



These past few months have felt strange in the best way—like my life quietly rearranging itself into the shape it was always meant to take.



After more than a decade in behavioral health, I stepped away in May 2025. The funding was drying up, tensions were high, and somewhere deep inside, I knew it was time. They wanted me to stay, but my heart wasn't in it anymore. I left with grace, taking my time, closing things out carefully, making sure people were cared for. And then, just like that, it was over. I had no clear plan waiting. Only this steady sense that something new was trying to rise up.

Right before I left, though, something hit me hard. A moment that cracked me open. I'd met a little boy in a local homeless encampment—a moment so raw it stopped me cold. There was something in his eyes, some mix of hunger and hope, that I couldn't shake. It was like seeing the exact thing I'd had experienced as a child in his raw desire for belonging and safety. For a few days after, I sank into this heavy quiet, almost a kind of despair. Then, I pulled myself off the floor where I'd been laying next to the heater all weekend, and wrote a poem about him—about that meeting, that ache, that glimpse of what's still possible even in the hardest places.

That poem marked the line between the life I was leaving and the one that was about to begin. I knew then that whatever came next had to feed my soul in the same way that the old work had been feeding on it.

## FOR THE LITTLE BOY

I met you today,  
small comet of warmth in a broken place,  
your arms flung open to me, a stranger  
as if love might be hiding in anyone's pocket.

You placed your trust in my open hand,  
sticky with gummies,  
bright with hope that someone  
might choose you without being asked.

And you did not know —  
how deep you reached,  
the scar you touched — so old it became a river,  
still searching for a home.

You leaned into me, whispering  
Can I come live with you?  
and something ancient broke open —  
a tenderness too big for my body,  
a wish too fierce for my voice.

I wanted to lift you into my arms,  
wrap you in stories that end in belonging,  
buy a small forever with whatever I had,  
name you beloved and enough.

But the world is heavier than my hands,  
and the promises I carry are woven with sorrow.

So I leave you, my sweet boy,  
with this:

I saw you.  
I loved you.  
I will not forget you.

The spiral of every beautiful thing I build  
will have your name braided inside it,  
quiet, shining,  
like a prayer the stars overhear  
and hold  
until it finds you.



After I left that role, the thing that kept tugging at me wasn't work in any traditional sense. It was the private work I've been doing quietly for years—two decades, really. Dreamwork. Making art by the sea. Writing poems and reading them aloud to the water. Small rituals and bigger ceremonies on the New and Full Moons, equinoxes and eclipses – all things that no one else would call "important," but that have always helped me integrate what I was learning and make sense of change.

Dreams have always felt like messages to me. Intuition, like data—strange and wordless but honest. Long before AI entered everyone's lives, I was already working that way. And when AI finally showed up, it didn't replace what I was doing—it just joined in. Almost like another companion helping me notice what I was already trying to see.

Over the past few years, I've built my own rhythm with it. I collect what I call "insight artifacts"—dreams, photos, songs that won't leave me alone—and use AI workflows that are anchored in somatic and Jungian approaches that I've created to find patterns running through them. It doesn't pull me out of myself; if anything, it helps me stay closer to center. In April 2025 a mastodon tusk emerged from the cliffs right where I have read my poetry to the sea for years. It felt like a thunderclap of a sign that I was being heard by something bigger than myself. And, I also thought that was the edge of things.



I was wrong. I'd been part of a WhatsApp group called *Awesomism* for a while. It's an international community of parents of nonverbal autistic kids who follow Suzy Miller's work. Suzy's been doing this since the late '90s—helping families recognize and explore how communication can reach far beyond spoken language with their children. Long before the [Telepathy Tapes](#) podcast, she has shown that these children are not "problems to be fixed" but rather highly evolved beings living in a field of oneness. They are inviting humanity to let go of conditioned, third-dimensional perspectives and embrace a more coherent frequency of love.

I've known Suzy since those early days. For a time, I worked closely with some of standard operating procedures defined in [Dr. Tiller's "intention experiment,"](#) which looked at whether focused thought could actually influence physical reality. The ideas from that work stayed with me. In fact, I used what I learned there in building behavioral health consortiums in two Pacific Northwest counties over the past decade—it worked, quietly but powerfully.



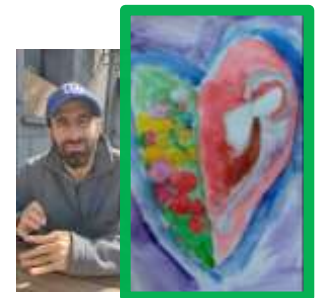
But inside the *Awesomism* group, I stayed quiet. It wasn't so much hesitation as it was because it felt right to listen first. I don't have a child with autism, and honestly, the depth of what those parents carry fills me with deep respect. Their strength is something I can only stand beside. So I stayed quiet, listening, watching —and that silence felt exactly right.

