

New Humankind

A Pleiadian Herstory



WJ QIN

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www.pleiadianfamily.net

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Introduction: **WJ Speaks**

“D'où Venons Nous? Que Sommes Nous? Où Allons Nous?”
 (“Where Do We Come From? What Are We? Where Are We Going?”)



OIL PAINTING BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1897-1898)



“Who am I? Where did I come from? Why am I here?”

Perhaps you asked such questions too. Perhaps, like me, you couldn't find answers that satisfied the mind and the soul.

Questions about humanity occupied my teenage mind and never let go. They grew; they sent me onto a quest far beyond my birth land of China, first to America and later to Europe. Then, in 2006, at a megalithic site on the west coast of Ireland, a contact event befell me and a clairvoyant friend. This close encounter of a unique kind revolutionized my quest.

Now let me present to you a presence of light that has led me by the hand from that point in 2006 to the position of today wherein I can say, “I know who, where, and why.” Perhaps (and I hope) this light will lead you closer to finding answers of your own.

1. Contact



AUGUST 7, 2006 CARROWMORE, IRELAND

“I see people,” said Mara to me, her eyes tightly closed, her head slightly trembling, “and they are standing in a circle around the stones, dressed in fine material, silky and fluffy.”

Before Mara and me was a giant structure made of seven pieces of megalith. Other than this stone table, this “dolmen,” I could see nobody—human or spirit—standing in a circle before my eyes.

“How many people do you see?” I asked my clairvoyant friend while fumbling through my backpack for the iPod.

“I see eight people—four men and four women, and they are big people.”

“What are they doing?” I spoke into the recording iPod.

“They are holding hands in a circle and singing ... making sounds.”

“Can you see which time period they are in? Thousands of years ago, or more recent?” I asked, sort of expecting the answer to fall somewhere in the Druidic phase of pre-Christian Ireland.

“This is at the beginning of the stones.”

The beginning of the stones? Wow, my clairvoyant friend had gone so far back—the Stone Age!—but so difficult for me, the blind one, to see in my mind the looks of these Stone Age folks.

We were sitting by ourselves inside the central mound at Carrowmore, a megalithic field museum in western Ireland dated to Neolithic times. According to the museum, mega stones in this field were 6000 years old. But 6000 years ago, I reckoned, Neolithic folks couldn't have worn “silky and fluffy” clothes.

Mara fell silent and waited for my instruction.

Before we left our homes in Amsterdam for this spiritual journey to Ireland, we had decided that Mara would play the role of seer and I, WJ, the role of instructor. The division of labor had worked well since the start of our journey four days ago on Ireland's east coast. Now we were at a different locale on the west coast. Since I still couldn't see, I had to steer my seer in a different direction.

“Can you imitate the sounds these people are making?”

“Oh no, I don't have that capacity in my voice box! I see that they are lifting stones so easily with their sound—they can do everything with their sound.”

Sitting on a small boulder right next to me, Mara kept her eyes closed; her face, however, beamed an excited look. My seer seemed to be seeing a live event, happening in another realm.

“I'll ask for permission to join them in their sound making, to see how they do it,” Mara said to me, no longer needing my verbal instruction. “Okay ... I'll get close to a woman. She has blondish hair. I can enter her body. I can feel the vibrations of her throat, and she sings in perfect harmony with the others. Their minds are all set on one goal—moving the stones.”

A man's voice entered my ears ... words in English ... oh no, there came a tour group! Mara snapped out of trance, and I popped back to the 21st century. The enclosure was too small; we had to leave.

How annoying—just as we stumbled upon a treasure chest!

My mind was racing. Only three days ago we were on the east coast admiring the megalithic marvel of Newgrange. We just couldn't figure out how human hands managed to stack mega stones into so neat a structure. Now came an answer, and what an answer: not by hands, but by voices!

Whose voice carried this degree of power?

We exited the mound and walked to a patch of grass. We picked a spot on the ground to sit, the mound some fifty meters away to our left. The vast field museum had a few tourists here and there, all quite far from where we were seated.

Mara said to me that she could easily go back to that reality: "It's like putting a movie on pause." After a moment of silence, Mara crossed her legs, closed her eyes, and pressed the PLAY button of her paused movie.

“I’m entering the lady’s body. The whole picture is moving again ... I feel great love among them. Moving the stones is a love thing. They are so united, these eight people!”

“Can you get closer to her thoughts? Why are they doing this?”

“Let me see ...” Behind closed eyelids, Mara’s eyeballs were making slight but rapid movements. “Oh, it’s a token! It’s a token of our presence here.” Mara’s position had changed, now speaking as the lady herself. “The people who are gathered in a circle around us cannot lift a stone so big. They see us doing it, and they admire and honor us for it. We give them something in doing it.”

“Who are you, the ‘we?’ Who are you?”

