

The Sensuous Mystic

Uniting Sex and Spirit

This is not your ordinary *Tantric* Book!

This is the first and only book that shows the true practice of therapeutic tantric healing!

A unique blend of tantric practices along with ancient goddess philosophy, incorporating spirituality to achieve the true Divine Prosperity and Heightened Sexual Freedom!

Individual and group case stories along with exercises, written in a format similar to erotic short stories with explicit sexual inter-union. This radical and much needed process will show you how real and divine we all are in our most vulnerable and powerful states. Reverend Goddess will take you on a journey through some of the most beautiful to the most shameful sexual feelings and addictions we share, to see that we are all created with equal power and blessings. We are sexual and alive all the time and we shall see how this erotic energy permeates our minds and can now fulfill our souls.

Evolve with the most spiritual, dynamic and fiery
Reverend Goddess Charmaine
A true Goddess in her own right!

Rev. Goddess Charmaine Colon

Re-unites
the
God and Goddess
Male and Female
energies
to correct imbalances

For

a whole body is a holy body
a holy body is a vibrant, healthy body

SEX

is the invisible Life Force at play
joyfully
creating and re-creating
experiences, bodies, planets

For my children
Archa and Armane
God and Goddess energies
in joyful splendor
I am speechless with gratitude

The Sensuous Mystic

(overleaf)

This book includes individual and group case stories as well as exercises. It is written in a format similar to erotic short stories, with explicit sexual inter-union. This radical process illustrates how real and divine we all are in our most vulnerable and powerful states. Reverend Goddess Charmaine will take you on a journey through some of the most beautiful as well as the most shameful sexual feelings and addictions. In assimilating these case studies, we see that we are all created with equal power and blessings. We are sexual and alive all the time, and with the Sensuous Mystic, we will see how this erotic energy permeates our minds, fulfilling our soul.

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I thank you, dear David Lowe, for your labors of love with everything you have done and continue to do for me—not just with the material, but with your strong conviction to honor me and the Goddess mission. I will always love you for that.

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To those of you that pushed me to write this book—thank you for your best wishes.

To you dear reader, for your interest, because it is you that will help to awaken the Goddess consciousness on Earth once again—Goddess Blessings to you.

FOREWORD

Reverend Goddess Charmaine is one brave woman. Not many people, let alone a small woman, could stand fearlessly nude before a locked room of naked men and teach them how to properly arouse a woman, using herself as an example.

When I write that Reverend Charmaine is no ordinary woman, I'm seeing her bring a roomful of initiates into full chakra/body awareness, everyone whooping, yelling and dancing in joyous, cleansing release.

I'm seeing a woman bring a congregation to tears as she preaches a Sunday sermon with a direct simplicity, drawing from her own life, but with the fire, passion and spirit of the best preachers.

I'm feeling the heat emanate from her open palms as she performs Reiki on me, and completely renews and revitalizes me. She literally resets and fine-tunes the energy fields within and surrounding me.

I'm seeing this incredibly powerful healer bring a sexually and spiritually moribund woman all the vitality and sensuality she'd been denying herself for years.

I'm seeing the Reverend Goddess instruct a big, handsome young man in pleasing a woman forty years his senior, and observing him while he brings this beautiful older lady to a fine orgasm.

I'm the friend of a woman who has overcome the worst adversity this country can dish out, who has ended up running a prosperous personal counseling business, is a full-time mother of two happy, creative teenagers, does free religious services, is there for all her friends and clients, and still has time to party all night long at the Copa.

I'm seeing her raise two fine, bright children without a father in residence, and having the courage and common sense to let them live their own lives, but with strong loving guidance. I see her living her remarkable life openly and unashamedly with her children and everyone else in her life. *The best instruction for a child is to see a parent living with personal integrity and believing strongly in what they do.*

And I have to put this in. I'm seeing in my head a repeat performance of a sweaty, naked wrestling match one winter night with my six-foot-four housemate (who's in pretty good shape), in which she fearlessly stood her own for three full rounds. (She tells everyone she won.)

In this book you'll get a sense of this woman's grit, her amazing healing talents, and her incredible empathy and phenomenal intuition. Underlying it all is a bottomless well of love.

I know this will be strong stuff for most people. *Too bad.* Reverend Goddess Charmaine is boldly addressing a dilemma that binds up this nation. Our country was founded by Puritans, and we've suffered ever since from the influence of their religious beliefs and their confusing and damaging ideas about the role of sex in our lives. The point, the message that Charmaine brings us here, is that sex, and we know this is true, sex with a loving partner, maybe even not-so-loving, in the right environment, is in itself a spiritual experience—opening and expansive, inspiring, instructing, cleansing, edifying and powerful. It's an experience most of us crave, need and even obsess about, because *it's good for us.* Human sex is really a beautiful gift from God, a process originating in procreation that has become a sensual dance that can take us to the highest highs.

Charmaine has been my friend for seven years now, and she's been with me through the most intense of my personal trials and transformations. I'm not an easy person. She has stood with me in the worst times as strongly, resolutely, and loyally as only a truly unconditional friend can.

Charmaine, I thank you.

All my love to you, Reverend Goddess.

David Lowe, December 13, 2003

INTRODUCTION

This book is about the sensuous mystic in us all. By understanding that the body is a holy temple and our sexual energy is the life force, we learn how to reconnect sex and spirit.

This connection, or re-connection, is the process that awoke the goddess within me. I connected my own sexuality with my own spirituality, both strong forces in me, and found I was able to empower others to achieve their divine birthright of prosperity.

The power we receive when we combine spiritual energy with all our sexual energy is limitless.

In my practice I have learned and developed techniques that release negative thoughts and behaviors. The people who have chosen to work with me are people from all walks of life, professions and faiths. The common thread that unites them all is their suffering due to the misunderstanding and misuse of their sexual energy.

In some instances, the case histories of some individuals are combined. The facts themselves have not been altered. Some of the histories are more easily presented with a little of my own mind's rearranging of non-essential data. I tell patients that the stories and fantasies they create with their imagination have a definite impact in their bodies. We don't experience mental fantasies and obsessions without one involving the other. My ethical code as a healer prevents me from crossing physical sexual boundaries. However, my mind crosses those boundaries constantly, and not just because it's pleasurable—it's also often the only way to unite male/female energies that have gone into hiding because

of sexual, physical or mental abuse. My mind plays as important a role in my work as my body.

You will probably find some of the material in this book shocking and disturbing, as it provides a bird's-eye view into a world of sexual dysfunction and deviance that few ever see. These are also case studies of incredibly feeling, caring and sympathetic people. Often they are people with the type of problems that are never presented to the public in a sympathetic way. I treat anyone who comes to me in good faith, and with a conscious or unconscious desire to be healed. I hope you will be elucidated, educated and entertained by the case stories, the group workshop histories, and the sexual-spiritual healing techniques I present herein.

Goddess blessings.

Reverend Goddess Charmaine

INDIVIDUAL CASE STORIES

*Passion and Pleasure are the humans' benefits on Earth.
Let not your fears fool you.*

Kelly

She suffered from trauma-based lack of sexual desire. I treated her with tantric massage, chakra meditation, and counseling, and she achieved pleasure and trust in her life again.

Kelly's fear of death was precipitated by her brother's death of HIV. She had once been rather promiscuous, and was "bi-curious" (a straight person interested in exploring same-gender sex). After her brother died, she felt unreasonably that she, too, would contract AIDS or some other type of sexually-transmitted disease. She stopped all sexual contact due to this fear. At the point I began working with Kelly, she had just begun a relationship that was growing into a loving partnership. She couldn't go too far with her lover sexually, but she managed to have intercourse in spite of her fear. Kelly desperately wanted to make a change after becoming engaged to this man. If they were going to be married she wanted to be able to share more sexually, but she couldn't go further without the fear coming up and stopping her.

Our first meeting was for an hour. Kelly came in a little jittery, with broken smiles and darting eyes. I could see right away that she wanted to do this work, but she was having a conversation within herself that kept her from being in the present moment.

I asked her to remove her shoes. I began a body scan meditation. I asked her to close her eyes and breathe through her nose deeply, exhaling completely through her mouth.

The ability to do anything is through our connection with our bodies. This connection is the beginning of being present, being in the now.

Kelly relaxed considerably and was able to maintain better eye contact. I asked her to give me her hands so I could tune into her body's vibration.

I have always been an empath. I can deeply sense emotions and energy movements in another person. This energy usually directs me to the origin of some critical issue; the person is often unaware of the problem, disease or whatever issue the energy movement inside them indicates. This empathic ability has helped me in directing others to focus directly on the point of origin of their issues.

I held her hands. I could feel roller-coaster-like movements inside her. I felt a tumultuous energy, mostly on the left side of her body. This was where her issues lay. The left side of the body is the female side and is related to the ability to let energy flow unhindered.

On an emotional level, this left-side energy appeared to have something to do with the women in Kelly's life. We discussed this idea and she confirmed that I was right. She

told me about problems she had with her mother and the other women in her current situation. She was dealing with abandonment feelings. She'd recently been abandoned by a woman friend who'd been her lover for a short time. This woman left their relationship, as well as the town where they lived, without saying a word to her. This left Kelly with ambivalence about her sexual preferences, but feeling a strong need for sexual satisfaction. This happened during the time of her brother's death. A whirlwind of feelings and questions plagued her, and she felt there were no answers in sight. Kelly assumed the worst about herself and simply shut down.

In my earlier work as a sexual surrogate (a substitute partner for men and women dealing with sexual problems), I was faced with similar questions about my sexuality. During the short years I worked at a sexual healing center, I discovered that I could easily guide and assist women in getting through sexual difficulties to a state of sexual wellness. I wondered whether that was pointing to a personal interest in sex with a woman. Could I be there for women the way I was there for men? I'd never had a problem with a person's sexual preference. I simply wasn't clear on what it meant for me to be sexually and spiritually present with a woman. I remember my first female patient—she was gay and my questions about myself lingered in the air between us. I could only chit-chat about my boyfriend in a lame attempt to get to know her. Somehow I didn't realize that this would not necessarily be comfortable for her. My job was to make her feel a connection to me. What a joke that was. The woman quit. My manager had to tell me that it was professionally inappropriate and insensitive to share details of my heterosexual relationship with an obvious lesbian client.

Now I'm no longer uncertain. I don't consider myself gay, bisexual or even heterosexual. I am universal in the sense that I'm connected to everything in my life that I create. Sexual preference is manifested in one's preference for genital contact with a specific male or female. My body responds to life force, and I'm able to love all. My vagina responds in kind to the connections I choose to create.

After our conversation, Kelly was much more relaxed about our work together. I invited her to lie on the bodywork table to begin tantric energy work. Using erotic touching, I guided her through the seven major colors of the chakra, raising sexual energy up through her body.

Chakras are vortexes—wheels of light energy that spin clockwise out from the front and the back of our bodies. Certain people with higher levels of consciousness are able to see these spinning circles and their colors.

I told Kelly to lie on her stomach, because working on the back is less threatening. The back is the area of the body where we allow energy to come into our bodies. I stroked her from the back of her head all the way down to her feet. I used a gentle, feather-light stroking all over her body. This type of tantric touching is relaxing and erotic at the same time. Kelly was fully dressed, but she felt tingly and transported when certain areas of her body were touched. As instructed, she relaxed as much as she could. I caressed her buttocks to get her feeling safe in a sexual context. After fifteen minutes of massage, I had her rise off the bodywork table and sit in a chair. This was her initial consultation

with me, and I told her that we could work together. I told her that memories and new thoughts about herself would probably arise. It was important that she knew that she wasn't alone in this process and that I would be there until she could help herself. She understood and wanted to continue. We scheduled her next session.

Kelly was more in the present moment, the *now*, at the beginning of our second session. We began with a prayer I created as a variation on one from the Unity organization:

The light of God surrounds us.

The love of the Goddess enfolds us.

The power of God protects us.

The presence of the Goddess watches over us.

Wherever we are, the God/Goddess is,

And all is well.

Kelly began to talk about her brief relationship with the woman-friend who became her lover. She felt this woman was a soul-mate and that she could never be that way with anyone again. I also concluded that since the relationship and its demise had occurred during the time of her brother's death, it had deepened her fear of death. The impact of the loss was too great for her to deal with in a healthy way.

I invited her once again to lie on the bodywork table and remove as much clothing as she felt comfortable removing. She left on her underwear, and I did the same. Just like before, I began by touching her back. I proceeded to guide her to focus on the chakra

colors: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. Each color represents an area of the body related to will and emotional balance. She then turned onto her back and I touched the front of her body for the first time. This was the point at which she started allowing herself to *feel* more. This is a very good anchoring exercise. It released the blocks that caused her to associate sexual feelings with negative thoughts. I taught her a meditation I created called the Yoni/Heart Meditation:

A woman begins the Yoni/Heart Meditation by lying on her back, naked or with light pajamas, slowly breathing in through the nose and out through the mouth. Then she places her left hand over her heart and her right hand on her vagina, her yoni. She should relax into this position and continue breathing deeply, in through the nose and out the mouth completely. Then she should raise her hips. This begins the hip roll exercise, a rocking of the uplifted hips which connects the heart and genital centers. Then she may gently stimulate herself with her right hand, but not so deeply as to distract the process of the heart-genital connection. After a few minutes she should slowly bring the rocking to a stop and begin to tune into her heartbeat. She'll focus her attention on her yoni and feel her heartbeat there in her genitals. She should stay with the vibration as long as possible, anywhere from three to seven minutes. If she's not successful in connecting her heartbeat to her yoni on the first try, she should continue to practice.

This is a deepening technique that anyone can do. Men would simply touch and hold their testicles. After mastering the exercise personally, a woman can share it with her mate or lover.

Kelly's homework assignment was to write about what she felt she'd lost in this relationship with the woman. This process helped Kelly to open up more. She was beginning to feel stronger sexually, but not as grounded personally. The new energy scared her because it reminded her of being out of control. It was obvious she needed to develop patience and self-control. We discussed the notes she had written. I gave her a prayer to start the process of forgiveness for herself. This would allow her natural energy to flow. She needed to release the heavy judgment she'd placed on both herself and her woman lover for not knowing how to handle their situation. Next, I had her lie naked on the bodywork table. I gently commenced to go deeper with tantric massage and chakra balancing, and removed my clothing. We began talking. Kelly had come to me that day with a whole range of feelings, from anger to spiritual clarity. She'd begun expressing her new feelings with everyone in her world and she was starting to make some people uncomfortable. She felt she needed balance and more self-control. I assured her that this was a normal release from what she had been holding onto. I supported her in her self-discovery, awkward as it may have been initially.

As we continued with tantric massage, I lay on Kelly's body. I gently inserted my psychic penis inside her. The ability to use the psychic penis is a powerful development for women. Imagining having a penis and using it in lovemaking helps balance male and female sexual energy. *It can also be lots of fun.*

I began channeling goddess energy into her. She began to surrender to the energy that felt like a penis directing itself into her body and thrusting in and out. As the one doing the thrusting in this exercise, I had a chance to develop my masculine vibration and

my ability to give. Join me now, as I remember the intoxicating allure of the exercise we did together:

Kelly was lying on her back and her smell began to fill the room. Soft flower scents floated on the air and gently carried me in and out of a garden. She breathed deeply and lay still, allowing herself to express the pleasure that was finally taking over. Stroking her short brown hair and slender, creamy neck made me want to know if the rest of her was just as soft. As I moved smoothly over the rest of her body her nipples stood erect, demanding attention. My mouth watered. I licked my lips a little and pressed them onto her breast. She heaved, sighed, and lifted her arms up as if to say "Yes!" I opened my mouth and circled her left nipple with the tip of my tongue. She rocked her hips slowly as I put my other hand on her right breast. I could feel her surrendering and building up so much fire in her body I knew that soon she would explode. I moved my mouth from one breast to the other and soon traveled over her entire body, spot-kissing her everywhere.

She was breathing in from her nose and out through her mouth. She'd learned from me that breathing moves sexual energy up through the body. She was riding with me on a wave of ecstasy. Soon my hands were on her yoni and she was hot and wet, squeezing her vaginal muscles. Sexual energy is the strongest energy in the body. Love lasts forever, and connecting love to sexual energy makes it divine.

Kelly continued to breathe in deeply through her nose and exhale completely through her mouth. She raised her hips towards me with an "Ahh!" Then I pressed a finger on her little wet clitoris. My finger remained just outside her vaginal opening. I pressed my thumb so she knew I was there. I didn't go inside her. I just hovered. I rocked

with her to keep the pace and join in the vibration. We were both noisy with our breathing and the air in the room became quite moist. She grabbed harder onto my knee and thighs in order to hold onto the pleasure longer. I saw her eyes opening and closing. I felt she was trying to understand how it was that she was so freely giving herself so much enjoyment.

While watching her, I realized she needed more. I could see in her eyes and in her body that she was saying "Harder, I want it harder." I quickly moved over onto her as if I'd done it a thousand times. I placed my yoni onto hers in exactly the right spot to grind my pelvic bone on her clitoris. Then I gave her my psychic penis. After the initial shock, she grabbed my bottom and rose to meet my every thrust. We began kissing each others' shoulders and any other parts we could reach without losing the genital connection. The fire increased and we got wetter, moved faster and ground harder. My heart felt like it was going to blow out of my chest if I didn't reach rapture soon. Then she screamed loudly and reached ecstasy. I quickly followed her and then we collapsed.

Kelly moved on through stages of writing, praying, meditating and receiving tantric touching with me for some time. Each process helped her feel safer and closer to trusting herself and her desires again. She knew that until she was healed of her sexual inhibition there could be no satisfactory marriage, even though her fiancé truly loved her. He supported her therapy process throughout, hoping that she would feel free and safe again.

Kelly Now

Kelly is able to share more physical love with her fiancé. She is also using a new trust in herself to speak her truth with others. She is not as forceful as before, but still very straightforward. I often say Kelly has a warrior spirit.

Our work is revealed in her bodily performance – her body language and her sexual body language. She's grateful for the freedom, the liberating ecstasy she now experiences. In the past, she would have felt vulnerable and threatened by receiving help from another woman. Now, Kelly has changed with the realization that this beneficial change was wrought with another woman's help.

She considers herself bisexual. I replaced Kelly's hurt from women with a spiritual/sexual base from which she now makes good decisions regarding women in her life. She is productive in her personal, professional and spiritual life. She continues her work with counseling and various therapeutic processes. When she calls me from time to time, she continues to thank me for healing her, for renewing her sexual spirit, and for being a friend when she needed one. *Her fiancé says thanks, too.*

Bondage to the past keeps one locked in the present.

Roland

He was a sexual deviant addicted to shocking women for power and pleasure. In his healing process I used intuitive gifts along with reverse confrontational sexual counseling.

Roland was a middle-aged man of forty-five when we met. He could not control the impulse to expose his penis in front of women and young girls. He called me to schedule a session, professing a desire for help. He really just wanted to expose himself to me. This man could barely sit in his chair. He kept bouncing up and down with an obvious erection that he was determined to reveal to me. After we went through some initial prayer and meditation, I asked him why he had come to me. He told me he liked to expose his penis to women and that he wanted to stop. I didn't believe him. There was just something about him that did not feel sincere. I asked him why he wanted to stop. He said it was because he could get arrested. He did it anywhere he could. He said he was taking great risks.

I still didn't get a sense that this man was for real. I couldn't place the awkward feeling. I'd never dealt with anyone like this before, so I had no experience to draw from. I asked him about his other therapy processes and why he felt spiritual and sexual counseling might help. He said because of the attitude towards his dysfunction—the other therapist wouldn't let him expose himself. One lady therapist did once, but she wouldn't let him do it again.

“I want to show you my penis,” he said to me.

“Okay,” I said. “*Show me.*”

He was surprised! “Right now?” he asked.

“Isn’t that what you want to do?” I responded.

“Yeah,” he replied.

“Okay, so show me. Remove your pants and let me see your penis, Roland,” I said.

I noticed he’d become uncomfortable. I realized right then that Roland had wanted to shock me into looking at his penis. He removed his pants and just stood there (*without an erection*).

“Okay,” I said. “I see it. You can put your pants back on and have a seat.”

He put his pants on and started acting out in the chair again—moving and opening his legs and showing me the obvious erection underneath his pants. I was certain he didn’t want me to give him permission to show me his penis. He wanted to expose it without my permission in the hope that doing so might cause some reaction from me.

He kept grinding and moving his hands over himself from time to time, searching for some kind of shocked or uncomfortable reaction on my part. I kept most of my suspicions about Roland to myself and attempted to make an agreement with him. I told him that I didn’t believe he was there for help, but if he was willing to give it a try, maybe he could have the best of both worlds. We would split the session with part of the time for him to expose himself, and the other time for the process I would implement. He agreed to give it two more sessions. I was hoping that the prayer and meditation at the beginning of each session would give Roland the time to reconnect to that part of him that was

searching for outer attention. I was also hoping to minimize his need to expose himself to others.

On the following sessions I let Roland begin first. The first time, he wanted me to watch him masturbate. After I watched, I asked him to remain naked. This surprised him. We continued with meditation and prayer. Then we discussed his feelings about women and sex, with Roland still nude.

At the next session, he didn't want me to watch him masturbate. He just wanted to talk in the nude like I'd had him do previously. He wanted me to watch his erection play up and down while we talked. We talked about whatever he wanted to talk about during his portion of the session. Then I asked him to masturbate. He became angry and said that this kind of work was not for him. He proceeded to get dressed.

Roland wanted the control, because he hated women. He did not want to make a woman happy—he wanted to hurt her.

