



# Help is on the Way

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*Tutu* is seated on the stand. The attorney for the plaintiffs, Mr. Robertino, asks with a kind voice:

“What is your full name, please?”

*Tutu* answers with ease, “Sarah Kalama.”

He continues asking easy questions as he softens his prey to get her off balance, to make her feel comfortable and then come in for the kill.

“So Ms. Kalama, is it true that you talk with animals and dead people?”

“Well, in a way...,” *Tutu* started to say.

He cuts her off coldly and abruptly.

“Yes or no?”

She looks at the judge. Pono objects. “Your Honor, this kind of questioning is not relevant to the case.”

Mr. Robertino says in a softer voice, “Your Honor, I am merely trying to establish who this woman is and if she has any mental confusion.”

“Your Honor,” Pono says again, “this...”

The judge cuts him off and says, “This is a delicate matter and since we have no real proof to establish the claim that the land belongs to Ms. Kalama, Mr. Robertino must establish some personal foundation to go by. You may continue, Mr. Robertino.”

With a sharp voice he says again, "So what is it, yes or no? Do you talk to animals and dead people, Ms. Kalama?"

"Yes, I do!"

A silence fell over the courtroom and everyone held their breath as if they were waiting for permission to breathe again.

"How do you do that, Ms. Kalama?" he asked sarcastically, and then, before she could answer he added, "You see...I have not had the privilege of cultivating that gift."

She started to answer him with a smile, but before she could say anything he jumped in again and said, "Ms. Kalama, you may think this is funny, but I assure you when I am finished with you, you will..."

"Your Honor," Pono's voice objected, "the prosecuting attorney is badgering the witness."

The judge turns toward Robertino and says, "Mr. Robertino, please restrain yourself. I do not tolerate such badgering of any witness in my courtroom. Need I remind you that the law states that one is innocent until proven guilty? Is this clear?"

"I am sorry, Your Honor," Robertino says with a touch of regret in his voice. "I did not realize I was badgering the witness," he says innocently.

Robertino takes a second to compose himself and continues, "Ms. Kalama, you are asking us to believe you, someone who claims to have extraordinary gifts, and yet you have not a single shred of evidence to back up your claim that the land belongs to you. Can you prove your rights to the land *and* that you are communicating with ghosts? Can you?"

When she just looked at him and did not say anything further he said in an annoyed tone, "I do not think so." Quickly, his voice became kind again. "Ms. Kalama, no one here doubts that you mean well or that you have a kind heart or that you are well liked in the community. Nevertheless, to be frank with you, I only have to go to the closest nursing home and I will find a bunch of older people with those very same qualities. It is time for you to admit that you are old, with a feeble mind, and that you are imagining these things."

"Your Honor," Pono exclaimed, "he is..." Robertino cut him short and said indifferently, "I withdraw what I said about the feeble

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mind.” Robertino turns towards *Tutu* again and says, “Ms. Kalama, isn’t it true that you have told many of your friends of a conversation that you had with the supposed spirit of the land? What is the land telling you? That it belongs to you and that you are the rightful owner? I think you have imagined all of this, and simply do not want to move away from this place. This is completely understandable,” he continues in a softer voice, “at the same time, you are stopping these fine folks from better job opportunities and a better way of life,” he says as he turns around to point toward the people in the room.

Returning to his cold voice he says, “I think you are being selfish and do not realize what you are doing...and you belong in a...”

“Your Honor, I must object!” Pono now says indignant.

“I have no further questions.”

The judge turns towards the court reporter and orders: “Strike Mr. Robertino’s last statement from the record,” then he looks at the prosecuting attorney and says, “Mr. Robertino, will you please approach the bench.”

The courtroom was buzzing with voices and a span of feelings and emotions could be felt in the atmosphere. Somehow, in some of the people, Mr. Robertino was able to create doubt about *Tutu*’s sanity, and with this he had established the outcome he was looking for, to create a mild chaos among the people. In this state, any group of people could easily be led astray and manipulated. Fear and anger were great tools he mused; and a warning from the judge would not change that. Robertino was pleased with himself, and he knew his employer would be satisfied. He walked up to the judge as confident as ever.

