

The day she planned to leave for South Korea, Sang received a call from Julian telling her that the poodle puppy he'd been given had told him of an upcoming outage.

Her immediate concern was the unofficial meeting (no press coverage, no public statements) to be held in three days at the DMZ, demilitarized zone, attended by the Presidents of the United States and South Korea and advisers of the leader of North Korea.

In Bhutan, Sang, as had Shilli, Asha, Emilie and Julian, was given an apricot poodle puppy. "This is SNOW LOTUS. He is anxious to begin working with you.. You both understand frequencies, healing and sound therapy." Sang had not spent a great deal of time with different animals. When she was in Switzerland, meeting Lapis at CERN, she learned that the world's largest atom smasher (collider) had been stopped, temporarily, by a weasel. She then realized that no matter how sophisticated technology became, nature always had the last word.

When she hung up the phone with Julian, SNOW LOTUS was asleep in his favorite chair across the room. Waking him gently, taking him into the palms of her hands. she smiled at the dog. Sang - " I was just told another outage will start soon. Do you know when? As I told you, I'm planning to leave today for South Korea. " SNOW LOTUS - "Yes, another outage is coming, but it won't affect the DMZ meeting. It's just been cancelled."

Sang was shocked and saddened. The process of reunification was the hope of all Koreans. No matter how preliminary the beginning stages, everyone was optimistic, Sang asked SNOW LOTUS. "Do you know why it was cancelled?" "Yes. The President of South Korea." At that moment the phone rang, Sang's questions were answered.

Named the eleventh most powerful women in the world, Park Geun-hye was the first female to be elected president of South Korea. celebrated by many, not just in Korea, but world wide. She had been advised for many years by a group called the Eight Fairies, who shared information with someone who had no official position in the government and no security clearance. Park Geun-hye had taken money from foundations for her own personal use. The corruption scandal threw the country into chaos, added to by the escalation of North Korea's continuing provocations. It was difficult for Sang to realize that someone she's admired had been so dishonest.

Sang decided to take Snow Lotus to stay at the Princeton Sanctuary She would visit him on a regular basis, and, most importantly, he would be safe and loved, She would say nothing about his being from another universe.

When Sang arrived, TYPO the river otter was waiting at the gate, as if he was expecting her. As soon as Sang and SNOW LOTUS entered, the poodle puppy jumped from Sang's arms and ran off with TYPO. Meeting with the head of the Sanctuary, she asked if they would care for the tiny poodle puppy, explaining it was better for him to be with others than staying alone in her dorm room while she continued her classes.at the University. She would come to visit him regularly and play the harp for one and all.

Since she was last there at the sanctuary, Jacaranda trees with their brilliant purple blossoms had grown to line both sides of the entrance pathway, each tree surrounded by a circle of agapanthas, standing five feet tall.

In the past, Sang's playing her harp at the local animal shelter had the immediate effect of calming the animals, many frightened, not knowing where they were and why they were there. When Sang returned the next day to play the harp, the animals all howled with joy.

The Think Out Loud weekly gatherings at the public library had begun during the last outage. Because of their success, the Mayor decided they would continue once the outage ended. Hours after finding out she wouldn't be going to South Korea for the DMZ meeting, a member of the City Council phoned to ask if she'd play her harp to open the next Think Out Loud meeting, three days away. After saying "Yes," she wondered if the meeting would take place before the next outage. The outage began the next afternoon. The library would be open twenty four hours a day, seven days a week.

Walking to the library, Sang heard the chattering call of a large black, white and purple magpie, the national bird of South Korea. Known in Korea to bring good news, the European belief was a stark contradiction, one of many cultural differences. Was the Eurasian Magpie, known as Pica Pica, a bird of good fortune, sturdy spirit and a provider of prosperity and happiness, as is celebrated in Korea, or, the opposite?

