



Blue Overtone Storm

I WAS INTRODUCED to the Natural Time calendars 28 years ago, by my mother. I was reintroduced to them 13 years ago, by my daughter. The 15-year gap in between does not surprise me at all and serves as reassurance if you read this book and decide a reclaimed system of tracking time is not for you: it may circle back to you later.

I was 15 when my mom first unfolded her *Dreamspell*, a 'kit' that was actually a board game for adults who wished learn the intricacies of a contemporary version of the Mayan calendars. It was like a cross between *Dungeons & Dragons* – in its intense indecipherability – and *Pokemon* – because the modernized Mayan glyphs looked like Japanese trading cards. The *Dreamspell* kit was graphically very simple, with black text set sparsely on white pages; its primary color scheme was reminiscent of a preschool paint tray.

But I was not in preschool. I was pubescent, and adolescent, and I was into studying and sports, a good Reagan-80's achiever. For many of us with radical or hippie parents, teenage rebellion meant being 'straight,' playing the adult regulator of their free spirited expressions. Conversely, I was negotiating a mother-daughter relationship where I was repeatedly admonished, 'Mommy knows best.' It was sort of a joke, and sort of the power structure. I had followed and cut her lead a hundred times before my 15th year, and by the time she trotted out her *Dreamspell* as the newest and best thing, I was done listening to her advice or instruction.

I do recall clearly that first encounter with the *Dreamspell* because the kit in itself is so memorable: a neat white box with clean black

and spare squares of color; contained within are game boards with the same stark simplicity, a 'galactic compass,' and a how-to guide with a glossary listing terms like 'planetary art spore,' 'timeship earth,' 'syn-tropy' and 'human holon.' It is both credible, complexly diagrammed like a software installation manual; and incredible, something dropped off by a UFO. My mother kept her *Dreamspell* spread out over half the kitchen table, so that I spaced out on it between bites of cereal or algebra problems. It held a slight attraction, but I had an ego to build and knew better than to buy into another of my mother's weird discoveries. She did manage to tell me enough times for it to register in my consciousness that I was something called a *Blue Overtone Storm*.

Time passed. I continued through high school as a taxed over-achiever and passed through an Ivy League university surfing the edge of a nervous breakdown. As though by sleight of hand, I graduated, and found myself suddenly aligned with my radical, permissive upbringing. Going to the East Coast had given me something deeper to rebel against than my own parents, and I was desperate to purge four years of colonialism and blue-blazer formality. I wanted the golden hillsides and crashing waves of California, and was so starved for counterculture that the first year of my return I did all the things my mother had ever advised for me as a teenager, that I had then refused: I trained aikido, studied the Tarot, received psychic readings and massage therapy, meditated with Zen Buddhists, entered sweat lodges and walked on fire, and swam naked in the sea. I thought my mother would be pleased, yet I felt the ache of disappointment when she pulled out her *Dreamspell* dial to assess my boyfriends' 'Mayan birthdays.' She always had yet one more modality dangling like a carrot for me to comply with. I swung back to resistance and ignored her.

Children are loyal to their parents. I had my first daughter at the age my mother had me, and was divorced after the same seven-year time span of my parents' marriage. My younger daughter was nine months old when her father left, 260 days on the dot after her birth, which this book will teach you is a distinct, powerful synchronicity. I could barely manage the new task of holding her in one arm while doing all the housekeeping duties with the other. I did have freedom, though, as a single, solitary parent, to reevaluate our 'family values.' At that time,

the eve of the millennia change, born-again Christianity was just hitting stride in the mainstream, and in reaction I began to wonder what our household's spiritual plan – religion – might be.

I looked at my daughters: Luna, who spent her time making pictures of our family with both parents still included, and Evangeline, breastfeeding during the height of my grief and obviously ingesting maximal pain. 'It's going to have to be something really powerful,' I decided, 'to heal this mess.'

My mother came to stay a few days, and as on all her other visits, she trotted out her *Dreamspell*. In what seemed to have become her shtick, she would get out her hokey 'decoder' and do all this mathematical computing and spit out a three-word 'galactic signature' for someone's birth date. It was still so weird to me, embarrassing in public. However, the trauma of divorce (especially when you used to blame your own parents' divorce for every ensuing drama of your life) is a humbling, heart-opening experience, and I watched as Luna, age five, sat by my mother's side and played with the game pieces, asking to hear more about the Mayans.

'You are a *Blue Overtone Hand*. Your mom is a *Blue Overtone Storm*. Your mom is guided by *Blue Hand*, so you are your mom's exact guide.'

'Mommy!' Luna called. 'I'm in charge!'

After my mother went home, as I lay in my big bed with both daughters, I asked Luna, 'What's a good religion for our family?'

'The Mayan calendar,' she said.

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THAT METAPHOR FOR listening to our children is solidified in our family by the circumstance of my daughter's birth on the day that guides me. Luna probably has some regrets – now I am the one decoding galactic signatures at her school events – but I have none. Formerly prone to nervous breakdowns, or gigantic mood swings, I am now caught in a rhythm with the sun and moon cycles beyond but intrinsic to the human condition. I am still quite tidal, and indeed on some days polarized to black-and-white jaunts of perception; I can feel stuck and



imprisoned, but then I feel liberated. The cyclical nature of the Natural Time calendars still lets (or makes) me feel everything, all faces and phases of life. But the great teaching is that it *is* cyclical, the movement of living: it is circular and spiraling, and I would say with awareness that is no longer a downward or upward spiral, but one deeper into my heart center.

This book is written with large and under-expressed gratitude to my mother, Elizabeth Whitney, self-titled ‘time bandit’ and born a *Blue Solar Eagle*. It has been almost impossible for decades of daily life for the two of us to make the mother-daughter heart song plainly spoken. I am aware that through our living the harmonics of the Natural Time calendar in tandem, we have created a sacred duet that spans beyond the time lost to our familial dysfunction.

I turn to my daughters, Luna and Evangeline (*Yellow Self-Existing Seed*) Enriquez, with great ardor and devotion. They have been my copilots in this astral journey beyond the limited scope of the 12-month year and into the zingy, startling synchronicity of Natural Time. I am so thankful for their support of their mother’s zany passion in the writing of this book, and of all the misadventures that preceded it.

Lastly, I wish to honor Jose Arguelles, whom I never met face-to-face but who surely is my mentor in this exploration of Natural Time. He was the creator of the *Dreamspell* and masterfully bridged the ancient Mayan oracles with our postmodern technological age. He is the godfather of this teaching, and his intuitive power in his lifetime was breathtaking, as it has demonstrated how the energy of the Mayan civilization can live and grow in us today. Maybe following this calendar anew is a key for the global transformation we are persistently wishing for. As I have discovered, personal transformation is assured.

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White Rhythmic Wizard Year