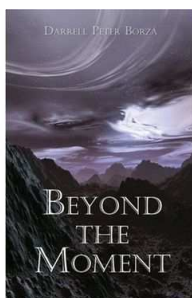


Beyond The Moment, by Darrell Borza



"Beyond The Moment", by Darrell Peter Borza – a book for people of new age, about the children of our age. Spiritual powers used in everyday's life, by abused children, to defend themselves efficiently. A new perspective on life, a powerful approach which everybody is able to apply.

"Beyond The Moment" is a book meant to empower the victims of abuse, and show them the way to gaining the force to overcome their predators and molestations. It speaks about the latent spiritual powers we all possess, which usually abused children develop at very young ages. These innate powers can be awakened in each of us, and used as new means of communication and defense.
Real life solutions for hardest life experiences.

The author has a fascinating personality and very captivating writing style. Being himself an abused child, he developed spiritual abilities since his first years of life. In his early youth, he was guided to learn spiritual arts which enhanced his mindpower. Later, he has raised, as a single parent, his 5 children, with paramount focus on keeping them safe and untouched by abusers. To do that, he furthermore strengthened and extended his spiritual abilities, now described in his first book, with great talent.

Darrell's inspired and delightful articles are published in several magazines, with great success amongst readers. They are published also in his site: "Renaissance Life Design", and partial in "Renaissance Romania" – and as well in "Words Of Enlightenment".

This is what Darrell tells us about his book and his life:

"A Manual For Now. Beyond The Moment is telling the story of a young woman and her journey from a sexually abused girl, Sarah, to a strong and very powerful force of change in the world of today.

Her power is based in her spiritual evolution and the abilities she refined during her abuse, and the use of them to stop the old world's fight to keep us in the dark ages of control and poverty. Her unstoppable force is networked across the globe with its focus on freeing children in the sex slave trades and to stopping abuse.

It is categorized as fiction, yet speaks to the heart of all those working to build a better world in the present. It walks the talk of our spiritual promises and aspirations over the last centuries, in a world that is bent on keeping us in religious and political dark ages.

A percentage of the sales of this book are donated to fighting child abuse and the child sexslave trade globally.

The point of my book is simple: we seek, research, go to workshops, spend fortunes on connecting to Source, God, Universe, when we are born with the innate talents and abilities to walk accomplished in spiritual skills and arts. Sarah takes us to this reality in the present,

not some far off date like 2012 and years of preparation. Her character and those around her live as if the transition has already taken place and the effects it has on those lives this group of people contact. Transition and change always encounter resistance and she deals with them by turning and returning their own energies back to those that it came from. It offers real time solution to issues that have plagued us all across history.

I am a father of five children and grandfather to seven – this book addresses the troubles our children grow up within, the way to keep them safe and in tune with their parents to the degree of actually communicating with them when they are not in your presence. We either move into new realities or we remain doomed to repeat the same over and over – generation to generation. I have studied this avenue of Human reality since I was a boy, and it is time to live it.”

And here are some enthusiastic comments of his readers:

“**Kathleen Tree Osorno** (Nacogdoches, TX)

I know a good author when I forget that I am reading words on a page & become entranced...very, very well done!!!!

Your writing is wonderful!.... I find my self slowing down to savor the way you play with words, your style of writing has an interesting cadence to it. You don't waste any time getting to the point of what you are talking about. Well paced! You are a natural storyteller! Very thought provoking. This is much the way I see things altho I'm sure it will challenge others. Very articulate & things are expressed well. I felt the story & writing are the vehicle to convey more than simply the words on the page. I am sure that when I go off to my dreams I will continue with these thoughts. There is much to think about here.

I pictured something along the lines of Dan Millman's work or the Celestine Prophecies. What you have written is most definitely in that league. I find your writing quite compelling...

I'll be waiting for the sequel!

Tracy Togliatti

Beyond the Moment is much more than a stunningly entertaining novel. It is a statement of things to come for those that are open to new paradigms of reality.

The characters in this book are compelling and a reader will quickly find themselves falling in love with them. You will find yourself hanging onto every twist and turn these characters go through to the very end, and just might find yourself with white knuckles as you hold the book in anticipation of what's next.

