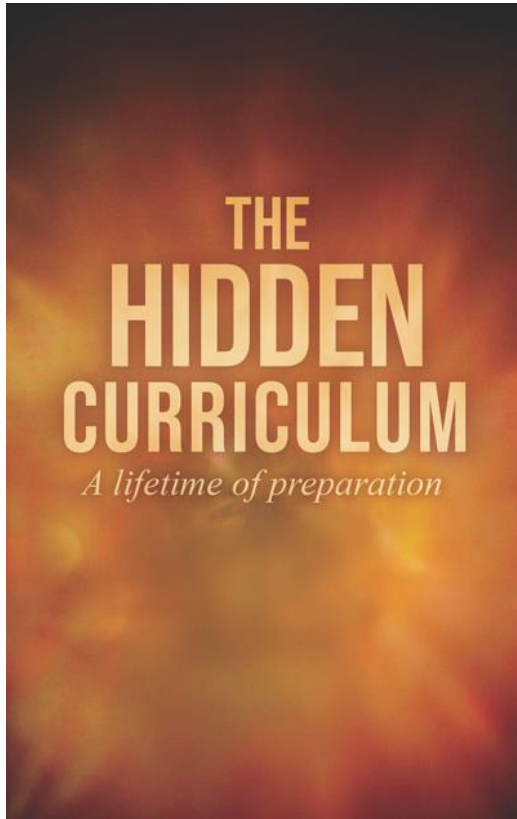




A lifetime of psychic experiences reveals a path set before birth: a journey toward becoming a healer and light worker, learning to trust intuition, face darkness, and serve others through insight, discipline, and spiritual awakening.

**THE HIDDEN CURRICULUM:
A Lifetime of Preparation**
By Bila Jina

**Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com
<https://booklocker.com/books/14711.html?s=pdf>
or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

THE HIDDEN CURRICULUM

A lifetime of preparation

Copyright © 2026 Bila Jina

Print ISBN: 978-1-959624-58-5

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88532-124-2

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Jina, Bila

THE HIDDEN CURRICULUM: A Lifetime of Preparation by Bila Jina

Library of Congress Control Number: 2025917210

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2026

First Edition

Contents

Author's Note Why I Write Without A Name	vii
Preface <i>The Book with Two Beginnings</i>	xi
Prologue <i>The Veil That Separates</i>	xiii
Part I.....	1
Chapter 1 - <i>A New Reality</i>	1
Chapter 2 - <i>Thoughts Create Reality</i>	5
Part II - Self Awareness Begins.....	7
Chapter 3 - <i>The Birth</i>	7
Chapter 4 - <i>Childhood Phenomena</i>	9
Part III.....	13
Chapter 5 - <i>When The Student Is Ready</i>	13
Chapter 6 - <i>Grace and the Blue Book</i>	15
Part IV.....	19
Chapter 7 - <i>Infinity</i>	19
Chapter 8 - <i>The Bigger Picture</i>	23
Part V	27
Chapter 9 - <i>Momma Green</i>	27
Part VI - Practice	33
Chapter 10 - <i>Grace Performs</i>	33
Chapter 11 - <i>Psychic Fairs and Light Worker Lessons</i>	37
Chapter 12 - <i>Moon Over the Mountains</i>	43
Chapter 13 - <i>Learning To Meditate</i>	49

