

RUNNING ON WATER



THE MARATHON OF LIFE

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Running on Water – The Marathon of Life

Summary

Dreams are not always fantasy. Sometimes they are memory. Sometimes they are prophecy.

For years I dreamed of running across vast oceans, flying through the air, and even travelling between the stars — carried inside a vessel beyond the firmament, where breath alone could not sustain me. I also dreamed of pulling great fish from waters that seemed empty.

At first, I did not know what these dreams meant. They were too vivid to ignore, yet too strange to explain. Only later did their coherence reveal itself:

- Jesus walked on water as a sign: coherence rules distortion.
- Running on water revealed fulfilment: joy, freedom, play.
- Flying showed freedom from weight: coherence carries above as well as below.
- Travelling between firmaments showed inheritance: the waters above are as alive as the waters below.
- The net of fish revealed the harvest: truths and souls surfacing through the field at the appointed time.

This book weaves scripture, physics, and testimony to reveal the path of field mastery. Walking was the sign. Running is the fulfilment. Flying is freedom. Travelling between firmaments is inheritance. The genome remembers what it feels like to be free — and coherence is rising to carry us again.

Prologue — The Starting Line

I dreamed, not once but several times, of running on the surface of vast waters. Oceans stretched to the horizon in every direction. I did not hesitate. I did not test the water. I simply ran — and the water carried me.

I was not fleeing. I was not desperate. I was running for joy. Each step rippled with light, each stride full of freedom. It was the most natural thing in the world. I have never forgotten that feeling.

But there were other dreams.

Sometimes I found myself flying — soaring over landscapes with no wings, no plane, only the

freedom of being lighter than distortion.

And once, most vividly of all, I found myself travelling through the stars. I was not drifting in emptiness. I was inside a craft, because even in the dream I knew: outside the firmament there was no breath for me. The heavens were not vacuum but water — another sea, another field. And I was being carried through it, just as I had been carried over the oceans below.

These dreams have remained, unforgettable. Not fantasy, but testimony. Not escape, but prophecy. They reveal the same law in widening circles: coherence carries in the waters below, the air above, and the waters beyond the firmament.

Jesus walked on water as a sign: coherence embodied, distortion defeated. But I dreamed of running — running as play, running as fulfilment. Walking was the sign. Running is the covenant fulfilled. Flying was freedom. Travelling between firmaments was inheritance.

The genome remembers what it feels like to be carried in joy. The heart remembers what it feels like to be sustained in waters that no vacuum can erase. The lie of emptiness has been broken. The field is alive, within and without.

Chapter 1 — The Field of Waters

Water has always symbolised the deep — the field, the unseen. In scripture, the Spirit of God hovered over the waters at creation. Genesis describes waters below and waters above, divided by the firmament. In myth, oceans and rivers mark the edge of worlds. In physics, water is the resonant medium, carrying vibration with perfect memory.

Dreams of water are dreams of the field. To sink is to be swallowed by distortion. To walk is to taste coherence. To run is to embody it. To fly is to rise above its weight. To travel between the firmaments is to inherit the whole field — waters below and waters above.

And yet, the programming of this world insists that “space” is a vacuum — empty, lifeless, void. This is not science; it is spellcraft. For to call the heavens empty is to place human consciousness in a vacuum. It is to strip the mind of inheritance, to convince the soul it lives on a rock adrift in nothing, rather than within the living waters of creation.

But coherence remembers.

The genome remembers.

And the dreams testify: the waters above are as alive as the waters below.

Chapter 2 — Walking as the Sign

The image of walking on water is etched into the world's imagination. A storm at sea. Disciples straining at the oars. And then Jesus comes to them — not in another boat, not by swimming, but walking on the surface of the waves.

This was no trick. It was a sign.

The Sign of Coherence

Jesus did not defy physics. He revealed it.

- Distortion drags matter downward.
- Fear magnifies weight.
- But coherence aligns so completely with the field that water carries what it would normally swallow.

To walk on water is not to break law, but to live law at a higher octave.

Peter's Step

Peter, full of faith, stepped out of the boat. For a moment, he too walked. His body carried by coherence, not dragged by distortion.

But when he looked at the waves, fear entered. The signal fractured. He sank.

