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THE

CAPTAIN

A TALE OF SELF-DISCOVERY, AWAKENING
AND THE HIDDEN ATLANTIS

JEVON PERRA

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CONTENTS



Acknowledgments	v
Preface	ix
Prologue	xiii
A Glimpse	xiii
The Lost City.....	xv

PART 1

The Story of Adam.....	3
Adam's Family Rules.....	3
Adam's Awkward Teens.....	6
Adam Finds Freedom in High School	7
Saving the Day—Adam's New Occupation.....	10
Safe and Alone	13
The Story of Maya	16

PART 2

The Captain.....	23
Adam Meets Poseidon.....	28
Adam's Whole New World.....	33
Adam Learns of Karma.....	37
Maya Looking for Love.....	42

Adam Returns to the Surface	54
Adam Waits	61
Maya Glimpses Below the Surface.....	70
Adam’s Training with Poseidon.....	74
Adam Goes Deeper	91
Maya Learns to Listen.....	98

PART 3

Adam—Letting Go of what He Never Had.....	113
The Cycles of Source Connection	115
Adam Experiencing Gross Versus Subtle	122
Adam and the Lost City of Atlantis.....	128
Permanent Resident of the Deep	130
What You Resist Persists	140

PART 4

Returning, Having Never Left	145
Mastery of the Surface Illusion.....	149
Ananda’s Support.....	151
Maya’s Next Assignment, Mr. Wright	154
Adam—Limitless.....	162
Maya Reunites with the Master.....	174
Adam—Sacred Selfish	190
Maya—Limitless.....	194
Adam—Leaving Nothing Behind	200
Adam Remembers.....	204
To Be Continued.....	208

PREFACE



THIS IS JEVON PERRA, THE author. Since my birth, I've been told that I was brought into the world in the likeness of an angel named Adonial. This same angel appeared to my grandparents and consistently communicated with them that my destiny was to bring a message of freedom to the world. I had always believed their experience was real, but just assumed the angel and the "bring freedom to the world" thing was because they were a bit extreme in their spiritual beliefs. After this story came through me, it made me think otherwise.

I grew up compelled to serve the world. This compulsion led me to become a Christian pastor for almost ten years. I was frustrated with aspects of that system, and eventually went on my own search. I chose a job doing mortgages for a living and kept up that search. Fifteen years later, still doing mortgages, I again felt compelled to serve the world. Going with the traditional religious route again didn't feel right, so I chose to write a book instead. I wanted to make it accessible to more people, so I decided to write a fiction novel in the same light as *The Alchemist*: a fun story with a great message. I wanted to make it exciting, so I brought in some magic. I sat down and started an outline, and Atlantis popped into my mind. Before writing this book, I had never heard of Atlantis as a reality. I just thought it was a city from folklore that maybe got wiped out by a tidal wave. I wrote the whole first draft of the book before my cousin asked if I subscribed to the TV network Gaia. I had never watched

that network, and I said, “No.” She mentioned there was a belief system around Atlantis, and it sounded like my book. It took me another 6 months before I subscribed to Gaia. I was amazed to watch show after show about a real place called Atlantis and how well it fit into my story. I thought I had made up Atlantis! Nope. Seems like it was given to me instead. Maybe it was my angel Adonial.

I feel this book is a gift to the world in a form that is accessible to the masses at this transitional time when it’s needed most. My intention is to share this essential message of available power and freedom at this essential time. There has not been a time as helpful in the last 24,000 years to be able to fully realize our true identity as right now. The message is that the Hero, the Savior, the Strong One isn’t outside of ourselves. That One we are waiting for is within us and is always available to help and love and save. My hope is that you, the reader, can help introduce this story and its message to someone so that the message gets out into the world that is looking for a savior. I suspect most of you will be surprised by a few things. First, there is already a heavenly life waiting for you just below the surface of your so-called *real life*. Second, the savior is already within you.

If this story resonates with you sign up to stay in tune with all that’s happening here JevonPerra.com/contact.

This year is thus the time to make the easiest decision that ever confronted you, and also the only one. You will cross the bridge into reality simply because you will recognize that God is on the other side, and nothing at all is here. It is impossible not to make the natural decision as this is realized.

