

COMMON SENTIENCE



# PORTALS

*Energetic Doorways to Mystical  
Experiences Between Worlds*

**FREDDY SILVA**

JULIE SUEN • ANNWYN • MARGUERITE HAFEMAN • KERRY LYONS  
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**FREDDY SILVA**



**SACRED STORIES**  
PUBLISHING

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Freddy Silva

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A stone archway or portal structure, possibly made of rough-hewn stones and wooden beams, stands in a misty, atmospheric setting. The structure is composed of several large, irregular stones and wooden posts. The background is a soft, hazy grey with a subtle texture of dust or mist particles, creating a sense of depth and mystery. The overall tone is monochromatic and ethereal.

# PART ONE

## *Understanding Portals*

Excerpt - For Enjoyment Only

*Once contact with the transcendent is lost,  
existence in the world ceases to be possible.*

— MIRCEA ELIADE



# A PORTAL DEFINED



It began innocently enough, as most magic does.

Over three decades ago. Eight o'clock at night.

Light drizzle falling, coating the ground like a gossamer of pearl. Typical weather on any given day in this corner of the planet.

The neophyte was instructed to find a stone, sit, be still, and connect with the spirit of place. He thought it an odd request. *How do I connect with a spirit of place? Do I pray? I thought religion had nothing to do with this type of work.*

Among the circle of upright megaliths, one appeared to be beckoning him. *Aren't stones supposed to be hard and lifeless objects? Am I imagining things?* But he did as instructed, sat on the damp grass, his back pressed to the cold bluestone. And closed his eyes.

The visions rushed in. A tall figure presented itself, humanlike but not quite human, luminous yet paradoxically physical. Two large, wing-like appendages wrapped around his back. With one arm extended, he handed the neophyte a sword sheathed in bluish flames. Some kind of non-verbal communication was exchanged, precisely what it meant was not immediately clear.

A sane mortal would have had the common sense to walk away by now, but the experience felt peaceful, even loving. He took a breath and immersed himself in this new, yet uncertain experience.

There's nothing like entering uncharted territory to shape one's character.

Then came a voice from above, quietly spoken. *In your own time, make your way over to the hut for a cup of tea.* One of the night watchmen had walked across the stone circle to remind the neophyte that private time had reached its conclusion. Time to depart. Or return, depending on one's point of view. *What? Has it been two hours? I couldn't have closed my eyes for more than a few minutes. What just happened?*

The neophyte stood up, groggy and uncertain, as though walking on shifting sand, and wandered over to the teacher. "So, how was it for you?" she said.

The neophyte calmly described his experience in vivid detail. It was unlike a dream or vision or hallucination, it seemed more like a meeting between two interpenetrating worlds where, for a few minutes—or two hours—two separate entities standing on opposite continents separated by time and space met on common ground.

No, none of this was chemically induced, he hadn't taken drugs.

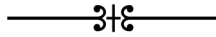
The teacher was aghast. *You received a flaming sword on your first visit here? Oh dear. You've got your work cut out for you, young man.*

Indeed, from that moment forward, life would cease to be anything but dull. His sense of awareness expanded to accommodate a parallel reality, awakening a nascent memory that would gradually shape his life, his work, his spiritual outlook, even his perception of the universe as it is, rather than how it is perceived. All of this and more would reveal itself at his pace of development.

*Has it really been three decades?*

I know it has, I remember it as vividly as this morning because that neophyte was myself, and the account was my first conscious interaction with a portal—Stonehenge, no less.

If I am to write about portals, I do so from personal experience, and because I had no idea what they were or that they even existed. Or for that matter, that anything written from this point forward was even possible. I wouldn't change a single word or swap any experience for a wad of cash, because it has led me to where I am today: a teacher.



The word *portal* is thrown around today as casually as a cushion. Social media in particular is awash with posts by people believing they entered a portal just because sunlight caused a lens flare on the camera of their smartphone. Or they felt an unnerving presence while viewing a property. Or a tourist map marked the location of local portals that a fleet of Jeeps gladly took you to once you forked over a generous sum of money. It's not that straightforward. There are parameters that define a portal and how it shapes the experience of the individual with whom it interacts, while the experience itself is defined by what the individual is searching for, consciously or otherwise.

There are places on the land where the laws of physics, as we understand them, behave very differently. To those with their antennae extended, they feel like hotspots where the veil between worlds is thinner and the perception of overlapping realities is both apparent and immediate.