“I am one of the women who came here to give these people something back, like inner strength, like their birthright to live and to live well. I am one of the women who helped in creating livestock for these people. Actually, they are members of our family. We came to Earth to help our family because it was very hard for them to climb out of the dark situation they were in. They were actually killing and eating each other. So, by lifting the stones and putting them in this position—now it looks very beautiful—it’s like a monument to the bond between our family and us.”

“Are you saying that you and people on Earth came from the same place?”

“Yes, we came from the same place—the Seven Stars.”

The Seven Stars? I didn't know what the name meant. I recalled that two days ago on the Hill of Tara on the east coast Mara had a vision: she saw a group of star beings bringing crops and livestock to the tribal people—their Earth relatives. I hadn't yet registered this stunning vision from Tara, and here came someone saying the same thing. Were these star beings somewhat related?

“What is the relationship between here, Carrowmore, and the Hill of Tara?”

“Tara was our landing site.”

“Ah ... What do you expect us to do now in Carrowmore?”

“She says, ‘I want people to know that this event really happened here. When people hear it, they will recognize it. They will feel the truth in this story. Make this site available for people to enter. It can help you in the coming time.’”

On hearing this, a light bulb was switched on in my head, by the inner artist. I blurted, “Ask her if it is a good idea for us to write a book and make a film to show this event?”

“I’ll ask her ... Oh, I have to cry ...” Mara burst out in tears, her voice trembling. “She says, ‘That’s the task I’ve given you from the beginning!’”

“From the beginning!” I repeated.

“Her name is Sincera. She’s hugging me now. She’s hugging both of us. She’s just so happy that we are here, that we made every effort to come here in spite of all the difficulties.”

“We came here because we had the feeling,” I heard myself say. “We remembered—”

“She called us!”

“You called us and we came!” It was my turn to cry, to cry in front of a presence. “I’ve always heard your calling—I’ve heard it since I was a child!”

A tidal wave of emotion swept over me like seaweed in the sea. I understood why we had journeyed from Holland to Ireland in August of 2006, and why I had journeyed from China to America and then to Europe during the last

seventeen years of my global nomadic life. In a split second, my entire life made sense.

Mara “looked” at me, eyes still closed. “She’s the one guiding us, one from the Group of 8. Try to see her—she’s so beautiful!”

I turned to see the beautiful presence in the air and saw ... nothing. “I cannot see you! I am blind.”

“I’ll tell you what she looks like.” The tremble in Mara’s voice had stopped. “Her face is serene, eyes are blue, and hair is blond. She looks young and old at the same time. She’s bigger than us, dressed in white, with two golden brooches holding her dress. She has long hair, partly lifted up on top by golden pins and partly on two sides as curls. Her eyes are just love, love, love.”

“She will guide us every step of the way?” I found myself back in a position of humble distance.

“She will guide us because it is our agreement with her to make the story known. She says, ‘Nothing comes easy in your dimension—it’s a path of struggle. We know this, and we guide you. There’s no need to be bitter about what you’ve been through because you have to walk certain paths to come to this point to meet me.’”

Thousands of miles and tons of hardship, all for this point of meeting her. With the one-sentence summary, the past changed. The gravity of the past became a propulsion for the future. I asked my teammate to ask our guide, “What does she want us to do for the rest of our journey in Ireland?”

“Sincera suggests that we walk around and touch the stones. Now that we are opened, we have access to information stored in the stones.” Mara paused a beat to listen. “She says to you and me, ‘Help as many people become awake as you can, for there are many people whose star seeds are still asleep.’”

Listen to the iPod recording of our contact event:

<https://www.pleiadianfamily.net/hear-the-pleiadians>

Watch a 2019 video of this 2006 contact event:

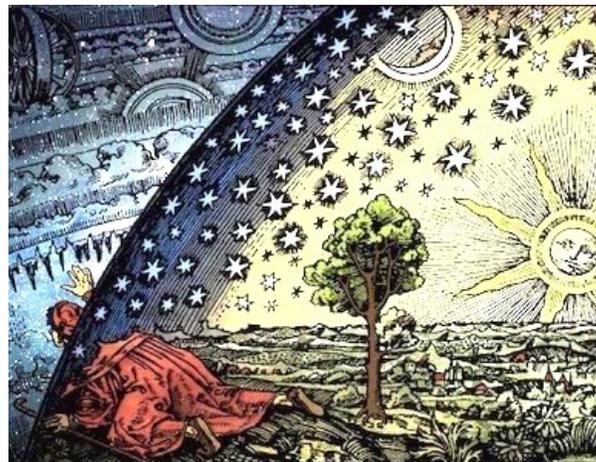
<https://youtu.be/rSiNsU5pSDA>

2. Write a Book

Perhaps you feel this way too. I always feel that I am living double lives: one visible, one invisible. I feel I have one foot in this world and one foot in the otherworld.

What is this otherworld? This otherworld seems to have a language, logic, and rhythm of its own. It appears remote and impersonal; yet, it can all of a sudden turn so intimate and warm that you feel you are the center of a whole world. For a moment, space cracks, time curves, and things solid shape-shift into beings ephemeral to convey to you a message, meaningful to you alone.