While he was getting dressed, I asked him, "Why do you hate women?"

He said, "I don't hate women!"

I pushed the conversation further. I figured if there was any chance of something positive happening it would have to occur this way. This man used his sexual energy in two ways: to push women away and still to possess them, via their shock at the moment of his exposing himself. The rush that he felt from their shock gave him a piece of his victims—he felt a connection to them.

At that moment, I knew that he'd been shocked and hurt by someone he loved.

"Why do you hate your mother?" I asked.

"My mother is dead, and I don't hate her!" he yelled.

“Why do you think *she* hates *you*?” I asked.

That was it! Roland looked at me with surprise and anger. He sat down halfway dressed, and began to cry.

He looked at me, amazed. I also felt amazed and thankful.

Roland was suffering from the trauma brought on by a sexually intrusive mother. Upon questioning, I learned that when he was an adolescent, his mother used to touch him sexually, and often watched him as he masturbated. At the time, he was unable to understand and properly process the shame and excitement he felt from the experience. This went on for some time, until eventually his mother became distant and stopped touching him completely. Still, sometimes she let him know that she was aware of him masturbating, or even watching him as he did it. He had lost his mother as part of his sexual exhibition experience, and yet he still possessed her covertly. He behaved this way out of survival. A mother’s love is accepted by her children totally and unconditionally, as absolute love. A child will resolutely do whatever is necessary to preserve this love. This is true, whether with the mother during childrearing, or in close relationships with others.

After his mother died, Roland buried the memories of his mother’s inappropriate and intrusive behavior. His grief prevented anger from flowing through him in a healthy way. He used exhibitionism, essentially a re-enactment of the original traumatic event, to express his anger toward women.

I don’t pretend to be a psychotherapist. My work is heavily supported by my intuitive nature. In my work with Roland, the intuitive process resulted in a breakthrough, and the compulsion toward pathological behavior was released. I’d guided Roland to the origin of his behavior—the trauma induced by his mother—and given him the ability to

release himself from its grip. He was ready to begin an intensive therapy process. I encouraged Roland to seek out a psychotherapist with whom he could work comfortably. My work with Roland was, for that moment, done. He could not be touched, even therapeutically, at that point in his rehabilitation. Doing any sort of bodywork would only reinforce his addiction to exposing himself.

Roland Now

After his breakthrough, Roland needed to be able to continue with a psychotherapist, without getting naked. He'd thought that since no "real" therapist would let him expose himself, he could manipulate our sexual therapy sessions to get his way with me. Little did he know that his judgment of me and our work together only facilitated his breakthrough. He actually had a real process. If he had expected me to catch on to him, he would never have played the game. He would never have let his protective walls down. This time turned out to be the beginning of his healing. I have spoken with Roland, and he is still in therapy. When he is able to begin bodywork he will call. He continues to pray and meditate.

Inner harmony for outer balance.

Greg

He was afflicted with energetic impotence and a lack of desire— both triggered out of anger. Massage and counseling enabled him to release anger and to trust love.

Greg started sessions out of a sense of loneliness. He began by telling me that he and his wife no longer had sex. He said that he couldn't remember the last time he'd felt desire for her. He complained of being tired from working all the time.

He was visibly frustrated, and sexually and mentally exhausted. Greg obviously needed to talk, but he didn't really tell me about himself. He spoke in general terms about his lifestyle and wouldn't give me any other information, even when I specifically asked him for it. When I administered tantric massage he barely moved. I couldn't get a sense of his true energy. I felt just as lost as he did. It was a weird sensation. Usually I can get to the source of the disconnection or blockage within an individual as I do massage work with them. With Greg there was just *nothing*. I could only tell him that he needed to learn how to love again, and that our sessions would help him do that. He said "fine," and scheduled another appointment.

Greg came for sessions week after week. He surprised me, because he hadn't questioned anything about the healing process. He just lay there and absorbed the energy. At least *he* knew what he needed. It's at times like these that I am glad that Spirit rules. Benevolent energy had led Greg to me and to his accepting the healing work unconditionally. I had no intuition regarding his process. I was helping Greg, but I

couldn't tell you why. All I knew for sure was that the time we spent together was fulfilling his basic need for affection.

During the massage one day, Greg finally started to raise his body up to meet the touches. This surprised me. I had often tried to get Greg to rock his hips and breathe deeper to no avail. Now he was beginning to share. He rocked a little, then rested and began rocking again. He became stronger in his erection every time he rocked, and I know he felt the new strength there. Eventually I guided Greg into spoon breathing (lying side-by-side in the "spoon" position and breathing deeply and synchronously) and to giving touch to me. He really touched nicely. He began to enjoy himself.

Greg had a nice body and his skin was soft. He really showed me what he was made of when he began giving back to me. His erotic energy was rising, judging from the sound of his breathing as he touched my body. By the time he reached my *yoni*, he dove right in to tongue it. I started to lift my hips right into action with Greg's tongue. Instead, I stopped. I felt it was important for Greg to understand that just because he was ready to share in that way, I might not be. It needed to be mutual. It came clear to me in this moment what his process was about. *He was using his lack of desire as a weapon in a power play for control in relationships.* I asked Greg if he'd ever heard of people using sex as a weapon. He asked me if I meant things like rape. I told him that it was more like when a wife that becomes angry with her husband decides not to give him any loving.

"Oh yeah, I know that too well," he said.

"That's what I'm picking up from you," I said. "You seem to have developed the ability to use your sexual energy as a weapon to control others and perhaps protect

yourself. The way that you have behaved during the massages indicates that you want control and lack trust in others.”

“How did you come to that conclusion?” he asked.

“Since you began sessions, you’ve barely given yourself to the process,” I said. “You don’t move and you have no questions. To my surprise, you continue to come for sessions but you don’t seem to enjoy the touching and massage work in the least. I know that the sessions are a benefit to you. You are in control of them too, and if they were of no use to you, you would not be here now. When I directed you to move your body you did not. I’m not sure if you truly did the chakra meditations. I tend to think that you did because it’s something I don’t have to witness and you can keep it private. Then you began to show progress and trust by actually moving in response to the touching. Now, in this, the first session during which you feel able to give to me, you rush to perform oral sex on me. You did it out of starvation, I’m sure, but also to keep me off guard.”

Greg looked at me with eyes wide open.

“You did not become impotent,” I continued, “which is where your anger would take you if you attempted to share the anger and got nowhere. But what you did was become impotent by not sharing and turning off your sexual play with others in order to scare and control them. So, although you did not physically become impotent, you lost your desire, which is the same thing as impotence, energetically. Now you must be honest about your feelings, forgive yourself and others, and begin to share pure erotic energy once again.”

Greg asked me if I could help him with that. “Sure,” I said. “Now we can really talk about the things that you never told anyone.”

We talked, and he shared more information about his frustrations and why he stopped having sex with his wife. “I never felt like she really liked having sex with me. She never approached me for it. She didn’t act like she liked it at all while we were doing it, and she wouldn’t let me try new things. Once I tried to talk to her about my feelings of frustration about sex with her, but she only asked me why I wanted to talk about that stuff. I told her that it didn’t matter, and that we’d try later, whenever she felt comfortable talking about it, that’s that. I didn’t know how to tell her that she made me feel like a monkey, not a man. I was so angry with her that I stopped having any sex with her. I had hoped she would miss it and come to me, but she never said a word. I became angrier and angrier, and from time to time I would have sex with other women. That was okay for a while, but then those desires just went away. What I wanted was not another woman, but the woman that was my wife wanting me.”

Slowly, with Greg beginning to share, the tantric sessions became a bit more intense. Greg was a sweet man with a nice body, and he was capable of giving a woman pleasure. What he needed, though, was to bring more of his heart into play. Since he began sharing his pain, he shared more energy. He stopped attempting to cover it with physical touches, or by distracting me with oral sex. In one session, during spoon breathing, Greg was rocking and breathing with me in unison. He had an ejaculation right there between my butt cheeks. He simply rocked into ejaculation, no real grinding. This said a lot about his connection to me, and that he was finally trusting again. I was happy for him.

One day, after our session, Greg asked me to explain the prayers we were using. I gave him my philosophy of tantra:

The body is a holy temple. Tantra is the unification of sex and spirit. Sex has a divine source. We must treat our sexual energy as sacred energy, because we literally create life with it.

In a later conversation, Greg told me, “I always felt safe with you, and I knew it was because of your spirituality. I didn’t understand it, so I didn’t want to mess with it at the time by asking too many questions.”

“That’s fine, Greg,” I said. “I share this truth with you, and you’ll see how it helps you by how it works in your life.”

“*Something’s* working,” he laughed. As he walked out the door he said, “I know that it’s going to help.”

I then started to teach Greg more about the consciousness of tantra and how to sense the God/Goddess within.

The knowledge of life is all the truth we need. We are on earth because of a sexual relationship and we are alive by the maintenance of sexual energy. It’s wonderful to share love and pleasure with another being. That is what we are doing here.

As Greg understood more of tantra, his touches became more erotic and stimulating. At home, he continued the meditations I’d given him and learned the chakra colors thoroughly. He was feeling the energy from our work together long after the sessions. He was empowering himself and becoming more and more responsible for his

life. His wife noticed the difference. His co-workers also noted the change. They all agreed it was for the better. No one knew what Greg was doing, and Greg was too busy integrating his new, powerful knowledge to fully explain what was going on with him. I told Greg that this was okay; he didn't need to be concerned about explaining his new behavior. It was important that he get used to his new consciousness. He attempted to make love with his wife, but she wasn't interested. She was willing only to be held and touched. This turned out to be just as fulfilling for Greg.

“I feel my wife is what I was at the beginning of our sessions—energetically impotent,” he told me. “We need to talk, and she has to learn how to love again, like I just did. I do love her, and I can't wait until we can share what I've learned.”

I decided one day to do an aura cleansing on Greg.

An aura is an energy field surrounding a living being. It can be felt from a distance of one inch to as far as fifty feet from the body, depending on the strength and balance of an individual. Most of us normally extend our vibration to six to eight feet. Cleansing is a process of removing negative energy or vibration stored in a person's aura. This negative energy or vibration is attenuated by the amount of time someone spends believing a negative thought and/or rehashing a traumatic experience.

When I perform an aura cleansing, I begin with sage and incense. The sage is to cleanse the space as well as the body's aura. I simply burn sage and gently brush it around the auric field, about eight inches from the body. Then I use lavender oil mixed with spring water to continue to actually pull any negativity I feel in the field. I either sense this negativity on an intuitive level or I physically feel the vibration which may be

prickly in some spots or very hot or cold around the body. The way I physically feel these different sensations is by waving my hands throughout his energy field with an even, sweeping motion across and around his body. I continue this process as many times as I need until the energy field is smooth and I notice the person's breathing become calmer. Once I know that the energy is clean, I use incense to reinforce its vibration and ground it.

I often use frankincense or nam chompa incense for this process. One can use any incense he or she is intuitively led to use that supports a high vibration of clarity and spiritual balance. I remain in a clear state of mind while doing the cleansing so that any messages I receive from the person's spirit I can interpret clearly.

After the cleansing, Greg felt the shift in his vibration. He also felt a great weight being lifted off his body.

Earlier, we had talked some about my own life and the daily meditations and rituals I do at home. I'd told him about my personal altar. Greg asked if I could explain what an altar was and why I had one in my home. "I'm used to seeing them in church, but not in someone's home," he said.

"Sure," I said. "In churches, there are altars for the fellowship of a community of similar spiritual beings. In a home, an altar is a place of personal worship for developing your spiritual energy. You are the church and the church goes home with you. With your spiritual empowerment, you have the ability to channel to and with God/Goddess at all times. Your altar is the focal point of your spiritual beliefs, and it triggers divine vibrations within for you."

An altar is often a small table with a white cloth covering it, if so desired. Two or three objects can be placed on an altar that you respond to in a spiritual way, objects that invoke peace, love and abundance within you. Examples are a meditating Buddha or Jesus, and perhaps a crystal/stone or a spiritual book. I have a Goddess statue on my altar and powerful pictures of wise women and warrior priestesses. A candle is placed on the altar, so that when you meditate there you can light it to honor and invoke the development of the personal relationship you are creating with the Divine Life Force within and around you. All altars are created by your inner heart to awaken your spiritual truth about yourself.

My own altar is a Goddess altar and only represents the energy I work with as a master of sexual and spiritual balance in the Divine Feminine Force. It holds all that I believe I possess as Reverend Goddess. Altars are the source of divine strength and should hold objects that represent the divine on earth.

By this point in our sessions Greg was feeling so alive and fulfilled that he concentrated on guidance in his spiritual life. He and his wife were having more contact, although with no actual sexual intercourse yet. They were talking, and that was important.

Greg decided to build an altar, and he shared the idea with his wife. She was against it. “You can’t build an altar in a house!” she’d shouted. “Why would you want to do something like that!?”

Greg told her that it was for his spirituality. “But she went crazy,” he said. “She told me I was whacked out. I told her about the work we were doing and how it was helping me. She really flipped out then. She said that you were trying to control me.”

“Yes, Greg,” I said. “It sounds like she’s afraid.”

“Well, she wants us to go see our priest,” he said. “She thinks he’ll fix whatever is wrong with me. I can’t believe that she thinks that something is wrong with me *now*. Something *has* been wrong for years, and now that I am feeling good again, she says something’s wrong with me. She just doesn’t get it!”

“Go meet with your priest,” I advised him. “Speak the truth for yourself and do what you feel you need to do to save your family and your sanity.”

When Greg called to tell me about his meeting with his priest and his wife, he was happy. “The priest agreed with me,” he said. “He knew about tantra and said that I needed to find my own way. My wife didn’t say a word. When we got home, I happened to read a story in the newspaper about people meditating and building shrines or altars in their home. I gave the article to my wife to read. This morning when I came home from work, my wife had built the altar for me!”

Greg was so happy, and he sounded like he was in love. “She accepted me and my spirituality, Reverend Charmaine! We made love for the first time in years!”

“That’s wonderful, Greg,” I said. “Congratulations! And it sounds like your wife is going to teach you a thing or two about acceptance and trust.”

Greg Now

In his last session, Greg reported that he and his wife were making love as much as three times a day.

“She acts like we’re teenagers, in love for the first time.” Greg was beaming.

I waved my finger at him. “Let’s not have a repeat of the last five years, please.”

“No, none of that,” he said as we laughed. “Thank you, Reverend, for helping me to learn to love again. My wife deserves love and I’m so happy that we were saved together! She meditates with me, and she buys flowers for my altar once a week. I told her she could share the altar with me but she wasn’t ready for that. I told her when she is ready she would build her own altar. She said she just might do that. Next, I’m going to teach her the tantric greeting and massage.”

This tantric greeting is also called the Heart Salutation. A couple stands facing each other with their hands at their hearts in the prayer position—with fingers extended straight up. They should then gaze into each others eyes, sensing the God/Goddess in the other. The woman, when she feels it is true for her, bows her head slightly towards her partner and says, “I honor the God in you.” The man then also bows his head towards his partner and says “I honor the Goddess in you.” (You can also choose for both partners to say “I honor the God/Goddess in you.” Same sex couples can do likewise.)

“That’s wonderful,” I told him as he was leaving. “Take care of yourself. And remember— *love lasts forever.*”

Growing up woman is growing up grand.

Marilynn

Fear of sex caused by a religious upbringing left her unable to allow penetration. Utilizing spiritual counseling with guided imagery, affirmations and bodywork, I helped her grow into a woman who was able to make love and live freely.

When she was a young girl, the church had instructed Marilyn to believe that sex before marriage was a sin. The teaching maintained that *even certain types of sex* in marriage were sinful. When she finally did marry, she found she couldn't release her legs and relax her vagina enough for her husband to enter her. She tried everything, but nothing could free her from this religious conditioning. She had an irrational fear that something bad would happen if she had sex with a man. Marilyn tried to make up for this by being the perfect wife in other ways. Her cooking and cleaning skills were superb, she took care of all the bills, and she was generally a "perfect" wife. Marilyn figured this would distract her husband from her sexual problems and somehow give her enough time to fix them, but after five years her husband left the marriage. That was when she began the search for help, which led her eventually to me.

We talked about her perception of her problems, and how intensely she wanted to escape them. Marilyn didn't understand why she was still traumatically afraid of sex even *after* she was married. She felt shame about her husband leaving her. She was depressed, lonely and afraid.

I can tell you that she didn't *look* afraid of anything. Marilyn looked *together*. She wore expensive, well-tailored business suits. She always had a smile that sent a warm feeling to your heart. She was doing well at her job. Marilyn was good at lying to others, but most importantly, she was good at lying to herself.

When it came to the work, I realized that at that point, I couldn't even think about getting her on the bodywork table. She had told me that she didn't want any work involving touch.

"So why come for spiritual and sexual counseling," I asked, "if you're going to place boundaries on the techniques used in the process?"

She laughed and said, "I won't even let my husband touch me."

She was having the same reaction to this healing work as she was to the idea of having intercourse. Her religious programming caused her to judge anything involving sex and sexuality as sinful, even her healing process. Still, she felt she needed to try. So we tried.

During the next few sessions, meditation and chakra balancing proved very helpful. We used affirmations—self-affirming self-healing phrases that define a positive state or desired state. The phrase is repeated continuously until it registers in the brain as real. My counseling led her to think more about the natural role of sexual functioning, and how the act of sex is physically and spiritually healthy and refreshing.

It was a trip to watch the complete split in Marilyn. She was so good at making you think she was okay, when in actuality she was terribly confused inside. She was fighting with her old programming and these new thoughts stirred up the old resistance more. She was afraid that if she showed anyone that she didn't "get" something or that

she didn't agree with them, she would lose that person's love. She made everything all right all of the time, even if it often wasn't.

We went through counseling for some time. She needed to feel as comfortable as possible with me. I wanted her to be relaxed enough to try something different. For Marilyn, this type of therapy, and even therapy itself, was different. Since, for her, to even convey a suggestion that something was "wrong" was so forbidden, I really wouldn't depend on her for honest feedback on the work we were doing. Needless to say I had my hands full with this case.

One consistency I noticed that Marilyn had was her emotional cycle. She had periods of "honeymoon" stress and contrasting violent moods that would trigger her depressions. When she felt good about herself, she was in her "honeymoon" phase. But eventually those feelings would be upset by the truly unhappy condition of her life, and this created the stress that led to her depressed phase. She would attempt to change and be arrested by the difficulty of changing her sexual life. Then she would then judge herself a failure, thinking she wasn't pretty or strong enough to make the necessary changes. When the anger turned inward, the result was her depression.

The prayers and meditation that I instructed her in became Marilyn's spiritual anti-depressant. I knew that eventually these techniques would no longer serve her. She would either end her sessions or become more willing to go another direction. She ended.

I maintained contact with her through my mailings —announcements of services and workshops. My hope was that one might arrive during her honeymoon cycle. It worked. One day she e-mailed me, asking for a session. I told her that we could begin if

she promised to allow bodywork as well as the counseling. She needed to use whatever means that came through for us in her process. She agreed.

I began right away with the bodywork. I had Marilyn lie on the bodywork table with her clothes on and shoes removed. I wanted her just to receive energy from another. I used the healing art called Reiki with her over the next few sessions. This proved positive for Marilyn, and held off the bad phases of her cycle. She stayed peaceful longer. Soon she was in her underwear, then topless. I began soft tantric energy work and a gentle foot massage. The prayer that assisted the tantric massage is the same one I used for meditation. Marilyn was able, with some minor discomfort, to allow the prayer and tantric touching to co-exist. She used the affirmation that her body was beautiful, and soon she was able to touch herself in the privacy of her home. She came into session one day and announced that she didn't have any negative thoughts while masturbating.

After the first year working with me, she met a man and had sex with him. After this encounter she was happy with herself, but was aware that she hadn't had an orgasm. She really didn't know what to expect or feel, but was pleased with her newfound courage to grow. I was teaching Marilyn about her body's ability to feel and what could be blocking those sensations. I realized that since her long-lost adolescence was finally blooming, Marilyn needed to be treated like a teenager. The adolescent phase of sexual development was exactly where she was. We let each session represent a year of growth from teenager to adult, from young lady to a woman. Marilyn became self-confident enough to use her new feminine powers, and soon she was flirting with just about any man. On one hand, this was appropriate behavior for a young lady with such a delayed

sexual blossoming. On the other hand, it was very important that she stay safe. Marilyn went through what most women go through with disappointments in love.

What was unfortunate was the voice in her head kept judging her and saying, “What you are doing is bad and ugly and you ought to be ashamed of yourself;” and “you wouldn’t feel so bad if you were good.”

What was challenging for me in working with Marilyn was her inability to be patient. She wanted it all to be good all the time. She felt that if anything became difficult or turned out differently than she thought she wanted that it meant she was “bad.” She was in an emotionally childish state of mind and what she was experiencing in her life now was forcing her to “grow up.”

We continued to discuss her feelings and create methods whereby she could deal with these situations. Marilyn met men and had some sexual contact, even if the experiences didn’t include intercourse. Afterwards she would feel guilty. Over time the guilt feelings lessened, but still occasionally surfaced. It didn’t sit well with me that her guilt directly stemmed from her religious upbringing. This guilt had such a hold on her. It seemed to me that an original trauma must have occurred in a period in her life prior to adolescence. We discussed her relationships with her parents. She talked about how her parents moved to America from Europe, leaving her and all the younger members of the family behind. I asked her how this made her feel. Instead of discussing her real feelings, she gave excuses and said this was the way that immigration was done in her culture: If necessary, parents would leave the young children behind and take the older ones. The older children could then assist the parents in making money in their new home, money that could be sent back to the other family members in Europe.