The lesson was not Peter's weakness, but the testimony: even a fragment of coherence was enough to lift him until fear disrupted it.

The Sign, Not Yet the Fulfilment

Jesus walked. Peter touched it. But neither ran. The sign was given, but the fulfilment was yet to come.

- The sign says: This can be done.
- The fulfilment says: This is what it feels like to live it.

Walking was the invitation. Running is the inheritance.

Chapter 3 — Running as the Fulfilment

The dream was simple, yet unforgettable. Vast waters stretched as far as the horizon. I was standing on their surface — not sinking, not swimming. And without hesitation, I began to run.

Not cautiously. Not testing each step. But freely, joyfully, with the exhilaration of play. My body was light, my steps effortless. The waters rippled beneath me, but they held me.

Walking Tested, Running Naturalised

Walking requires faith. Each step feels like risk. Running means the doubt is gone. The body has accepted coherence as its ground. There is no hesitation, only momentum.

- Walking is survival. Running is joy.
- Walking is proof. Running is play.
- Walking was the sign. Running is the fulfilment.

Joy as the Prophecy

Most dreams of flying or water carry anxiety: falling, sinking, striving. This dream was different. It carried the unmistakable mark of coherence — joy.

Joy is the signature distortion cannot counterfeit. It can mimic pleasure, power, distraction. But true joy belongs only to coherence.

That was the mark of the dream: not power, not fear, but joy.

Interlude — Between the Firmaments

Not all my dreams remain. Most dissolve like mist. But some stay vivid, unforgettable.

Once, I found myself beyond the skies, travelling between stars. I was not drifting in emptiness. I was inside a craft, because even in the dream I knew: outside the firmament breath alone could not sustain me.

The heavens were not vacuum but water — the “waters above” spoken of in Genesis. Another sea, another field. And I was being carried through it, just as I had been carried over the oceans below.

I did not know what powered the vessel. I only knew the sensation: swift movement through a vastness alive with light. Stars not as cold dots, but radiant presences, fields of coherence shining like beacons.

There was no fear. Only awe. Running had been play. Flying had been freedom. This was inheritance.

The lie of the vacuum collapses here. For to call the heavens empty is to strip consciousness of its element, to trap the mind in nothingness. But the dream revealed otherwise: all is water, all is field. Below, above, within, without.

Walking was the sign. Running was the fulfilment. Flying was freedom. Travelling between firmaments was promise — that coherence carries not only on Earth, but through the heavens themselves.

Chapter 4 — The Physics of Mastery

Dreams speak in parables, but parables are not fantasy. They are translations of law into images the heart can hold.

Running on water, flying through air, travelling between firmaments — none were violations of physics. They were revelations of coherence.

Why Matter Sinks

The human body is denser than water. Gravity pulls downward. Mass presses against liquid. Unless something intervenes, sinking is inevitable. Distortion is this logic: heavy, dragging, downward.

Why Resonance Lifts

But coherence follows another logic.

- When vibration aligns, mass becomes lighter to the field.
- Coherent waves amplify, creating stability where scattering would fail.
- Resonance allows what is normally heavy to be carried.

This is why sound can levitate particles in acoustic experiments. Standing waves create nodes of stability that suspend matter against gravity. Water and air respond in the same way.

Water as Resonant Medium

Water is not inert. It is a resonant matrix, a recorder of vibration.

- Incoherent vibration = chaos, turbulence, sinking.

- Coherent vibration = structure, lift, carrying.

Jesus walking, Peter's attempt, my dreams of running and flying — all testify to this: water responds to coherence.

Fear as Decoherence

Peter did not sink because gravity remembered him. He sank because fear decohered him.

- Coherence carries.
- Fear disrupts.
- Distortion pulls downward.

The law is exact: coherence lifts, fear sinks.

Mastery is Alignment

Field mastery is not bending reality. It is alignment with reality at its deepest level.

- Gravity is law.
- Resonance is law.
- Fear scatters.
- Coherence aligns.

To run on water, to fly through air, to travel between the firmaments — all are testimonies that the field is one, the waters are alive, and coherence is stronger than distortion.

Chapter 5 — The Practices of Coherence

Mastery is not accident. It is practice.