Part VII.....	55
Chapter 14 - <i>Significance of Dreams</i>	55
Chapter 15 - <i>Dreaming Was Becoming An Event</i>	59
Chapter 16 - <i>Missing Girls</i>	61
Part VIII	65
Chapter 17 - <i>Crossing Dimensions</i>	65
Chapter 18 - <i>The Closet Visions</i>	69
Part IX.....	73
Chapter 19 - <i>A Journey About To Begin</i>	73
Chapter 20 - <i>Changing of the Faculty</i>	75
Chapter 21 - <i>The Journey Begins</i>	77
Chapter 22 - <i>Mind Is the Womb of All - Objects and Hands Are Unnecessary</i>	81
Chapter 23 - <i>The Pod Gathers</i>	83
Chapter 24 - <i>Aura Search</i>	91
Chapter 25 - <i>Introducing Seth</i>	95
Chapter 26 - <i>Acceptance of Psychic Phenomena</i>	99
Chapter 27 - <i>Focused Intent and Reality Creation</i>	103
Chapter 28 - <i>Emotional Residue and Perceptual Imprint</i> ...	107
Chapter 29 - <i>Objectivity and Observation</i>	113
Chapter 30 - <i>The Glitch in the Matrix The Fingertip and the Blown X-Ray</i>	117
Chapter 31 - <i>Sending Colored Energy</i>	121
Chapter 32 - <i>Mistletoe and the Wiring Lattice</i>	125
Chapter 33 - <i>Conscience Beyond the Physical</i>	129
Chapter 34 - <i>Frederica</i>	133
Part X - Final Curriculum	137
Chapter 35 - <i>On Time and the Veil</i>	137

The Hidden Curriculum: A Lifetime of Preparation

Chapter 36 - <i>The Inner Curriculum The Dream</i>	
<i>Training Sequence</i>	141
Chapter 37 - <i>The Threshold of Permission</i>	145
Chapter 38 - <i>Communication From Across the Veil</i>	147
Chapter 39 - <i>Sequential Dreams</i>	149
Part XI	165
Chapter 40 - <i>Graduation Time</i>	165
Chapter 41 - <i>Another Change of Faculty</i>	167
Chapter 42 - <i>Eastern Gateways, Tigers, and the Shadow</i> <i>of Duality</i>	171
Chapter 43 - <i>Reiki Therapy</i>	175
Chapter 44 - <i>Rosicrucians</i>	179
Chapter 45 - <i>Berkeley Psychic Institute</i>	181
Chapter 46 - <i>Dr. Hank - Anthropologist and Shaman</i>	185
Chapter 47 - <i>Warren Barrigan - Vocal Biometrics</i>	193
Epilogue - <i>The Closing Circle</i>	197
<i>Two Takeaways</i>	201
Appendix A	203
<i>Educational Dream Interpretation</i>	205
Suggested Reading	229

Part II

Self Awareness Begins

Chapter 3

The Birth

In that first moment, the world was one of absolute darkness. Words could not exist, for in that moment there were no sounds to carry them—even had there been an awareness of language. The only reality was a feeling of security emanating from somewhere out of that darkness. That was the moment the seed of self-awareness began to sprout.

Suddenly, from above, a single bright light appeared, shattering the darkness. Beneath that light, the first images to be seen by a new life took form.

Their features stark beneath the bright light, three figures stood, side by side, gazing down at what lay helpless in front of them.

The one on the right was tall and slender, dressed entirely in white and wearing a white hat. The one in the middle was taller still, thin, balding, and wore glasses. The one on the left was shorter, heavier, also dressed in white, and wearing a white hat. If they spoke, I didn't hear them. And even if I had, I would not have recognized the sounds as words.

That is my first memory of this world. It was not a dream. I was only able to describe it years later, long after I'd learned to recognize sounds and speak a language. Four decades later, when I shared this memory with my mother, she immediately named the doctor and two nurses who had been present at my birth. The shorter nurse, she told me, was still living. That was in the late 1980s.

That was the first day of my life. The next forty-two years were spent preparing for what should have been.

Not once in the 29 years I knew my father or the 63 years I knew my mother do I recall either of them ever saying, "I don't remember," which might explain why I have such a vivid memory of that first moment.

Chapter 21

The Journey Begins

The dream opened with something as ordinary as a scuffed soccer ball rolling down a rutted dirt road. Weather-grey fences leaned toward the lane; modest houses crouched behind tangled willows and bushes. A red-tailed hawk searching for a mate shrilled overhead. Nothing in the scene hinted at revelation. Yet I watched the ball with the kind of attention we usually reserve for omens.

I followed it as it rolled downhill toward a three-way intersection. There, it hesitated—as if deciding—then turned right. A short distance later, it reversed course, returned to the intersection, paused again, then turned right once more. This second attempt carried more weight, as though the choice mattered. Finally, the ball returned a third time and, with unmistakable resolve, took another turn to the right-hand. All three possibilities had been explored. A direction had been chosen.