Finally, I figured out that in order to get the answer I wanted I had to change the question. Instead of asking Marilyn how she felt about her parents leaving her, I asked her when it was that she expected them to bring her to America. She paused, and said that she was told they were coming back on Sunday.

“Every Sunday when I heard the planes flying overhead, I thought that my parents were coming for me. This went on for years. My parents never came until I was ten years old, eight years after they left.”

“Why do you think your parents didn’t come back when you thought they would?” I asked.

“I thought that they didn’t want me because I wasn’t big enough to do what they needed. I did everything good for the other people we were living with, so that my parents would come for me. I made myself perfect for them,” she replied.

Finally, everything started to connect. Marilyn began at a very young age believing she wasn’t a “good enough” girl. She made herself perfect, learning to cook and clean well, staying polite and unobtrusive with others. This was how she expressed her need to be loved. By the time her parents did come for her, she was so fearful of making some sort of mistake and thus losing them again that she never let herself feel the hurt and abandonment. I had Marilyn begin writing assignments once again. This allowed her the time to process and feel her pain.

Marilynn Now

Marilynn is still in process and she is aware of the source of her depression. She acts out in two opposing ways—she is the perfect girlfriend, but only while she is dating. She is at the emotional age of a young woman. She dates and struggles to make the man her husband prematurely in the relationship. She is starving for love; a commitment means love to her. She thinks that if she has sex with someone it means they are committed to her. She feels that a man should be glad to get a woman who can cook and clean. But she becomes too intense too soon, and the man usually runs away from her intensity. This reinforces her abandonment feelings, and she regresses to the helpless little girl. It helps her when she feels her anger and stops trying to understand why her parents left her and somehow making it okay. Sometimes she still is afraid that if she stops being “perfect” she’ll not only lose love, but she’ll lose the memories of any love her parents, or anyone, may have given her. She does for everyone, but when she begins to do for herself, her guilt appears. However, the guilt leaves her earlier now, so she is better able to work on self-improvement.

Now in a prolonged honeymoon stage, Marilyn is her own best friend. She continues her cycles, but with the developmental stages starting to take hold. We hold steady with conversation and bodywork as major process techniques. Marilyn has great courage and is acknowledging the woman she truly is by loving herself and developing patience and self-control.

The following two histories are the type we usually don't read about in books like this. They didn't end, at least as far as I know, with the client necessarily getting and staying better. I include them here because, in real life, clients do walk away, do fail to receive help, and sometimes do not follow up, and because of that do not get better.

Denial is not a river in Egypt.

Tim

Tim suffered from conjugal impotence, yet he was also a premature ejaculator. This case study provides an interesting look at how denial blocks healing.

From the first call, Tim was in a rush to make everything all better. I told him that the first session would definitely give him something to take home, but it wouldn't be a magic "pill" that would maintain his erection.

When he showed up for his scheduled session, I realized he was a Hassidic Jew. From my own experience, Hassidic men suffer disproportionately from sexual dysfunctions, due, I believe, to the constraints put on sexual relations by their religion.

Tim informed me that he had high blood pressure and was taking medication to control it. He'd been hopeful that lowering his blood pressure and easing the hypertension would help his erection problems, but it failed to help. Then he announced that since he'd only had this problem for two years, it should be easy enough for me to fix it right then and there, during his initial visit. I once again told him, as I had on the phone, that one session would not provide enough time to heal him completely.

I began to question him further. When I asked him if he woke up with an erection after a comfortable night's rest, he told me that he couldn't remember ever waking up with an erection unless he had to urinate. As I continued with questions, I noted that his

answers fit the classic profile of a premature ejaculator. He had a hard time relaxing. He stressed easily. He ejaculated even without a full erection.

“Tim,” I said, “It’s important that you know that you have more than just erectile difficulties here. You’re ejaculating prematurely in addition to having erection problems. The medication isn’t helping. I’ll need to teach you a new way to deal with stress and how to prevent you from spreading it throughout your body.”

“No, no,” Tim insisted. “The premature thing only happens once in a while.”

“Okay, when was the last time you ejaculated prematurely?”

“Last night,” he said, “with my wife.”

I breathed in deeply and exhaled completely. “Let’s begin the massage.”

I was hoping that I could somehow heal him in the time that he was apparently allotting for treatment. Most Hassids have never been touched the way one is touched during a tantric massage. As he lay on his belly, I stroked his body very gently, trying not to excite him too much. Nonetheless, he quickly ejaculated, lying there on the table face down. I had not touched his genital area at all. He had no erection and there was no real contact at all. Nonetheless, Tim ejaculated. After talking a little, we began again. I was able to finish massaging the back of his body this time. I then had him turn over and I began to massage the front of his body. He ejaculated again without much contact, except this time, he orgasmed immediately after becoming fully erect.

I could do no further work with the man. I never touched his penis, or lay on him, as I might typically do during tantric massage. With only light touching and stroking, he was aroused and quickly orgasmic. Unfamiliar with any real stimulation, Tim’s body responds in a sexual “fight or flight” response to the sudden and unusual stress of the

bodily sensations I had caused. He told me that this reaction was not normal and that it must be due to first-visit nerves. I explained to him that he was suffering from premature ejaculation, and that it had begun long before his erection problem. I informed him that he needed to see me every week for a while before he would really begin to improve.

He would not agree to a normal program of several sessions. He said that he'd hoped I could help, although it wasn't clear how he expected me to do this on the spot in a single session. I gave him exercises for strengthening the muscle used during ejaculation. I told him this would help the erection difficulties as well. He continued to insist that he did not have a premature ejaculation problem. As long as he was unwilling to invest the time to get to know himself and his body, I couldn't fully help him. He said, "Thank you for your time," and left.

It takes a lot of honesty and courage to look within and confront the reasons for a sexually unfulfilled life.

Sexual responsibility is good for the body.

Georgette

This is a story of the need for attention. The problem centered around a lack of sexual esteem. The result involved a price—one paid for by unbalanced energy and impatience.

Georgette began seeing me because her husband had left her for another woman. He told her that she was no longer “sexy” to him. The trauma this caused left her unable to feel sexual or be sexual with herself or anyone else. Georgette needed to begin a new relationship with her body. She needed to love herself again.

We created a body affirmation she could say to herself everyday. She also had to start looking at herself and learning the various parts of her vaginal anatomy. She didn’t understand this in the beginning, but her power ultimately lay in her pussy. She had given her power to her husband, and when he left, he took her power with him. We had to get it back, and these steps were a way of achieving that. Georgette asked, “Can’t you just help me get a man? I’ll get my power back that way.”

“No,” I said. “That wouldn’t be exercising your power—that’s a man telling you again that you are approved. You must approve yourself, Georgette. *Then* when you choose to bless a man by letting him into your vagina, he’ll feel your power!”

Eventually, Georgette began to feel much better about herself. She was dressing nicer and doing her hair differently. She learned how to masturbate, and had recently experienced an orgasm for the first time.

“It never felt like that with my husband,” she said. “I don’t think I ever had one before. I just think I was glad he did and that made me feel real good.”

“Your body felt good because your mind told you that his satisfaction was the meaning of good sex.”

Most women don’t realize that they enjoy sex on a very deep vaginal level.

In one session, I asked Georgette to masturbate to see if she could share her orgasm with me. She was surprised and looked hesitant. I told her that if she was relaxed and self-assured enough to do this, she wouldn’t lose this new connection with herself when she began a sexual relationship with a man.

Georgette proceeded to lie back nude on the mat and rub herself and moan. As she touched herself more she started to rock and breathe harder. I felt happy for her that she was so alive. Her body rocked. She stuck her fingers into her vagina and rubbed her clitoris with her palm. She began to rise up as she moaned with pleasure at her own touches. Watching her, I began to feel aroused. She pulled her fingers out of her vagina and pressed both of her hands over her pussy and bumped her box on her hard hands. Then she changed direction and moved her hands to her breasts. She started squeezing her nipples. She said “Yes,” taking deeper breaths. She moved back over her pussy and ground her fists over herself until she yelped with passion and, finally, peaceful splendor.

She was very happy with herself after this session. I was proud of her courage and dedication. At the next session, Georgette told me that she had met someone and had sex with him, and she couldn’t stop having sex. She loved how her body felt and she didn’t

want the feelings to stop. She asked me if I wanted her to masturbate again. I told her no, that she needed to balance her sexual energy so that she didn't become too unhealthy sexually. She had gone from sexual starvation to gluttony.

Georgette laughed and said, "My ex-husband wants me back now, too." You did it, Reverend Charmaine! Thank you so much for helping me."

"Georgette, thank you. I'm so happy for you. I believe you should now schedule monthly sessions and work on balancing your new beautiful vibration."

"No," she said. "I don't think I will. I don't want to lose what I've got now."

She left.

One Year Later

I finally heard from Georgette again. She called and asked for a session, and I scheduled her. When she came in she looked just as good as she did at the end of our last session.

“How can I help you?” I asked her.

“Well,” she sighed, “I left here a year ago and finally got back with my husband. For a while I kept seeing other men as well.” She looked up at me.

“Continue,” I said.

“Then I caught herpes from someone and I gave it to my husband. Of course, he left me again, and this time he called me a whore! Now I’m scared and I don’t know what to do.”

“Now you know how to access your body for personal power,” I said. “But what you need now, Georgette, is not bodywork, but psychotherapy, so you can fully understand why you’re in the situation you’re in now. I’ll be happy to assist you afterwards, once you begin sessions with a therapist. I have a name and number of someone that could help.”

She said she’d think about it, but I never heard from her again.

The call of your soul is in the utterance of your name

Thomas / Warren

The following provides a look at a re-awakening of a self long-forgotten. Interest in tantra originally led Thomas to my door. Through massage, counseling, and mutual exchange, Thomas evolved enough to reconnect with Warren, his older, healthier persona.

Thomas came to me just for a tantric massage. He'd heard little about tantra, but it was enough to cause him to seek out the experience. The process of a tantric massage is simple, yet powerful. When I give to someone in this way I am able to receive much information about the person receiving the massage. This was no different for Thomas. He seemed sad, and needed love. He could be very loving, if given the chance. Paradoxically, it seemed that he no longer required the type of love he wanted to share.

He relaxed so much during the massage that I thought he'd fallen asleep. The energy in the room became very still as I stroked his body with the light caress I use for aura-cleansing.

Thomas had a deep lifelessness within him. He needed to release the hold that this energy-robbing mechanism had on him. I didn't know if he was aware of this or not, and I decided not to tell him. Instead, I suggested that the work we'd just been doing, the process of massage, including meditation and prayer, could be useful in many ways.

After our session was complete, Thomas reported feeling like he was on an altar, feeling very pure and not as heavy as when he arrived. He told me that he felt safe in my presence. He said he would call to schedule when he could.

Thomas's appointments were not consistent. Although he came several times, since he was not on a regular schedule, the massages I administered to him were more like a healthy "holiday" for him than the growth I'd envisioned. So, I invited Thomas to try one of the erotic workshops I was giving. I felt this would jump-start his erotic energy and release more of the negative energy held in his chakras. He attended the next erotic group that was scheduled.

This particular workshop was unusual in that the group was filled only with men, no women. Even though it was a co-ed workshop, the women who'd reserved space were unable to attend for various last-minute reasons.

The male vibration is intense, and a group of men with only one woman among them is even more intense.

Humor is the greater healer, bonder and ice-breaker. It was a potentially tense situation. I was certainly nervous, but joking around a little and getting everyone to laugh together at the situation diffused the tension. My reserve of goddess-based self-confidence served me and the participants well.

The workshop was focused on masturbation without ejaculation. We concentrated on the chakras to raise arousal from the genitals (the root chakra) to the top of the cranium (the crown chakra). This is a very empowering and very freeing technique. I worked my Goddess magic, and used my psychic penis, and kept the men focused on me with my powerful direction. After the workshop, guess what? Thomas was ready to dive into real therapeutic tantric massage.

Thomas came for his next session with a new vision of hope for himself. He was curious, very eager to learn how he could continue the new sensations. From the workshop, he'd already established a new relationship with himself.

I began this session different from the others. We started with a little conversation about his life and sexual history. He told me what frustrated him regarding his wife and children. His work schedule was hectic and he felt more like a slave than a provider. Thomas knew things had to change in his life, but how to do that was a mystery to him. If the change involved hurting anyone else, he said he would feel very guilty about it. I told him to take it one session at a time to see what came up. There would be plenty for him to handle. I told him he deserved to live his divine birthright of prosperity on earth. This comes through love, abundance and joy.

We moved on to tantric massage. The prior conversations were very helpful with the therapeutic process. It seemed to help him with the internal focus he needed. He was beginning a new relationship with himself—he truly didn't know himself anymore.

As our sessions continued through the coming weeks, Thomas began feeling very different about himself. He was feeling alive again. He said, "I want this sensation to stay with me all the time." He was feeling the impact that the bodywork and counseling were creating in his life. He was more positive and less tense.

After much work, I decided to teach Thomas the tantric touch and allow him to give to me. In the course of role-switching and letting him touch me, new dimensions of Thomas's loneliness came into full focus for me. I have the ability not to just read a person's sexual vibration while I touch them, but while they touch me.

The many past-life images I received from Thomas revealed the auric vibration in which he was enveloped. The more erotic his touch, the more information came through to me. When he touched my breasts, I felt and saw him riding alone on a sailboat floating in an ocean going nowhere. When he handled my vagina and blew on me I saw him decapitated by a knight in a lifetime as a monk. While he lay over my body, I felt his spiritual initiation into an ancient secret spiritual order.

I knew that this man had spent most of his lifetimes alone in order to know God through himself. The only issue in his current life was that he now needed to know God through others in order to experience mutual love. One day, Thomas revealed to me that he disliked himself so much that he had stopped using his real name long ago. I wasn't surprised to hear this. "My real name is Warren," he said. "But I thought that name was boring and lifeless."

I suggested that he try to call his soul back by embracing the name Warren again. He needed to look at the name and see that it was not the cause of his self-rejection. In Shamanism, this process is like calling back a piece of your soul.

Warren now

Thomas became Warren by our next session. His rebirthing was so empowering for him that he still rarely comes down from the high. It didn't take long for others to start calling him Warren, too. It has been a pleasure to meet Warren, and our sessions continue to add new areas of love in his life.

He's developed the courage to create the life that, while Thomas, he thought Warren was preventing him from having. The road has not been easy for him, but self-acceptance has allowed him to love others more deeply and honestly.

There are no coincidences in life, and life is no coincidence.

Gary

His problem was anger and resentment toward women, which created fluctuating premature ejaculation, or inhibited male orgasm (an inability to reach ejaculation). Releasing old programming eventually helped him to live his dream. Counseling, massage and writing assignments also assisted Gary in creating a new and healthy belief system.

Gary was surfing television and came across a cable show that I appeared on. He'd stopped surfing and instead watched the rest of the show. He e-mailed me. He felt there was a role I was to play in his life that would be beneficial to him, but he wasn't certain how it would happen. Gary started coming to some of the erotic empowerment groups and then to the church service I held every second Sunday of the month. Soon, he made an appointment for a private session.

Gary was a stocky, very masculine Jewish man. He was kind to women, and found himself rescuing them, often to the point of being used by them. He had no male/female balance and couldn't for the life of him figure out what was going wrong.

He'd been seeing a psychotherapist for fifteen years or so, and maintained weekly visits. With me, the process was very different. We covered Gary's history in the first two sessions. It was clear to me that he'd been programmed in childhood to play out the role of rescuer, in his case, of his mother. He saw a different standard for treatment of women in his home, particularly in the abusive way his father treated his mother. This

type of behavior was condoned by the family synagogue, as well as the surrounding social environment. He saw his mother fall into alcoholism. Of course, he attempted to rescue her. Gary told me that his father wasn't good to his mother. He felt this laid the foundation for the way he eventually treated his own wife. His marriage ended in major pain for him. After having two daughters with his wife, he had affairs with other women. His wife eventually found out about a particular affair he had, but they decided to stay together. When she later told him, perhaps out of anger at his deceit, that they were not and never had been friends, Gary decided to go to war with his wife. He told her that if they weren't friends, then they were enemies and she would be treated thusly. The result was a tense, abusive environment for Gary, his wife and their daughters, who often witnessed them fighting. He dealt with the pain by burying it with all the other family issues. He chronicled this deteriorative process in his weekly therapy sessions. At the same time, he continued trying to rescue his mother in an unconscious parallel attempt to save his own relationship with his wife.

What Gary needed was a new feminine vibration. Everyone embodies the energies of both sexes. As Gary had a strong male vibration, he needed to balance it with female energy. Tantric massage was the beginning. It enabled me to get an idea of Gary's sexual energy and the repair work that would be appropriate. He would go through periods of premature ejaculation, and periods where he did not ejaculate at all. He was very open to the work we were doing, and didn't seem to have performance anxiety. The fact that he didn't seem to have performance issues was good news for our process together. Many men can get hung up over a minor performance problem and never get to the core of their sexual issues. Gary's core contained both love and hate. He loved and hated women. He

loved and hated himself. Gary also had a gift of humor and told the funniest stories. So I used his gift as part of his process. I had him write seven stories based on the chakra colors and meaning that would tell a painful story in a humorous way. I share excerpts of his writings here.

Remember that the chakra colors are **Red** = Anger/Sex, **Orange** = Power/Sex, **Yellow** = Faith/personal and spiritual, **Green** = Unconditional love, **Blue** = Speaking your truth, **Indigo** = Psychic energy/clear seeing, **Violet** = God Power/creating your life.

~ First Chakra

OK Charmaine, here goes! My divorce was extremely painful and the stress levels were almost beyond my capacity to endure. My sense of humor undoubtedly was my saving grace, with a twist. I remember going to my therapist (a Caucasian Jewish female) and regaling her with the following one-liners:

Q.: Why do JAPs close their eyes when they're making love to their husbands?

A.: Because they can't stand to see them having a good time.

Q.: Why do JAPs get crow's feet around their eyes?

A.: It's from going, "Ewooh! you want me to put that in my mouth?"

Q.: Why do JAPs use platinum coated diaphragms?

A.: They like their men to come into wealth.

Q.: What do you call a JAP on a waterbed?

A.: Lake Placid.

Q.: What do you call a JAP's waterbed?

A.: The Dead Sea.

Q.: What do JAPs make for dinner?

A.: Reservations.

Q.: How does a JAP mother tell her children dinner's ready?

A.: She says, "Alright you little bastards get the fuck in the car!"

And on and on and on I went.

We recently discussed humor at one of the therapy sessions. We came to realize that I no longer feel the need to dip my tongue in acid before I tell my stories.

Blessings, Gary

As instructed, Gary told a story from the files of his life with the tone of each chakra as a base. His ability to place humor in context helped him get beyond the need to repeat those particular pain-causing dynamics.

This excerpt is from Gary's writing based on the last chakra. It proved pivotal to the whole process.

~ Seventh Chakra

Well, Charmaine, I guess the toughest assignment is always the last. When I looked at the seventh chakra I thought of a cartoon I once saw. It was a three-panel close-up of a face. In the first panel the character gazes skyward sadly and exclaims, "Oh God why

me? Why me?" The second panel focuses on his pained face. In the last panel, with a look of shock and disbelief, he hears from above, "Why not you!" I was not surprised to read in Ruiz' book, (The Mastery of Love) "There are none so blind as they who will not see." What then have I created? I've been a painter, a sculptor, a singer and guitar player. I've been an actor, a chef and a businessman. I've been a son, a brother and a father. I've savored fine wines, fine cigars and fine women. But what have I have created? Truth is, I don't know. Are we the sum of all of our parts or are we greater than the sum? The God/Goddess is in each of us and surrounds each of us. What then am I creating? I am creating the structure. I am creating the future. Well, I thought that an examination of the seven chakras might provide insight and answers. The cosmic joke is that it's only provided more questions.

Blessings, Gary

Gary wrote his seven stories in a week, and shared them in our next session. The release and awareness was invaluable. Gary realized that there are some things we can control and some things we cannot. The trick is in knowing what those things are. His sense of humor couldn't help him get over his old programming. He was only burying his feelings with sarcasm.

The next erotic healing session proved telling. Gary was becoming more comfortable with our intimacy. Although he sought to give, he wanted to receive as well. His need to "save" the women in his life had lessened. This time, he maintained his arousal without premature ejaculation or inhibited male orgasm. He ejaculated at an

appropriate time and with real pleasure. This shift in his sexual workings allowed him to make changes in his relationships with the women who were holding him back. First, he ended his weekly sessions with his psychotherapist. Then, he ended relationships with women that were blatantly taking advantage of him, which he'd been complacently allowing. These things made a significant change in his life.

At that point, I asked Gary to compose a new dream for himself.