- A Course in Miracles - The Choice for Completion

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PROLOGUE



A GLIMPSE

MOST THINK THIS LIFE ON planet Earth is the only reality. Yet it is a grand illusion: the training grounds for The Chosen to experience and prepare themselves and then move on to deeper waters... a deeper world. There are those on the surface who have already graduated, finished their training, but are still here sent by the creator, the Deep One, to guide us back to the deep. One such man, a weather-beaten sea captain, takes one disciple at a time and prepares them to be able to reach millions. His story throughout the millennium has been to guide the next readied one and clear the connection to Source power. Once they have freed themselves, they have the power to free the world from the painful illusion plaguing the land.

See this sea captain, with his weathered face and sparkling eyes, as he teaches his newest young guest on his fishing boat. All that is heard are the gentle waves lapping the boat as they float out in the darkness before the sun has risen: You can almost hear his gravelly voice as he says, "Son of Man, look out into the vastness of the sea. You have heard there is magic in those waters, within this ship, and with me. Now you've finally made it here to go fishing with the famous sea captain." He grunts with a chuckle of amusement at the stories. "But there is just as much magic here as there is in your breath going in and out. Magic... hmmm... no. Power, yes. You

think these waters are just the hunting grounds for the big fish that bring in our livelihood, but below the surface are hidden longings and truly powerful treasures.”

His young guest, wearing new fishing garb, looks confused as this captain stares motionless out into the ocean. Without having moved his gaze from the open ocean, the old man continues with amusement in his voice, “Magic they say... It’s magic to those on the surface... but for those connected to its Source... for those who have a knowing, it is not magic.”

The old man turns to look his young disciple in the eyes, and the young man is terrified to behold the sea captain glowing with a light that is increasing with intensity as he talks. “It is the power source that runs this whole show of lights,” the sea captain says with increasing volume to speak over the wind that was just picking up. Fear rises and grips the young man as it seems there is a sudden typhoon overtaking them as the winds swirl around the boat, making it rock and pitch to the point he hears the cracking of old wood yielding to the strength of newly risen waves of the sudden squall. The sea captain’s guest would have run if he had somewhere to go, but he was frozen in amazement and fear. The one he thought was just an old sea captain then boomed loudly in a way that sounded amplified, like it came from a sound system all around him, “The light that makes this whole existence you know is not an inanimate backdrop as you may think. The light itself is alive. If the world decided to be still and listen, it is a beacon perpetually calling them to a deeper place. This place I will show you.”

The old man, now glowing with brilliant power, made it seem as if it were midday, not the pitch-black predawn hours. He reached out his hand toward his frozen guest and gently touched him on his forehead. With the contact, there was an eruption of new swirling light out of nowhere that encircled them. The sparkling energy sped up in a whirlpool of luminescence that was strong enough to pick up both men. Now hovering above the deck of the ship, the young man groaned, as what felt like currents of electricity flowing

through every part of his being. Torrents of energy were now flowing in and flowing out of this new disciple, and he passed out from the intensity of the whole experience. The light increased almost to the point of whiting out the whole boat. Then as if it were unplugged, it quickly faded.

The sea captain gently grabbed hold of the young man as the circling power released them. They lowered to the ship again and the captain laid his unconscious guest down to rest on the deck. "Rest well, Son of Man. Your training continues tomorrow." The winds and the waves ceased as the light disappeared. The old man then went to the bow of the ship and sat in a meditative posture to quietly watch the sun rise.

THE LOST CITY

Legend tells us of an ocean city from 12,000 years ago whose people influenced the great Egyptian empire in their acquisition of world-dominating power. The city has gone by many names in surface records. The Hebrew people called it Tarshish; the Greeks knew it as Tartessos. The eminent island city was known for its abundant wealth and precious metals. The rest of the known world would travel as long as three years by boat to trade and partake in its great fortune. The famous King Solomon of the ancient Middle East was said to have his main source of opulence from this magical kingdom. As the tales go, these people and their technologies were so highly advanced that compared to the average man today, they were superhuman.

Westerners know the city by a different name. They call it Atlantis.

