefficient and unattractive structures, and I am disgusted. Is this our solution to clean energy? Is this the best we can do? I know that there are companies that can develop technologically advanced solutions for clean and abundant energy. Why are we holding ourselves back? Why are we turning to such a Neanderthal solution as the wind turbines? What are we missing here?

The Large Hadron Collider, the world’s largest particle accelerator, is located in Geneva. The majority of the citizens in the United States were unaware of its existence until it was nearly

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finished in 2008, and the mainstream media was exceptionally quiet about the project until the media frenzy of 2008. This enormous project is funded by over thirty countries, including: Armenia, Australia, Austria, Azerbaijan Republic, Belarus, Belgium, Brazil, Bulgaria, Canada, China, Croatia, Cyprus, Czech Republic, Denmark, Estonia, Finland, France, Georgia, Germany, Greece, Hungary, India, Israel, Italy, Japan, Korea, Morocco, Netherlands, Norway, Pakistan, Poland, Portugal, Romania, Russia, Slovak Republic, Slovenia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, Ukraine, United Kingdom, United States, and Uzbekistan. Among the listed reasons for this project are determining if the Higgs Boson Theory is correct, if alternate dimensions exist, what “mass” is, and the nature of dark matter and dark energy. Why would over thirty countries contribute billions of dollars for a project of this magnitude, one which does not provide the countries with a benefit, more specifically, a *monetary* benefit?

Governments want power and money, thus the real reason for the funding of this project is not on the publicized list because it has a monetary benefit. One of the agencies providing funding for the project is the US Department of Energy, which provided my first clue as to the true purpose behind funding of this massive experiment, and that is that they are trying to figure out how to tap into the zero point field and access the enormous field of free, unlimited, clean energy. Can you imagine how profitable this would be? I do hope that they are able to figure out how to tap into the zero point field for energy, and the ugly wind turbines can be sent off to be recycled. However, I do wish that they would just be honest with the people of the world as to why they are funding this project.

There are so many absurdities which occur daily in the world: killing in the name of religion, masses of people dying of starvation, putting money before the well-being of the planet, genetic alterations made in fruits and vegetables by agricultural corporation practices, the way in which animals that are fed to humans are treated before they arrive at the dinner table, and more. Everything is being driven by power and greed. People continue to be sheep. They allow themselves to be manipulated every single day of their lives. When

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did we, as human beings, become so unconscious? We have not always been this way. In my research I discovered that ancient civilizations were aware of our divine nature, our connection to the One, our link to the cosmos, and the amazing power that lies within each and every one of us. We were once conscious. What happened? How did we go from understanding our connection to the universe to believing that the world is flat? I do not know why or when this happened, nor if it was by design or by accident, but I do know that the universe scheduled this moment in time to bring consciousness back to the human race, and for that I am eternally grateful.

Now I realize that recognizing the transparency of the absurdities in the world is part of the process I call “shedding the old” or “shedding the social conditioning”. In order to become what I am to become, I first had to remove that with which I identified. All had to be stripped away and the slate wiped clean. Of course I found myself extremely frustrated much of the time, and I needed an outlet for the frustration.

I came across an article in the newspaper that upset me. It was about a boy who had gone with his father to a preseason NFL football game in Seattle, Washington. The game was between the Seattle Seahawks and the Oakland Raiders and, unfortunately, the young boy was a Raiders fan. The article explained that the Seahawk fans were so horrible to both father and son for wearing Raiders’ gear in support of their team that the boy went home in tears. The entire father-son bonding moment was ruined by those fans, and the boy will likely not attend another football game. There was a link from the article to a public MSNBC message board and, in my anger, I went on to the NFL page of the message board, posting a thread berating the Seahawk fans for their behavior.

Two years later I had acquired many friends on the various MSNBC message board pages, and had plenty of opportunities to have some fun as well as vent my frustration at various absurdities along the way. My name on the boards was Xena Warrior (nickname, The Amazon, because of my height). Maybe you have seen the television series? I have not. It was my friends on the boards who

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assigned me the name because of my height and warrior-like personality (I thoroughly enjoyed playing that “role” for the entertainment of my friends in cyber land). It was there at the message boards that I met Dee.

Dee lives in California and I live in Washington, so our friendship has been entirely cyber until recently. Our friendship started out with misunderstandings and near friendship-ending arguments, but once we joined our spiritual journeys together everything changed. We quickly evolved into partners on the spiritual quest, e-mailing each other daily with information about our discoveries or thoughts about what we were experiencing. Then we advanced to long phone calls in the evenings, and eventually we and our families met in person.

We were having the same experiences at the same time, and our journeys became one. Joining forces sped up our awakening process exponentially, which resulted in some extremely intense days along the way. At one point Dee and I realized that what was happening to us was not a typical spiritual journey. There were so many synchronicities and physical side effects in our shared journey that we recognized there was something special about our experience. We came across descriptions on the Internet of lightworkers, earth angels and star seeds, and realized that there were others out there just like ourselves, who were going through the same changes and experiencing the same symptoms. We did not fully grasp the significance of what we were about to discover, but it did lead us to seek out others, and the best way we found to do this was to find a cyber forum where others like ourselves were talking about their experiences.

The forum we decided to join, after investigating some of the options out there in cyber land, is dedicated to spirituality, the metaphysical and the paranormal (www.spiritualforums.com). This forum had everything we were looking for, as it was fairly active, with a large number of members, and discussion topics covered the entire range of topics we were researching. After a relatively short amount of time posting in this forum, I realized that the evolution that

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Dee and I are experiencing is also happening to others all over the world. I have personally spoken to people who are awakening in the United States, Canada, South Africa, England and Australia. Waves upon waves of people all around the world are sequentially having their light bulbs turned on, going through the awakening process, hopping on the ascension ride, realizing that they are spiritual beings, gathering their tools, and preparing for what is to come in the years ahead.

We are all part of a massive shift that is happening on the planet. We are the silent warriors who are here to help Mother Earth make an evolutionary leap of consciousness, and change the direction of humanity on this planet. In order to bring about this change, we must first embark on our own personal spiritual journey, and return to the spiritual beings that we truly are. This is the awakening process. Ascension is a planetary shift of consciousness and change that we collectively are to bring about. The Ascension is about manifesting a New Earth.

Over the past two years I have progressed from a typical middle class, left-brain analyzing, American accountant focused on material possessions and personal desires, to a meditating, crystal collecting, inner-peace seeking, right-brained spiritual being full of love and light. In those two short years my consciousness has evolved so much that I would not believe it possible if I had not experienced it for myself. The following chapters are my story about my transformation, my experiences and discoveries during my spiritual journey. I know this is just the beginning for me, and that the next few years will bring further knowledge, adventure, and evolution in ways that I can not possibly understand now. Each and every day is an adventure! I want to share this phase of my journey with the rest of the silent warriors out there in the world, who are fighting their own fights and embarking on their own journeys. We are all part of something amazing happening on the Earth, and we are all connected. I honor in you the divine that I honor within myself. Namaste!

There is a shift happening on Earth and there are human beings all over the world who are becoming a new breed of humanity. The Awakening of the Silent Warriors is the story of personal transformation.

The Awakening of the Silent Warriors

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