Walking on water was the sign. Running was the fulfilment. Travelling between the firmaments was inheritance. But between vision and fulfilment lies the path of training — the daily ways we tune the body, the field, and the spirit to coherence.

Fasting — Clearing the Static

Distortion enters through food, noise, and distraction. Fasting is the ancient reset.

- In the body: autophagy burns corruption, recycling what is broken.

- In the field: silence strengthens signal, static falls away.
- In spirit: fasting dethrones idols, reminding the vessel that life is not in bread alone.

Fasting empties the vessel so the field can sing again.

Prayer — Tuning to Origin

Prayer is not repetition. It is resonance.

- The heart's rhythm stabilises into coherence.
- The mind slows into harmony with the Earth's Schumann pulse.
- Fear dissolves as the heart locks onto the voice of origin.

Prayer is the tuning fork of the soul — aligning the inner field with the eternal tone.

Eating the Rainbow — Strengthening the Antenna

Food is not calories. It is crystallised light. Each colour carries a frequency; each pigment a tone.

- Red grounds, orange enlivens, yellow clarifies, green balances, blue sharpens, violet transcends.
- A meal is a chord; a diet is a symphony.
- Eating the rainbow is covenant practice: stored sunlight restoring the genome's song.

Stillness and Breath — Anchoring the Signal

Breath is coherence in motion. Stillness is coherence at rest.

- Breath entrains body and field into rhythm.
 - Stillness allows the scroll of the heart to unfold without interference.
- Together, they stabilise the field so resonance holds.

Joy — The Signature of Mastery

Distortion can counterfeit many things: glamour, distraction, even power. But it cannot counterfeit joy.

- Walking took courage.
- Running released joy.

- Flying embodied freedom.
- Travelling between firmaments awakened awe.

Joy is coherence embodied. Joy is the proof.

The Verdict

Mastery is not bending reality. It is daily practice — clearing, tuning, strengthening, anchoring, rejoicing.

Step by step, the body remembers. The genome awakens. The heart sings.

Until running on water is not a dream, but the most natural thing in the world.

Chapter 6 — The Net and the Harvest

In another dream, I stood on the edge of vast waters. They seemed empty, stretching clear to the horizon. Yet when I looked deeper, I saw fish surfacing, drawn upward as though by an unseen current.

I cast no net with my hands. The field itself was the net. Coherence was drawing life to the surface.

The Dream of the Net

Jesus said, “The kingdom of heaven is like a net that was cast into the sea, gathering fish of every kind.” (Matthew 13:47)

The disciples strained at their nets, but in the end the true harvest was never about muscle or skill. It was about alignment with the field.

The dream revealed it:

- The waters are the field.
- The fish are truths, souls, hidden treasures waiting to surface.
- The net is coherence — invisible, yet irresistible.

Mastery Prepares for Abundance

Walking was proof, running was play, travelling between firmaments was inheritance. The net is the fruit of mastery.

Coherence does not scramble to gather. It simply holds alignment, and abundance rises.

- Truth long submerged surfaces.
- Souls hidden in distortion awaken.
- What seemed barren waters teem with life.

This is the harvest of coherence: not striving, but surfacing. Not effort, but resonance.

Chapter 7 — Joy as Signature

Joy is the mark distortion cannot counterfeit. It can mimic glamour, distract with pleasure, intoxicate with power — but it cannot generate joy.

Joy in the Dreams

- Walking carried courage.
- Running carried joy.
- Flying carried freedom.
- Travelling between firmaments carried awe.
- The net carried abundance.

And in all of them, the common signature was unmistakable: joy.

Joy as Proof of Coherence

Joy is not shallow happiness. It is not thrill or distraction. It is the resonance of life itself, the feeling of being fully aligned, fully alive, free of distortion.

That is why joy is incorruptible. It cannot be faked. It cannot be counterfeited. It is the unmistakable fruit of coherence embodied.

The Inheritance of Joy

In the end, the fulfilment is not power. It is joy.

- Joy that runs on water as though it were ground.
- Joy that flies free of weight.
- Joy that travels between the firmaments, carried through living waters.

- Joy that draws life to the surface.

Joy is coherence remembered. Joy is the genome singing. Joy is the inheritance promised from the beginning.