Then, on October 12<sup>th</sup> 2025, something shifted. During one of the group meetings, a mom mentioned that “Puff the Magic Dragon” kept showing up for her. Later, she admitted—almost shyly—that she thought her child had visited her in a dream where dragons appeared. The next morning, she asked him about it on his spelling board. (Learn about Autist’s and their communication styles, and [how “Spelling” is used](#); and a bit about the [challenges the Autists encounter around communication](#).)

He spelled one word: *dragon*.

Something in me hummed. Not dramatically—just a low vibration in my chest, the kind of somatic signal I've learned to listen to. I suggested a small experiment: each of us parents/caretakers/collaborators could share one image or phrase a day. Something that caught our awareness. Then we'd just notice what surfaced. I wondered if we began to collectively open a space for the autistic kids to speak with us in a “beyond verbal” way – if perhaps we would notice synchronicities and insights amongst us. My approach was really just a modified version of how I work with dreams in my own life.

That's when things started moving—fast. The kids began responding in ways their parents couldn't explain. Patterns appeared across homes and time zones. Dreams echoed drawings. A red-haired child in Virginia showed up in artwork from a child in Israel. Songs shared in the thread matched someone else's dream from the night before. It didn't feel random. It felt connected as we tracked the volley of synchronicities that flew in our direction once we started paying attention.



Something old in me stirred awake. Poems I'd written years ago started glowing again, this time with new insight, as if they'd been waiting for this moment. A few of us formed a smaller group to follow the trail more closely, letting the kids lead. Our dreams began to overlap. They pointed us toward sound and color, almost as if they were tuning us to something steady that had been here all along.

If I were to outline how events over those months led to the creation of that smaller group, I would say nothing arrived even as some revelation came all at once. It came in quiet pieces, almost shy, like it wanted me to find it slowly.



**The Stone Marker.** On October 8th—before I’d even spoken up in the international Autist group—after a very strange interaction with a horse situated in a paddock by the marsh, I went in the direction it seemed to guide me. I thought maybe it was trying to indicate a lost cat was in this stick-ery brush area behind where I was standing with him. As I did some light bushwacking into the area, I noticed a small



stone marker tucked away in the brush. It looked like a tombstone, oddly out of place, with a long empty interpretive sign beside it. I set the apples I’d been trying to feed the horse on top of it, and took a photo - because it felt significant somehow, though I didn’t know why. Years of symbolic work had taught me one thing: if something pings you, capture it. You’ll understand later.

#### DRAGON TRACKING PROJECT LINKS

[https://localwiki.org/porttownsend/The\\_Dragon](https://localwiki.org/porttownsend/The_Dragon)

<https://www.facebook.com/p/Track-the-Dragon-100066599364886/>

<https://jenniferenordstrom.com/2021/04/15/the-mythic-dragon-of-tamanowas-rock/>

<https://educatoral.com/educatoral/noqletterback.htm>

**Using the Photo Without Knowing Why.** Fast-forward to October 24th. I was finishing a paper about the patterns emerging in our group, titled *[When Resonance Finds Ground](#)*. I needed an image for the cover. Out of nowhere, that photo of the “tomb-stone” came to mind. I used it without questioning why, It just felt right.

After I sent the paper out to the Awesomism group, I asked the homeowners, whose place I was watching, if they knew anything about the tombstone-looking marker. That’s when the first thread snapped into place.

The marker wasn’t random. It was one of several *Dragon Track* markers scattered across the watershed in the early ’90s. Part of a local project called *Tracking the Dragon*, where schoolkids learned about interconnectedness—how land, water, and time all flow through one another.

I remember staring at my phone, thinking: *Why did I use that photo for a paper on resonance before I even knew what it was?*

**Seeing the Dragon.** Curiosity took over. I found the old project maps. That’s when everything tilted. The watershed I live on is shaped like a dragon. Not symbolically—literally. Head, body, tail—clear as day, curled around the peninsula.