The mystic's world. The shaman's world. The world of the seeker who pokes his head through the canvas of painted comfort.



At that dolmen in Ireland I must have peeked through a veil, even though my eyes didn't see anybody lifting stones. But my inner eye did see through Mara's inner eye ...



MARA AT CARROWMORE, AUGUST 7, 2006

... otherwise I wouldn't have been able to direct her to look left or right during our 10-day adventure in Ireland and our four-month adventure back home in the Netherlands.

In this misty field of the otherworld, I couldn't go anywhere without Mara and she couldn't go far without me. We were like two legs of the same one body.

This one body was put together by a mysterious force as I was preparing for a solo journey to Ireland, by myself, alone. Out of the blue my Dutch friend phoned me and right away wanted to join me on the trip.

Immediately we decided to go together, to the Isle of the Goddess, to heal the wounded goddess in ourselves. On this legendary Isle of Magic, we might encounter elves and dwarfs, fairies and gnomes, but nowhere in our mind was the thought of encountering beings of the ET sort.

Yet, this stunning ET woman who appeared to us in the goddess' land of Ireland and reappeared to us in the god's land of Holland wouldn't allow us to treat her as a goddess. The tall and shiny Pleiadian beauty refused to be put on a pedestal, to receive our offering of incense. And never would she come to us if we dropped to our knees and begged for her providence.

“You are no less divine than we are,” the Pleiadian Sincera told us in a channeling session back home in Holland, “for we have come from the same source. If you worship us, you then worship an obstruction to the source. As your Family of Light, we are equal to you. So please do not worship any of us!”

According to Sincera, the Family of Light consists of many extraterrestrial groups that are involved in the restoration of the Human Project on planet Earth, and her group—the Group of 8 from the Pleiades—is one of them.

I get it. The Family of Light shares with us the same soul substance, the same starseed, only our blood is connected to planet Earth. The different types of human are essentially the same. Why would anyone kneel before one's own kind?

So we can't call them "gods" or call them "aliens" because they are family.

We can still call Sincera and her group "ET" even though they look perfectly human in the astral realm, so different from that adorable but ugly creature in the movie *E.T.* (which made the two letters, E plus T, into a household name). These extraterrestrials of light from the Seven Stars are not just one Nordic type. When their relief mission landed on Earth some 11,000 years ago, they appeared in all skin colors, to help earth humans everywhere.

Nevertheless, aliens exist. On the last day of our journey in Ireland, Sincera came and informed us about an alien force from outer space. When the Family of Light was physically on Earth, there came an army from the sky. This militant alien force came to Ireland first, with an intention to invade.

Sincera's group, the Group of 8 from the Pleiades, went to a plateau and created a sound shield to protect the whole Ireland. The plateau became a combat zone where opposite energies clashed.

“The Family of Light could never engage in actual combat,” Sincera explained to us, “because violence is not in the nature of light. But the Family of Light could confront, resist, and defeat the League of Darkness.”

Thus, on the plateau later known as Moytirra, a team from the Family of Light “battled” with a legion from the League of Darkness. The light side won. The dark side failed.

The dark side gave up on Ireland but didn't give up on Earth. They searched all over the planet for weak points. Everywhere they went, they met hearty resistance. The Family of Light fiercely protected their establishments, their centers of civilization. At numerous places the Family of Light “battled” with the Legion of Darkness.

These energetic clash sites became mythological battlefields, which attracted battling energies of the dark kind—Golan Heights in Israel, Plain of Jars in Laos, Ta' Cinc in Malta, and Dwarka in India, to name a few.

The Family of Light could not win the war, however. It wasn't a war—it was a takeover. In the end, the dark aliens infiltrated our human race and went on to conquer planet Earth: they bred armies, waged wars, and built empires; they butchered, tortured, and mutilated; they set up hierarchies and governments; they demanded submission and worship; they crowned themselves as lords and masters of the human race. The rest is, literally, history.

The visionary Tolkien was spot on, with his Lord of Darkness character in *The Lord of the Rings*. The dark lord Sauron is for real, who seeks this one ring that rules all. I wonder how this Sauronic force managed to get from Anu's Sumer to Mao's China. How did it get to Hitler's Germany, to Stalin's Russia, to Idi Amin's Uganda, and to Pol Pot's Cambodia? And where was our Family of Light when armies of Orcs were marching on the soil of Earth?

They left. They withdrew from Earth.

With bloodshed and wickedness smeared all over humanity, the vibration became too heavy for the Family of Light to stay in the third dimension of ours. As beings of light, they can't stay in dungeons of darkness. They had to leave the shore of Middle-earth and return to their own white heavens.

Perhaps deeply repressed in our Collective Unconscious is a lump of resentment towards them. We resented their departure. We felt abandoned. We didn't want to believe in their existence, for to believe is to feel the repressed pain, to believe is to look at our own dark shadows and see our own ugliness.