During the last outage, the crows decided to become proactive and spread their message. They started to poop, all over the world, flying over highways, sidewalks, lawns, signs, billboards, cars, even rooftops, any place that people would see, to ensure their words would be noticed and read. Arranged in letters of every language, the poop said it clearly...*Nature is talking to you. Pay attention!*

Once the outage started, people flocked to the library, every seat taken, many standing, others moving tables and desks to make more room. Sang didn't wait to be introduced, but immediately began playing her harp. Everyone quieted. As she had done during the last outage, the Mayor explained what systems were in place to help with food, water and shelter. When she finished, a man raised his hand, asking to speak. "I am a farmer. During the last outage, we picked everything on Monday; two days later, when we went to replant, magically, everything had regrown." Another man stood up, explaining his same experience with crops reappearing a few days after being harvested. When he'd decided to spend the night across from the fields to watch what was happening, two men arrived, planning to steal the crops, suddenly five dogs appeared, barking, chasing them away. "I never worried about the crops again."

After getting to know one another, TYPO, the river otter and SNOW LOTUS decided it was time to have a secret meeting with all the animals at the Sanctuary. It would happen late at night, everyone sitting in concentric circles. SNOW LOTUS told TYPO that he could remember, word for word, everything that would be said, and arrange to have someone write it down after the meeting. The transcript would then be hand delivered to the Mayor of Princeton, the President of the Princeton University and the President of the United States.

In addition to what had been said by each animal at the meeting, it would also include a point by point plan with suggestions on how to save the planet earth from destruction. Word spread quickly. The meeting was scheduled for the following night.

Under a full moon, those who called the Sanctuary their home were gathered to offer their thoughts to humanity.

TYPO was the first. “A super nova has helped postpone the extinction of the human species. During the past outages, the transition steps have begun, non traditional ways of communication are now beginning to be accepted. The human species has not always been fully aware of the new directions they were subconsciously following. Humans are beginning to learn a new way to listen, leading then to consider a new, updated, way to think, a different perspective of looking at what is happening around them.

.I know this is obvious, but best to begin with what is simple. Humans know that whales sing to communicate, the sound carries over vast distances. Why haven't they learned to do the same? Having structural memory, a hydra is able to regenerate itself, Why haven't humans learned to do the same? Humans know about the immortality of the jellyfish? Turtles can live for thousands of years. What about Flatworms? The Tardigrade is the most indestructible species on planet earth.”

“I am ERRANT the Bluebird. There are consequences for the actions of humans. There are also equally important consequences for humans not acting.”

A lizard like amphibian, with a slender body, short legs and a wagging tail was next. “My name is OUCH. I am a salamander. If I’m hurt or wounded, I have the ability to heal myself, regenerate new bones, nerves, muscles and blood vessels. Have humans looked at the DNA of mosquitos? The word for humans to remember is *Regenerate. Regenerate! Regenerate!*”

“My name is AL TRUISM. I am a Greyhound. Did you know I am named in the religious text called the bible? My long narrow head gives me wonderful vision. far better than any human. I can see behind my own head. The human species’ worship of money is responsible for a majority of their problems.”

A small tiger approached, walking haltingly, with great difficulty, both his front legs bandaged, “My name is DIS AGGREGATE. It means to separate into parts. Many humans kill innocent animals for sport, cutting off the animal’s head so they can hang A TROPHY in their home for everyone to see. My name - separate into parts. Having chosen to murder the innocent for A TROPHY these people’s bodies and minds will now start to ATROPHY, to waste away.”

“I am a Lynx. My name is HUXLEY. DIS AGGREGATE and I are friends. My well informed opinion is that what the humans he’s talking about continue to do is reprehensible. The message I have for humanity is simple. After silence, that which comes nearest to expressing the inexpressible is music.”

A hen took her turn. “My name is YAMAMURA. Because you don’t see it, doesn’t mean it isn’t there. What haven’t you looked for? Each egg I lay carries a frequency with a thought idea. A human friend comes to the Sanctuary once a week to pick up my eggs. She delivers each one to the person for whom the thought/frequency was intended.”

SNOW LOTUS was the last to speak. “The natural world has left humanity messages to solve many of their current problems. disease, weather, violence. Do they not understand collective intelligence in fish, insects, dolphins? Whales teach one another songs, as do dolphins, They teach each other details about their distinct cultures. The collective knowledge of different cultures is an advantage for every species. Even though small changes have begun with humans, multi culturalism won’t succeed without compromise,

Why did it take humans almost two hundred years to understand how hummingbirds drink? The answers are there, clues hidden in plain sight, not only not yet discovered. not even noticed. Thankfully, the human species has now begun to understand the need to accelerate change, that the damage they are doing is near to being irreversible. Humans haven’t yet found Nature’s alternatives to the dangerous and destructive toxic chemicals they use - which accomplish the same thing. During the last outage, no one fell ill. Though endless people have questioned how this happened, no one has found the answer. One of the most powerful industries in the United States is the Pharmaceutical Industry which sells different medications. There are treatments for human illnesses that don’t involve drugs.