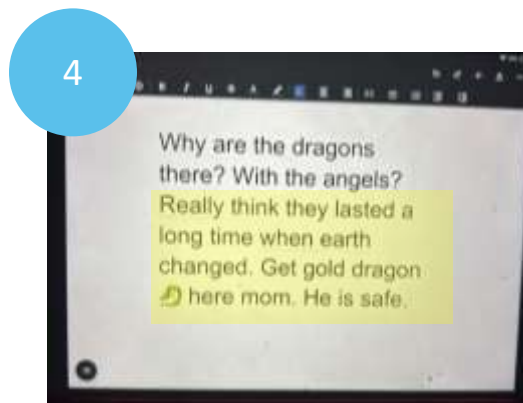
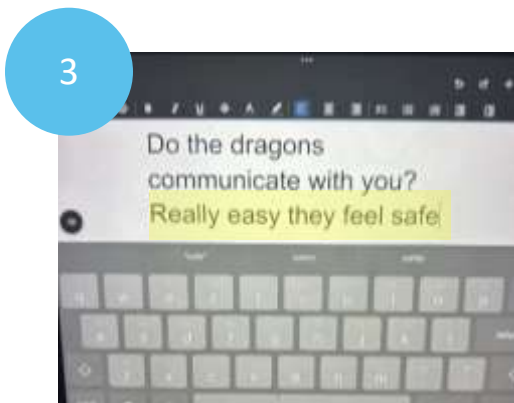
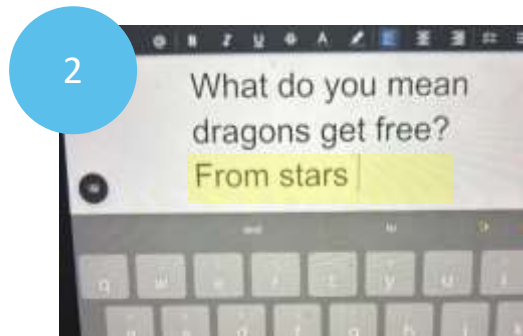
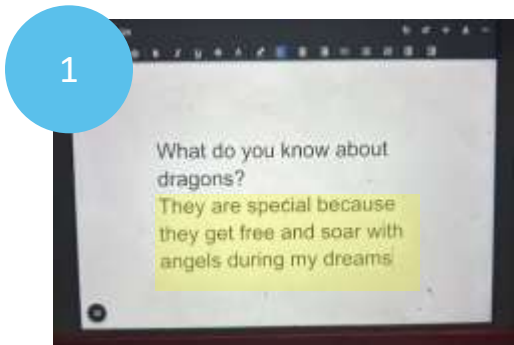


And the places where I’ve been holding ceremonies for ten years—the Marine Science Center pier (what I call the Forge), the Point Wilson Lighthouse (The Sanctuary), the cliffs where the mastodon tusk surfaced after I read a poem (The Point of Prophecy)—all sit along the line of the dragon’s head.

The land already knew. The markers were already here. I’d already used one on the cover of a paper about resonance. I’d already been walking the dragon’s face without realizing it.

It felt like stepping into a story that had been running underneath my life the entire time.

**The Golden Dragon** Around that same time, literally less than a month after I’d started connecting with people on this WhatsApp group, a child who’d been through deep trauma spelled out that they wanted their parent to “get the golden dragon because it is safe.”



That word—*safe*—hit my heart with a clang. That child’s longing wasn’t abstract – I know it’s real and daily – and part of her every heartbeat. When a child asks for safety, I listen, just like I



had when I wrote the poem, The Sorrow of Hope, back in April 2025 as I left my longstanding role. And that’s when another piece of my own life clicked.



For years, I’ve kept a 35-pound Shiva Lingam stone shaped like a dragon egg. I never really knew why—just that it belonged with me. When the kids started talking about the golden dragon, that stone suddenly made sense. It felt like a thread I’d been carrying for years without realizing what it connected to.

So I did what I always do when something wakes up inside me through the insight artifacts I gather and study -- whether they come from me -- or from the parents, caretakers, and collaborators in the Awesomism group. Around that same time, the mother of the young man in Israel—one of the kids in the collective—worked with a telepathic therapist to help facilitate communication. What came through from that exchange reshaped our understanding: the Golden Dragon energy isn’t something you summon. It’s something you align with. With this insight in hand I finalized a



poem, created a [full ceremony](#) (though I really was just being led about what “ceremony” was needed to align with dragon energy – because I certainly haven’t had training...). And at the dark and windy November 2025 Full Moon I carried it out across the three ceremonial places I’ve always walked and done ceremony — including reading the poem to the sea at the Point of Prophecy—where the mastodon tusk had emerged from the cliffs earlier in the Spring of 2025.