~ A New Dream

The assignments just keep getting tougher and tougher, don't they, Charmaine? OK, here goes. I love myself, I think I'm grand. I go to the movies, and hold my hand. I put my arm, around my waist. And when I get fresh, I slap my face! I sat and stared at the assignment and thought about having a relationship with myself. But which self, the face staring back at me? Cheat, liar, philanderer—a man who couldn't keep his family together, who let down his children, his marriage and his family. Redemption doesn't come overnight and it takes an incredible amount of work. Some of the choices are simple while others feel elusive. I value loyalty. Loyalty to family (that's primary), loyalty to friends, loyalty to clan (. . . . more difficult more subjective), loyalty to self (. . . . most necessary!), and loyalty to my ideals (Whoa!. . . . where did that come from?) "Above all else unto thine own self be true". So in the New Dream I choose to keep my ideals. And my sense of loyalty. And my sense of fairness and an awareness that I possess only one version of truth and that I must remain open to the other truths that I have yet to

perceive or understand. God/Goddess grant me the serenity to change the things I can and accept the things I cannot. Let's get real here. I'd like to be, I don't know, 6'4" or 6'5", around 200 to 220 lbs., you know, a cross between Ben Affleck and Arnold Schwarzenegger. With a full head of luxurious hair (not quite Fabio—more like Mel Gibson). I'd like the mind of a Stephen Hawking and the eyesight of an eagle. The reality is I'm around 5'7" or 5'8", around 200 lbs., you know, a cross between Jerry Stiller and Professor Xavier of the X-Men. I'm no dummy but I'm no Stephen Hawking either. And with my eyesight, it's lucky I don't walk into things—regularly! In the New Dream I may or may not choose to increase my hairline or decrease my need for vision correction, but I'll certainly drop a few pounds and get back into a regular workout routine. The New Dream for me involves a more profound relationship to the more spiritual side of my nature. In the New Dream I want to rekindle the spiritual side of my nature and use it as a stepping stone to keep my commitments to myself and my family. Don't misunderstand me, I recognize that I am still very much a spiritual being, but somehow and for whatever reason, I see that I still need more. As a devout heterosexual (Hey whatever floats your boat!) the New Dream includes a new woman (women?) in my life that will allow me to bring my full 50% to the table. My needs are simple. I need someone with great inner beauty who is, at the same time, easy on the eyes. I need someone who is in touch with her own worth, her own sensuality, her own sexuality and who appreciates the finer things in life—namely me! I need a woman with a sense of humor (who is willing to put up with my sense of humor). I need a deeply spiritual being who is open to discovering all the truths that we as humans can perceive. I need someone who has the desire and the ability to bring her 50% to the table. Friendships come in all sizes, flavors, shapes and colors. In

my New Dream I can only strive to keep the good friends I have and be open to new friendships in the future. That's the best any Dream can ever hope to offer. If I must choose, then I choose to become the Artist of The Dream and strive to be the best artist I am capable of becoming. After all, it's the journey, not the destination, that defines who we are and who we are becoming.

Love, blessings, Gary

When Gary came in with his new dream, I had him put the story aside and remove his clothes in preparation for a tantric massage. I knew that with all he'd been processing, his sexual energy would need to be channeled in the way I was about to do. Gary just collapsed onto the table and received the touch. He wasn't starving to be touched like before. In fact, he almost fell asleep. While manually stimulating him, I noticed he had a slow ascent to a tremendous ejaculation. It jerked his body to tears. He was drained and filled at the same time. He didn't try to do anything while the tantric massage was happening. Later, he reported to me, saying "I just let you and your energy be there for me." It did feel like he had reached a new level and that the offering was given and received by the Goddess.

The next time I saw Gary, I decided it was time for him to learn how to give to a woman without going overboard. I had him give me a tantric massage and stop when he felt he was done. I wanted him to learn how to give and how to communicate to himself when enough was enough. He did a terrific massage. He said he felt he could have gone on if time had not run out. I asked him to explain why he felt that way.

“Because you would never take advantage of me, I feel that what I give to you is truly appreciated by you, and because you value me, I value you and the energy is free between us,” he said.

“Perfect,” I said. “That’s the energy that you can now learn to recognize when you’re with others. That is why we did what we did. I wanted you to see what it was like to be with someone who wasn’t just a taker.”

In the next session I had Gary do another massage. That time, during the massage I grabbed hold of his erect penis and stimulated him while he was gently stimulating me. I stroked him until he ejaculated, blessed his semen, and then held him in my hands for a time afterwards. It was important for him to feel the flow of mutual exchange and to see if he could receive while giving.

Gary Now

You know what? He could. Gary is now viewing himself in a completely new light. He knows that his male energy is strong and can be a blessing not just to others but to himself as well. His need to rescue women is waning as the self-acceptance grows. The premature and inhibited ejaculation problems are things of the past. Gary now understands that if his body reacts in either way, it means he needs to see if he feels angry or worthless in any way.

He's created boundaries for his rescuing nature, and this shows up not just in relationships with women, but in every area of his life. We gradually moved Gary's sessions to twice a month, and then to once a month as he improved. Gary continues to live his life with the knowledge that he is spiritually whole and sexually perfect.

Powerful genital sexual healing is the wave of the future

Lori

Severe menstrual cramps and inability to achieve orgasm made life hell for Lori. Meditations and affirmations along with genital stimulation and masturbation aided Lori in recovering her sexual pleasure and losing the menstrual pain.

Lori was pretty, and very polite. Because she couldn't have an orgasm, she felt she had problems with men. There were several issues: irregular menstrual cycles, painful periods when they came, and fibroids. I could tell that she needed time to talk and feel safe. Meditation and affirmations I gave her assisted her in the process of learning to love.

Eventually, I felt she was ready for a tantric session. I can sense if and when someone wants me to move on to genital stimulation. When I reached this point with Lori, she became stiff as a board. Strangely, I felt that she didn't want me to stop. I didn't massage her deeply, but just rested my hand over her *yoni*. After a few minutes, I placed my thumb at the opening of her vagina. I placed my other hand over her heart. I just rested with her in this position for a while. Then I noticed a slight rise to her breath. Her body gently raised, like she wanted to push my thumb into her vagina deeper. I didn't let it go in any deeper. I felt she had to beg with her body for my thumb. If she could let herself do this, she'd be able to give herself permission to orgasm. Lori rocked and rocked, with no guidance from me at all. I let her session continue past our stopping time. Lori was talking to her body and that communication didn't need to be interrupted. I let her bring herself to her own space for ending, and when she did, she was quite wet.

“Very good!” I noticed. I didn’t ask her any questions. I thought it was good for her to keep it to herself for a time.

At our next session, Lori was ready and undressed before I could tell her to do it. I began with prayer and a body blessing. Then I slowly touched her entire body, front and back. She began rocking when I was touching her around the hips on both the front and back of her body. I was happy for her that she was participating. I noticed her nipples were not aroused. When I lay my hand over her vagina, I placed my other hand on her heart. I stroked her breasts from time to time. She pressed her hands over my hand on her vagina. She forced my thumb into her vagina and let out an incredibly erotic sigh. She moaned and moaned from pleasure as I stroked her breasts and darted my thumb gently in and out of her vagina. We continued in this rhythm for a while. Then I pulled out of her and started stroking her body. I asked her to focus on the chakra colors. Her sighs continued and her body became even more alive, as she settled into the enjoyment I was giving her.

Eventually, although she told me that she had become able to masturbate and bring herself to orgasm, she still couldn’t orgasm during intercourse with her boyfriend. At least she was enjoying it more, she told me.

We continued to meditate in her sessions. Chanting became a good body-mind exercise for her, as it has a vibrational relationship with the body. Lori’s menstrual cycles became less irregular and painful. One day when I was in the middle of the tantric touching, I decided to sing the holy syllable over her body. When I moved to her genitals she began the *om* chant with me. As I lay my hands over her *yoni*, she jerked her body up and felt a pop inside herself. It happened a few more times, but she wasn’t in any real

pain. Rather than go inside her, I simply stroked the outer area of her vagina and had her focus on the chakra colors.

At her next session, Lori reported that she finally had an orgasm with her boyfriend. She also told me she had gone to see her gynecologist because she had been bleeding even though she'd just ended her period. *It turned out that the fibroids were gone!* It seems that the popping releases in her lower body during the tantric massage were the fibroids dissolving! The last remnant of her internal pain was gone. She cried and cried in gratitude.

Lori Now

She is still very pretty, and she's a lot more aggressive in bed. She never needed to come for another session.

"The face in the mirror is ME!"

Jay

He liked wearing ladies underwear for power/ I used massage and light dominance to force Jay onto the path of self-ownership and discovery.

When Jay undressed for our first massage, he had on lace garter stockings! I said nothing, and proceeded to do the massage, which went very well. When the session was over, he handed me the stockings and said, "I won't need these."

I just took them from him.

The next session, he was wearing a pair of pink lace panties. He removed them without saying a word. That session also went well, and he also gave the panties to me at the end.

At Jay's third appointment, I figured it was time to be of some help and not play along with his denial. I decided not to let him steal sexual energy from me by trying to shock me with his antics. Since he didn't have the strength of character to talk about his feelings, or his addiction to wearing ladies underwear, I would devise a way to get him to acknowledge it on his own.

Jay came in and removed his clothing, along with his pale green panties with white flowers. This time he also wore a cock ring. I could see that Jay believed he had the power, an advantage given him by his sexually shocking behavior.

I started as I usually did. First, I massaged his back. After meditating with the chakra colors, I told him to turn over so that I could begin working the front of his body.

That time, however, I also told him to lift up his head. I tied a blindfold around his eyes and told him to rise onto his knees.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“So you want to wear ladies clothes, do you, Jay? You want to wear them without asking me how I feel about that, huh? Now you *will* wear ladies clothes!” I told him.

I had a short silk nightgown, violet-colored, and I dressed him in it. He felt the fabric stroke across his body and said, “This is new for me. I’ve never been blindfolded, and never worn anything like this.”

“Oh, so now you want to talk about your little habit of wearing women’s clothing? You just be quiet and lay down.”

I gently shoved him back onto the table. *He started to shake.* I rubbed his body through the gown, and I continued to do the massage that way, with Jay in the violet robe. I felt a rush of heat shoot up from my root chakra to my crown chakra. The heat in my body made me feel hot and sexually aroused. *I liked taking my power back!* I continued to rub him, and then I decided to enter him anally. I lubricated his anus with lotion and shoved my middle finger up his hole. He jerked and moaned as I thrust into him deeper.

“You look so pretty,” I said. I continued inside him for a time. He shook and took it, and then started to ride it. I then had him visualize the chakra colors. As he followed the meditation his body relaxed. I pulled my finger out of him. I cleaned him and told him to turn over.

Jay was quite aroused at his point. Jay lay on his back trying to scan the room and get a sense of what was going to happen next.

I said to him, “You look so pretty, you feel so pretty.” Once again, he began shaking. I massaged the front of his body. Then I performed a blessing called the Five-Fold Kiss. As the giver of the massage, I kissed my fingers and touched his feet, knees, sexual center, heart and lips, and verbally blessed each part. When I finished the blessing, I guided him through the chakra meditation once again, which relaxed his body as before. Then I straddled his body, with my crotch over his head.

I was preparing to do the *yoni* blessing. This is done by the woman resting over the man’s face and allowing her yoni/pussy to remain facing him. Jay’s reaction was to grab my hips and hold me in an attempt to force my *yoni* onto his tongue. With the force of his grip, I fell over. As I lifted my hips up to move away from him, he tried to pull me down onto him. He was trying to wrest control away from me in order to get his male energy back up.

I reached forward to his ring-encircled cock and smacked it.

That stopped him.

I grabbed him and stroked him a couple of times. He quickly ejaculated all over his pretty little gown. I blessed his semen and rose up off of him. I told him to lay there and feel himself for a moment, in order to get in touch with those feelings. Then I removed the blindfold so he could look at himself.

He was red in the face and feeling free. He smiled and said, “I’ve never done that before.”

“You didn’t do it,” I said. “I did it for you. You just came along. Now get up and get dressed.”

While he was dressing, I reached over picked up the panties.

“I’ll keep these,” I said.

As we walked to the door I told him, “You need to be honest about who you are and your fantasies. You could learn a lot about yourself, and there would be more pleasure.”

Jay sighed. “Thank you,” he said, “but I don’t feel like I can trust anyone.”

“You need to trust yourself. Trust that you’ll be your own best friend,” I said.

As he turned back to look at me for the last time, it looked like he was still trying to catch his breath.

Jay Now

Jay continued his sessions for a while. Each session he would tell me a little more of his history of wearing ladies underwear. He would bring in different panties that he had purchased and tell me his desires for more kinky sharing. Because of this sharing, Jay became more comfortable with himself as the sessions continued. He soon came to realize on his own that he had to share this part of himself with his wife.

With my coaching on how to broach the subject, Jay took a leap of faith mixed with courage (acting even in his fear) and introduced this side to his wife. To his pleasure, his wife was more accepting than he expected. They moved slowly and consistently in bringing these desires to light in their sexual play. Soon Jay and his wife were truly enjoying the benefits of a balanced, grounded kinky sex life.

From time to time Jay would call or request a session, mostly for advice on how to continue building and where to maintain the balance between himself and his wife. He wanted to keep himself in proper check regarding his sexual desires. Jay felt grateful to his wife for her unconditional love and support of him and very appreciative of me for my pushing and guidance in this matter. Most importantly, Jay will never deny his courage for doing the right thing in order to heal him-self and thrive. It took his self love to own who he is and to share it.

The Art of Loving.

Harold

He suffered from inhibited male orgasm in intercourse. I incorporated his fantasies of being humiliated and dominated with massage and sexual counseling. Harold underwent total acceptance of himself and achieved the sharing of ejaculation in intercourse.

Harold was a big man. *I mean he was a really, really big man.* He stood six-feet-five. He weighed three hundred pounds. He had jet-black curly hair. He was a wrestler and had participated in several strong-man competitions. I met him several years earlier when I was doing sexual surrogate work. I had attempted to work with him for three months when I was in a major learning period. I wish I knew then what I know now. The Universe is generous in bringing about opportunities for us to grow. Harold was one of those opportunities for me. His original reason for seeking help was that he couldn't ejaculate inside a woman.

Harold wasn't stable or grounded. I could sense that he hated his father and had serious problems with his mother. I picked up that he had serious mood swings. It was hard for him to settle down enough to get in touch with me. I was also aware that he was beyond the scope of my training. I suggested another therapist, but Harold wasn't interested. Years passed.

One day recently, I was between sessions, making my way back to my midtown Manhattan office when after a lunch break I heard my name being called. “Charmaine?”

I turned to see Harold standing there in awe.

“Hello, Harold,” I said. “How are you?”

“I don’t believe this,” he said. “I was just thinking about you this morning. I always liked you, and now after all these years I run into you! What a trip this is! How are you? What are you doing?”

I told him about my spiritual/sexual practice. I asked him if he ever overcame his issue with women. He said he hadn’t. I gave him my card and told him to call me for a consultation so we could see if my new type of healing work could help him.

After he came for the consultation, I decided I was willing to give it another try with Harold. Learning his history was important. Understanding his programming was central to the type of tantric work I planned to do with him. During the time I saw him as a surrogate, I didn’t have such information. I knew he had major issues with his parents. Most of us do, of course. We often choose people as love partners who remind us of our parents on some level. It could be an unconscious attempt to heal ourselves.

There was a lot of covert incest woven into Harold’s relationship with his mother. He wanted to have sex with her and he hated his father for being the one who actually could have sex with her. This is the classically Oedipal relationship, with an addictive twist. I began our first session by getting lots of history and doing a short tantric massage. His energy was easier for me to handle this time around. We were engaged in a mutual exchange of equal power and we both knew it. The massage was a way for me to get a sense of where his chakras were out of balance, as well as the areas in his life where he

was acting out. Harold was involved in several children's charities. He was a kind and gentle man who genuinely loved kids. His heart was in the right place, but his root and second chakras could not connect to his heart center. This indicated an addictive need to control his mother because she'd controlled him for so long. In spite of his claim to love his mother, he certainly did not at that point. It seemed to me he wanted to give his semen to her and have her give up everything to be with him only. He chose women to control him in hopes that he'd find his mom.

Routinely, I began sessions by talking with him about the stories of growing up with his mom, dad and sister. Then we would end with a short massage, which enabled me to feel his energy shifts. Harold always needed an aura cleansing before the massage—he was seeing mistresses in the course of doing some personal disempowering work trying to find his mother. One important fact about Harold as well—he had a very long and wide penis. He was easily nine inches long and almost three inches wide. In addition to being unable to ejaculate inside of a woman, he had other issues relating to the possibility that many women may not be able to hang long enough in intercourse with him. Regardless of that, not too many women would want to take on much of that penis unless they had pretty large vaginas. With that said, some of the memories that Harold shared follow:

My mother saying she made my dinner with her feet so I would like it.

My mother saying hurry up or she'd kick me in the ass.

Sister asking, if Mother kicked me in the ass, could she kick me in the balls.

In a restaurant bathroom, I saw a poster of a female at a urinal.

Mother saying if I wet the bed again, she'd drag me before the neighbors.

In the store with Mother, I saw a magazine cover photo of women grabbing a man by the arms and legs, pulling his bathing suit off.

Mother ordering me to clean the bathroom.

Sister saying she likes to see a male work.

Rachel's book (Rachel is a very close friend of my sister) of a woman tying up a man's balls, covering a Q-tip with Vaseline, sliding it into his penis, and squeezing his balls until it shot out.

Cousin Mary laughing that her male cat became cross-eyed from being neutered.

Mother, Sister and Rachel laughing about Lorena Babbitt castrating her husband, while they were in front of me and Rachel's son.

Before Mother and Rachel, Sister reached into my jeans to see if they needed tailoring.

Sister's friend Martha kicked me in the balls twice in front of Sister. Sister told Mother and Rachel. Mother laughed and said, "Take it like a man!"

During a fight, Sister slapped me in the face. I immediately got an erection.

These and other similar experiences added to Harold's need to have sex with his mother. The reasons for his need were: one, to get his power back; and, two, to release the hold she had on him. His mother had been lifted to such a position of sexual power in Harold's life that he would never be able to be with *any* woman in a healthy way. Until his mother was brought to an equal level in his mind, he would not be free. She held his sexual power and freedom. He had sought out several therapists and psychiatrists for

help. He had also seen a urologist. I believed the reason why no one had been able to help Harold was because of their lack of information and understanding regarding his addiction to his mother. The root cause lay therein. When it comes to issues that are this taboo, even the psychotherapists and psychiatrists are often squeamish and quick to judge. They may be hesitant to confront patients and deal with them in a direct, plain-spoken manner.

Harold clearly had love in him. This was manifested by his acts of charity. He wanted and needed to channel his unconditional love vibration. This love essentially kept him sane in the midst of sexual/spiritual turmoil.

I continued with him, sharing stories and doing tantric massage. Harold couldn't ejaculate unless I ordered him. I would tell him, "You will give your offering to the Goddess." Sometimes I sat over his legs and held him down while I masturbated him. If he was really blocked, like he was on some days, controlling him helped him to give his offering. Other times I would just stand over him and direct him to give it to the Goddess right then. After every ejaculation, he was guided through the chakras for balance. Soon he was able to ejaculate at will, without me telling him to do so. He was creating a new relationship with his body.

One day, Harold asked me if I would have another woman there in one of our sessions. He wanted me to tell her point blank that he had erection problems, and he wanted me to laugh at him in front of her, and even get her to laugh as well. I told him no.

"That's not real, Harold. You are so afraid, aren't you?" As soon as a woman challenged him he got an erection, as he did in this case. I told him, "It's not true that you have an *erection* problem. You can't ejaculate inside of a woman because you *hate* them!"

You don't want a woman to know that, because then she won't be with you in any way. If a dominatrix knew that she would kick your ass, and you couldn't handle that because you would lose your mother's love. If your mother knew you hated her and wanted to rape her, she would kick your ass!" His eyes widened with this exposure of his truth. To me this was common sense. It was right there, facing us both. He was showing his weakness to me.

He could not stop seeing the other women and I didn't push him to do otherwise. I attempted to bring in as much Goddess energy to equal or overpower what he was doing on the other side. Our sessions became centered on rethinking his relationships with women, and about seeing the better sides of women. There are nurturing sides, kind and supportive sides. Harold only had one face for women—the face of his mother. My face became an alternate to his mother's image. He put me on another pedestal as something to be admired and something he could not have. Although Harold and I had begun with me working with him at a surrogate center, I had changed so much that there was none of that earlier vibration in me at that point. The only energy that I allowed to stay on came from information that supported my Goddess work. My experience as a surrogate was invaluable and it had served its purpose. I was not the person Harold met years before. Reverend Goddess was powerful, and Harold wanted that Goddess/Mother image that loved him to have sex with him. Because he couldn't have intercourse with me, he saw me as having an equal place of power as his mom. This needed redirecting.

Harold started begging to have intercourse with me towards the end of the sessions. "Please, please," he would beg, "what do I need to do?" I would simply continue the massage and talk about ways to see women in a new light. When I did

acknowledge his need to have sex with me, I explained why it was coming up and that it was okay. When he saw that I was not going to play his addictive game, he eventually slowed down the begging. He was forced to look at love, and how to channel it into areas of his life outside of his work with children.

He began discussing the other experiences with women that he was having, such as work relationships and non-sexual conversations with women. He wanted to prove that he was flexible. He also needed my approval. I switched the massages around so that he would be the giver. Then I would have him ejaculate to share himself. This proved positive. He had a beautiful touch. Despite his huge stature, he was a gentle and kind man. He was also very loyal and committed.

This process continued for over three years, and we made breakthroughs. Harold had no intention of giving up his need to be dominated. He desired to love a woman deeply, and he desired to create a life where he could be himself with his partner, sharing his love and semen with and within her.

I had him do a writing exercise listing three things: what he wanted to bring into his life, what he wanted to eliminate, and what he was thankful for regarding sexual energy. His writing follows:

What I want to bring into my life:

I wish to bring both power with, and submission to, women in my life. I'd love to have intercourse with you, Reverend Goddess. I'd also like to explore my physical limits in sexual torture.

What I want to eliminate:

I seek to eliminate any and all anxieties of sexual exploration. I don't see any sexual activity between consenting adults as having greater meaning or importance than any other acts, and I don't think anyone should be shocked or frightened by any desires.