I've arranged for patents be filed, worldwide, for many things humans don't yet understand. The reason for doing this? To stop those who want to make money at others' expense, With the patents, we can offer many things for free. In two days, something will happen to every living adult human being."

As SNOW LOTUS walked toward the Sanctuary's office, a dark yellow Labrador approached him. "May I speak with you for a moment?" "Yes, of course." "My wish for the world is love. I have cancer and am ready to go. If there is anything I can do to help, and will have to die right away to do it, I'm happy to." The apricot poodle, deeply moved by what he'd just heard, sat down to talk. "What is your name?" "Marcus." "When did you come to the Sanctuary?" "A few weeks ago. My family was driving me to the doctor for treatment, when there was a car crash on Province Line Road. They were both killed. I ran away. The next day, when I wandered onto the property, they welcomed me." SNOW LOTUS - "I have a message for you from Jerry and Grace." "You know their names?" "I am not from your planet. They asked me to tell you they are all right. They miss you and will think of you with love every day. Are you hoping someone will come and adopt you?" "No, I prefer to stay here. Many are frightened and I can help"

SNOW LOTUS - "Will you please lie down on your left side?" The poodle climbed onto the Labrador and began licking his coat, then gently his face. "The cancer is gone. You will not suffer any further illness and can live as long as you like. That will be your choice. I am leaving soon and need someone I can trust to contact regularly, who will relay my messages to those in the Sanctuary office. Is this something you'd be willing to do?"

“Yes!” The poodle puppy vigorously nodded his head up and down. “Thank you. To this date, the oldest living dog on your planet is twenty nine. Something tells me you will live far longer. . . to enjoy a world very different than the one you know today. Good-bye, Marcus. I will be in touch.”

Shilli, Emilie, Asha and Julian had all talked with Sang about signatures and frequencies. The science of sound waves fascinated Sang, especially how tone could be used in clinical and therapeutic music. A molecule of oxygen and a molecule of CO<sub>2</sub> will have a different profile and signature, reflecting back a different frequency. Every molecule has a light signature. Knowing what the frequency is, you can then detect the molecule. The lower the molecule's concentration, the harder it is to pick it up.

After a year of classes, Sang had narrowed her focus down to genetic engineering and the power of harp frequencies to heal. It was common knowledge that a human inherited genetic traits from both biological parents. With the ability to remove one gene, add another gene, even edit a single part of any gene, the human species was about to change. Anyone could now be immune to their own biological inheritance. Swapping foreign genes into a human's DNA was now normal. Disease resistant genes would soon be normal. . . Molecular engineering to end cancer was just one of the goals of her lifetime goals.

During the outage,. As she had done before, Sang played her harp weekly at the park near the Princeton campus. Classes continued at the University.

As Sang entered the classroom, a heated argument was under way between several students about GMOs, genetically modified foods, One of Sang's passions, genetic engineering, gene editing had gone from fiction to fact. That DNA caused diseases, could now be removed from an embryo would change many lives.

Once the professor arrived, the discussion for the day centered on human gene editing, how a human's DNA can be affected, both the legality and ethics of doing so. Epigenetics. How do living things reprogram their DNA after specific factors have occurred? Does DNA include experiences that the parents has had, stress, joy, anxiety that are then passed on to their children? The subject for the next week's class centered on Genomics. She looked forward to the seminar that afternoon to discuss the future of artificial intelligence and neural networks. a computer system modeled on the human brain and nervous system.