How is this possible? The human body is really nothing more than a conglomerate of atoms bound together by the laws of electricity, magnetism, and gravity. Not a very romantic image, I agree, yet it is the essence of what we are: a product of millions of pulsing and whirling pools of energy bound to each other, giving the illusion of one distinct organism. It is calculated that

if all the air were expelled from a body, the entire mass of what constitutes it would occupy no more than a teaspoon.

A portal is governed by the same natural forces, invisible to the naked eye yet utterly real in its own level of reality—much like a radio station yet to be discovered further down the dial. A simple analogy is to compare a portal to a plank of wood. Sliding your hand along the fine, orderly grain, every so often it is interrupted by a knot where the living wood has grown around an obstruction. If it were visible to the naked eye, that's what a portal on the landscape would look like: an interruption, a vortex swirling in the smooth current of a river.

When a person's spatial awareness is duly engaged and mindful of its surroundings, these miniature universes become tangible and apparent. The more one interacts with this energy, the more it becomes visible in the mind's eye. And as one acclimates to this new reality, the experience gradually becomes second nature, an extension of the self, like learning to drive a car. Eventually, engaging with multiple places of power extends the body's electrical circuitry to the point where you become capable of observing energy with the naked eye. I've met people who can see the energy in color; one friend, an accomplished sound healer, can even hear the sound a portal generates.

Since the portal is an entry point of energy emanating from other realities, it becomes a stage for every player that ever existed, exists, or has yet to exist to cohabit a shared environment, be it for an instant or a lifetime.

Ancient traditions have much to say on the matter. They describe portals as resident places of the spirits, what scholars misinterpret as gods, although they're not far off the mark, since the traditional understanding of a god is a force of nature, the energy field or *soul* encompassing and inhabiting a drop of water, a blade of grass, a rock, an animal, or a person. To our predecessors and today's living shamans, portals assist the enlightenment of the individual by providing a more direct conduit to an astral reference library, or the means

to communicate with other entities, be they alive or long since dissolved. And when used as places of power, portals are capable of storing information and directing it to where it needs to be applied.

Succinctly expressed, a portal is a supernatural opening in space and time connecting thoughts, dreams, and potentially objects and people with myriad points in the universe, even multiple levels of reality.

A portal is a contact station with the miraculous, an island of stability amid a landscape of chance.

Portals vary in size from the obscenely large (the Great Pyramid of Giza), to the very compact, such as the one in my apartment, which is three feet in diameter, and any dog entering the room will naturally gravitate toward it as though working a room to connect with a like-minded accomplice.

And despite their special locations throughout the landscape, portals are not as rare as one might think, nor are they always to be found among bucolic scenery or in the holiest room of an ancient temple. When I first moved to Portland, Maine, I went on a walkabout in this compact city to find its most active portals, to help myself acclimate with the spirit of place. I was able to locate five hotspots, all of them in parks, lawns, or places that had yet to succumb to development—an astonishing feat, given the speed of urbanization—except the one inside my apartment. My building appears to have been erected on an ancient Abenaki sacred site, and it attracts all kinds of spiritual people; a fifth site is partially visible amid the bay of islands at extreme low tide, thanks to an ocean on the rise. Together, they form a distinct shape, a mirror of the constellation Delphinus as it appeared above New England around 3000 B.C.

The city is now casually referred to as Portal-land.

So where are these portals? How do we find them? How did our predecessors work with them? How do they relate to ancient temples, sacred sites, and other places of power?



*Part One*

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What practical benefit can they offer in this modern, disconnected century?

That's what this adventure is all about.

END OF PART ONE

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# PART TWO

*Energetic Doorways to Mystical  
Experiences Between Worlds*

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*The experience of two worlds makes you present in both  
but bound to neither.*

— FREDDY SILVA

## STEPPING INTO THE FIRE

*M*y face is frozen with the chill of daybreak. Biting gusts of wind snatch strands of hair from beneath my woolly hat, whipping my eyes awake. I wonder why I'm not snug in my bed. Huffing through my knitted gloves, warming my hands before shoving them back in my pockets, I nod at the stone giants of Kura Tawhiti that tower over me. They are wearing hats of snow.

The silvery light shivering between the enormous stones brings some cheer. Like long, bony fingers of the ancient gods who once dwelt here, these first uncertain rays reach into crevices and crannies to discover who has appeared among them on this wintry solstice day.

"I would kill for a coffee," I mutter to those in earshot.