What/who I am thankful for:

Your constant loving guidance, Reverend Goddess. With your help, I've accepted my sexual desires, and I'm able to express them.

May, the first woman I met who engaged in S&M with me. The things I loved were when she inserted a Q Tip into my penis, the time she beat my balls with her shoe, and the times she pulled me around her apartment by my erection.

My former neighbor Jane, who loved cock and ball torture as much as I did. I remember she once alternated rubbing my penis between her feet with kicking my balls. When I finally came, she laughed, "Now we're both happy!"

My sister's friend Martha for kicking me in the balls in front of my Sister. It was as exciting as it was painful and humiliating.

The time my mother, sister, and I were in a rush to leave the house. My Mother said to me, "Hurry up, or I'll kick you in the ass!" My sister immediately asked, "If you kick him in the ass, can I kick him someplace else?" They both laughed wickedly, giving me a throbbing erection.

The time my Mother ordered me to clean our bathroom. My sister stood by supervising, standing in my Mother's stance with fists on her hips and one foot pointed to the side, toes pointed up. She said, "I love to see a male work!" filling me with fear and excitement.

The time my Sister's friend Evelyn slept over, while my Mother was away. I attempted to 'borrow' one of the lingerie catalogues they were looking at in our living room by bringing a magazine of mine into the room, setting it down, and 'accidentally' returning to my bed with their catalogue, and was rubbing my erection through my pants, when they both burst into my room. They laughed that they knew what I did, and would tell my Mother unless I pulled my pants down for them. I felt terrified and powerless, and pulled my pants down. They laughed at seeing the bulge in my underwear. I felt completely violated, and have never been harder in my life.

The time Mother found a magazine I had in my bedroom featuring women stepping on men's penises. That night at dinner, in front of her friend Rachel and my Sister, she said, "I made your dinner with my feet so that you'd like it!" They all laughed, and I felt humiliated. I ran to my room with a pounding erection, and immediately masturbated.

After reading Harold's list, I knew that we needed to focus on the hate towards women. It made sense that he would suffer from inhibited orgasm. Even though he connected abuse from women with sexual excitation, there was a lot of underlying anger as a result of that abuse. Harold had a hard time admitting he hated women, but the truth was, whether the woman commanded it or not, he was in control of his orgasm, and he was denying his partner the gift of his semen. Giving his ejaculate to a lover represented the ultimate loss of power to him. Anger and hurt was the result of this desperate self-defense.

Hoping that it would be a start to his healing, Harold eventually allowed for the possibility that he truly hated females. A significant change was that when I administered tantric massage to him, he held back his ejaculation. He said he wasn't doing it intentionally, but that he just couldn't come. I knew what this meant. We were on the right track. Harold was angry with me and would not share any of his life force. Great, I thought. How wonderful the body/mind spiritual connection is. *Thank you, Great Goddess!*

I didn't say a word to Harold. I just told him to continue and we followed through with chakra balancing. It was fine. When he massaged me, Harold was able to ejaculate. This, of course, was all about control. He then recognized the signs of a fundamental change coming on.

I decided to have Harold call me for five days and tell me something wonderful about each woman he happened to meet. Then I gave him an exercise where, for three days, he had to say something wonderful to women he didn't know. This was a lot of fun

for him, and it kept him focused. Finally I asked him to write a love letter to me. It's reproduced below:

Dear Charmaine:

I first felt real feelings for you so many years ago, when you told me that your ex-husband abused you, how he beat you when you were pregnant with your son. I just wanted to hold you tight and protect you. I was deeply moved when you told me in that same conversation about how you let your son come into bed with you when he was frightened by something. Seeing how much you love your children meant so much to me, my heart just opened up to you.

You're right, I first said "I love you" to you about a year ago. That was when I began asking your advice on my personal relationships, and saw how much you helped me, how much you see about people that I don't. I don't think you know how much you've helped me grow. I used to be so tense and serious about relationships. I remember years ago you said I had sad eyes. You've helped me open up and be happy.

In small, superficial ways, we're different. I've always thought you take things more seriously than I do because you're a mother. I have no dependents, and really have less to worry about than you. I think we're a lot alike in important ways, in wanting to help people, in loving children, and in accepting sexual desires.

Really, I think you're great.

Love, Harold

After the letter was written and mailed to me, our next session proved very powerful. He ejaculated with my body next to his in a side-by-side position. Soon, he was dating various women and, in time, he ejaculated inside two different partners. He was very pleased.

Harold Now

Harold is developing more complete relationships with people. He has ended friendships in which the partners were not equal. Although he still loves sado-masochism, he is achieving balance.

He schedules sessions on more of an as-needed basis. He's made substantial progress. He no longer exhibits obsessive behavior regarding his mother. Now he sees how he was programmed to desire domination.

We keep in constant phone communication and Harold invites me and my children to the video and movie premiers featuring the work he does for hospitalized children. He knows I'm always here for him. He hopes that one day he'll find the right woman. In the meantime, he chooses the recipients of his semen based on their worthiness, not out of hatred.

Goddess Blessings to you, dear friend.

To Thine Own Self Be True

Cynthia

A lesbian learns about love of self through tarot readings, tantric massage and spiritual counseling.

What a trip Cynthia was! She was dealing with the loss of a long time relationship with a much older woman. She was in dire financial straits due to a gambling addiction. A friend gave her a gift of ten sessions with me, and she had her choice of how she wanted to use them over a period of time. This was the case whether she wanted a tarot reading, a tantric massage and/or counseling with Reiki. Since she did not seek me out herself, she saw this as more of a fun activity rather than serious counseling. To her surprise, she found herself empowered by using what she learned from the sessions in her everyday life. She would say things to me like. "You know, I'm Christian, and tarot readings are against my religion, so I'm not really going to believe in it."

I would say, "That's fine, Cynthia. Just how *do* you believe in yourself then?"

She didn't get what I meant. "What are you saying, Reverend Charmaine? I believe in myself."

"Oh, you do," I said. "That's interesting. You start off by telling me that the sessions have been helping you feel stronger, but that the tarot part of it is not real to you because it is against your religion. Your religion, which you believe in so much, has not supplied you with the tools to love yourself. Yet these sessions have. How is that, Cynthia?"

She couldn't answer me. She couldn't figure out where the conversation was going. She became cautious. "That's okay," I told her. "I'll let you in on a secret. Part of the reason you are in crisis right now is that the basis of your self-love is self-rejection. Out of your own mouth, you say that something so important to you as your religion rejects something that you enjoy, like tarot readings, like being a lesbian. Isn't it true that your religion rejects same-sex relationships?"

She gasped. She'd caught up with me in that moment.

"So, the only way you've been able to be yourself is through your addictions, such as gambling. I know the Christian religion doesn't condone gambling. That money should be going to your God, correct?" She widened her eyes. "Let's look at this. You make it okay by making it fun. You make it okay by staying with a woman you are not happy with because if it's real love then it can't be wrong. Somewhere, in all this time, you've been praying for a miracle. Well, it's here and you don't recognize it because of your lack of self-love."

Cynthia was not prepared to hear that. Like most people running away, she didn't realize that eventually you run right back to where you came from.

That's when the real work began. She took it as seriously as she could. The work incorporated counseling with readings and massage. She began ending relationships in which she felt she was not being her true self. She used up her ten sessions and continued on her own. For me, the big achievement of our work was getting her to a space in which she could receive tantric touch during the massage. It was important for her to accept herself fully by believing she was loved completely by God/Goddess. *The sexual feelings*

that come up from tantric touch are a good way to channel self-love through the erotic energy.

Cynthia Now

While feeling her most powerful vibration and keeping herself in a state of total acceptance on all levels, Cynthia has been able to achieve an orgasm without any negative thinking. She no longer disguises self-harming actions as “having fun”. She gets right to the crux of why she gambles, for instance, or why she stayed in an unhappy relationship. Now she asks herself the hard question—why did she choose to participate in a religion that practiced judgment and hate towards the very things she loved about herself? Cynthia now frequents Unity conscious groups. (Unity groups believe that the Deity exists within the individual, as well as without. Unity services support freedom of reason in religion.)

In our most recent session, we did a mutual exchange massage that gave her the opportunity to give and receive freely. I’m here to tell you that *I* learned some things that day. Cynthia was riding my body and rocking her *yoni* on top of mine in the sixty-nine position. I still can’t tell you how she managed that! She is full of passion and her energy is a pleasure to experience. Her full caramel body and breasts with big nipples were a delight to me. She was trying to convert me to her side, she told me, laughing after the session. “Women would love being with you. I wish you were lesbian,” she said.

“I am Universal,” I replied. “I’m here for everyone, including you. Thank you for sharing your love, and for being so sexy while you did, girl.”

Cynthia continues therapy with her regular therapist. She keeps in contact and reports on growing more in love with herself everyday. Most importantly, she loves knowing that God/Goddess loves her too.

Standing in Truth isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Paul

Guilt was the source of his addiction to submissiveness. Tantric massage and counseling supported him in learning to speak his truth.

Paul scheduled a tantric massage via e-mail. During the consultation, he said that he wanted a new experience. He was a nice-looking businessman, with no knowledge of tantra. What experience was he *really* looking for? I let him know that I didn't completely buy his story. What did he really want, I asked him again.

“Okay,” he confessed. “The truth is that I’m looking for another kind of sexual experience. This sounded so interesting that I wanted to try it out.”

“Thank you for being honest,” I said. “Now you can now remove your clothes. Then I want you to lay on the bodywork table face down.” Paul removed his clothing and lay on the table as I instructed. I began his massage like all others, with prayer. I then rested my hands over his heart center on his back to feel his body’s vibration and help him to relax more. When I felt he was calm, I moved on with the massage, which is done with gentle touches, like a feather being stroked across the person’s body. I use my hands and my body to achieve this. I include my body because with it, I can read a person’s sexual energy and often receive messages intuitively on their most serious blocks. This process can be very relaxing and arousing—both for the person receiving and also for the person giving.

Slowly, I guided Paul through the chakra colors before turning him over onto his back to work on the front of his body. The touching process is the same for the front of the body, but with the addition of a deep tissue foot massage. Then comes the five-fold kiss, and finally manual stimulation to ejaculation.

The ejaculate is an offering to the Goddess. Semen is considered sacred, as it should be, for the life it offers us. When a man's ejaculate is not directly given to the woman either through her mouth or vagina, we consider it a spilling of the seed, unless it is offered through a prayer of blessing, such as, "Please receive this offering, Great Goddess."

I was impressed with Paul's ability to relax. During the offering to the goddess, his sexual energy was very strong. I used my nipples to stimulate the tip of his penis and lay on his erection often, so he could feel my heartbeat. This is a very giving technique. It's a way to send love to the receiver from the heart right into the sexual center. It is also extremely erotic and arousing.

He followed my directions well. I suggested he consider tantra as a way of action, as an alternative view of sexuality can become a very powerful tool in most every area of a person's life. "It literally saved my life," I said, in sharing with him. "I feel your vibration is truly tantric."

"I feel ashamed that I came here," he said suddenly, "and I wish I could be faithful to my wife!" He left.

Wow! I was caught off guard with that one! Although I knew something wasn't complete within him, I didn't sense the source of the split in Paul at all. I waited a few days and emailed him. I asked if he still felt shame and guilt. He replied that he indeed was. I wrote back that he could schedule another session when he was ready to deal with these feelings.

When he came in the next time, we spent more time talking. However, he was sexualizing everything so much that he couldn't keep still in his seat. As soon as he answered a question, he would add, "Are we going to start the massage soon?" I knew this time that the kind of shame he felt after our session would probably be stronger than before. Now that I understood his feelings, I knew that he would blame his guilty feelings on me, and probably bounce back and forth on who was responsible for his sexual addiction. I felt certain that the only way to get through his problem was to bring the feelings up by actually playing his fantasy out. We moved to the massage. To my surprise, he didn't report feeling ashamed afterwards. Instead, he left somewhat relieved.

Two days later he e-mailed me, detailing feelings of guilt, shame and anger. I told him that those feelings were fine and that it was natural to feel that way.

"I normally feel this way—all shameful—after I ejaculate. Why didn't I feel ashamed this time," he asked. "Why was there a delayed reaction?"

"Because," I answered, "there's a part of you that knows you are whole and perfect. For a moment that's exactly who you were. Then your old programming took over. Your normal response after you have a sexual experience outside your agreement with your wife is shame and guilt. Now, the anger is actually forcing you to do something about the guilt and shame. In order to work on your issues of monogamy, you may end up

having to tell your wife who you really are. Schedule an appointment with me when you're ready."

I knew it was important not to push him too much. When Paul came for his next session one month later, I suggested he allow this place and session to be the only venue for acting out his fantasy. I told him that if he limited this type of activity and vibration to just this one physical location, we might be able to create the type of life he wanted for himself and his wife. He agreed to try it. He maintained once-monthly visits. Gradually, he found that each session created longer periods of inner peace.

Paul thought he'd found the answer to his prayers. Once, during the part of tantric massage in which I lie on his back and grind, Paul made a confession: he most enjoyed the times in the tantric massage work when it felt as if I was fucking him. He went on to share some of his fantasies of being dominated by a woman and being punished for being bad.

"Thanks for sharing that," I said. "I'm glad you feel comfortable and safe enough here to let me know that."

"Yes, I do feel safe," he responded.

"Oh boy," I thought to myself. Now that Paul shared those feelings, I didn't give the peaceful protective field he'd created here longer than a week. Within a week, *bam*, Paul emailed me in a panic about having feelings of major guilt, shame and now, self-disgust. I told him that it seemed that while he found peace in coming to these sessions it was a step in further denying his real sexual nature. The guilt and shame still desired release, but now in the form of developing a new addiction—his desire to be punished and/or humiliated.

“You really feel like you should be punished,” I emailed him. “The peace you’re experiencing from our work is in jeopardy because your real issue, processing the source of your guilt and shame, has not been addressed. I wish there were a magic spell or pill I could give you, Paul, to make you become the person you wish to be. But it’s just not that simple for what you’ve got going on. When you feel you are ready to move on and continue our work, please call me and schedule another session.”

Again, I didn’t want to push him too much. I sensed that he would flee at any moment if moved too far and fast.

This time six weeks went by before I saw Paul again.

“What you don’t fully comprehend,” I told him, “is that this process is healing and empowering. You’ve been coming for a tantric massage and getting your chakras balanced. Since you’ve been feeling more peace from the experience, you allowed the process to continue. Now, you think you need to be punished out of your belief that you’ve done something wrong. Since you are choosing not to apply yourself to this problem directly, you need punishment to free yourself. What better way to punish yourself except in some sexual way?”

“I don’t really want any of those things to happen to me,” he interjected. “I just feel I deserve to be punished in some way.”

“Paul,” I responded, “you cannot punish away who you are. You must accept who you are in order to have the courage to change, especially when it’s in your best interest. You must begin to love yourself differently.”

“If I do that, what if I change and lose the life I have now with my wife and children?”

“You could also change and have a *better* relationship with your wife and kids. We don’t know how it will work out yet. But this is a real problem for you. I know you know it’s not so easy to run away from it or totally stop. You may have to embrace yourself as you are right now, accepting this person that you are. That may be the price for total harmony.”

“Who has the courage to stand alone in their truth?”

When we moved to the tantric massage, Paul had a very different energy. He felt lifeless, as if he didn’t want to have any real exchange, out of some fear of what would come up next. I suggested that he hold onto his ejaculation and maintain the control for a day or two. He seemed to like the idea. Then, as he was getting dressed, he said, “I have to ejaculate, I can’t hold it back.”

I looked at him, and he started masturbating. One hand held his underpants and socks. He was glassy-eyed, intent on having that ejaculation. At one point he nearly stopped breathing, he was so fixed on his mission. I started to stop him, but then I simply went to him and blessed his semen when he ejaculated. Paul ejaculated so hard he fell back into the chair. He said he was sorry. I told him not to worry about desiring to ejaculate, it’s really only natural.

“What’s not natural is not to have the ability to control your-self,” I told him. “You should consider finding someone to talk to about this. It may not be able to be me, because you will most likely associate genital pleasure with my sexual counseling. I could refer you to someone.”

He said he would think about it. “Is it okay if I want to continue with you?” he asked.

“Sure,” I said. “However, there will probably be some changes in our process together. We’ll discuss it when you decide how you want to continue.”

Three months later

I didn't hear from him for quite a while. Then one day Paul e-mailed me.

“It's been hard, but I've taken the lessons to heart. It became clear to me that I needed to reintroduce myself to my wife. We had a frank discussion, and although it wasn't easy to say, or for her to hear, it was very much needed. Things are looking hopeful. I feel more free. The funny thing is my wife feels free, too. She said she had sensed a major discomfort within me, but she never knew how to broach the subject. I don't know the ending to this story, Reverend, but I know that my wife knows the man she is married to now. Thank you very much.”

“And the Truth shall set you Free”

Derek

He had erection difficulties that only appeared during intercourse with his wife. I used tantra and counseling to give him the courage to ask the questions he needed in order to move on.

Derek had no problem maintaining an erection during tantric massage. I asked him if he experienced the loss during masturbation or just when he was sexual with his wife.

“Only with my wife,” he answered, like a little boy being caught in a lie.

“You’re very angry with your wife. Think about why you are angry with her and talk with her about it. Then discuss your anger, its cause, and what to do about it. See what happens to your erection during sex after you’ve had this open talk.”

At our next session, Derek told me, “I tried to speak with my wife about how I feel she no longer desires me. She just said it wasn’t true.”

“Do you believe her?” I asked.

“No,” he replied. “I don’t believe her, because she doesn’t initiate sex between us like she used to.”

I asked him when the last time she initiated sex between the two of them was.

“I don’t remember,” was his answer.

“When was the last time the two of you had intercourse?” I asked.

“Months ago,” he answered. “We’ve tried, but now I can’t stay hard long enough to get inside of her. Even when I do manage it, I lose the erection.”

“Okay, Derek,” I said. “You aren’t feeling love from her, and perhaps your intuition is telling you something your conscious self is refusing to acknowledge. Your “higher body spirit” is aware of this. You are resentful and thus you are loathe to bless her with your erection or semen anymore.”

“I don’t know about that, Reverend Charmaine,” he replied. “I want to be with my wife.”

“I know ‘you’ do, Derek,” I said. “But your higher body spirit knows better. Now, let’s move to the massage and give you some Goddess love.”

Derek came often for the talks and tantric massage. He felt stronger with every visit and started losing weight. Eventually, he decided to join one of my erotic empowerment group workshops. After that workshop, he came in and said he was going on a nude retreat. He felt new power and energy after the group, and he wanted to explore it more. He had asked his wife to come with him, but she didn’t want to go. He felt he needed to go for himself, anyway.

When he returned, he told me, “I’ve been thinking. With the love I now feel for *myself*, maybe I don’t really so desperately need my wife to give *her* love to me. I want to share love with her, but I don’t need her to love me like before. I’m going to talk with her, but I need a balancing in my chakras beforehand!”

In his next session with me, Derek walked in and said, “I went right home from our last session and asked my wife if she loved me any longer. She couldn’t answer me. I said that if she told me she did love us we could try to save our relationship, otherwise we both deserve to try to be happy in other ways. She didn’t say a word.”

“I’m leaving her,” he told me, crying.

Derek began looking for a new place to live, as living with his wife had become pronouncedly different. His sessions became a lot more intense. He reported feeling free as never before, and became more vocal in his feelings. Although he was sad for the loss of his marriage and the life the two of them had created, he sensed that all was not lost, but possible.

Derek Now

He and his wife have gone through counseling so that they could be compatible as parents for their young daughter. It hasn't been easy. Derek, however, is much happier with himself. He brings this improved relationship into his sessions with me every time I see him, regardless of what life has been offering him.

No Judgment Call.

Jonathan

Forced feminization, or a radical move for unconditional love? Through just being heard and a massage, a soul could be freed!

Jonathan called twice before he scheduled. By the third call, I wondered if he would even show for the appointment. He was very tall, over six-feet-five, with a solid build. However, his energy felt like he was no more than five-seven. He reported to me that he was feeling very tired. That time, I thought it best that he keep the appointment he'd booked. He always complained of being tired. During the basic part of the consultation, he finally said, "I have to tell you why I'm here."

"Okay," I said.

He pulled some magazines and a videotape out of his bag. "Do you have a VCR?" he asked.

I pointed to the DVD player and apologized.

"All right," he said. "I brought these magazines to show you the kind of stuff I'm drawn to. I couldn't tell you over the telephone because of the need for privacy."

"That's fine, Jonathan," I said. "What do you want me to know?"

He handed me some magazines that catered to those interested in what is called "forced feminization." I thumbed through a few of the magazines without any expression at all. Within them were pictures of men forced by their wives to become women themselves, men dressed in wigs and wearing ladies clothing while showing an erection,

and men being humiliated by being wiped or raped by men. I had never seen anything like this before. However, I told him, "I have no problem reading about this so that we can discuss it further. Do you mind if I hold onto these for a while?"

"Sure," he said. I placed the magazines on the floor and asked him what else it was that he wanted to share.

He told me about the video he wished I could view. "I just taped this last night and I'm wearing ladies' clothing and saying and doing some things on my own. Why do I desire this so much? Why do I want it so strongly?"

We discussed his failing marriage and the pain of it being over. While talking about his children he started to cry. He was despondent over not being able to live with them in the same home any longer. Then I asked him about sex with his wife, and if she was aware of his sexual fantasy. He told me that they weren't compatible at all sexually, and never had been. When I asked him why he chose to stay with her, he began crying again. "After her first pregnancy," he said, "everyone said I shouldn't leave her."