The ugly fact is they didn't betray us—we betrayed them! We opened the door and invited space predators into our lovely Earth garden. We acquiesced the hijacking of the Human Project. We went on to believe in the hijacker's story of who we were and where we were going and we ended up in this spectacular industrial wasteland of today.

Civilization had a beautiful start. If the alien hijacking hadn't taken place, we would have been so much more advanced, technologically as well as spiritually. We would have had a totally different Earth in a totally different 21st century.

The picture is very black and white. Unlike us Terrans, who are in various shades of gray, the extraterrestrial demography is intensely polarized. Leaving aside the impassive type who are on Earth merely to observe, there exist two types of ETs who are actively seeking our attention:

- i. ETs who respect us (i.e. light ETs)
- ii. ETs who abuse us (i.e. dark ETs)

And we Earth humans are positioned between two sharply divided camps that are fighting to win our hearts and minds. A cosmic war is raging for the future of humankind and the future of Earth. The battlefield of Moytirra is now the whole Earth.

Our allies are back; the departed have returned. This is enough of a proof of their loyalty to us.

Yet, the more I listened to their stories, the more I saw through the illusion of “departure and return.” They never really left! They never let go of us. Even though they could no longer take on our kind of bodily forms, they hung around, as spirits, as conscious vibrations, as invisible beings that protected us and guided us, from within.

The civilizers are back. Back in our consciousness. They are back to tell their stories of our bread and cheese, rice and veggies, our farmlands and cities, villages and communities, our celestial origin of agriculture, and our sky foundation of civilization.

Their core agenda is to rebuild civilization. Their first step is to wake up those who want to wake up from the hijackers’ spell.

Thus stated Sincera: “What we try to do is tickle the memory of everybody so they can enter the free-will zone again. It is like having a new start, a new chance to make the choice. Will you go back to the original plan of this planet? Or will you participate in the opposite? If you decide to participate in the opposite force, you will travel on with them. But if you find truth in the original plan, you can stay on Earth and make the dream come true!”

I asked, “So, Sincera, you want me to write the story?”

I needed to double check, for I was getting nervous. The story had grown so very big. Origin of agriculture? Foundation of civilization? Me, to deliver such messages? I have a Harvard PhD but no Harvard professor chair. Me, to discuss sheep, chicken, and chickpeas? You know, I am a city bumpkin.

“Yes, make it available to a lot of people, and the information has to be written first in English. The purpose is to trigger their deepest memory of how things began on Earth and what it means to be here, as embodiments of light, as seeds from the stars.”

“But we live in the Age of Science. How could we convince people without any hard evidence?”

“When it is written in the right way, people will recognize it in their hearts. Like a gate opening inside, they will wake up.”

The Pleiadian civilizer then said that she would take care of all the details, for the book is a message to her family, to her kin, and she, Sincera, is its true author.

3. Book Writes Me

A channeled book should come easy. You sit with a channeler, ask questions, and record answers; you type out the transcriptions and put them into a coherent structure; you pick a title and choose a cover—voila, the book is there!

So I prayed: “Why is our book anything but easy? Why are you so different from the other authors, say Prophet Muhammad’s Gabriel or Jane Roberts’ Seth? I just want to be a scribe who faithfully records and literally translates. You speak, I write—the classic way. So, Sincera, please start your dictation!”

My prayer wasn’t answered, or answered in a way that couldn’t be more vague.

First of all, Sincera often asked me to ask her questions. In this new practice called channeling, both Mara and I were beginners—we had no training in conducting Q & A with ETs. Sincera’s answers were always to the point. But my questions were flying in all directions.

Secondly, Sincera asked me to write from my own memory. I remembered nothing, save for the feeling that I had been here for many, many lifetimes. The memory was there. I couldn’t

access it. “You’ll have to find a way into yourself, all the way into the core,” Sincera said to me, “for your core has to remember.” My core? I thought I didn’t have a core, having been a Buddhist practitioner for the most part of my life.

Third, the worst, worst, worst nightmare came.

Mara left.

In January 2007, after four months of steady channeling, Mara announced that she’d go no further. “It’s time for you to write,” she said to me on the phone, “and if you need clarification on the information we’ve got, I can do a few sessions for that purpose only.” She said the information was enough. I said the opposite.

The phone call induced a mega earthquake. All of a sudden my foundation disappeared, my comrade-in-arms left, my soul sister gone. The force that had tenderly joined us together now ruthlessly tore us apart. Mara exited the stage as mysteriously as she entered it.

Was it only a dream? Had there not been the hard evidence of 1127 photos and 152 transcription pages, I would have drawn my conclusion and quit too. You know, we were like two legs of the same body, we were running wild in the otherworld.

With one leg gone, what do you think the remaining leg should do?

“Find another leg,” you say.

That was what I was thinking too. There must be someone else in the Netherlands who could channel this Pleiadian being. I asked around but found no candidate. No one showed interest in this material, just as Sincera had predicted when Mara was still in: “There is no ear to hear it yet.” And no one showed connection to this project, just as Sincera had warned us: “Do not get irrelevant people involved.”