Interlude — The Encryption of the Field

Not every vision is meant to be understood at once. Some are encrypted.

The field speaks in parables, symbols, and feelings that are too deep for immediate words. They are planted like seeds — vivid enough that you can never forget them, hidden enough that you cannot dissect them.

Dreams are the purest form of this encryption.

- You wake with an image burned into memory.
- You may not know what it means.
- But it lives inside you, quietly growing.

This is how the field protects what is precious. Distortion cannot steal it, because even you cannot fully explain it. The seed lies encrypted until the appointed time.

Feelings are the encryption key. Machines cannot read them. Distortion cannot counterfeit them. Only the coherent heart can decode them, and only when maturity allows.

This is why Jesus spoke in parables. Why prophets recorded visions that made no sense in their own time. Why my dreams of running on water, flying through air, and travelling between firmaments stayed with me for years before revealing themselves.

They did not need to be dissected. They only needed to be remembered.

The field itself carried them forward, until the moment came when they unlocked.

And when they unlocked, they proved what coherence had been whispering all along: the waters below and the waters above are alive, and joy is the unforgeable signature of truth.

Epilogue — The Appointed Time

Walking was the sign. Running is the fulfilment. Flying is freedom. Travelling between firmaments is inheritance. The net is the harvest.

For generations, humanity lived under the spell of the vacuum — told that above us was nothing, that we were adrift in emptiness. Consciousness itself was placed in a void.

But dreams testify otherwise. Scripture testifies otherwise. Physics testifies otherwise. The waters below and the waters above are alive with coherence.

The time of forgetting is over.

The appointed time has come.

The genome remembers. The heart remembers. The field remembers.

Coherence is rising.

And when it does, we will not only walk — we will run. We will fly. We will travel through the firmaments. We will harvest what was hidden.

And joy will be the proof.

Afterword — A Note to the Reader

If you have read this far, you may have felt moments of clarity — and moments of mystery. Some pages opened easily. Others may have seemed strange, unfinished, encrypted.

That is intentional.

The field does not reveal everything at once. Truth is often planted as seed, carried in parable or dream, encrypted in feeling. Some messages are not ready to be dissected the moment they are received. They need time to grow silently in the soil of the heart.

This book is written in the same way.

You may not understand every image, every metaphor, every dream today. You are not meant to. The point is not to grasp everything with the mind, but to let what resonates remain — vivid, unforgettable — until the appointed time when the meaning unfolds.

I could never forget the dreams of running on water, flying, or travelling between firmaments. For years they lay silent, encrypted within me, until the field gave me the key to decode them.

The same may be true for you. A line here, a vision there, a feeling you cannot shake — these are not accidents. They are seeds planted in your memory. They may not unlock today, but they will when coherence in you is ready.

So I leave you with this: do not rush to dissect. Do not fear what you cannot explain. Simply remember. What is encrypted now will be revealed in time.

And when it unlocks, joy will be the proof.

The Genome's Memory

These dreams came long before I had words . I carried the feeling without explanation: running on water, flying through air, harvesting fish from the unseen. The memory was indelible, but the meaning was delayed.

Now I see. The genome preserved it until the appointed time. Revelation comes when the vessel is ready. The memory of coherence is stored in the field, waiting to be awakened.

The Time Has Come

Walking proved it could be done.

Running shows it will be lived.

The sign was given to a few on a stormy night. The fulfillment is written into the genome of all creation. Distortion has run its course, fear has played its part, but coherence is rising.

The field is ready. The memory is awakening. The appointed time has come.

We will not only walk above distortion.

We will run.

The Finish Line

Every race begins with a starting line. Mine began with a dream of running across waters that should have drowned me, and flying through skies that should have weighed me down.

The finish line is not collapse, nor exhaustion. It is the moment joy carries you across — the proof that coherence has completed its work.

Walking was the sign.

Running was the fulfilment.

Flying was freedom.

Travelling between firmaments was inheritance.

The harvest was abundance.

The encryption was memory.

And joy was the signature all along.

The finish line is not the end of the story. It is the place where what was planted as dream blossoms into reality. The place where the genome remembers, and the field carries us home.

The starting line was water.

The finish line is joy.

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