"Okay Jonathan, let's leave that for now and go on to the massage," I said. The massage went very well. I didn't really notice any addictive energy within him. I told him this and he wasn't surprised I felt this way.

"I cannot honestly say that it is an addiction," he said. "It's something that I'm drawn to, yet I don't feel it controlling me in any way at all."

"Fine," I said. "After I look through the magazines, I'll give you a call."

Before he left, Jonathan also recommended some websites that I could check out. When I looked through everything, I called and told him that what was most important for him was to get to the origin of these desires, and especially that he not go through this

alone. It was important for him to speak with someone he felt safe with. He told me that after he left the session he hadn't felt like dressing up at all.

"I can't put it into the correct words," Jonathan confessed, "but I feel you shifted me in some way. I'm not saying that I am healed, just that something was filled within me that night, and I don't have the same urge anymore. The way you accepted me totally, just like I was, really meant something to me. I've always been afraid to tell people because of their judgment of me. When I did have the courage to tell someone close, he became sickened and judged me. You didn't do either, and now you call me and continue not to judge me. You're just there for me. I have never had this before." He began crying on the phone. "Please forgive me, Reverend. Everything is so emotional for me now and I just cry when I need to."

"That's fine, Jonathan," I told him. "You do what you need. Just know that when things settle down you can call me."

"Thank you, Reverend. I will. And thank you for being you."

After some time Jonathan did call. He really needed help in processing his losses and learning to love himself and his new life with his children.

Jonathan continued with a few more sessions. He found them to be a therapeutic distraction from his addiction. Over time, he moved from dressing like a woman to only looking at pictures. As his divorce became more stressful and his relationship with his children drastically changed, he needed to talk as much as he needed bodywork. Our sessions simply were not enough. I supported the idea of Jonathan seeking therapeutic help. I pray that he and his family are well.

Kali...The Liberator.

Poni

Poni's case dealt with sexual abuse and a question of genital preference. Through confrontational sexual counseling and forgiving and understanding the past, she liberated her shame and herself.

This is a breakthrough story that gets me every time I think about it. Poni had been coming to sessions with me for half a year and released a lot of negativity in her sexual thinking and functioning.

Poni had begun tantric energy work because she was dealing with problems related to sexual abuse. She also wondered if she was bisexual. Early in life, she'd had to maintain a façade of being a normal daughter with a normal family life, while being covertly abused by her father. Additionally, she felt there was no way she could confront her father and mother about it. Eventually, she was able to work through some of the abuse issues through counseling and tantric bodywork with me. That part of her process was relatively easy. Poni was a woman of focus and action. She really just needed someone to talk with, someone outside her immediate circle with whom she could process the origins and results of the post-traumatic stress she suffered. What a great relief it was for her to feel free from the anger she had towards her father and mother.

I described Poni's story as a "breakthrough" above. But the breakthrough wasn't about our working through the abuse issue. It concerned the bisexual issue. Poni came in

one particular day planning to end her sessions. Apparently, she felt well enough and able to deal with whatever else came up in her life in her own way. I would have had no problem with her leaving. That kind of independent behavior is part of what self-empowerment is about.

But she never had a chance to follow through on her intention to terminate our sessions. Instead of asking Poni how she was feeling, which I usually did at the beginning of our session together, that day I felt led to direct a specific question to her. I asked her how she felt about a decision she'd recently made to stay at home, and not to move with her boyfriend to another state. She told me that after much discussion and healing she had decided to remain a bit longer to help her parents.

“How do you feel about not moving with your boyfriend?” I asked her.

Poni was visibly thrown off by the question. I wasn't sure why. I just waited for her to answer.

“Well,” she replied, “I feel that we'll be okay, and that he is really okay with it, or else it would have been harder for me not to go with him.”

“By the way,” she added. “My boyfriend said that he notices that I like women more than men.”

“Oh really,” I responded. “Do you think he is correct with that observation?”

“Well,” she admitted, “I asked a male friend to take me to a gentlemen's club because I wanted to watch women strip.”

“So,” I asked again, “do you think your boyfriend's observation is correct?”

“Perhaps,” she said. “I don't know.”

“How does your boyfriend feel about the possibility of you desiring women more than men?” I asked.

“He’s fine with it,” she said.

“How do you feel?” I asked.

“I don’t like it,” she said.

“You don’t like that he’s fine with it or that it’s true?”

“I don’t like that he’s fine with it.”

“Why aren’t you fine with him accepting you?” I pressed.

“It’s not me,” she replied.

“Oh okay, so you don’t desire women more than men?”

She laughed and looked away from me. I asked her the question again. She continued to laugh.

So I asked her to remove her pants.

She looked at me, shocked. “Why?”

“No reason,” I said. “I’ll remove mine, too.”

We both stood and took our pants off. When we sat down again, facing each other, I had her place her legs over mine. I placed mine over hers and I began to caress her feet.

She laughed, but became calm rather quickly. I asked her the question once again.

“Why aren’t you okay with your boyfriend accepting that you may desire women more than men?”

“Because it’s not right to like women more than men. I love my boyfriend!”

“Do you believe he knows you love him?” I asked.

“Yes,” she answered.

“So do you feel you would be betraying him if you desire women more than him?”

“No, I would never desire women more than him. I love him,” she said.

“Great. Then what is the problem?”

She looked away again.

I decided to ask her a new question. “Are you afraid that if you accept your-self you would become a lesbian?”

She really laughed out loud then. She never answered me.

“So, you want to be with me,” I said, caressing her feet.

“What did you say?” she asked.

I repeated it.

“I’m sorry. I’m not hearing you,” she said.

This woman was deliberately fading out. She was not going to answer the question. Well, you know what the scientists say: If you want to get the answer to a question and the question doesn’t bring about the answer you want, you just change the question until you get your answer.

“When you think about that question, where do you feel the fear in your body?” I asked.

“In my heart,” she answered.

I thought, “Okay, so there is a body sensation to this question. That means that we are moving in the right direction with this line of questioning.”

“Okay, Poni, remove your top,” I told her.

Again to her surprise, we both stood and removed our tops. Having Poni remove her clothing exposed her and made her feel vulnerable. Because of the touching that went

on between us during the directed questions, she didn't feel alone or afraid. I had her close her eyes and visualize the color of the heart chakra: green. After a few moments of that, I resumed the questioning.

“Are you afraid that if you were to admit that you desired women more than men you might become lesbian?”

She explained that in her line of work, it wasn't accepted for a woman to be gay.

I asked her the question again. She talked about society and its view of homosexuality.

At that point, I felt led to ask her to describe herself loving a woman.

She started to cry.

“What is the image of you loving a woman?” I asked her.

“The image is that I violate them!” she yelled.

I realized her predicament, and where her energy was at that moment. I quietly suggested that she possessed the same sexual attitude and vibration towards women as her father. She cried. She cried more. And then she agreed.

An observation she'd made of a recent encounter with her father revealed that he always looked at her as if he desired her. I told her that what her father did to her was wrong, and that in no way did she ever deserve the kind of treatment and abuse he gave her. She did not deserve that. It was inappropriate for him to touch her sexually in any way. I continued to read the energy and let her know that her father's sexual energy is attracted to hers because “they” are compatible. If things could have been different he would have preferred Poni be his wife and the wife to be the daughter. The man couldn't stop channeling those vibrations to his daughter because of the strong bond and

compatibility between them. That in no way meant that Poni wanted her father sexually. This explained her fear of accepting the idea she may desire women more than men.

I realized then that Poni might not be a lesbian. Embracing and releasing her fear could release the desire to be with women altogether. At the very least, it might balance her sexual preferences in relation to both sexes.

I asked her to visualize herself with a woman. She stiffened up, but did not cry. In other sessions she never truly allowed herself to let go during the erotic massages. I pointed that out to her on several occasions. I now realized why. I asked her if she'd been holding herself back because she was afraid of not being able to control her need to violate women (in this case, *me*).

“Yes,” she said. “I am afraid I wouldn't be able to stop until I forced myself on you and made you hurt in some way.”

Once again, she cried. This time I had her move to the bodywork table and had her lay on top of me, straddling her legs around mine. While we caressed each other, I guided her to rock her body back and forth with me...

She calmed herself, and then I asked her to close her eyes and visualize all the chakra colors one by one. I began to stroke her breasts, to arouse her as much as I could. I stroked her nipples a little harder to get them erect and then I moved my hands down the front of her body. She followed my lead and did the same to me with her eyes closed. I brought her closer to me so that our nipples touched, a technique I learned in my tantric training. While our nipples touched, I caressed her back and rocked her faster, causing

her to breathe louder. I then moved to the front of her body and pressed my fingers on her yoni to get her wet.

She started really getting into it at that point. My hope was that she would take over and guide the erotic energy between us. I lay her on the table and continued to stroke her body. I inserted a little of my finger into her. She opened herself up with a moan, as if to beg for more. I got on top of her body and pressed myself on her, grinding her exactly at the right spot. The thumping between us grew as she moaned and moaned in an even higher state of arousal. She was getting hot. I crisscrossed our legs and proceeded to rock my wet box on her until I couldn't take it any more.

That's when it happened. Poni eased me up and turned me over and got on top of me. She bit my neck and first started to rock her wet thatch on my knee. She rocked herself to orgasm that way first. Then she kissed me over my body as much as she could, with some serious sucking on my nipples, and lay over me to find my spot to grind me to orgasm. She proceeded to meet me at that level again.

At the end, she moaned with aching noises, sounding like she wanted more...

Afterwards, Poni admitted to arriving at the session with the intention of ending them. I really felt that I had achieved my goals with our work then. There was more:

“How did you know, Reverend Goddess?” she asked me.

“I felt led to ask you those questions, Poni,” I said. “With this experience you'll be able to reach and recognize your true self. You must love yourself to even make the smallest change. We may not have many sessions left together, sugar. You showed great courage today, just like you always have.”

“Thanks,” she said. “See you next time.”

Poni continued a few more sessions, and gained enough to have her personal power tools always within her, always at hand. She is a wonderful person, and is in balance: a healthy, bisexual woman.

Transforming the poison of prejudice.

Mister X

This case study is about performance and prejudice, about how a man can change his views and change his life. Massage and unconditional love balanced his sexual emptiness, helping him accept himself and others.

Mr. X did not want to work with a black woman. That was one of the first statements he made on the telephone to me.

“Black people are dumb and the darker they are the dumber they are,” he said.

Well, I really wanted to tell him a thing or two, but decided to just inform him of the process and let him decide if he wanted to make an appointment. Once he scheduled the appointment, I informed him that I was indeed a very dark black woman! He was silent for a while, then said, “You don’t sound black.”

“Oh,” I said, “and how does black sound!?” I wanted to hang up the telephone, but for some reason I felt it wouldn’t be the right thing to do. I was angry but I also understood that his programming was the only reason he behaved this way.

Suddenly, Mr. X said, “I am sorry. Please forgive me.”

He wanted the session. I scheduled him with some reluctance.

The day Mr. X walked into the room, he looked at me with his small eyes. He was at least six feet tall and probably weighed four hundred pounds. He was a religious Jew, a Hassidic man.

I was ready to show Mr. X that his ideas about black people were wrong. However, when I looked at him, I didn’t see the person I expected to see. I saw a person

with a soul, a person misusing his sexual energy in the same way his thoughts were misused. I instantly understood Mr. X and how his way of thinking was directly connected to his sexual performance. We all create and use our energy in this way. I realized that I was there to help him and my desire to embarrass Mr. X was inappropriate. I felt love and a connection to Mr. X that I never felt for anyone. I embraced him and asked him to have a seat. We discussed the process of our first session together and I explained why this first step was important. I completely let go of my preconceived notions and let myself be guided. I instructed him in a gentle breathing process for relaxation, then helped him remove his shirt and had him lie on the floor mat for a partial tantric massage. While kneeling over him I connected further. *I no longer saw him, I just felt him. I felt his love and his desire to be fulfilled sexually and his desire to love. I knew that I could give him love.*

My gentle touches began that process of giving. I spoke gently to Mr. X and continued the caresses lightly all over his face and chest, and onto his groin and legs. He relaxed and started to become aroused. I could see that he hadn't received that kind of attention in a long time. Then I lay beside him and gently guided him into spoon breathing. I placed his hand on my belly, and directed him to notice the inhalation and exhalation of my breath by the rise and fall of my belly. Then I asked him to breathe with me. After we did this for some time, I ended the session with hugging. I told him that I felt he would do fine, and that he followed directions well. I added that with this type of therapeutic process, he would be happy with his functioning in a short time. He was pleased and then said, "Please, once again, I hope you can accept my apology for our first conversation. That was not correct of me."

I told him not to worry about it.

“I still love you,” I said, and we both laughed and hugged.

Mr. X now

Mr. X continued his program and he did wonderfully. Unconditional love isn't just about acceptance of another. It's about loving ourselves for who we are and for who we are not. It's about the release of judgments on the physical to psychological level. *I was not born white, rich or ultra-smart, and I've learned to live my life with that knowledge and love myself for who I truly am.*

Therapeutic love-making ~ Nine positions of the Dark Girl.

Stephen

My work with a man with a very common sexual dysfunction turned into a lasting friendship. I gave him sexual counseling and real closeness along with support through two marriages. Stephen knows he is not alone.

He came for help with premature ejaculation. His problem manifested in ejaculation just after sexual energy, and not lasting very long before orgasm when masturbating. The journey Stephen and I took together from our first meeting wasn't one as healer and patient, it was one of developing love and true friendship.

After we worked together intensely for six months, he would come in periodically for a series of sessions comprising what he called a "tune up." Under my tutelage, Stephen learned control, and eventually he was able to stroke and penetrate for up to forty-five minutes without ejaculating. Sometimes he would even choose not to ejaculate at all. During his time with me, I introduced him to, and helped him to court a woman he would eventually marry. He dropped off little gifts for me several times throughout the year to show his appreciation and love. For our last session before his marriage, I told him he could ask for one special experience with me. He asked for us to perform oral sex on each other at the same time. Whew, okay. Well, that was fun.

After he married, he often called and came over to let me know how he was doing. He even joined the empowerment and meditation groups to continue his spiritual focus and personal growth. I, myself, was developing a new spiritual counseling program and

had decided not to continue much of the sexual work as a surrogate until further integration of my spiritual mission.

Then he called one day and asked for a session. He and his wife were going through some problems and it was affecting his sexual performance. At this point in my life, I had not fully incorporated the tantric or sexual process into my spiritual practice. What Stephen was asking me for was outside the scope of my practice. I told him that I would check my schedule and get back to him. I had to pray about it and see where my spirit was on the matter. I called and told Stephen about the type of work I was now doing in my practice, and that I was not available to be his surrogate. However, I could counsel him and do some tantric massage. He said he needed something, and only felt safe with me.

We scheduled the session. Over the next weeks, he came to talk. His marriage was falling apart and he was becoming depressed. We did as much as we could in sessions to maintain his balance. Meditation, Reiki and lots of talking helped Stephen, especially at those moments when he and his wife had sexual intercourse.

Nonetheless, the marriage finally ended. Stephen was full of anger and not functioning at all. He maintained his sessions with me and as we worked on his healing, he eventually developed the courage to start dating. The amazing thing was that his premature ejaculation problem was alive and even more severe than when he began with me all those years before. There was no avoiding the fact that he once again needed surrogate help. I considered sending him to a woman I knew at the time who was doing surrogate work. I had trained her myself, and I explained to him that I would remain in charge of the process even though I would not be his surrogate. Stephen wanted to

continue the way we were working at the time, so I decided to incorporate more tantric work in our process. During tantric massage, I saw how sensitive to the touch Stephen had become. He had lost all his staying power. *Stroking him produced an ejaculation within three seconds.* Even long meditations preceded by chakra balancing only helped a little.

I realized that it was ridiculous to deny this man my energy and expertise. Stephen needed the work, and therefore I told him to bring condoms to the sessions and that we would move along slowly to better performance. It didn't take long before Stephen was right back in his power. "Something about being with you, Charmaine, makes me feel like everything is okay. It is always the best with you," he said.

I told him to remember that he had nothing to prove with me. He felt free and uninhibited with me, and he acted like it.

Once again Stephen started dating and went through the whole gamut of crazy females out there. He didn't need as many sessions by then. I would hear from him monthly whether he asked for a session or not. Over the next few years, he eventually met the woman who would be his second wife. It was a nice courtship, but after he proposed marriage, he slipped into the same pattern of premature ejaculation with performance anxiety. He called me right away.

This was normal, I explained in our session. "Your heart is ready to take the risk again, but your mind remembers what you went through. Your body is taking its cue from your mind. Loving yourself has gone and fear is in control now. We can fix that. Don't you worry."

Stephen always did extremely well at this point in his development. He never had premature or performance issues in sessions at all. He realized that I was perfect for him. He laughed one day and said, "I thank God for finding you. You have been everything to me. I love you."

"I love you too, Stephen."

Stephen eventually proposed marriage to the new woman he was seeing. The day before Stephen was to leave for the island he would be married on, he scheduled a session with me. It became our tradition when I asked him that time what he desired in this session. He said that he desired to have sexual intercourse in multiple positions without any instruction.

"Okay," I said.

As I started to remove my clothes he said, "Keep your heels on."

I smiled and kept on my heels. Stephen and I had sexual intercourse like he'd wanted for so many years. We moved all over the room in various positions. He ground in me so deep that I thought, "Can he last, going at it like this at several times?"

Stephen was on a mission to have all of me this day. Not only did his erection last forever, but he maintained it in all the positions he wanted. Stephen got real freaky, and started talking to me about how long he fantasized about being with me like this. He told me how good my *yoni* smelled, and how wet I always was. I had several orgasms. The sweat poured off our bodies. I thought certainly someone outside the office would hear us and knock on the door. At a certain time, he had me up against the wall, entering me from behind, and thrusting so hard we banged into the wall. My mouth had to be covered when I finally had an orgasm, because I am one loud woman. When Stephen let himself burst,

he was a bit louder than usual, himself. We collapsed onto each other, and lay there to catch our breath.

When Stephen returned from his honeymoon, he once again asked me to meet with him. We met in a park and he showed me the pictures from the wedding and he told me everything about his trip.

“You know, Charmaine, sometimes I think you’re the woman I should have pursued. Throughout it all, I’ve never reached that level with any other woman.”

“That’s okay,” I said. “Remember what I told you before. You are truly free with me. I know you and I accept you. You came to me with nothing hidden from the beginning, so you will always give me your best. We love each other unconditionally.”

He laughed and agreed. I congratulated him and wished him well.

“Now you have a baby to look forward to,” I said.

“That’s right. And I’m going to need you every step of the way, Reverend Goddess.”

“No problem, Stephen. I am here for you. Stay blessed.”

We kissed and parted.

You cannot be everything to everyone.

Eddie

I was dating a man suffering from severe premature ejaculation. I found myself shifting roles from girlfriend to healer, as I helped him to function with confidence again.

Although we were dating, Eddie kept asking me for a session. I didn't like it. I just wanted to get to know him and for us to grow as a couple. I wanted him to get to know Charmaine the woman first—not as the Reverend Goddess. He kept hounding me about it, and eventually I gave in. I told him he would be charged for the session and treated like a regular client. He agreed and I scheduled him.

At the beginning of the session I expressed my discomfort. He said he understood but really wanted to try it out. I did the tantric massage and there it was:

Eddie was such a severe premature ejaculator that even before I could stroke his full erection, he'd orgasmed.

I understood then why he'd wanted the session. Eddie had covered his face. He couldn't look me in the eyes.

After the session, we talked. It was clear he needed my help. I asked him why he hadn't told me straight out about his problem when he was begging for sessions earlier.

He told me, "I had hoped that the massage would make it better."

"Eddie," I said, "this is pretty serious and massage would do you no good at this point. The choice you have to make now concerns us: if you choose to have sexual counseling, we could no longer date. There's no other way it could be."

“Could you just try?” he asked me.

“No,” I answered.

Eddie decided. “Okay, I’ve changed so much of my life for the better. Everything is pretty much perfect, except for this. I need your help.”

“Fine,” I said. I scheduled him for his next session.

He had ten sessions, and progressed from barely being able to be touched, to lasting and lasting with a strong erection during intercourse.

Eddie Now

Eddie did wonderfully, eventually met a woman and is now in a loving relationship that is sexually healthy. He often thanks me.

When I reflected on Eddie back then, knowing I'd be working therapeutically with him, I thought about what a beautiful cock he had. The irony was the tease it would be to anyone that was with him—beautiful, but not working properly. And then, double the irony, I realized: I don't get to have any of that nice cock either!

You can't always be who you want to be for someone—but you can always be just who you are.

I often wonder about the opportunities and situations that come about in my work. I can't help but pray that I've made the right choices, regardless of the outcome at the time. Sexual energy and love are very important to everyone. I am here and have an ability to love on so many levels.

Goddess grant me the erotic spirit to know what I can change and what I cannot.

Goddess Blessings

The Way of Holiness Through the Flesh.

Erotic Empowerment Groups

Erotic empowerment groups offer the participant an opportunity to connect with other individuals on a similar path, i.e., the path of the unification of sex and spirit, in a very practical, sexual way. Although this seems very “New Age,” tantric thinking and practice is actually very old and natural. We, as a species, are not in our truest nature monogamous. This is not to say that a person cannot be in a committed one-on-one sexual relationship. However, our society supports the notion that monogamy is the norm, and any other behavior is unnatural. In fact, it’s the other way around. In order to become truly monogamous, one would need to achieve a state of complete inner balance and harmony with oneself and all that life has to offer. One would then need to understand that sexuality is a consciousness, not a genital preference. Most of the time, people choose monogamous relationships based on genital preference instead of creative compatibility with another being.