Our matronly facilitator hears our muffled giggles. "No talking please," she scolds, making us want to laugh louder.

Snow crunches and sighs under our boots as we slowly wend our way through the labyrinth of soaring stones, guided by torchlight. I'm relieved that our gathering point is sheltered as I find my place among twelve companions shuffling into a circle around the altar, their faces flamingo pink with cold. This is not like a church altar, but an oblong-shaped slab of limestone that rests on

the ground. Two women light tall candles inside glass lanterns, placing them alongside several crystals. Another arranges a garland of flowers and ferns, and another light cones of incense. I am a relative newbie, but I take it all in.

It's 2010, ten years since my teen son died; a completion for Tim but a beginning for me, for it was the departure of his physical form that opened the door to the non-physical world. Until then, I would have visited Castle Hill, as it's also known, to clamber over the curiously shaped rocks or throw a rope and hook into a fissure to scamper up for a glorious view of the Southern Alps. But over time, my inner work through the journey of grief has changed all that. Tim is now one of my guides.

Many in our group speak about rare vibrational frequencies and energies experienced here, which some New Zealanders consider to be their country's "heart chakra." I discreetly ask the woman next to me if it's true the Dalai Lama made a pilgrimage here. She nods, not wanting to be glared at by our stern leader. But at an opportune moment, she whispers, "He described Kura Tawhiti as a great spiritual center of the universe. He even called it his second home."

I gaze over at the women and men who can see nature spirits, angelics, and orbs of light, wishing I could do the same. Although I communicate telepathically with my beloved son, I am not gifted with special sight. I sometimes feel insecure and less spiritually developed because of this and have become obsessed with seeing beyond the veil into the world of spirit. My expectations are high at Kura Tawhiti.

Our facilitator reins in my wistful thoughts by invoking the *kaitiaki*, the guardians and keepers of wisdom at this sacred site. Her high, reedy voice is thinned by the cold and barely audible, yet there is no doubt of her sincerity.

"We come in peace, in the spirit of oneness, seeking permission to commune with the ancient ones, the Stone People. We have come to connect with the wisdom of these unseen teachers and are grateful for this opportunity."



Standing ankle-deep in snow, my poor feet painfully cold, it's hard to focus on ancient gods. Remembering I'm in a stone library holding rare knowledge, I push thoughts of chilblains aside and concentrate, marveling how this library is not accessed with a bar code but through an open heart and mind.

One of the women chants an incantation to help us forget our discomfort and enter the portals of our hearts. At first, I'm distracted, but I gradually move away from my physical state into a higher level of consciousness. The energies are palpable; I feel them as pressure on my chest and slowness of breath. I peer through my eyelashes for a moment to watch curling tendrils of mist spiraling in front of my face. I breathe deeper. Slower. Silence roars in my ears like a rush of wind.

Then all is peaceful—but not for long.

I'm vaguely aware that my feet are warming up. *How curious, and what a blessing*, I think.

The warmth builds, intensifying into heat. It's as though someone is stoking a furnace beneath the Earth. The soles of my feet are on fire now, and I lift one foot and then the other as though the snow will put out the blaze. I'm aware of the chafing noise that my parka is making as I hop about like silver on a smithy's forge. I open my eyes aghast to see our leader frowning at me. My feet are burnt toast. Bewildered, I take my boots off and stand in the snow in stocking feet, but this makes no difference at all. How I long for frozen toes and chilblains now!

After what seems an agonizingly long time, others begin to stretch their bodies as they return from their journeys. A talking stick is passed around the circle and each of us speaks of our experience. Some describe fantastic visions of cosmic beings shimmering in gold, while others proclaim profound insights.

Dreading my turn, I take the stick in both hands and begin by apologizing. “I’m sorry for my distracting behavior. It sounds weird, but my feet were scorching. I felt as though my feet were Sunday’s roast.”

Chortles ripple around the group. When it is calm again, to my surprise, I discover that I know what occurred. Without hesitating, I tell them, “It was Gaia sending up energies from her core. She has activated the chakras in the soles of my feet for future work. She says that in the years to come, I will travel to her sacred sites around the planet to activate portals that have cycles of activity and dormancy.”

Brushing away tears, I share the second part of her message. “She’s asking me to understand that I’m not a visual seer, but that I have other gifts. She says I see with my feelings and my body.”