Beyond the entertainment and educational value that this book offers, it's the way I felt when I was reading it that left me wanting more. This book validates many ways of thinking and explains so much of what many are struggling with today. I feel this is a must read for older teen-agers and retirees and everyone in between.

can't wait for the movie,

By**The old painter** (Ohio)

Pictures played out in my head as I read this novel. Hollywood you've got a money maker. Subtle images combined with flashing energy. Beware oh yea fundamentalists your foundations are shaking. This novel engages the mind on several levels. The simple is complex, the complex simple. Can you handle the expanding truth. Norm

Ishen Warri I.

This book is one of the few very special books I have read. As the author said, its categorized as fiction. However, there is hints in the book about skills and gifts that some people already is aware of and sometimes is using in this time. So in some ways this book is telling about something that has already started on some levels, and it will be more and more visible with time.

I recommend to read this book very much

Sally A. Davis (Ohio)

This book feels like it has flowed out of the author's mind and heart with no hesitation. The ideas presented are new and yet old. For those on the spiritual path, it is knowledge that we know in our souls. For those unfamiliar with the energy concept, this is a good tool to learn a different way for life to evolve. This novel gets your mind and imagination working together to solve many of life's mysteries and perhaps to question life and it's meaning."

For more information please contact:

Darrell Peter Borza

Phone: 001 330- 336 5473

e-mail: zensunni7@neo.rr.com

Chapter 1 of "Beyond The Moment":

Future Now

by **Darrell Borza**

(Email: zensunni7@neo.rr.com)

I sat at the local coffee shop, sipping an extremely overpriced cup of latte' who's name had so many words I forgot them all. Before me lay a newspaper I placed there for effect alone, disguising my favorite pastime of people watching.

In these times being psychic is not a thing of uniqueness, and it puts a whole new twist into people watching, as I am not seeking to know peoples secrets but to know those that are aware I am sensing them. It is easy to ` feel ` a person as their energy passes my own, people do this unconsciously all the time. My eyes and senses kept drifting to a young woman in the corner booth just staring into her coffee cup as if reading her fortune in the grounds, she looked up and met my eyes, then turned her attention to the counter and the line of addicts that gathered here daily, like myself. Actually rarely come here, as I prefer my own coffee, but awoke early with a sense I needed to go out and be amongst the living this morning. I have been doing this long enough to follow my hunches and inspirations. My senses were on high alert, which generally meant that something or someone was going to appear in my life today for a reason.

The girl was the reason I was sensing. She appeared to be rather young to be here so early, perhaps fifteen or sixteen, yet with a face reflecting maturity far beyond the years of her body, this girl had known suffering, yet the field of energy surrounding her was reflecting colors of an enlightened person with educated wisdom of the spiritual kind. She was short with shortly cropped brown hair, green eyes and a sense of purpose for her presence in this place. She kept glancing between the counter , to me, and back to her cup. She was awaiting the arrival of someone. I used my senses to try and scan her, but she was blocking

any such intrusion, but was aware there was ` like mind ` in the room. This was proving to be intriguing and I was glad I dragged myself here, but didn't know why yet.

The stream of people went along in what appeared to be a routine for both customer and employees, with the usual and customary grunts of " good morning " and " have a nice day " monologues. I noticed the girl looking up with every new arrival and felt surges of her energy with each new arrival. It was difficult pinpointing the nature of it though, fear , anticipation, a lover perhaps. But, to be certain it was an intense thought behind its power. I returned to my coffee and pretend newspaper reading.

I was suddenly jarred out of my thoughts, I felt a darkness enter the shop, like a storm cloud amongst the light and pure ones, a tall elderly man in his sixties entered and approached the counter, he was smiling as he ordered. His length of time talking to the counter person indicated a multiple order, amidst mindless chit-chat from both. He was balding with bushy eyebrows and emanated an energy in direct contradiction to his smile and stance, this was a practiced demeanor, one that thought and controlled energy was put into to create a mask of self.

My eyes turned towards the girl, her eyes were directed at him, and had become steeled in their expression, unblinking and immovable from him. Her energy's were undulating now from head to toe, and growing darker with each wave, it was as if I were watching a tsunami building. This was her awaited destination and it was no lover and no friend she was here to meet, this was something I had never felt or witnessed in forty years of energy work and experience, I was here to witness something new.