The age-old stories of this magical place have been altered and woven into fairy tales—made up to be read before bedtime to little ones. The more far-fetched ones tell of these mystical inhabitants being capable of simultaneously living on the surface and in an otherworldly dimension by being able to access their energetic subtle bodies. This subtle ability enabled them to have a secret city beside the jostling port city known to the world. From the surface perspective, the secret Atlantis seemed close but out of reach, hidden beneath the surface of the water, covered by the waves of the deep. There, the advanced citizens and leaders of Atlantis had an entire life built underneath. Stories are told from the perspective of the teller and filtered through their limited experiences and understanding. This place is said to be too wondrous to put into words. That said, some far-fetched tales of this energetic city have survived through the years.

Atlantis had astounding creatures that were a common part of life. There were animals similar to seahorses, as fast and as big as wild moose. Herds of these sea creatures were kept near the main city hubs, readily available for the citizens' enjoyment. These majestic marine animals were not owned by anyone. They were there of their own accord, honoring a call that all the sentient beings there could make. Every person and animal—and even objects there in Atlantis—had an instant connection to each other so that each could know and fulfill the other's desires. It was like the whole community was all hardwired together. Everything and everyone knew what everyone was doing and needing. This may sound intrusive, like having a world of nosy neighbors, but people didn't feel a need to hide, isolate, or protect themselves from being found out in the deep. They felt complete and whole because of the Source inside of themselves, so there was no fear of being fully known by others. Instead of feeling like you had to close the blinds to limit what the busybody neighbor could see, life was more like having your best friends constantly surrounding you and knowing what you really need and want. The society was operating as one organism. It was instant and required no thinking. A woman could think it enjoyable

to ride a seahorse, and without a call or waiting, it would be there to pick her up. A man could desire a committee of peers to create a particular undertaking, and they would just start showing up, each having received the same knowing, the same call to act. To an outsider, this could have seemed like magic, yet this was natural to an Atlantean. It was just the One Mind of their world working as it should.

All life worked together in intricate ways in Atlantis. Along with the seahorses, there were intelligent pools of thousands of tiny fishlike sea animals that acted as one organism. Swirling and spinning in synchronized ways, they could transport Atlanteans to places and even undertake menial tasks for its people. You would see pools of these fish-creatures regularly going over the underwater structures and eating off the growing algae with thousands of micro bites. From a distance, they looked like a shapeshifting ball that just magically and perfectly cleaned and even updated all the stone infrastructure as it was needed. There were many variations of manta ray-like creatures used to transport individuals and groups. Many other fantastic sea creatures lived there in connected harmony, directed by the loving citizens of Atlantis. Like the thousands of European starlings that fly and move as one in the air, this whole underwater city had the function of a single entity. They were all connected.

There seemed to be different physics there in Atlantis. Even though one might guess they were under the water by appearances, they did not swim, for they did not need to. There was not even the experience of being wet, and vision was crystal clear. In this world, the connection was almost entirely to the energetic body and not limited to the physical one that the surface holds onto. In this powerful place, intention alone created. It created all things, action and form alike. All that was needed to be done in Atlantis to travel somewhere else was to simply intend to be there. Once that intention was clear, you would either appear there or, for the enjoyment of the journey, start to move in that direction. It was not swimming,

just intention. This same intention enabled them to live in that underwater place as if on the surface with the power to engage with their energetic bodies and not just the crude physical bodies like the rest of the surface dwellers.

It was also said to be possible to will the water into forms that could complete any task. The water could be used as if it were a robotic arm: used for anything from baby carriages to a chiseling device to sculpt the many statues of the city.

Some of the Atlanteans had specialized windows that were portals to all known surface lands. They were used to instantly scan these towns for unrest with the intention of bringing peace and support. During the hundreds of years of the height of Atlantic rule, it was commonplace for an Atlantean to appear at the perfect time during a great crisis and save the day. Even though Atlantis could have easily conquered the world by force, the inhabitants only existed for peace. These angelic warrior ambassadors would show up to serve and then leave just as fast as they had come after the disaster was averted.

In Atlantis, the ocean and Earth itself were part of the community and functioned as One Mind—which could be called on for help whenever it was needed. This incredible power wasn't taken for granted. There was an instant knowing and usually a thankful surrender to that knowledge of what supported the greater good, and what did not.