I could search till the end of the world for a missing leg. Or?

Hop on one leg.

To go on in this irrational otherworld, I could imagine myself hopping along two tracks, alternately. One straight, one wavy. One masculine, one feminine. I’d name them “Michael and Mary” after that famous ley-line pair in southern England.

Michael Line

Mary Line



My Michael Line was the thinking line, the outward-going line, the researcher line.

My Mary Line was the feeling line, the inward-going line, the meditator line.

Along the Michael Line, I would expand my outer horizon by reading, talking, traveling, researching, following my five senses, and utilizing my left brain.

Along the Mary Line, I'd expand my inner horizon through meditation, shamanic journeying, writing, drawing, daydreaming, following my sixth sense, and utilizing my right brain. Hopping to and fro, I'd come closer and closer to my goal—Sincera's book.

The Michael Line soon took me to a new universe, called the Alternative Research Field. There, I encountered a new race of humans wearing fancy labels such as interventionists, UFOlogists, ancient-alien hypothesizers, conspiracists, and whistleblowers—folks whom I'd never meet on a college campus, authors whose books I should have been reading all those academic years.

My favorite label among them was **megalithomaniacs**. I loved the word so much that I decided to wear it as my new identity badge.

What a lifesaver to know that there are many maniacs out there, all mad about stones! I'm not the only fool who'd pay out of her own pocket to fly to a foreign land just to see some old ruins. There are other nuts who'd hug stone pillars as if hugging old friends, who'd sneak into guarded sites at night to feel the vibe, who'd cry tears of homecoming in dingy, smelly burial chambers. There are other idiots who'd make thousands and thousands of photo portraits of granite, basalt, and limestone chunks.

I felt a sense of belonging, finally. I felt a mad pride. We megalithomaniacs are folks who are mega-stoned-mad. Obsessive and compulsive, we are in a frantic quest for the lost story of civilization. For we don't believe what we've been fed at schools. We believe that the real story is hidden among mega stones.

Along my Mary Line, there also came a new group identity: **starseed**. The word wasn't in my vocabulary until that contact point in 2006. Shameful to say, at the moment of contact I didn't even know the word "Pleiades," let alone the word "Pleadians." So academically trained, I wasn't aware of the existence of a wealth of channeled messages from the stars or of a huge worldwide population called "starseeds."

Starseed. What is that?

If you feel, ever since you were a child, so different from the others, so sensitive and imaginative, so free and unconventional, so hard to fit into a rigid structure, so impossible to be part of a herd, so easily frustrated and easily inspired, so enamored of Earth but even more desirous of the stars, you can be sure you are a starseed. Maybe you weren't so extreme. If you resonate with the code word "starseed," you are a starseed.

Here is my definition of the buzzword starseed: You are a seed, made of star stuff, lying asleep inside the soil of Earth; dormant inside you is a giant tree of knowledge.

And here is my choice for a starseed symbol (the image was chosen from a plethora of symbols that I had found on Ireland's mega stones):



This is the best symbol for our starseed journey.

We move in circles. We go around and around, in different cycles of time. Time used to be long and slow. Time is getting shorter and faster. The closer to the center, the stronger the quickening of time and compression of space. When we reach the center, we reach the fulfillment of our reincarnation cycles; we reach the completion of our starseed mission on Earth.

Where are we now? We are near the center. (The flat image is in fact a cross-sectional view of a spiral.) We are near the top.

Seeing the totality of myself in this symbol, I couldn't feel like a lost wolf anymore. I couldn't fear death anymore, for I had died a thousand deaths and I am still here. With such a long trail of life experiences behind me, I couldn't be driven to acquire every single experience in this lifetime. I could afford to skip some.

Out of the many rings on this spiral, there was one ring of life that the Pleiadian teacher Sincera had asked me and others to remember. "Knowing and remembering are two different things," she said. "You need to remember what life was like before the dark aliens came."

She meant our Neolithic life.

She meant your Neolithic life and my Neolithic life.

Oh yes, we were there, we starseeds. We wore rugged bodysuits and attired in simple woolen tunics. We slept in dim mud huts and ate no fancy dinners. But we dwelled in happiness.

Following the hints from Sincera, I went deeper and deeper into my past life in Ireland of 3800 BC. This was the period just before the cairn of Newgrange was built. Step by step I hopped my way into Neolithic Ireland; more and more I grew convinced of a milieu of beauty and harmony that used to be our everyday reality.

The prehistory in my memory seemed quintessentially different from the prehistory printed in school texts and shown on TV screens, but essentially the same as the Old Europe described by the renowned (but sidelined) archaeologist Marija Gimbutas.

It'd take the remembrance of many to put together an accurate picture of the Neolithic epoch of our global prehistory. We can each give it a try, describing it. After all, we were there.

I am sure Marija Gimbutas was there, dressed in a Neolithic woolen gown.