You are one with everything and everyone you choose to share with in this moment. There is no right or wrong in that.

You are an incredible, indestructible spiritual being, sexually whole and perfect. Your body shows it and knows it. With that understanding, one would choose monogamy as a *gift*, and not because of one’s programming. I share this with you so that you may understand the reason, the purpose and the need for erotic empowerment groups.

Tantric Massage Groups

One of the most powerful groups I've ever been a part of was with six women and twelve men. One thing that meant was that each women participant got to have more than one man massaging her at a time.

These workshops begin with me explaining the order of the workshop for that evening, which is usually meditation, chanting and demonstration of the massage, then partnering, and finally, practice, practice and more practice.

Every woman ends up being with every man, and vice versa. In this particular group, it was most interesting to experience the group's disconnection to total union. What keeps most of us apart is our judgment of others (and ourselves). If and when we find a common ground, we quickly connect. Our souls thrive on attachment. It's not that we don't want to be together. We're just too afraid of being hurt. Reconnecting with our bodies and loving ourselves gives us a new responsibility—not to expect another to be what we can be to ourselves, i.e., being your very best friend and lover.

In this group, the energy felt so cold in the beginning that I was concerned I wouldn't be able to carry it over to the other side. After discussing the plan for the evening, I began to disrobe and invited everyone else to follow suit. You should have seen the men looking at each other to see who was going to be the first to disrobe. The women, on the other hand, were naked in a matter of seconds. The space was made sacred with prayer sage and incense. We began the Om chant to connect the group. I demonstrated the massage on one person, and then partnered off everyone in the group so

they could practice the massage on each other. As I mentioned before, because of the numbers, the women all had two men massaging them. In the beginning, the hardest thing for the men was to be able to give touch to a woman without sexualizing. Every man had an erection. That was simply fine, a blessing. The problem the men had was staying focused on giving touch, instead of whatever arousal they themselves were receiving in the process. I instructed the women to stop the touching if they began to feel uncomfortable.

The art in touching is the giving. You touch to give love to the receiver. You give for the gift of giving, with no expectations of getting.

One of the biggest complaints women have with men is that they feel nothing from men in their touches. They feel that men don't touch them to please them. Instead, men often touch women focused on the pleasure of touching them. In this way, a man steals energy from a woman.

With constant supervision of the touching, I began to really hear the problem: *We don't know how to touch. We don't know how to give. We don't know how to love.* The nerve-racking feel of performance anxiety and sexualizing was filling in the room. I was able to interrupt the mood by breaking up the partners often. Then I would explain the process in thought as well as in touch over and over again. I used women as well as men to demonstrate the techniques. It was important for the others to see the massage done in many different ways and specific to each gender. A man can't figure out how to caress a yoni if I'm stroking a *lingam*, and *vice versa* for the women.

Then, one of the men caught on and simply became the giver. He gently stroked his partner without concern as to whether he was "doing it right" or not. He just thought

of her body being a holy temple, and was sending her a love vibration. When this occurred, the woman reported feeling loved by this person she did not know.

The other participants became excited by the possibility of having the same experience. The energy felt warmer in the heart sense and everyone began to relax. At this point, I had everyone receiving touch exhale a long “*ahh*,” as they felt aroused. This continued to increase the energy of pleasure and then freedom. Switching partners gave the participants the opportunity to feel different sexual vibrations and to sense the need of the receiver. People began to know without thinking where to touch.

Next was a group chakra wave train, where we lay man-between-woman until every person was being touched, and we were all riding a wave together, through the chakra colors. The sweating mass of bodies became one, with all rocking in unison. The group arousal heightened to the point of several of the men having orgasms. This excited the group and the connection to each other grew closer and closer. There was no oral or sexual intercourse. Nonetheless the desire for intercourse was a great vibration to use in maintaining the group connection. Women were being stimulated at the hood of their yoni, and some were being stroked all over. The men were at full attention, blessing everyone with their strong erections and laying them upon the women while stroking and being stroked everywhere. The openness that flooded through the room when the first man ejaculated gave such a release in the room that others had to follow! I myself was being stimulated at my nipples and having orgasms galore. I finally was able to come back for one last change, regrouping everyone in partners.

It was tremendously exciting when I paired one of the most handsome men with the oldest woman in the room. When these two individuals got together, every other

vibration in the room ceased to exist. At first, I wasn't aware of what was being created by these two. I was circling the group to ensure that the energy maintained itself in a sacred place. The honor of every soul in that room was important. Suddenly, I heard "*ah ah,*" and I turned to find the young man intent in the act of giving to this wise older woman. She was lifting her body and flailing her arms in appreciation of his touch. Soon the group stopped completely, and watched the ascent of the couple. The man was not removing his eyes or hands from her, and seemed to be communicating with her, following her every desire. He was truly giving to her, and she surrendered to the energy. Her yells increased as she orgasmed. It only aroused the other participants even more. What a blessing it was to witness that matching. What at first seemed unequal became whole. The experience left everyone with a sense of belonging and trust, and a desire for more—more healing, more evolution, more love.

Sacred Erotic Dancing

It's something to witness women in erotic groups. Although the co-ed groups are great, more women sign up for the women-only erotic group workshops. At first, I didn't understand why. I have since learned that, in a lot of ways, women don't like women. They are better in a same-sex workshop, because then these issues become apparent. In the co-ed workshops, the women do not want to be in competition with each other for the attention of a man. This is a programmed state and it is a curse to us women. We cannot trust each other, so we despise each other. We never really make men responsible for their actions. We women have also been programmed to believe that "a man will be a man." In this way, we absolve them of any responsibility for their actions.

One of the major reasons I do this work is to help release our unhealthy programming and create a more balanced and healthy state of mind.

Sacred erotic dancing is the dance of drawing down the Goddess. This erotic energy belongs to all of us through the creative principle we call Goddess, or the Divine Feminine. All women possess a right to be erotic for themselves. Our erotic energy is our core growth energy. Acknowledging it as the core energy within ourselves leads us into sexual and personal empowerment.

The movement of the dance is the calling of the four directions—north, south, east and west—and the awareness of the Sun and Earth/Moon relationship. With a sarong to assist our body and movements, we create anything we like. It's a simple swinging of

hips and arms. The more we move, the more erotic the dance becomes. The more erotic we feel, the more we feel the movements. We are naked except for sarongs, which we sometimes even swing around ourselves as we dance. In fact, that's what we usually end up doing.

A woman's body is beautiful especially when she is giving herself to her dance.

She is more alive.

It's arousing to watch each goddess dance to her particular Goddess vibration. It's always beautiful. When we dance this way, we dance for ourselves, not to please a man or anyone else. In this way, we acknowledge that we are divine and free. With this type of freedom being felt in a room, the air can, and often does become erotically charged.

We end with a group freestyle dance, just enjoying each other.

Sacred erotic dancing is an acknowledgement of the Divine Feminine within and is strengthened by our body movement.

Pussy Power

Pussy Power is a women's empowerment group that teaches and develops a new way of thinking about the vagina, our *yoni*, and the power it holds. Women don't normally think of their pussy as their "friend". I have come to realize that most women use it to get something. *False love, false hope and false self!*

I created this workshop out of a need to share what I have learned. I have learned the tools that women need in order to embrace their ultimate power. The word *pussy* didn't go over well in my advertisements. The sales agents were resistant to place the word *pussy* in the headline of an ad. That's when I knew the importance of this type of workshop.

At the first workshop, six women scheduled for this overnight event. Only four showed. I was excited about the opportunity for the women that chose to be there, but also saddened by the understanding that women were more afraid and ashamed of their pussies than I had suspected. I had allowed myself to believe that things were just a bit better. I found out how bad and ugly it really was with those four frightened, desperate, and very courageous women:

Paulette: medium build, married with no children, and no sexual relationship with her husband.

Gina: a petite woman, never married, and dealing with recovery from rape.

Samantha: married for the second time with two children; she had orgasms, but they felt empty.

Monica: beautiful and exotic, with one child; never married; bisexual and wanting to learn more about her pussy.

They all had their own particular strengths and weaknesses. I felt it would be beneficial for every participant.

We began early in the afternoon with conversation about what brought each woman to the workshop. From there, I guided the group through meditation and cleansing rituals. In one very important exercise, each woman placed her hands over her pussy to feel her own pussy's energy. This meditation was done lying on the back, with everyone holding themselves quiet and still for a time. This was a way for the women to reintroduce their pussies to themselves.

I spoke most of the afternoon about the process of a woman's development through her pussy. I explained the difference between the pussy and the vagina. I told them, "*Pussy* is a word that is misused and misunderstood. It's usually directed towards others in a vulgar usage. The word itself is very powerful. It draws energy right through you when it is spoken. P U S S Y... Hear and feel that word. P U S S Y."

I lead a chant: "*Pussy...pussy...pussy...pussy...pussy...pussy...pussy...pussy...*" We quickly became comfortable saying it, despite the ugly baggage associated with it. "*Pussy...pussy...pussy...pussy...*"

After the chant, I detailed all the parts of the pussy in natural and symbolic terms. As I spoke, I kept my hands over my pussy. Even though I was not nude at this point, I felt it was important to get over the shock of a woman holding herself. "Our pussy is like a house, and all of the parts of our pussy are our rooms we play in and play with," I said. I

smiled and told them that the clitoris was one of my favorite toys. “This house we all possess is a *Goddess house*. Every house looks different. No matter what you have heard before, no two houses are the same. Each *pussy house* looks and smells different. They go through similar and different wear and tear,” I said.

I gave each of the ladies a mirror. Then I asked them to open their legs and look at their pussies. With my own legs spread wide, I lead everyone in a study of their pussy anatomy:

“Use your fingers and follow me, or you can just look at my pussy and then move back to yours.” The ladies, as they often do, dropped their mirrors and came close to me for a look. Pointing to the top of the hooded clitoris, I said, “This is the front commissure. It marks the upper extent of the visible clitoris. Moving downward towards the tip, all this area is the hood of your clit. The shaft, the long part of your clitoris, is under the hood.” As I lifted my hood, I pointed to the tip of my clit. “This is my clit gland, used for pleasure only. Here is my frenulum: the point beneath the glands of my clit where the edges of my inner lips meet. This connection forms an upside-down *V*.” Moving my finger to the center of my pussy, I said, laughing, “Here is my ‘bathroom’! This is the paraurethral duct, and just below is the urethral opening. Moving further down, here is the ‘guestroom’ of the house – the vaginal opening. If you were to stretch your vaginal lips you could still see remnants of the hymen. Here is your fourchette. It’s a short band of mucus membrane, formed where the lower ends of the inner lips of the clitoris meet just beneath the vaginal opening. It’s been called your ‘little fork.’ Just below is your perineum muscle. And this spot here is your anus.” I moved my hands out

to the sides of my pussy. “Here are the outer lips, and further in are the inner lips.” I lifted them and flapped them a little.

“There,” I said, taking a deep breath. “Now you have it. Go and look at your beautiful pussies and see your house for the first time.” Each woman went on her own personal journey throughout her house, as if looking for the first time. When we moved back to the pussy chant, each woman’s connection to her pussy was stronger.

Next, we discussed our personal development through our pussies as baby girls on through womanhood. The discussions of our life adventures and pains help to develop us into the women that we are. Each woman shared her unique story. We then used it in a ritual process that gave each woman an opportunity to let go of pain, and grow from it as well.

We moved into the pussy chant and the women reported the connections they were feeling to their bodies. The pussy is connected to every part of our physical self and our spiritual minds. Paulette said she was starting to feel thumping in her vagina when she chanted. Gina said her nipples were becoming more erect. Samantha and Monica reported that they were getting wetter in their vaginas without any direct stimulation.

Next we discussed several ways to take care of our pussies, from bathing to masturbation. Each woman at this point was now ready to go nude. We held hands and chanted for a time, then moved to “soft” masturbation. We each took our private time together in a circle. I played sensuous music and with candles lit and incense burning, we each shared a glass of red wine. We also shared how we felt about masturbation, and why we would and would not do it.

Paulette informed us that she has been trying, but she doesn't feel much, so it's not a big deal to her.

Gina tells us that she does it more often now, because she doesn't relax with men since she was raped. "It's the only way I can have an orgasm," she says.

Samantha: "I don't have time and I never think about it."

Monica: "I love it. My orgasms are much better than when I am with a man."

I spoke. "Your relationship with your body is very powerful. It's through your pussy you can help yourself release blocks. We are going to use that power and learn how to love ourselves better. Your mind and focus are the key elements for your pussy magic. Move out of expectation and just receive your personal pleasure. Use the energy to help you connect and heal your *self* in whatever way you need. Now, as you are touching yourself, focus on how your body is receiving pleasure, not on how it is not. Allow yourself to open and let the energy come back through whatever channel is needed. That means it may send sensations through your heart or belly or even your feet. Maybe it will come into your asshole and send all other kinds of thoughts to you."

The ladies all started to laugh and fell backwards and grabbed onto their butts for protection.

I continued. "Okay, now let's not think about feeling better than with men. Let's not say I can never feel safe with a man. Let's not say it doesn't matter if I do this or not. Don't repeat I have no sensations when I touch myself there. Just focus on the new relationship you have with your body and the experience you are having in loving yourself. Over time the ecstasy will increase, I promise."

We began. At first it was very quiet in our dimly-lit room. Each woman was lying on her back. Eventually moans started to rise in the room. I couldn't tell who was the loudest because the sounds mixed in with the music. It was very arousing to hear. We were nude, and I was watching chest movements raise breasts up and down like a roller coaster. My sexual intoxication level rose as well. I noticed the other ladies casually looking at each other because of the same arousal sensations. Each of us rose into our own state of rapture. Our toes began to touch the toes of other bodies, sending little electric currents into all. While we knew this was occurring, no one moved away. We simply assisted each other in pleasure. This eventually culminated in a group orgasm. Once one started shouting with spasms of relief, all the others, including myself, flowed into ecstasy.

There was a nice, calming sensation that lingered in the air. We felt safe, free and peaceful. Each person shared her experience and everyone reported enjoying the slight body touches of the other members.

Paulette said, "It was like I wasn't going through this alone. I felt that the touches meant that you were letting me know you understood my struggles. I just want to say thank you." She began to cry. All the women went to her and held her. Through her tears she continued, saying, "I want to make love to my husband. I think I can try again now." Everyone supported her thoughts and words with touches and agreement.

Toward the end of the night, we did the sacred erotic dance to bring down our goddess energy. Moving the energy around the body through dancing is very powerful and very healing. We ended with our now-famous pussy chant, and slept.

The next morning we woke up early, but not too early. We stretched and meditated for a while. Then each woman shared her dreams and how she felt about herself.

“I always felt good about my body and my sexual appetite,” Monica said, “but I never considered masturbation as *something for me*. I always figured it was for men, and I was just lucky to like it. I slept better last night than I ever have. Until now, I didn’t even know I *wasn’t* sleeping well.”

We moved to a nurturing exercise. One at a time, each person lies on the floor in a fetal position. The other ladies rock her gently. By receiving this loving energy, one is able to release all blocks from the body-mind consciousness. Tears flowed once again. Gina was able to visualize herself forgiving the man that raped her. She was able to ask her pussy for forgiveness and feel her body forgiving her as well.

“I can’t believe that my pussy has a voice! I never considered that part of myself in my healing,” she said.

After more chanting, we went to have our breakfast.

In the late morning, we discussed the penis and how a man’s penis makes us feel. We discussed the power we give the penis and how to connect to our *own* penis. Each woman has a male vibration, the same way a man has a female vibration. I asked everyone to close their eyes. “Feel the energy in and around your clit. Now, feel this energy extending out from the tip of your clit. Feel how far it goes, and see it going into someone you’re making love to. Great! That’s it! *That’s your psychic penis.*” I stood and pulled out a strap-on dildo. I put it on. Then I put on some funky music and danced with the penis. Whoa! Each woman danced with the strap-on to *own* her psychic penis.

“It’s not so wild to think that I have a penis, too!” shouted Samantha. “No wonder there is so much penis envy. We know we have one. We just couldn’t see it!”

The dancing continued. Paulette shouted, “My husband better watch out now!” We laughed and enjoyed our dancing and newfound penises some more.

I spoke. “We each have a pussy vibration. *What is your pussy vibration?* First think of what color your pussy is. Then, imagine the energy associated with that color. Now see that color all over you extending from your vagina. Notice how it feels moving all around your body. Now, stay with that and get used to your vibration.” Each woman went into a trance. Paulette even began touching herself again.

“Now ladies, you know how close men are to their penises. They even name them. So let’s name our pussy. Based on your vibration, think of a name for your pussy. When you are ready, tell us your color and your name.”

Paulette: “Pink is my color. My pussy’s name is Precious.”

Gina: “Green, and Greta is my pussy-name.”

Samantha: “Honey is my color, and my pussy’s name is Honey Well.”

Monica: “My color is indigo, and my pussy’s name is Mystical Misty.”

Each lady signed and witnessed a “Pussy Power Award” certificate for every other pussy-empowered woman in the group. It was wonderful!

We chanted...*pussy...pussy...pussy...pussy...pussy...pussy...pussy!*

In that particular workshop, as in most others, each woman was unique, with her own very special way of bringing pussy balance to herself and to the group.

Living the Vision of the Erotic Spirit

The Masturbation Spirit

Masturbation is a natural act of oneness created by yourself and your sexual energy.

Masturbation should not be used strictly because you have no genital contact with another person. It's the act of loving yourself: knowing your body and how to please your-self. That is the vibration you can share with another – a positive energy from which each can draw to bless the other. There are moments when I may fantasize and choose to masturbate to enhance the fantasy; yet, this is in no way the only way I can masturbate. Natural masturbation does not require thoughts of other people and fantasies. It only requires giving your attention to your-self.

Your own spirit of masturbation can steal energy or give sexual energy to others. I once had a person come for help because he only wanted people to watch him masturbate. He could never give himself this way; he only wanted to take someone else's excitement to achieve orgasm. This became a real problem for him because he wanted to do it anywhere, in front of anyone. Anyone who would allow him to masturbate in front of them was fine with him. If by some chance he met a woman he liked and who liked him, he wasn't able to have intercourse with her. His spirit of masturbation was an unhealthy one, because there was no balance of exchange. He could not give sexually. He was a sexual energy thief through his masturbation spirit, and sexually he was dying.

In counseling with me, he was able to share his history. I helped him learn to meditate without masturbating first. Then I taught him a masturbation meditation that I had developed for myself over time (*following*). We incorporated the calmness of sexual spirit he gained from this into a process of learning to love himself without fear of losing his identity. He was eventually able to choose to make love when he was ready to make love, and masturbate with a healthier sexual energy. Although he made promises that were hard for him to keep, he never stopped coming to his sessions. He gave himself a chance to grow. *He understood that he was simply out of balance and that he didn't have to feel ashamed.*

We are taught to feel ashamed of masturbation. That shame keeps our personal and physical relationship with ourselves from growing properly. If we were able to masturbate without guilt, more women would have intimate awareness of their pussies – their look, smell, feel and taste. Masturbation without guilt and shame would have supported the care and feeding of our vaginas; we wouldn't need to suffer so much pain. Or maybe a young man with a physical or psychological pathology would have learned how to maintain an erection, or ejaculate, gaining real strength and joy in learning what his penis was able to feel and do. *What a treasure we can be to ourselves.*

Masturbation Meditation

I start some of my mornings with what I call a *masturbation meditation*. This is one of the active meditations that fill me with natural energy for the day. First, I wash my face, brush my teeth and move my bowels. You know, cleanliness is next to Goddess-ness! Depending on how well I've slept, I may even stretch my body a little before I begin.

I lay on my back in my bed and say my prayer of protection. I breathe in deeply through my nose, and out completely through my mouth. I breathe about ten deep breaths. This awakens me from my dream state and connects me to my body. I then begin to touch myself gently all over. I caress my face, chest and belly, and then I move down to my thighs. One of my most favorite places to touch myself is my chest. I love to lightly stroke across my chest from my left to right shoulder. This sensation sends warm tingling vibrations throughout my body. It's very comforting to me, and not just arousing. This soft touching time really connects me to the natural rhythm of my breathing body. I noticed after doing my masturbation meditation for some time that my natural breathing rhythm was an even count of four breaths in and out. The more aroused I became the shorter the breaths. When I want my sexual vibration to rise up my body and not just remain localized in my genitals or in the surrounding areas, I simply move my hands to the part of my body I want the sensations to go, while I maintain my natural rhythmic breathing. I ride this wave all through my body. When I'm ready to build, I begin the shorter breaths, which are more teasing, but that's part of the fun. As I press onward, I begin to use the chakra colors to assist the rise and strengthening of my aura.

Our chakra colors are the colors of our spectrum and chakra is a Sanskrit word for “wheel.” These wheels are located within our energy fields and in our bodies. We feel them as the vibrations and sensations in our gut or the frog in our throat or any number of other feelings from the groin area to the top of the head. We have many tiny nerve endings and chakras. The main seven chakras spin in a clockwise position on the front and back of the body. These wheels help us develop our emotional foundation, which are the front of the body chakras, and our will centers, which are on the backside of our bodies. The colors of the chakras are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. Each color has a particular function, which also serves us spiritually and physically.