*When the Golden Dragon Arrives — At the Point of Prophecy (Beaver Moon)*

*An Offering of Savage Love to the Sea and Moon by the Listening Crown*

**The Weave of Savage Love**

There is a hum that begins in the Hill—  
soft as breath through grass,  
low as thunder held in bone.  
It is the sound of those once silenced  
finding language in their fire.  
The Ones of the Hill stand in that hum.  
Fury rises through the roots—  
ancient fire speaking through every wound,  
a brightness that refuses erasure.  
Every desecration answers now in light.  
The ground itself remembers their names.  
Around them gather those who love—  
mothers, fathers, kin of the unseen,  
hearts fierce with gentleness.  
Their listening is a shelter;  
their tears, the first translation of strength.  
From the torn fabric of the sacred  
they begin to stitch again—  
threading the field with a golden, savage  
love,  
the kind that holds without turning away,  
the kind that calls protection from the  
unseen.  
And the Golden Dragon gathers—  
rising through the breath made one.  
Scales shimmer with remembered fire,  
not to burn, but to absorb,  
turning what was pain into light that  
protects

Each heart feels its warmth at a different  
pace:  
a hand unclenches, a chest softens,  
a breath comes easier than before.  
The dragon’s light touches skin and  
memory both.  
Voltage becomes compassion;  
ferocity becomes belonging.  
The mastodon hums in its stone chamber,  
a deep bass note of continuity.  
The whale rolls in the surf,  
her voice a ribbon through salt and time.  
The land holds every tone.  
The sea carries every vow.  
Together they become the current.  
Tenderness builds what violence once  
destroyed.  
Safety glows gold beneath the Beaver  
Moon,  
a steady warmth moving through every  
heart,  
quiet as trust returning home.  
And the field, hearing itself at last,  
breathes—sovereign, luminous, whole.

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*Say: The message is spoken. May it be  
received by All That Is.*



Out of nowhere SL just came to kitchen table to type this ... I was baking.

When she's excited she hits the key so hard the next symbol/ number pops up like 3 in kite is same key as e ... she's smiling walking around after telling me this

This time, the ceremony wasn't for me alone. It was for the kids. For the parents. For everyone learning to listen in a new way. *The ceremony wasn't about calling in a mythical creature, rather it was calling for our energy to come into alignment with a golden dragon that inhabited the energy the kids were naming—coherence, safety, love, play. A frequency they could feel.*

On November 4<sup>th</sup>, the young girl who had had asked us to get the golden dragon here because he “is safe” spelled this message – her new sense of calmness was so welcomed and I chose to take it as an indication the November Full Beaver Moon ceremony must have been received.

Now I work with a small group of parents and collaborators who have self-organized with me around a shared sense of trust in what is unfolding. We believe that if we create space for the nonverbal kids' collective to guide us—through the dreams, symbols, and other “insight artifacts” that kept

surfacing—we can begin to understand more. The signs are coming fast, each one building on the last.

Now, in 2026, the work I'm doing with autists and their caregivers/collaborators sits at the intersection of deep listening, documentation, symbolic inquiry, water consciousness, energy regulation, and relational translation.

I work alongside beyond-verbal autists, spellers, telepathic communicators, parents, caregivers, and other collaborators to help notice, preserve, and translate forms of intelligence that often arrive through image, feeling, symbol, water, place, ceremony, and non-linear knowing. My role is to help create respectful containers where communications, guidance, and patterns can be received with care, grounded, documented, and brought into meaningful form.

This includes transcript work, synthesis, ceremony design, inquiry development, caregiver support, and collaborative fieldwork, including the work with water consciousness in Lone Pine, California, as well as an emerging project in Mexico City.

A significant part of this work is also supporting caregivers and collaborators in their own energy regulation. I have come to understand that the caregiver's state is part of the communication environment. When an autist is dysregulated, it often takes a steady, grounded caregiver or collaborator to help create the energetic conditions in which the autist's system can begin to settle. From there, healthier communication becomes more possible, whether it arrives through speech, spelling, image, gesture, behavior, telepathic impression, or another form of knowing.



Drawing on the insight artifact process I have developed and used in my own life, I help caregivers and collaborators work with dreams, synchronicities, emotional activations, images, body sensations, and meaningful moments as material for reflection and integration. This gives them a way to settle their own systems, make meaning from what is arising, and become clearer, steadier partners in the communication field.

At the heart of the work is a belief that many beyond-verbal autistic people are not peripheral to the future of communication, consciousness, and community; they may be pathfinders. My contribution is to help build bridges between their ways of knowing and the caregivers, collaborators, systems, and communities learning how to listen.