*Tutu* is asked to step down and as she does so, she faints slowly onto the floor. Her long time friend, Dr. Ohana leans over her and before other people come around, he can hear her whisper, “I am stalling for time.” “What do you mean?” Ohana asks.

“Help is on the way.”

*Tutu*’s family and the fire chief are standing around *Tutu* saying to each other, “What is going on here?” *Lokahi* can be heard saying, “I am going to kill that bastard,” and he starts walking toward Robertino. Ohana stops him and says, “*Lokahi*, have faith and calm down. Think of *Tutu*.”



Someone is heard saying, “The ambulance is on its way,” and Dr. Ohana relays *Tutu*’s message to *Lokahi*, “Help is on the way...”



# Lokahi

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*Lokahi* is tossing and turning in his sleep. Suddenly, in his dream, he is awakened by the smell of smoke and the pain associated with it, that same feeling he has had for months now. He is in his mother's house. "Wake up, Mother!" he shouts as he swiftly makes his way towards the bedroom. "Please, wake up Mother," he says breaking down and crying in anger, as she lies in bed, not responding. With tears rolling down his face and a cracking voice, he yells in desperation, "I have to save you this time. Please, wake up!"

Suddenly there is stillness. *Lokahi*'s mother is sitting up in bed looking directly at him.

"*Lokahi*, my child, there is no fire anymore."

"Yes there is, I can feel the heat and smell the smoke from it...and last time I could not save you...but this time I must!" he says in a panic.

"My dear son, you were not supposed to save me from my own destiny. Only I can do that. I am only representing another part of you and this is what you are trying to save. Do you understand, my child?"

"I do not know. I only know I must save you," he says, his head swaying left to right, sobbing.

"*Lokahi*, by your noble deed, you are creating your own test. It is not necessary for you to do that anymore. I have tried to reach you in your dream state to tell you that you do not have to hold on anymore, you must go on with your life."

“What are you saying?” *Lokahi* looks bewildered. “Mother, I am missing you so much and I do not know if I am ready to let you go.”

“*Lokahi*, you must listen to me very carefully now,” she says lovingly, yet sternly. “You say you love me, now you must show your love by letting me go so that I may continue my journey. And only by cutting the emotional cord between us can that take place. This is much the same as the umbilical cord attached to a mother and her baby at birth. In this case, however, you are the doctor and must do this,” she says almost pleading. “*Lokahi*, I cannot do this. This is part of the lesson before you as a physical being: to let go of the attachments to the physical.”

“But Mother, I am scared. If I do this, then I will never see you again,” he says, reverting to a childlike tone.

“*Lokahi*, when you do this, you will experience me in ways you cannot do now.”

Suddenly her face lit up with a divine light. “I will be there for you and guide you on your journey. Besides, by doing this you are helping other people to understand that true love, and the expression of it, can only be done by allowing the other person to feel free to create their own lessons, and by that grow and expand. This is what you must do now. Share this information and remember I will always be found in your feelings about me. In your heart, I am always whispering to you. *Lokahi*, it is time for me to go.”

*Lokahi* sees her fading away and he tries to hold on to her. Then, he wakes up realizing that he has been squeezing his arm very hard. He looks around, still in a sleepy state, and soon he falls back to sleep and murmurs to himself, “It was all so real.” His body feels heavy and he sees his mother’s face again as if in a mist. He sees her smiling at him and can hear her voice saying, “*Lokahi*, there is no death. I am more alive now than I ever was before. Life is truly a continuous adventure and by no means does it end. It goes on forever more.”

*Lokahi* responds by saying, “Mother, I love you and I will let you go and I...” before he finishes he falls into a deep sleep.

When he wakes up the next morning, he still feels the emotions from last night. He gets out of bed and stretches his body to feel awake, but before doing this, he looks out of the window to see if the house is

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still there. Of course it is, and he feels somewhat stupid that he doubted this. He shakes his head in disbelief and as he does so, his long hair falls onto his face, and he grabs a rubber band from the desk and ties it into a ponytail.

He sits down on his bed and tries to clear his mind. Thinking to himself, *Lokahi, it is only a dream. Pull yourself together. After all, dead people do not come and talk to you.* He decides to forget about it. Then he looks down at his arm.