I attempted to probe her emotion and was literally propelled back again, as if I had been thrown against the wall by a punch. My breath was stilled by its power and intensity. My eyes snapped to the object of her laser stare. I could plainly see he was feeling it, but was engrossed in his task. It was affecting him as a mosquito buzzing his space, subtle twitching and hand gestures of irritation were appearing. I was in awe that the others were not feeling any of this, but closer scrutiny revealed people were actually moving away from him unconsciously , even walking out his way to get to the counter. It was a subtle play being performed, but the dramatic conclusion was not far off in time and space. Whatever this was going on here, it was definitely " Showtime " here and now.

I moved my position to be able to see them both unencumbered, resigning myself to the role of observer, and being put in my place by a quick snap of the girls eyes to me as I moved. I actually heard her in my mind ` stay out of this ` and I replied to her ` I shall ` without a conscious formation of the thought. This was being played out in an arena of energy's I was not yet familiar in, and that I doubted many on this planet had. Yet I felt somehow privileged to be a witness to it.

I could see her energy's as clearly as I could the seat she was sitting in. A stream of white gold light was entering her crown, her body was enveloped in a white light aura, but from her root came a black energy up through her body, circling in the heart chakra, and moving up to her third eye. The darker energy's were lines like lasers through the rest, and it was shooting from her directly into the old mans heart chakra. Her eyes revealed nothing of what was transpiring nor her body, she appeared to be just a young woman sitting here staring into the nothingness we all see from time to time, lost in thought we call it.

The man was very uncomfortable now, sweating and moving in what appeared small convulsory motions, trying desperately to hide his discomfort, his practiced mode was beginning to breakdown under the stress he was feeling. Others around him were widening

the girth as when someone is having a stroke or heart attack, the sense tells us to move away for something very personal is occurring. He was looking around for a source of this discomfort, for even unto the end, we seek outside before resigning ourselves to the reality, it is within. It is always within. Then his eyes saw her, and the locking was inseparable, they were One now. The flow from her reached light speed and beyond in the connection, and on his lips was a grin that sent shivers into my being, being too large to be contained in the spine. This man was her molester of many years, the thief of her innocence and the torturer of her mind. I had to look away to calm the nausea in my stomach and the revulsion in my mind. I looked again at her, and there were seven orbs of light around her head now, with streams aligned to her crown, they were the others he had hurt, I knew this to be the truth of it. The lasers within her were becoming lighter, as the aura of the old man became a swamp of muddy, murky anguish. He could take no more, he screamed in pain as his face twisted and contorted in torturous fury, he fell to the ground clutching his chest as onlookers stood frozen to the tiles. In one last cry of eternal pain, he went silent as the blood curdling scream echoed in everyone's mind, filling the little shop like wind unable to escape. He lay dead, twisted and frozen in a horrible contortion that would awaken each bystander for weeks in their sleep.

I looked at the girl, and saw consciousness returning her reality in her eyes, she turned and looked again into her coffee, a tear forming in her eye. Her aura was pure white, calm and serene, with specks of gold and blue appearing and disappearing within its purity. She looked over at me, our eyes locked, fear knee jerked into my consciousness. Words from her mind flowed into mine " Be at peace, as I am and the old man too. "

I walked over to her and sat down, we did not speak as the rest unfolded, the police screaming up with paramedics arriving, people yelling and crying, some running away in confusion and panic. I overheard the paramedic say to the police it was an obvious stroke or heart attack, or both, accounting for the contorted position of the man and the grimace look frozen on his face. We sat there for hours in total silence until all was as it had been before this event, even the manger had calmed down from the panic he thought would ensue from someone dying in his little coffee shop.