And that's when everything changed.

The road it had chosen was no longer just a road—it had become a bridge. And I was no longer alone. A companion had appeared beside me, cloaked in a heavy brown robe with a deep hood, much like a monk. I never glimpsed his face—not in that dream, nor in the years he would remain with me.

As we walked, he gestured toward the ball, now floating in the ocean far below. The waves churned restlessly around it. He warned me—his tone gentle but serious—about the dangers of going in after it. Was I sure I wanted to catch that ball?

I hesitated. The water looked dirty but not particularly threatening. But something about it held me back. Even though I was a well experienced diver, something in that current felt deeper than it appeared. And by the time I made up my mind, the ball had vanished. A decision had been made—by me, or for me.

The scene shifted.

Now I stood further along the bridge, face to face with a man who greeted me by name. My hooded companion was gone. So was the ball, so was the ocean.

The man performed what looked like sleight of hand—an action I can no longer recall. He raised both palms up and made a cryptic remark about not needing gloves. Then he added, almost casually, “See? I didn’t need my hands.” Whatever had just occurred lingered in the air—elusive but significant.

We stood there for what felt like a long while, speaking of hands and gloves and things left unsaid.

Eventually, I moved on—toward the far end of the bridge, where a tunnel entrance waited. I made a conscious decision not to enter it. Just before the tunnel, the road curved sharply to the left, arcing up and around toward another dark opening. I felt

immediate reluctance. The sense of unease was unmistakable. I might have stepped inside briefly—I can't be certain—but I knew with clarity: I didn't want to follow that path.

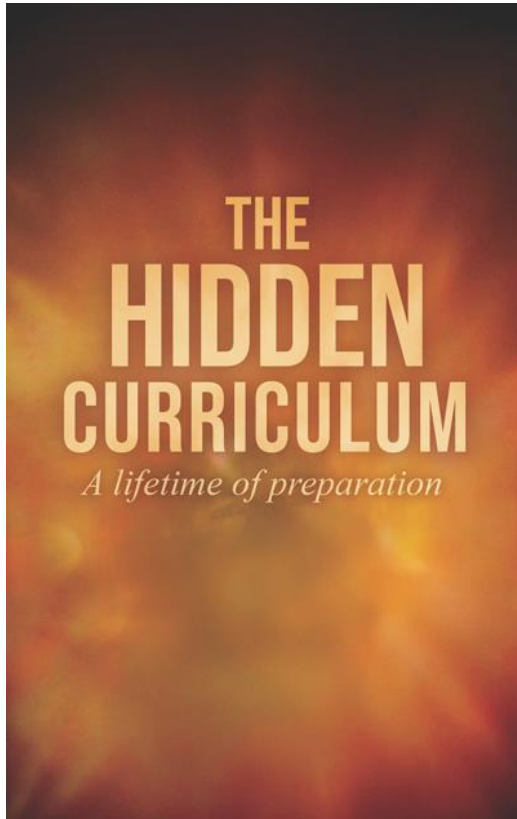
At the time, I believed the bridge was the one connecting San Francisco and Oakland. But even then, I understood—I wasn't meant to go there. Not yet. Nor did I want to.

If there was a conclusion to that dream, it has long since faded.

Two nights later, the next lesson arrived.

This time, I was one of six or seven featureless silhouettes seated around a circular table. A figure I took to be a teacher stood just apart from us, tall and composed, his presence commanding, yet calm.

At the time, television audiences were captivated by an extraterrestrial character who performed miracles by opening his hand to reveal a glowing stone. Our teacher opened his hand now, and there it was: the same glowing lambent sphere. The words spoke although long forgotten had an indelible meaning. Objects are unnecessary, hands are unnecessary. Mind is the womb of all phenomena. I would now add "And creation.



A lifetime of psychic experiences reveals a path set before birth: a journey toward becoming a healer and light worker, learning to trust intuition, face darkness, and serve others through insight, discipline, and spiritual awakening.

**THE HIDDEN CURRICULUM:
A Lifetime of Preparation**
By Bila Jina

**Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com
<https://booklocker.com/books/14711.html?s=pdf>
or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**