*Where did these come from,* he wonders? On his arm he could see some red marks as if someone had squeezed his arm. With a jolt, he recalls what had happened.

“Oh my god, it was real, I did talk to her.” He could feel his eyes filling with tears again. “Oh Mother, how could I ever not believe in you? I have not forgotten my promise to you.”

In the window he sees a little bird sitting there looking at him and suddenly it starts singing in a very high pitched tune. Then, as quickly as it appeared, it was gone.

*Lokahi* thinks, “I have never seen that bird before.” He goes into the bathroom and splashes cold water on his face. He looks at himself in the mirror, his eyes are still filled with tears and he feels a knot in his stomach as he remembers more clearly his dream.

“I will remember what you told me, I promise. This is my own sacred oath to your life, and your journey.”

He looks down at the tiny gold chain around his neck with the inscription “L” on a little gold heart. He touches it. It always makes him feel special knowing it is there around his neck. Every time he sees it, it reminds him of the happy times when he had lived with his mother.

“Mother,” he says to himself, “if there is no death, why then are we so scared of dying? If it is all a wonderful adventure as you said, how come I do not remember all of this? And what is the difference between my so-called waking state and dream state? Is there really any difference? Maybe they are both real and unreal at the same time...”

*Lokahi* was not used to this type of thinking, but somehow in the midst of feeling these emotions—of letting go of his mother—he started to experience a much broader part of himself. He saw before him a new path that he felt was now being lit up by a new and bold awareness.

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“Thank you, Mother,” he said, “I know you have something to do with this.” Suddenly he did not feel so alone anymore. He even felt a release and lightness embrace him, and he realized that for so long he had made up excuses to be the victim. That had kept him from truly feeling alive and honoring and loving himself.

He takes in a deep breath conscious that he is filling himself with this awareness. He knows deep within his soul that he is now embarking on a very different journey and that his destiny, whatever that might be, is still somehow calling him.

He leaves the bathroom feeling the lightest he has ever before. At the same time, he understands that with this deeper understanding comes more responsibility, and that he still has so much to learn and become aware of. But for right now, he is filled with gratitude.

He passes through the hallway on his way outside, and all of these beautiful memories look back at him in the shape of pictures and photographs. He stops briefly in front of his mother’s picture feeling a warm glow in his heart. Then, his attention is pulled towards a picture of himself surrounded by four other people. He looks at them and silently remembers their names: *Akahai*, *Olu’olu*, *Ha’aha’a*, and *Ahonui*. *Ha’aha’a*, of course, he sees all the time, but the other three he has not seen for many years and wonders what they are up to. The picture is of them all standing on the beach, with *Akahai* holding onto a surfboard. The picture is a little faded because it was taken many years ago. Even so, *Lokahi* can see their young and innocent faces. *Lokahi* goes within and with his eyes still looking at all of them, reflects: *It would be so nice to see you all again.*



# Tutu

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*Mahala ka pua, ua wehe kaiao.*

*The blossoms are opening,  
for dawn is breaking.*

*Lokahi* decided to look for *Tutu* and ask her about it. He finds her out on the porch, sitting on her rocking chair. She looks up as she hears him coming.

“Ah, *Lokahi*, good morning. Is this not a day filled with *Aloha*?” she says as she smiles up at him.

*Lokahi* always had the feeling that *Tutu* knew things before they even happened. He never could quite figure out what she was up to. In many ways, she reminded him of a fairy godmother that created miracles all the time for people, or was at least able to know what they wanted. He looked at her with so much love. He had deep respect for his *Tutu*. Her face and hands are what fascinated him the most about her. Her eyes were always as clear as a pool of water, and they seemed to have an endless depth to them, as if one could fall into them and keep falling.

The wisdom and compassion they expressed was, most of the time, beyond *Lokahi*'s understanding. But this morning was different. He felt like maybe he could see her for the first time.