As the stories go, the main calling for the citizens of Atlantis was to find those on the surface who were ready to hear their invitation to come. All were invited, but few could hear the call because only those who had raised enough awareness within could receive this vibrational summons. The call was being sent out by the Atlantean leader, called the Deep One, and was always available. The key to entrance into this promised land was a recognition that all that was needed was already available and within each of them. This recognition was part of the evolution that allowed surface dwellers to unblock their senses. One would need to be evolved and at a high

frequency, laying aside harmful surface-based desires, to be able to even hear the call, and even more so to actually get to Atlantis.

All were welcome there and nothing was forced, but if a resident did not continue to operate with the intention for the greater good, they could not continue to resonate with the energy there in Atlantis. It would grow internally uncomfortable for that individual, and like a magnet coming against a similar pole, they would be propelled away by their own changing frequency. But those outside, who were readied, would be like the opposite pole and be drawn directly to this great city.

The leaders of the city were that of civil servants, existing in Atlantis for the sole purpose of bringing their brothers and sisters to the next level of interconnection so that they might someday meet their awe-inspiring Deep One. The Deep One was more than just the ruler of Atlantis, and so much more than a normal being: The Deep One was the all-powerful, all-knowing, ever-present ruler, said to be the energetic Source of power that made existence possible for all who were on the surface and the deep worlds alike. Everyone was held close to the Deep One by an unseen connection. There was only one who had ever met this majestic ruler and come back to tell. This Atlantean had other names that were given to him in different worlds as time went on, but there in the deep, they just called him Elder. Aging didn't affect people the same in the deep, so all people usually looked like kids or young adults—everyone but Elder. He chose to have an age of a healthy and vibrant mid-60-year-old man with a face that had been wrinkled up by the sun. Elder was the revered and loved mentor and wise man of the kingdom.

Maybe Atlantis was, as some history books say, just a mundane city that was destroyed overnight by tidal waves. But the ancient Greek city of Troy, from Homer's *Iliad*, was thought to be fictional too, that is until it was found. The city of Atlantis is similar to the ancient city of Troy. Similar save one main distinction: this city is not lost.

It is just unseen by those who do not have eyes to see. This is a story of one who found the way back to this lost home.

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**PART
I**



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THE STORY OF ADAM

ADAM OPENED HIS EYES, STILL feeling the vivid dream that he repeatedly had of that wonderful underwater city. As he lay in bed, he didn't want to move and risk losing that sleepy state where the fantastic water world was still real for him. He loved that dream because it always felt so good to be there. He missed it when he had to wake up because the imagined world was so much better than normal life.

No one could have guessed that Adam was the one, especially Adam, since his story started like anybody's story, and that is the point of this story. There is power and perfection hidden in the ebb and flow of normal life. And like most, Adam just needed to learn how to see it.

ADAM'S FAMILY RULES

Young Adam grew up in small-town Missouri. He was never noticed out of the crowd. Brown hair. Brown eyes with a sliver of emerald green in the right one that would appear when the sunlight hit it at just the right angle. He had a sweet, shy smile and a kind demeanor. He mostly kept to himself because his family was very religious and forbade him from having friends who were his age for fear of them negatively influencing or even hurting their "special boy." Adam's grandparents were the authority for his whole family. What they said was usually obeyed. Growing up, he spent most of his youth with them since his parents weren't always around. Grandma was the spiritual head and matriarch of the clan. She had a gentle demeanor and yet was cunning with her wisdom and could outwit Socrates and Mark Twain combined if she had to. You'd never see Grandma without Grandfather. They were inseparable.

Where Grandma's style was finesse, Grandfather's style was more sledgehammer.

Those who knew Grandfather well saw his big heart and intentions of gold to help his loved ones and his community. He'd even take in the down-and-out from the street to nurse them back to health. But his intentions often fell short of the results he wanted. He was willing to give his all in fighting for the focus of his goodwill, but it was through a fearful lens.

When love was ruling Grandfather's heart and mind, he was a gracious do-gooder and a loving grandfather. The contrast came when fear had the upper hand; he'd become an angry bull that ended up accidentally trampling those he had sworn to protect. But Adam's whole family, even Grandfather, would submit to *The Prophet*, the name they often called Grandma. She had earned that name due to her gift of wisdom and the natural ability to just know answers to life's questions that were asked of her.