We left the shop together and walked to a park close by, there we talked until night enveloped us and we went our separate ways. I was bound to never repeat our conversation, as it was one of newly defined personal nature. She asked me to keep our words a secret, and I gave her my oath to do so, but charged me to explain the nature and purpose of this days newly evolved ability of Human exchange. Did she murder that man? I thought so while in the coffee shop, so would the police if they saw what my eyes and senses did, but they could not. I accused her of it at the onset of our talk later. Looked like murder by controlled energy to me. Yet, I was wrong in my observation, and would soon learn why, and much more. She and others had been molested by this man , teacher for many years, under a threat of hurting their families if they ever revealed it to anyone, even to the degree of having stalked and photographed their families to ensure his access to them all. Not so uncommon in circles of twisted humans, and one a child lives in deathly fear of, it is torture over years.

She told me what I was observing and it was not revenge, nor was his death anything but his own choice within the experience, he did not have to die, but chose to. It was not an act of anger or hatred, but one of self purification and self love of herself. It was an act of self-salvation. What I was witnessing in the matrix of her energy was a large part of the charkas purpose within us, as we have always viewed them as processing centers for our incoming energies, but they also aid us in the control of energy were emit from us. Our five senses also can emit energy and sensation as well as take them in. We are designed to work both ways in all of our design. She too had awakened that morning earlier than usual and felt

compelled to visit the coffee shop which was not her custom, but she followed her intuitions, that she was very accustomed to doing, as most abused people are. For within the experiences of abuse, quantum evolutions are taking place of biology and mental abilities, and the results can be the same as that of a lifetime of spiritual practices. This girl was given many hats to wear in her young life by the powers that controlled her. In spiritual circles she was called Indigo or Crystal child, at school she was called anti-social by administrators, and freak by the students. At home she was called a lot of things, but few of them complimentary. She had taught herself to meditate, read books on spiritual practices, science books on quantum physics, and related biology's and psychotherapies. She fed her mind with a voracious appetite for knowledge, for knowledge was power, and power would free her from her prison. During abuse she was a master at out of body experience and left. But, things have changed a lot in the Universe and in evolution of the Human race. Under the noses of life's busy commerce and self-indulgent people, a new species has evolved into our midst. For centuries we have talked of this evolutionary path, often referring to it as " the Path " but never seeing that someday it would be our reality. Like the prophet so busy writing it, he fails to see it is occurring in his midst.

What occurred that day was a returning to the old man that which was his alone, she returned to him all the emotions he had left in her, imprinted onto her, and branded into her mind, the feelings of fear filled dread that were never hers to hold and to keep. In that laser beam of emotion, she was simply giving him back what he had so uncaringly left for her to deal with, leaving her as he had originally found her, her innocence unburied and pure of the sludge of his desires gone mad. For one cannot lose their innocence, just misplace it in the darkness. When all that he had caused her to feel returned to his mind, it was more than he could bare, more than he had ever taken the time to consider, and the horrible anguish was more than he could live with, so he chose not to live anymore, and in his last conscious moment he heard he was truly forgiven. Yet chose to leave, so she was a carrier of no guilt or remorse, no crime had been committed. She explained to me and to herself that this was the way of it now, and that the human race would now see the truth of justice and be guided into right action and thinking along this road of returning feelings to their proper owners. It was the way of the ones that came before her, called saints, messiahs, and divine, but now it is the way of us all. That DNA had a new code and new energy field of highly evolved codes emitting from them, they formed sacred geometry's of perfected design. Allowing what we had been witness to this morning. This is what we use to refer to in death as ` our life passing before our eyes ` seeing and feeling how we had made every person in our life feel in our interaction with them. Returning to them the product of their thoughts and emotion towards us. Yet death need not be the catalyst for this revelation any longer. This also allows us to show in very real ways appreciation of the love and the kindness we have been given and shown, the matrix sends equal and infinite love from eye to eye as in the coffee shop.

It has been four years since that day, and we have not spoken eye to eye since that day. She will be graduating college soon as a counselor to abused people, doing as she said that day she would, to teach and awaken everyone she could to this within themselves, and to connect with those awakened by their own experiences as she was. There is a " new sheriff " on planet Earth, making all the others obsolete. She asked me to write a book of all this, and this is the forerunner to it. She is out there somewhere and everywhere, and she looks like many young women and men, so be careful what you leave in the life of others, it will be returned to you, because it belongs to you.

(To contact this author, Email: zensunni7@neo.rr.com)

[All work by author is copyright protected. If you would like to use this article, please contact the author for permission.]