The way *Tutu* used her hands reminded him of a beautiful dance. Yes, they were a little rugged from hard work, but that only seemed to add to their beautiful and creative expression. He knew that her hands had held many precious things. Many newborn babies had been held by her strong arms and had been touched by the sheer magic of them. *Lokahi* knew, even though she never mentioned it, that many times she had by her touch alone helped people to recover from different ailments. She never talked about it, so *Lokahi*, who respected her unspoken wish, never mentioned it either.

Many times throughout the years, he had asked himself: Who is she, this angel I call *Tutu*?" Why, he did not know, but for some reason *Lokahi* felt that when he was looking at her this morning, some of the mystery around her would in time be revealed to him. Somehow he just knew it was going to happen.

"*Lokahi*," *Tutu* said, "You look very contemplative. What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, I was thinking how much I love you."

She pulled down her glasses and shot him a curious look as to say: Is that so?

"To answer your question from before," *Lokahi* said, "it is a wonderful morning and I have great news to share with you."

He sat down and *Tutu* leaned back in her chair and started rocking back and forth until he finished telling her about his dream and what had happened. After he finished, there were a few seconds of silence as she kept rocking and then finally said, "So, *Lokahi*, tomorrow is Saturday and we have to prepare for the community day."

*Lokahi* felt a little taken back. He was expecting his *Tutu* to congratulate him for his new found wisdom and instead she started talking about something totally different. He got up and started to pace around. From feeling really good, he now felt that old anger surfacing, not towards *Tutu* because he knew she was always encouraging him to be more than he ever knew he could be, and because he loved her so much, he trusted her.

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She stops rocking and says, “*Lokahi*, what is the matter? Why are you pacing around like a peacock? Did you not tell me you had let go? So why then are you upset that I speak about tomorrow?”

She looked at him straight in the eyes and *Lokahi* stopped pacing. Suddenly, it was clear and he sat down on the ground. He felt a little foolish that *Tutu* had to show him what his mother meant by letting go.

“*Lokahi*, I will not always be here for you, and you will be sought by others that will need your insight and understanding. That is why I sometimes test you, because you have a very special destiny to fulfill and as your mother said, you must take responsibility for that. No one else can do that. Not until you were ready to embrace this, could you really hear what your mother was trying to convey to you in those dreams. At the same time, you must recognize that you are the one that created them so you could listen to the part of yourself that your mother represents. You are very tender right now and your heart is opening up in a different way. You are becoming more and more vulnerable.”

She stopped and looked at him with so much tenderness.

“I would not have challenged you before and I am doing this because you are now ready to let go. I am very proud of you, *Lokahi*. The true nightmare has not been your dreams.

*Your dreams have been a crystal clear mirror reflecting back to you that your life, including everybody else's, is truly a nightmare until we wake up from the sleep of ignorance that has us living life as if it had no deeper meaning. It is an ignorance that believes that we are all separated from each other and that to gain fame and success it is okay to hurt others in the process, not aware that we are doing that to ourselves.*

That, *Lokahi*, is the true nightmare. Now you can wake up because you have now realized that you have been sleeping.”

*Lokahi* did not know what to say and *Tutu* continued.

“*Lokahi*, you do not need to say anything. Everything is happening the way it is supposed to,” and with laughter in her voice she added, “A wise man said, whatever is going to happen has already

happened. And when we remember to laugh at ourselves a little more we are allowing wonders to be real in our lives again.”

All that *Lokahi* could think of saying was: *Tutu*, can you tell me more about my brothers and sisters?

*Tutu* looks at him with inquisitively. “What brings them into mind?” she says with the same voice as her look.

“Oh,” *Lokahi* said, “nothing, really. I happened to stop in front of a picture we had taken many years ago and I realized I had not seen them for so long. Honestly, I had not been thinking much about it, until this morning.”

He looks back up at her. “Of course!” he said relieved, “For some reason I had to go through this initiation in order to even have these feelings about them. Oh, *Tutu*, it is scary to see that in life we can miss so much of the beauty because we are caught up in our own drama and story.”

*Tutu* only looks at him with sincerity.

“So, does that mean that they are going through their own test as well? If so, maybe a reunion will come to pass.”

He looks at *Tutu* to see if she is going to say something, but she only looks back at him letting him know with her eyes she is listening.