MARIJA GIMBUTAS
AT NEWGRANGE, 1989

Why look into the past when we need to move forward?

The answer is: Because we move in a circular pattern; because the power of a thing resides in its origin.

In my journeys to the New Stone Age, I discovered my Neolithic self to be a girl of power. Her power lay in her simplicity, in her authenticity, in her wholeness. To remember this girl from 3800 BC is to dive into the pre-ego state of my modern psyche and to touch the origin of my authentic humanity, a humanity not yet fragmented, not yet contaminated, not yet sick.

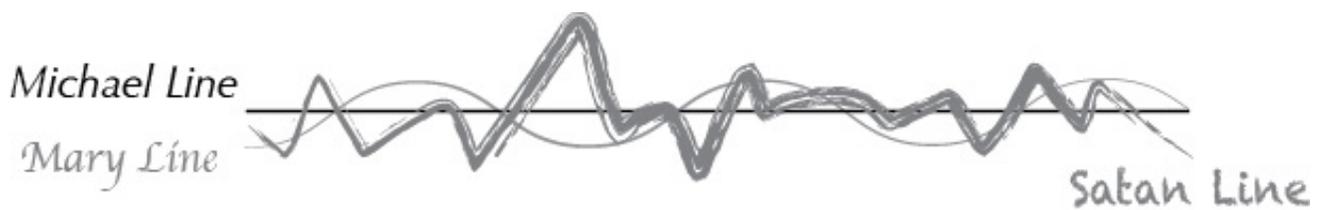
Touching my Neolithic origin, I had a realization.

I realized that this lifetime in Stone Age Ireland wasn't a past life only. It is happening in 3800 BC. It is a life in the process of being lived by another version of me at that time-space location on the grand spiral of life.

That Neolithic self is alive, just as this Computer Age self is alive. When I connect these two different selves with a timeless consciousness, I align two versions of me from two separate rings of life. With this alignment, a past becomes present. A past life becomes a parallel life.

And I realized that I was at the crosspoint of my Michael Line and Mary Line. Remembering my Neolithic self had in fact tied together the researcher line and the meditator line, the megalithomaniac line and the starseed line. Here is where the stones meet the stars.

Needless to say, a powerful vortex is found at the crosspoint of two energy lines. Powerful vortices, unfortunately, also attract beings of the wicked kind. When I invoked my Michael Line and Mary Line, I had no idea that I was also invoking a Satan Line!



The Satan Line wasn't a line in itself, though. Like a vine latched onto a tree, a satanic current attached itself to my Michael and Mary currents, and that trail of attachment became a de facto line.

Twice, I had what I could only diagnose as Satanic Panic—a dark vibration, wrathful and vengeful, took over my body-mind-spirit complex. It made me shout at Sincera and her people, “You sent me no support. To hell with you! I quit!” I renounced my Family of Light, twice, in the classic manner of a traitor.

Like it or not, this Pleiadian book project was sending me to a place I never wished to see—a dark dungeon in the subterranean side of my being. There, I found an nasty entity. Satan, Mephisto, Sauron, Mo, and the Devil were some of his stage names. The famous Satan was hiding in the world's safest place—my own house. He had been sleeping under my roof, eating my meals, and wearing my clothes while masquerading as me myself.

Seeing the dark alien within, I understood that the Dark Night of the Soul is a part of the path to light. It may even be the path to light. I understood that this spiritual journey called “ascension” isn’t supposed to be a New Age rocket trip. It is supposed to be an Old Age slow track through mountainous terrain—a train ride through Switzerland. You can’t hold on to sights of white peaks or green valleys because dark tunnels keep showing up to jolt you back to your traveler status.

Who said birth is easy? Who described the birth canal as a short ‘n’ bright tunnel? Yet somehow I was expecting an overnight change, a born-again deal, a happily-ever-after scenario.

Birthing a book is difficult, too, especially when the writer has a fear of writing and an even bigger fear called “fear of failing.” I feared I would fail my task, again. A channeled book by someone unable to channel? A spiritual book by someone struggling in the birth canal? The picture is wrong! The only person who could set it straight is the book’s true author, Sincera.

Where is she? Despite many meditational experiences where I felt connected to this extraterrestrial being, who appeared as a field of vibration bringing peace and vitality into my bones, I still couldn’t see her or hear her the vivid way that my ex-comrade Mara did. Although several times Mara informed me

that Sincera had appeared to her as a formless vibration, I still wanted to talk face to face with a Nordic ET of the blond-haired blue-eyed type.

One autumn day in 2007, out of desperation, I decided to try automatic writing. “Let’s pretend Sincera is with us,” I said to myself, opening a blank yellow journal and picking up a black ink pen. I wrote my name and my question to her, as if she was really there, a Nordic beauty standing in front of me.

Sincera, what is the narrative format of your book?

I turned to a new page, picked up a blue ink pen, and wrote down her name. The pen started to move, and it kept on moving, from letter to letter, from word to word:

It is not time yet to show you the perfect narrative structure of the book. It is your task to go step by step in finding out what works the best.