I feel Tim’s presence behind me and hear him say, *Nice work, Mumsy. Another beginning.*

Making my way back to the lodge for hot drinks and breakfast, I’m brimming with excitement. A young woman falls in beside me and pushes her hood back, her dark eyes bright as she says, “I’m so glad you shared your story. I have often felt disappointed when not seeing. Today, I realized I have the same gifts as you.”

A few weeks later, an email arrives with a photograph attached. One member of our group, a professional photographer, had been shaken out of his meditation and was prompted to take a shot while the rest of us were still journeying. In this photograph, not one person is recognizable. All that can be seen in the numinous light of Kura Tawhiti suspended between night and day, is a sphere of golden lights and tall white flames.

*Annwyn*

END OF PART TWO

A stone archway or portal structure, possibly made of rough-hewn logs or stones, stands in a misty, atmospheric setting. The structure is composed of several vertical supports and a large, flat stone or log arching over them. The background is a soft, hazy grey with a subtle pattern of small white specks, suggesting a misty or ethereal environment.

# PART THREE

## *Interacting with Portals*

*Behind all seen things lies something vaster; everything is but a path,  
a portal or a window opening on something other than itself.*

— ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPERY

# HOW TO ENGAGE WITH PORTALS



When deciding to erect a church on virgin soil, early Celtic Christian monks would observe the behavior of animals, particularly cows, when they were about to give birth. When a cow in labor experiences difficulty, it breaks out of its enclosure, walks about the pasture as though searching for something, and once found, the cow moves in ever decreasing circles, crouches, and brings to the light a calf.

Animals know all there is to know when it comes to sourcing the subtle force of nature to assist them to navigate life and its speed bumps. Animals are the ultimate *source-rers*, keen practitioners of *at-one-ment*.

Assuming you do not possess the honing skills of a cow, coyote or crow—although they exist in everyone—you need guidance when interacting with portals.

I've been fortunate to have had erudite teachers along my journey, coupled with sufficient experience working with ancient sacred places to offer candid advice. Now that I (hopefully) know more than I did when I was a piece of gum attached to the sole of the sandal of a guru, I can honestly say the interaction with energetically active places has developed my *inner*



*tuition*, while my sensitivity has sharpened to the point where others may feel uncomfortable.

Looking back at events in my life, I possessed these abilities all along, there just was no one around to tell me what they were or guide me to direct them to where they could be applied. Families and friends regarded me as a square peg in the round hole of society, their discomfort disguised by avoiding my work and instead discussing the weather. Only when the right teacher appeared did my progress begin in earnest. But then, had I not been ready, consciously or otherwise, I would still be tethered to a frustrating day job and reluctantly fitting into a society far removed from the world discussed so far.

So, allow me to pour out what I know when it comes to interacting with the *spots of the fawn*.

## EXPECTATION

All the experiences and traditions mentioned throughout this work are magical, yes, but when it comes to a portal there is one caveat: approach it with the expectation of experiencing something earth shattering and it won't happen. Like driving an hour to your favorite restaurant only to discover it closed on Tuesdays, the disappointment is hard to swallow.

Expectation is the handmaid of desire.

If you expect enlightenment in a temple, a vision in a sacred place, or a paragraph of advice from a portal, you *might* get it, yes, because it will come from your need for fulfilment. It will come from your own mind. You paid a lot of money to travel to temple X or sacred mountain Y, and you expect a return on your investment. In my experience, that approach never turns out well.

When I was learning to dowse, I was astonished at how easy it was to achieve instant results. Every time. A natural born rod man. Until a real dowser suggested that most of my results were coming from my need for

validation. It wasn't a case of cheating so much as trying too hard, forcing the outcome; the rods twitched and obliged. The remedy was simple: *Let go of expectation, clear the mind, be honest with myself.* Honest enough to throw away two years of dowsing maps of sacred sites.

Pride swallowed, I spent another two years relearning everything, interacting with subtle energy to such a degree that dowsing became second nature, my body became so attuned to telluric currents that I no longer need copper rods or pendulums. Now I can *see* energy, its direction of flow, its gender, and in rare occurrences, its color.

Expectation played a key role in my first visit to Egypt as a member of Isabelle the Medium's group. The journey's goal was to develop our latent abilities by experiencing different forms of energy inherent at various sites. Every temple was designed for a different purpose, as was every pyramid. They might look the same, but subtleties in geometry and proportion infuse each one with a different quality, which in turn influences your temporal state of awareness.