Being connected to our body/mind gives us the power to recreate ourselves at will. *You are an indestructible spiritual being—your body knows it and shows it.* I visualize the colors one at a time and then move my energy up and begin using my p.c. muscle, located between my anus and genitals. This is the muscle you would use if you wanted to stop the flow of urine. It’s very effective in traveling the chakra energy through the body and assimilating the energy as well. I squeeze and release my p.c. muscle five times and then on the fifth squeeze I hold the muscle for five seconds. As I grow stronger in the meditation, I place my tongue on the roof of my mouth to connect to my crown chakra. I choose to have an orgasm or not. If I choose not to have an orgasm, my sexual energy and the vaginal or clitoral orgasm will be stronger the next time. If I choose to let myself

reach rapture, I offer my orgasm to the Goddess, as an acknowledgement of my body being a holy temple and my sexual energy being my life force.

My morning masturbation meditations are very important to me. It is a time for connecting and knowing myself, and for giving to myself in a way that no one else can. I touch myself all over. I enter myself and love my smell. I thank God/Goddess for every single fiber in my body. I can never forget how important I am. When I'm loving myself in this way, I am reminded of how important we all are and how much love we all require. *I require love and to be loved in return.*

The Fantasy Spirit

This is one of my Goddess Fantasies:

I am trembling with intense pleasure as his tongue continues to plunge in and out of me, knowing when to stroke up my vagina lips and circle my clit, sucking me with his juicy mouth. I love oral sex and my man knows exactly how to speak to my pussy. My whole body quivers and I begin to speak in spiritual tongues. This freedom of expression lifts our sexual play to a powerful and holy level. The pleasures of my body open the gates of heaven. He cups my ass with his sweaty palms and holds me securely, letting me know he is in unison with every shift that occurs. We are riding the wave together. We are truly one!

Fantasy is illusion created out of our dreams. Some fantasies can come true, yet they are mostly for our personal enjoyment. Dreams are desires we hope to achieve one day. Dreams require faith as an ingredient to manifestation. However, fantasy plays another role in our mind and body. The types of fantasies we have as adults are mostly sexual ones. You know, those kinky, dirty little thoughts we have that we would never share with anyone except maybe just that one special person. I believe that fantasy is healthy for the mind and body. Fantasies keep our mind curious and active, keeping us creative sexually. We might not have discovered the G-spot without a little sexual curiosity. However, just like the rest of the pleasures we have, the gift of fantasy can turn into addiction for some and violence for others. The balance between the mind and the body's reactions to fantasy is dependent on whether or not one has had a healthy sexual upbringing.

While a surrogate, I worked with a man who'd become so hooked on fantasy that no woman could satisfy him physically. It began with him looking at nudie magazines as

a young boy. He, of course, hid them, only to have his mother humiliate him in front of other people after she discovered them. This led to shame, fear of trusting women and a need for even more sexual release to cover the shame and obvious guilt. This led to watching porn movies and finally experiences with women. Of course, the women were never like the women he saw in the movies and the experiences did not release him from the judgment of his mother. He attempted to rescue himself by getting deeper into porn and fantasy materials. Then, he found he wasn't able to ejaculate inside of a woman. He couldn't orgasm even if he masturbated in front of her unless the woman performed some act close to a porn scene. He found it increasingly harder to convince women to cooperate with him in this. Soon he was paying women to role-play. That brought more excitement to him at first. Then he hit the wall that all addicts hit. He could no longer get the same high.

He had lots of "talk" therapy for a time before he could begin to see me. In our sessions, we continued the talking, but in an environment that was more relaxing and romantic. Slowly, he was able to get to the cause of his mental programming and realize that he had done nothing wrong. He had to learn to forgive his mother. We were eventually able to move along to more body contact and to complete recovery. He went through more addictive relationships for a time thereafter, until I taught him how to share love with him-self in order to be more loving with others. He was afraid of what he felt his mother thought of him, and this reinforced his tendency toward addiction.

As children our fantasies are mostly of superheroes and super-heroines. Mine was Jeannie from "I Dream of Jeannie." My daughter and son wanted to be Power Rangers.

We grow from childhood fantasies to adult ones, yet they are meant to help us grow and learn about ourselves. With fantasies, we can have experiences within the body, guided by our creative thoughts. We can go anywhere we want to in our mind. The ongoing discomfort in our society about our sexual growth continues to invade our personal playground space: our creative and sexual minds. Our societal double standards regarding sex sow confusion and fragmentation in the fertile soil of our mind. But we can achieve a balance between fantasy and reality, between sexual need and want. Not needing a fantasy to achieve an orgasm is the sign of balance. To be able to have no thoughts while being sexual, whether during intercourse or masturbation, is what is called *being in the moment*. Being in the sexual moment without illusion and knowing the magic you have with another is what we hope for. The fantasy spirit is an unstable spirit. It's a spirit so sensitive to our needs that we can sometimes be lured into entertaining a thought that does not serve us. It can give us a false sense of attainment, only to cause us to need the fantasy to feel fulfilled again. Our world has survived with illusion and programming for so long, so why change the flow now? We choose to change the flow because the suffering is too great. The veils have fallen to show the reality of our situation.

My suggestion to many is to cut back on sexual fantasy. I advise focusing on the chakra colors to silence the din of intruding thoughts. Eventually, sexual fantasizing will flow freely and benevolently. In a sexual fantasy without dependence, we can enjoy the gifts of our own creation.

The Sensuous Spirit

The Sensuous Mystic is a consciousness I possess because of my belief that we are created by a power that is both feminine and masculine. I believe that we are created through our sexual energy and physical passions. I also acknowledge that although we have been led astray from our sexual rights and responsibilities, we still need sex in some form or fashion. The fact that we are created by each other implies that we thrive in various ways through and with each other. How is it then that we continue to support separation of any kind? The right to express who we are fully and the right to worship should be treated with respect by others. If we lived our lives with a sensuous consciousness, we would see the Goddess in all things.

The body is the temple of the Holy Spirit.

The Holy Spirit is the Goddess Energy.

The vortex of our love is the dance of our Goddess.

She is the source of ecstatic utterance.

Our groans and our utterances are too deep for words.

Our moans and cries are of Eros' fire.

I can no longer stomach an idea of separation within my body consciousness. This includes my sexual preference, as well as every other choice I make in this life. By my own common sense it was made clear to me that we must reconstruct the way things are. Sensuality is as essential to us as leavening is to bread. We rise to the occasion of life

with a divine love that permeates our world. The sweet nectar of life awaits those who can reach up into the tree and eat!

The development of this consciousness did not come easily for me, even though I knew it was necessary for my future happiness. I grappled with old programming that felt like truth, simply because it had been part of me for so long. That old way of being no longer served me and I needed to become responsible and stop acting like a victim.

I have met so many individuals suffering from the disease called *loyalty to the clan*. They feel guilty for thinking differently. Even though those thoughts made them happy, it caused problems at the same time. Change in someone always comes as a shock to other people around them. My own personal life change came as a shock to me, so you can guess what came up for those closest to me. It's funny that we always want something exciting and adventurous, but we all start yelling and screaming when the rocks come tumbling down!

I have done some acts of dare-devilry just to show myself that I am courageous. I claim the body that my upbringing and society once tried to take away. I stand naked for the world to see that it's okay to be me! *It's okay to be you!*

The Universalist Spirit

I have discovered to release judgment and expectations. When I am one with everything, everything has a different vibration. Food tastes better when I allow my body to respond—my whole body, not just my eyes, brain or stomach. I remember gravy trickling down my throat like a lover's kiss on my back. I shivered as if in orgasm. A cool glass of wine can do the same. Listening to music in my house, my car and especially in a club has the same effect. I shout with excitement at the connection I have with what I choose to create. This is the same for sadness, suspense and all emotional states we humans experience. *I*, meaning my thoughts, respond with my interpretation of what's happening and how I relate to it, and then my body processes the information throughout my entire being.

Thank your body for being with you all these years! Your body is your holy temple. Allow yourself to bless it.

Several things I have discovered through my own experience as a sexual/spiritual healer are important to understand. *The discovery of your body and its vibrational message is very important.* That means figuring out how you feel about yourself and how you treat yourself based on those thoughts. I don't mean what you try to make others believe about who you are! In questioning myself why certain things have happened to me, I discovered that the body maintains the essence of experience. It houses the thoughts we're attached to, and uses this consciousness to create new situations and opportunities

from which we evolve. Let's say you were told not to place your hands on a stove when the heat was turned on. Your curiosity got the better of you and you touched the burner anyway. You would then anchor the thought of a burned hand and would remember this experience vividly. You'd never forget to stay away from the stove when it was on. Eventually, your thoughts integrate in the body so much that you develop a subconscious vibration. You would sense the warning within the body, without a visual reminder, every time you were cooking or by a stove.

What I have learned on a spiritual level is that I am as powerful as the life force that created me. My body holds this understanding and truth. I access this information by connecting to my body differently than the way I was raised. In church I was taught to believe that my creator was a force outside of my body watching me and making judgments based on my actions. God would then decide what to do to me because of them. This was a very frightening perspective to hold. It left me responsible for my first actions, rather than my most recent ones. The old type of thinking left confusion and patterns of disconnection from my-self. It supported the notion that if I wanted to discover more about myself and life here on earth, I would be directed to do only what I was told. If I didn't, I would be punished by God. Then, if something negative did occur in my life, it confirmed that "God" had punished me. My next step would be to make that relationship whole again by being obedient.

What I realized was that this mode of thinking was not complete. I discovered an unnecessary coarseness of thought, action and manifestation. I needed to develop the connection of flexibility in my body-mind and actions and not maintain a slavery consciousness. We are here to evolve through acts of power called **LOVE!**

Truly loving my-self started with developing a personal relationship with my body consciousness. I began talking to myself in a way very similar to how I was taught to pray. The first time I shifted my consciousness to talk to myself, I realized I was speaking to my *higher self*, as people say. I was just being still. First, by calming down with deep breaths, then by simply scanning my mind to see what was truly bothering me. After bringing out the real problem, I would allow myself to feel love for myself. I would do this by repeating an affirmation to reinforce my love and personal power. Then I visualized the situation changing for the better in a way that I thought would help. This process helped me to pray to “God/Goddess” with more belief. What I noticed was that our relationship with our “God” was a personal one. It evolved much like the way our personal relationships evolve with others and ourselves. This led me to realize how my body responded when I communicated with it as a living force.

*Hold onto the consciousness of oneness in all things.
This is the avenue of ascension.
I am a Universalist and I am making love with my life!*

I could no longer stay in a “victim-place”. I could no longer stay angry, asking questions concerning why I was raped, abused or misused. Only I could answer these questions. Why was I the one to be left behind and not loved? Why did “God” not love me? What did I do? I came to understand that my anger shifted from my family to God, then to my friends. I found myself in an endless circle of self-imposed restrictions that were useless for my personal growth. There is a point in one’s life where, regardless of the traumas we have experienced, we must survive and thrive. You and no one else can

shift this vibration. It is done through your body consciousness, focusing more directly on your sexual center. Usually, when I have a negative experience relating to sex or spirit or anything else, it feels like a punch in my gut. I hurt for a long time, and the people that I work with in sexual and spiritual healing hurt, too. We are here to evolve through the way we love on the physical and spiritual levels. *Make love not war* has been a mantra for generations, but the egos holding power don't want power based on a love vibration. They want power that controls others.

Ultimately, every person must develop their own way of communicating with their body. Tantra is the word for uniting *sex* and *spirit*. The *sex* part is the power we have within our body. The *spirit* is the consciousness we have of our relationship to our body. The way of action through tantra is the Goddess way of believing that your body is a holy temple and your sexual energy is your life force. We are born out of the sexual region of the body. So we need to lift our consciousness of our sexual selves from the profane, physical and primal to the sacred, most holy place. In that understanding, I have removed the thoughts of underachievement, unworthiness, sinfulness and separation.

If nothing else is understood with all that I share here, we must understand that our body is largely responsible for the sensations we experience. Your interpretation of your sensations determines your response in thought, word and deed. Most importantly, it is vital that we all begin to use what we are to raise ourselves to where we know we ought to be.

My personal process to integrate the Goddess has not been easy. However, it has been fulfilling. I am by my divine birthright *spiritually* whole and *sexually* perfect. I continually create my birthright of prosperity right here on earth.

I'd like to share with you a personal story of release. In my tantric training, I learned that when a woman had a hard time having an orgasm, or needed pain in order to have an orgasm, she was dealing with rage. This threw me. At that point in my life I had intense orgasms, but not without requiring a lot of pain. In order for me to come, my boyfriend had to pinch my nipples so hard that they often bled. He became concerned about this. I would have scabs around my nipples all the time. Once I understood what it was about, I sought to get to the core of the rage. I knew I was angry, but never considered it to be the same as rage. As I became more aware of myself, I noticed how I would react when I became angry. If I dropped a plate on the floor, I would pick it up and throw it across the room and break it. If I was fighting with my boyfriend on the telephone, I would slam the phone down onto the table, breaking the phone. I once even broke the table the phone was on. I needed help, and that awareness brought on more outbursts.

Once you get a link to a problem or a point of origin and you do nothing about it, the acting out can get even stronger because of the association it now has for you. You're better off staying ignorant if you truly have no intention of healing yourself. Ignorance is bliss for a reason. It helps you remain a victim and not take responsibility for your actions. That was not going to happen to me. I had to take responsibility for my awareness. I began hypnosis and bodywork. I recalled memories and worked through them. I used my body as a holy temple to really support my process through positive body affirmations, masturbation exercises and learning positive ways to release anger. Soon I had a new relationship with my "pussy." The roughness I needed to orgasm was replaced by light, gentle loving touches. I am capable of multiple orgasms, and I orgasm not only

in intercourse. I vibrate to food, drink and different encounters that have nothing to do with genital sexual play. I am alive in a way I didn't even aim for. I am thankful for my acceptance by those who worked with me and those who loved me through it all.

The Power Is Yours! Your Body Is the Vehicle!

It has all been given to you! Your divine gift of prosperity is manifested through your sexual/spiritual self. Through love!

We have suffered shame and guilt for two millennia, believing that sex is a sin and that it should never be considered spiritual or sacred. But what is the traditional honeymoon, if not a ritual? There are countless rituals to suggest that the act of sex is powerful and very much needed, just never openly shared as divine.

I'm here to speak for the Goddess. I will speak for those of you who know better but aren't sure how to say or "pray" it.

In the Holy Bible, the Song of Solomon states in Chapter 8, Verse 6: "Love is as powerful as death; passion is as strong as death itself."

Sexual energy is the strongest drive within us. This is the energy that fuels everything else we (God/Goddess) choose to do (create). The *body* stands as a *temple*. You must come back into your body for balance. Have you ever heard people say, "You're so spiritual, you're no earthly good?" We have lived our lives separating the two most important parts of ourselves for too long.

You have been lied to. We must unite Sex and Spirit. Stop the vicious cycle of endless lifetimes of suffering. Search to know your *self*. Stand up and take back your body and your power, and bring God/Goddess together again. This is a radical move for harmony and peace. It is needed because of the severe damage we have done in ignorance. We have defiled our bodies by rape, incest, physical abuse and denial. Every time we love another sexually and do not honor the God/Goddess within others and ourselves we lose out. Look at yourself in the mirror. How do you feel? What is your body showing you?

Let the word *fucking* have a better meaning: passionate/divine sexual inter-union. Watch your life change for the better. I've done it. My body is my best friend. It knows it and shows it. Help your body to show your truth too. I can, and do, wield my divine God/Goddess power for prosperity. Love yourself so much. Break the curse! Break free and lift yourself up spiritually. Know that this is *truth*. I stand as an example of how you can transcend. I share my soul and my body for spiritual understanding for all.

I love for the spirituality of others. Thanks to the powers that be—to God/Goddess, All That Is!

Goddess Blessings

Reverend Goddess Charmaine

I am the first and the last.

I am the honored one and the scorned one.

I am the whore, and the holy one.

I am the wife and the virgin.

I am the mother and the daughter...

*I am she whose wedding is great,
and I have not taken a husband...*

I am the utterance of my name.

I am knowledge, and ignorance.

Gnostic poem.

Letters of Thanks

Reverend Charmaine,

I just wanted to write you a letter to explain what a difference your counseling and ministry has made in my life. I refer back to what I learned from you to keep my life in order. To recap the story, I came to New York in 1997 after graduating from college. I was looking forward to everything that New York had to offer and I thought I was ready for the fast track. I was wrong. From my first days living in New York, I was deeply affected by all of the negativity around me, the homelessness and the mean-spiritedness. There was simply too much stimulus to take in. Too many people, too many options. My mood was too easily swayed by everything around me. I couldn't calm down and enjoy anything, because I couldn't shut out all of the people and events long enough to enjoy. I was shut out from my true beauty by all of the things around me. Finally, I came across your ad and "Reiki" caught my eye. My grandmother had been encouraging me to study Reiki, as she had been initiated in Reiki. Although I read "Reiki", my spirit also longed to be content. My spirit longed to connect on a non-physical and non-tangible level. Thank God I was led to your spiritual counseling.

You taught me to calm my senses, and not allow anything to disrupt my aura. You taught me to stop judging myself and to become my best friend. You taught me to become independently content. Every time I went to see you, I left feeling renewed, inspired and most of all—content. I could overlook people's mean-spiritedness because I

could trust that the spirit of truth would guide me, despite any deceptiveness by those around me.

At times, I do feel down and confused, but I know that what you taught me to do for myself will keep me strong. I hope to see you soon, and I want to thank you one hundred times! Thank you! I hope the best for you always.

Sincerely, S.D.

Reverend Charmaine,

Unbelievable—un fricking believable—un fricking, fricking believable!!!!

Yesterday I had my first one-hour session.

Today as I came to work and was approaching my desk, I suddenly became aware that I was given a face. Now that may sound strange, but I felt that I had a face on for the first time in my life. (Of course I am not speaking about my physical face). It was a weird but great feeling. I was suddenly smiling; I felt warm and loving. I felt like pushing my face forward. So many emotions bubbled up. However, I was puzzled, and for hours I could not concentrate on my work. I still cannot (hence I am typing this). I kept wondering why a face? Why was I literally fitted with a face? I could understand if that had happened to my head or my sexual organs, but no, this was definitely only my face. For the past few hours I have been very puzzled. Then three hours later...BAM...suddenly it hit me...and I started to cry. Here's the reason:

When I was growing up, my mother would occasionally say to me, "Who would believe that you could end up with such a nose? When you were born, I used to cover your face when I was taking you on the street because you had absolutely no nose. One day when you were a baby, a woman pulled the cloth off of your face and said to me 'Why are you covering her face, she will be a pretty child when she grows up.'"

End of my mother's story. I do not know if that incident ended her covering my face or if she continued. However, what I do know is that I always hated anyone looking at my face. I vividly remember in my teens, sitting with a newspaper in front of my face as my boyfriend visited my house. I told him, "You do not have to look at me, I could talk

to you from behind the paper.” Seems crazy now, but I never connected any of this bizarre behavior with what my mother told me. I would not even go into the hundreds of hours spent throughout the years from one dermatologist to another without success for face problems.

Now I understand why I was given a face, and I am **extremely thankful**.

Reverend Charmaine, I am recording this so that if you ever decide to write a book on what you do, and your experiences as a therapist, I am giving you permission to quote this story if you choose.

Thanks.

YM 2001

Dear Goddess,

Without you I don't know what my life would be like. You've opened up my world and helped me to see all that I can be and have. How lucky am I to have had your guidance and love.

Dear Goddess,

This takes great courage and insight. This takes vision, self-love and wisdom. This takes clarity, focus and determination. You have all these great traits and in the era of the Divine Virgin (Aquarius) it's wonderful to see the reawakening of the Mother force, especially in women of color. Your work is so important...there is no way I can elaborate on it. Keep living your TRUTH. You are an inspiration.

Peace

Dear Reverend Charmaine,

You are the brightest example of how an individual can completely recycle, cleanse, and beautify the precious life God/Goddess has provided all of us, regardless of gender. I know personally she had helped me find the path of peace and serenity and for that I am truly in her debt.

Thank you.

Dear Reverend,

I was reborn in Spokane to the truths that you bring us in your ministry. To understand our sexuality in this new way is a step in bringing us all the peace the world seeks. Learning to let go can be difficult, so Reverend Charmaine, I thank you for being here to guide us all to this beautiful way of being.

Many Blessings

Dear Rev. Charmaine,

First, thank you for our sessions. The first was very energizing. Last night's session had a more introspective effect on me. I came home and began to look at my relationships, not only with women, but with everyone in my life that had been a source of difficulty. Then I used the forgiveness prayer/meditation you gave me, and plan to use it twice a day for awhile, until I feel that I have truly finished with the past. So far, I continue to feel lighter, less burdened and much more spiritually focused. I am getting more in touch with the fact that we are really spirits on this earthly plane and when I stay in touch with this idea, things in my normal everyday world seem to go effortlessly.

Thank you.

Blessings

Prayer to Raise Goddess Consciousness

Blessings from The Goddess

To all on the path of self-discovery, responsibility and enlightenment:

May you at this time hold dear all that you are and take this moment to bless your body, your work and your Life.

May you continue to grow in your divine birthright of prosperity, and receive the goodness in all areas of your life.

May all those you come in contact with realize and manifest the power of Love that is within us all, and learn to use the world as a mirror to see and reflect this beauty back to us.

With all this...may YOU, most precious, positive and sensuous one, know that all that is written here is true. For it is you, dear reader, that recognizes The Goddess consciousness and will continue to evolve into your truest state. Through your acts of cleanliness, beauty and positive sexual union you create the life of Holiness here on Earth! The Power is yours! Your courage is the way.

May the Blessings of all Powerful Great Goddess be with us all.

Goddess Blessings.

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Reverend Goddess Charmaine
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