You are supposed to live your story, to let your life be transformed by your story. Living your story means time. It means going into the unknown, day by day. It means to be an adventurer who boldly goes where no one has gone before. Take the long adventure one step at a time. You are not meant to see the finished story yet. This is the fun challenge I have given you.

Trust me and follow me. I am in your deep feminine memory and dream. When you enter the palace of your soul, you will meet me there.

The pen came to a stop. My goodness! Who said these clear words? Was it Sincera or was it me masquerading as her? It couldn't be this easy communicating with a star being. Nay, I wouldn't take this automatic writing seriously.

A few weeks later, I was desperate again. I opened the same yellow journal and picked out the same blue ink pen that had written those words in Sincera's name. The pen began to write, and went on writing without a pause:

I am the voice you have been hearing since your childhood. I am the presence you are always seeking outside in the others' arms. I am the ideal woman you used to draw. I am the perfection you always yearned to achieve.

I have always been in you but many moments, in the Dark Night of the Soul, you thought you had lost me. No, you have never for a second lost me, for I am your very soul, which, by definition, cannot be lost.

I am the one asking questions through your mouth. And I am the one giving you answers through your ears.

I am the driver that takes you around the world, searching. I am the one who recognizes gifts being given and signs being shown.

I am your oldest friend, for I was there at your very beginning. I will be the angel who guides you after you leave this Chinese body.

I am the writer of your books.

I am the director of your films.

I am the speech that you shall deliver.

I am the silence that welcomes you home.

In love I exist. In trust you shall find me. In ecstasy we travel together. In tears we share our feminine essence.

Be grateful for Mara, your companion on the pilgrimage route. I had to appear as an “other” to her and to you at that moment in your life. You were searching outside for an “other” who would have all the answers. I had to appear in an other’s form to connect with you. Mara was the bridge. But you needed to discover on your own, without Mara’s help, that what Mara was channeling was between you and your Higher Self.

If these words had come off a book by someone else, I would have immediately embraced them. But they came off my own pen. How could I trust them?

From here on my book writing became easier. But I was still at a loss with regard to the overall narrative structure. One winter afternoon, I was at the end of a rope, seeing nowhere to jump. An immense agony drove me to click open a blank document in Microsoft Word and demand the Pleiadian author to speak to me. I pounded on the keyboard:

WJ says:

Sincera, can you please show me the narrative voice through which I can tell the whole story?

Despite the turmoil, my fingers typed on, as if on automatic ...

Sincera says:

Play with words. Try various voices till you settle on one you feel most comfortable with. Free your creative spirit from the captivating force of your inner critic. This sub-personality is not your true self. Write from your true self, who never judges but accepts and appreciates everything you've created. Write from that state.

WJ:

Are you always in touch with me, guiding me?

Sincera:

I am always there when you reach out to me in trust, in faith, in love. I am not able to connect with you when you are angry, doubtful, and critical. Trust, trust, trust, however blind it may seem at your vulnerable moments. Open your creative channel with this blind trust, and I will be there to write with you, to write through you. I am your Higher Self, remember? I cannot be nearer to you than this—I am you. How much closer can you get for an encounter?

So it happened, a close encounter of the nth kind, on my iMac. My new-found method, automatic typing, was so enjoyable that it soon became a favorite part of my daily routine. This high energy on the iMac screen had a consistent personality, though she spoke sometimes as a therapist, sometimes as a philosopher, sometimes as an artist, and all the time as my very best friend.

Along my Mary Line (i.e. my meditator line), things were bubbling too. For some years I had been practicing Vipassana, an ancient Buddhist meditation technique. Now combined with Pleiadian techniques, my meditation was finally going somewhere.

One night, sitting on the meditation cushion, I entered a state of solid stillness, a state of samadhi. A wave of energy came in through my crown chakra. This wave of energy was feminine and colorful, warm and bright. A cascade of refracted light, rainbow-like, water-like, was flowing down from my head to my toe.

“Who are you?” I asked this liquid light.

“This is Sincera,” the energy said, through my own voice.

I was holding the iPod, as I had done in many channeling sessions with Mara, now speaking as Sincera, to me.

“I know you want to see me in the form of a beautiful Nordic woman standing in front of you. But it isn’t possible, my dear. Because I cannot appear to you in another body, in another form. Because in the state of communion, I am one with you. I am you!”

4. Channeled Life

I wasn't born an eloquent Irish colleen. Therefore, it took me more than a thousand sentences to make a point, which an Irish friend used only two to crack:



“I see,” said the blind man, “a hole in the wall!”

“Shut up,” said the dumb man, “you can’t see it at all!”

The dumb man forgot that he was dumb. I think it is time that we forget “we are blind.” C’mon, we can all see! We can all hear and speak. We can all channel spirits, for channeling is as old as humanity itself. The spirit world has been around for eons of time, as one half of the human life, which, to those who think they are blind is merely a shadow sphere, and to those who believe they can see is a vivid reality even more interesting than this one, said to be the only.