On the other hand, Adam's mom had been a rebellious child since she was a teenager. There she was—13 and full of teenage angst and frustration. Grandfather's possessiveness was in effect back then too. It suffocated her. She wanted freedom; Grandfather wanted control. It wasn't pretty. A pattern emerged: an emotional explosion would occur between them, and she would just up and run away for days or months or longer. She'd eventually return like the prodigal child, but instead of just her tail between her legs, there was usually a guy tagging along behind her whom she had found to take care of her while she was away. She was still in this same pattern after having her baby boy, Adam, in her early twenties. Then, in between husbands, even the very young Adam was left to wonder when she would leave again and who his next stepdad might be.

In this unstable environment, Adam's world became mostly dictated by the grandparents. The people allowed in were his mom, the current (soon to be ex) stepdad, his local cousins, and a revolving door of others taken in off the street to be helped by Grandfather. This changing group either permanently moved in to get their life

right or came to be at the grandparents' home daily for shared meals and life messages from Grandma. At Grandfather's request, Adam lived there much of the time since his mom would regularly leave to go *find herself* again. Grandfather felt safer having him near.

Grandfather had been on his holy crusade of saving a few from the dangerous world for Adam's whole life. His intense behavior had left a few wounded and some forever outcast from the family. One of those forcefully removed when Adam was just three years old was his biological father. Adam's young dad had been one of the down-and-outs taken in by the good-natured grandparents with the goal of getting him on his feet financially. There he met his benefactor's beautiful daughter. They fell in love. They married within months, and she got pregnant with Adam on their honeymoon: a honeymoon chaperoned by the grandparents, of course. Adam's birth was the highlight of Grandfather's life, since he saw Adam as the son he had never had. Fast-forward three years: like any capable man, Adam's dad wanted to move out of his in-laws' home and provide his family with a home of their own. This young father was hopeful, kind, loving, and wanted to do all he could to build a life for his new family. However, the grandparents thought the world was too perilous a place for him to make it on his own. They felt that they were better protectors of Adam than his own dad, so they did what was *necessary* for the safety of the family. They convinced his mom to stay and got a legal restraining order on the young inexperienced dad whom they kicked out of the house and forbade to return.

This was one example, among others, that made it known that if you did not go along with the program, you were against the higher good of the family, and you were treated as an enemy. Enemies were dangerous for the family and were to be attacked. In this environment where disobedience was met with severe resistance, Adam learned to never directly resist and instead overtly be a subservient peacemaker. He would not fight those furies with fury because he learned that his thoughts and opinions did not matter. It was his job to obey, submit, and keep the peace.

ADAM'S AWKWARD TEENS

By the time Adam reached his teen years, a world of dichotomy was all he knew. His family with their protective, fearful clutches tried to paint a picture of evil and danger and filth outside their walls, yet it seemed like everything that Adam longed for was “out there” in those forbidden enemy territories.

Adam was often told the story that his birth was prophesied by an angel and that he was a specially chosen child to do something good for the world. Special for what, he didn't know. Those details were always left out. He would have much rather been the un-special kid who got to join the Little League team with the friends he wasn't allowed to have. At home, he felt almost worshiped as their “prophesied child” but not in a good way. It was more like the unlucky obsession of the aborigines who were going to throw someone into the volcano to appease their fiery god. Their attention was similar to what the unlucky chap got who was plumped up to then be thrown into the volcano as a molten lava meal. Adam felt their concern more like a last meal than VIP treatment. It seemed they cherished the idea of this prophesied “special child” and not the real boy before them.

Despite all this, he did love his unique family. He knew they were trying the best they could. Yet still, starting at the time of junior high school, there was something about being home that left him feeling suffocated—just as his mother had felt when she was around the same age long ago. He knew he was unable to grow there and could not become who he needed to be. He was the caged bird stuck inside, overlooking the forbidden vast sky.

Without any outside social influence, Adam was a textbook outcast in junior high: thick glasses, awkward, and unaware of current trends. Since school was the only interaction he was allowed to have with kids his own age, Adam wished he could make friends with classmates. But the years of being stifled from the inability to