The Great Pyramid is the repose of intense, masculine energy. It can be disconcerting, not everyone's cup of tea. For reasons unknown we failed to secure private access for the entire group; only six of us were allowed to enter, and then forced to share the building with members of the public, which led to another lesson: acceptance of fate (also known in general circles as *disappointment*).

Screeching children, humidity, musty odor from perspiring armpits, low and cumbersome passages—I didn't know what I'd expected but it certainly wasn't this and found my annoyance rising at the lack of respect the building deserves.

We persevered up the Grand Gallery, toward the King's Chamber and its perfectly bonded, megalithic granite blocks showcasing the ancient world's fluent ability to work the hardest stone on Earth like putty. The crowd thinned. The two women in our group felt uncomfortable and exited

the chamber, leaving the remaining four of us alone in a silent chamber, an incredible stroke of luck.

Unusual things began to happen. The cacophonous compressor in the contraption that passed for an air conditioner stopped. The lights switched off. Immersed in darkness, we agreed to assist in clearing and rejuvenating the energy of the building, which is sadly neglected from time to time. The technique involves defining a focus and using the sound of the voice to carry an envelope of energy to an intended location, making good use of the millions of particles of quartz in the stone for the intent to soak into the fabric of the building. Called *toning*, it works much in the same way one pushes a button on a computer that sends an electric signal to the circuit board which instructs a silicon chip (quartz) to execute an action.

I shifted around in the dark to find the sweet spot in the coal black chamber, about a third of the way back from the box that is mistaken for a sarcophagus. A sinuous feeling between body and building overcame me, and sounds—the likes of which I had never made before or since—came out of my throat. As the others joined in, the natural acoustics brewed our voices into an intoxicating melody.

It was at this point that my life and my perception of portals changed forever. Emanating from the granite walls, a group of tall people, all dressed in long, white gowns, encircled us. I still remember turning my head to look at them in the total darkness. There must have been thirty or so. They lowered their heads and I lowered mine in respect. It felt like a reunion with a long lost family, and I did not want them to go, my head was filled with many questions.

I don't recall how many minutes the interaction lasted, it didn't matter, we were in a conclave with magic.

No sooner had we stopped toning when the two light bulbs flickered back to life. I looked at the others, and although no words were exchanged,

I knew each of these people had also experienced something profound. The sound of an agitated Arab voice hailed from somewhere deep below. We'd probably overstayed our welcome and made haste.

In the bright desert light, we exchanged glances, it was obvious we wanted to say something, so I initiated.

“Did you see what I saw up there?”

“You mean the people, in a circle, all in white?”

You can't fake moments like this. Unless you want to and your imagination obliges. Before this life changing experience, I had no idea such an interaction was even possible. I was still learning.

We rejoined the group, who'd resorted to experiencing the Great Pyramid from the outside, using remote sensing to look within, and before any of us shared our experience, Isabelle said, “Well, that was fun, wasn't it? You went there with the right intent, honored the site, and the guardians came out of the stones.”

It would not be the first or final time I engaged with these unusual people. As my experience and confidence grew, I began to lead my own groups, with a guided meditation in the King's Chamber as the culmination of weeks experiencing different temples, and with them, the discernment of different forms of energy. Twice I've seen the Shining Ones emerge from the stones. What was amazing about the second experience was how a third of the group picked up on them, vividly, without any prompting; most were not even familiar with my own experience.

Since then, I've realized these guardians have been guiding the direction of much of my work. That's quite a relationship.

The important point here is that I did not travel to Egypt with expectation. Nothing I experienced was the result of a craving for special blessing or a validation of my spiritual needs. I went as a blank canvas and the cosmos impressed itself upon me.

END OF PART THREE

## MEET THE AUTHOR



Freddy Silva is a bestselling author, and leading researcher of ancient civilizations, restricted history, sacred sites and their interaction with consciousness. He is also the leading expert on crop circles. He has published eight books in six languages and produced fourteen documentaries.

Described by one CEO as “perhaps the best metaphysical speaker in the world right now,” he leads sell-out tours to sacred sites worldwide, and for two decades he has been an international keynote speaker, with notable appearances at the International Science and Consciousness Conference, the International Society For The Study Of Subtle Energies & Energy Medicine, and the Association for Research and Enlightenment, in addition



to appearances on Gaia TV, History Channel, BBC, and radio shows such as Earth Ancients, Fade To Black and Coast To Coast.

## OTHER PUBLISHED WORKS:

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