When Sang first studied the brain, she laughed at the description, knowing how much the natural world plays a part in everyone's life. The hippocampus was the part of the brain related to memory. She remembered the precise language - "Two seahorse shaped hippocami, one in each brain hemisphere..." As a human brain deteriorates with age, illness, accidents, etc. Sang wondered if our brain could be changed, rehabilitated, regenerated, either medically or by our consciously doing specific things. A doctor had found that two hours of silence a day prompted cell development in the hippocampus. Knowing that music contributed to the brain's development, she wondered if spending time alone in the silence of Nature would make you healthier, make you smarter? Could the body heal itself. eating certain foods, behaviors, even prayer?

Sang and several classmates went together to the Think Out Loud meeting at the local library. As in the past, there were many animals, some with their guardians, others on their own. That the humans and animals understood each other's communication was now taken for granted.

The meeting began with the one of the librarians asking "Who would like to tell us something you've learned this past week?" A seven year old boy proudly began. "My name is Bruce. I learned that the human eye has a billion working parts. Seeing in a different way is also learning to think in a different way. I asked my four cats, Levi, Cosmo, Ocean and Thunder, if they agreed and they each nodded their heads "Yes."

An elderly woman followed. "My name is Andrea. What I learned is that I don't know if my mind or my heart speaks to me more forcefully." The man standing next to Andrea took his turn. Like my friend, I learned what I don't know. Is it possible to remain vulnerable and strong at the same time?"

"My name is Hattice. I'm from Turkey and apologize if my English isn't always correct. I'm confused by the word *Conscience*. In my country the word is *vicdan*." Hattice read from a small notebook. "The Oxford dictionary defines the word as "an inner feeling or voice viewed as acting as a guide to the rightness of wrongness of one's behavior." Does this mean that everyone has a conscience, a sense of right and wrong, but can choose whether or not to pay attention to it? I'm confused because what one person thinks is the right thing to do can be the opposite for another person."

A white crow flew in the library window landing on the main table.

“I am ASTUTE. When my conscience gives me an uneasy feeling, I need to pay attention, perhaps something went wrong that I didn’t notice, that I didn’t question. Many people ignore these signs and try to forget by choosing unhealthy behavior, telling a lie, blaming someone else. taking medications.” Bruce shouted out -  
“Prescription drug abuse kills more teenagers than heroin and cocaine combined,”

Sang walked to the desk and spoke directly to ASTUTE. “Hello, Your name speaks volumes. I am Sang. For me, conscience is often like pain in my body, there for a reason, a sign telling me to slow down, that something is wrong. I need to find the cause and fix it. The pain could be a question I need to ask, or the answer to a question I’ve already asked. The same is true with my conscience. Frequencies can heal, not just humans, but our planet with poisoned water and air. For me the greatest pain killer is music”

ASTUTE - “You speak volumes as well, Don’t forget the healing power of color as well as sound. I agree with you that music transcends misery and heartbreak. Thank you all for listening to me.”  
Flying out the window, the white crow left a lasting impression.

The transcript of the secret meeting at the Sancturay, detailing what was said by each animal, was hand delivered to the Mayor of Princeton, The President of Princeton University, and the President of the United States. Included was a point by point plan on how to save the human species from extinction. Marcus the Labrador, who lived at the Sanctuary, would update them regularly with new information.

The last thing SNOW LOTUS said at the Sanctuary meeting was intriguing - "In two days, something will happen to every living adult human being:"

There was no word in any language for how everyone began to feel. People were hesitant to discuss it, asking themselves "Could I be the only one?" Gradually, it became apparent that all humanity was sharing the same experience. Regardless of their culture or ethnicity, all adults believed that everyone on earth was a member of their family. "We are part of one another, we are part of the whole."

No one was prepared for what happened next. The concept and experience of *fear* began to diminish. After several months, it ceased to exist.

History would show the pivotal role Marcus the Labrador played during what would be known as The Age of Transition. Because of the messages he regularly relayed to others, tragedies, (from global famine to planned nuclear attacks) were averted.

Five years before Marcus came to the Sanctuary, the Nobel Peace Prize was shared by two Laureates, the first non humans to be awarded the prize, Victoria the chimpanzee and Ayres the orangutan, Large portraits of them both were prominently displayed at the entrance to the Princeton Sanctuary. Fifty years later, in a very different world, Marcus would be the third non human to be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. At the time he traveled to Norway to receive the prize, he was seventy one years old, the oldest living dog in history.