“I see now what my mother was saying about destiny,” *Lokahi* continues, and to himself he says:

*Lokahi, your destiny is now being carved out at this very moment by your thoughts and feelings.*

“Mahalo,” he says out loud. “*Tutu*, this is all really wild and a lot of insights for one morning, thank you for being there for me.” It sinks in for *Lokahi* what *Tutu* had said about not being there for him forever. This was her way of reminding him that nothing, not even the valley with its beauty and protection could last, and that every moment he had in *Tutu*’s presence was all there really was. This was true about his entire life. There was nothing to hold on to. Only to respect and honor whatever it was moment to moment...

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*Tutu* stands up and says, “So *Lokahi*, we have much work to do before tomorrow. It is good and healthy to do work after many new insights.”

*Lokahi* stands up as well and gives *Tutu* a big hug.

“Be careful, *Lokahi*, these bones of mine are not that flexible anymore, and you do not know your own strength.”

He lets her go and she looks at him, “Come on, *Lokahi*, there is work to be done.

*Just as the new born seeds that have now been planted will need time to ripen and bear fruit that everyone one day will be able to enjoy and partake of, in the same way you have to nourish and take care of your new insights with the same tender care. Even though time does not exist as a linear concept, still insights need time to ripen. If a fruit is picked before its time, its taste is sour. In the same way, if you are trying to force understanding to show itself, it will have the same result as the unripe fruit. Everything in life should be allowed to ripen at its own natural pace and nothing can be rushed. Otherwise, the result will always be opposite indeed. Trust in what you have received and even though at times you may find yourself being stuck in the old ways, always remember that being stuck is part of the ripening process. Little by little you will learn to let go. Just because you have been shown a part of the destination and the goal does not mean you must not walk the path. You are indeed blessed, Lokahi, because you have been granted the gift of insight. To cultivate this use patience and humor.”*

*Lokahi* hugged her again.

“Okay, *Lokahi*, enough of all this, our goal right now is tomorrow and the community day event.” *Tutu* went inside to tend to matters and *Lokahi* went out to the field to do some work.

This day was truly a day of *Aloha* in all its aspects.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Aros Crystos, aka Eros Christos, has been on the spiritual path most of his life. His vision is to help people rediscover their true nature as divine multi-dimensional beings. A prolific writer, designer and energetic healer, he uses his beautiful voice to generate sacred sounds and DNA activations to higher consciousness for the many people who've sought out his entirely unique and powerful vibrational energetic gift. His fascinating interviews and articles can be found on television, radio and in print.

His first novel, Time Is Promised To No One, published in 2005, shares beautiful esoteric teachings through the life of Charles Andrews. Aros CD, "Adventures in Consciousness" is a transformational message from the cosmos and powerful medicine for the awakened consciousness entering the next paradigm.

His first spiritual teacher was Elisabeth Haich in Zurich, well known for her classic book "Initiation." Through her mentoring he was led to understand his true mission. Aros was guided to leave Europe behind and come to the United States. He renounced his old life, trading high society in Europe for the longing to live in the experience of the truth all the time. This led him to his meditation teacher and mentor, Baba Muktananda, and Baba's successor Gurumayi.

For the next twenty years, Aros immersed himself in the study of sacred scriptures. He learned the most valuable lesson: that all religions and paths ultimately lead to the recognition that all is one divine

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consciousness and that the kingdom of heaven can truly be found within every one of us.

All of this prepared him for his important connection with the dolphins. Aros began receiving communications from the realm of the dolphins, leading him to spend years interacting with dolphins and whales in the open ocean in Hawai'i. At the same time, his galactic family began communicating with him again as when he was a child. Through these interactions, his multi-dimensional soul began to receive messages that were profound, beautiful and transformative.

His ability to activate DNA to galactic vibrations coming through his vocal chords, and his work as a life coach and spiritual guide are sought after by people of all walks of life. At the present time, Aros is committed to sharing his knowledge to prepare people to achieve right understanding of who they are in the next paradigm shift.

*'WHERE THERE IS TRUE LOVE,  
SHAPES AND FORMS DISAPPEAR  
AND LEFT IS ONLY OUR SMILE'*

*Aros Crystos  
Message from the Dolphins*