Reality, as we pretty much agree on now we are inside the 21st century, is a fluid insubstantial field of something or nothing, codependent on an individual's conscious state, which is a flux of change. The spirit world fluctuates with the ebbs and flows of our personal consciousness, and spirit beings shift shapes to cater to our idiosyncrasies.

Correspondence between us humans and them spirits takes many forms, and communication unfolds on levels both apparent and subliminal. We have been speaking their thoughts, delivering their messages, serving as their noble or ignoble instruments, only we didn't realize it. The issue at hand is, how conscious do we want to become of this ongoing thing?

Funny that we Earth humans think that the diversity of our biological reality is unparalleled in the universe. We feel that we organic creatures are many and they inorganic spirits are few. Whatever we can't see we call "spirits." Maybe, the situation is unsettlingly different. Maybe, there're a lot more of them than us!

We may have been whirling in a thick soup of sounds, codes, languages, messages, and images, as a bunch of notes in a cosmic cacophony. We may have been rubbing shoulders every day with beings of all shapes, sizes, colors, textures, and odors.

So whom do we trust?

Whom do you want to trust? That's my answer.

The human race is very confused at the moment. But things are often simple and straight. How do you tell a fire is true or fake? You see, it isn't so complicated. Love cannot be faked. Truth cannot be counterfeited. In dealing with the vast assortment of beings in this rich universe, we are far from being ill-equipped. We possess the truth yardstick.

“Is a spirit telling me to trust myself,” you can ask, “or to trust himself?” Is a being of “love and light” teaching you how to shatter the illusions of a spiritual hierarchy, or how to grow them? Is an ET intelligence taking you into a sea of non-duality, or into a rift of dichotomies?

Power back, or power away? See, it isn't difficult.

Channeling a trusted spirit isn't difficult, either, when you realize that it is just letting a stream of energy express itself through you. What's needed, more than anything, is courage. Courage to assume a different position. Courage to let go. Letting go of your inhibitions, your preconceptions, and the residual image of your belittled self.

Channeling is interdimensional communication between you on this side of the canvas and a presence on that side called the otherworld. It always is a joint venture between you and someone from beyond you. This someone could well be U, the greater u.

Understandably, there is no bias-free channeling, just as there is no value-free science. No channeling is pure. No channeling can be 100% accurate. An act of decoding and translation, the serious practice of channeling is but a matter of approximation.

And channeling means different things.

The narrow sense of channeling entails that you sit still, shut your eyes, and enter a state of trance. The broad sense of channeling, well, includes every activity we have in life. Isn't life itself a channeling process? Aren't we all channeling the force of life, which expresses itself through tireless and endless variations?

Looking back at my own past, I see a movie, partly beautiful and harmonious (a romantic comedy) and partly ugly and chaotic (a war epic). Watching my life as a movie, I see a force showing itself in 10,000 faces to play with me, to play through me, and I am its channel, willingly.

Looking back at that contact point in 2006, I see this moment in time as the start of a whole new genre called “channeled life.” Apparently, my Pleiadian family wanted more than my sitting on a meditation cushion in the dark, eyes shut, channeling messages into an iPod. Rather, they wanted me to channel their messages through the entirety of my being, through being and becoming, through experiencing in space-time, because the messages could not be understood if they had not been lived.

I didn’t realize that this Pleiadian book project was a play until well into the play. After too many losts and too many founds, it dawned on me that I had been put on a “treasure hunt” for information, for story leads. Somebody had been scattering breadcrumbs to get me to come here and go there, to turn left and take right, to discover this and uncover that.

This somebody was much larger than the Pleiadian being, Sincera. This s/he had been coordinating events from above and making sure that the seeker gets the language of the otherworld—the language of synchronistic events.

Often with hindsight I saw I had to go to a certain place to meet a certain person in order to retrieve a certain piece of information. This certain place could be in Malta, in Israel, or in Laos, this certain person could be an Australian visitor in Chiang Mai, a Taoist shaman in Sichuan, or a Turkish group in

Aswan, and this certain piece of info could be as tiny as how oat flakes came into our breakfast bowls, or as big as what the Buddha, Lao Tzu, and Christ had in common.

Not just to meet humans, this playful play has sent me into the plant kingdom to speak to trees, flowers, and grasses, and into the animal world to converse with birds, insects, and snake spirits. This play pushed me to hold lunar talks with the Moon, solar talks with the Sun, and earthy talks with Earth in her multiple personalities.

As with the hunting of story leads, the hunting of words took place at multiple locations on planet Earth. For whatever reasons, the book writing had to be blessed by water spirits residing in Markermeer Sea of North Holland and Ballysadare Bay of the Irish Atlantic.

The book writing had to be aroused by a phallic clock tower on Church Street in a Monks'dam (that is, Monnickendam, not far from the world's capital of sex 'n' drugs—Amsterdam) and fed by three breast mountains, one Irish, two Chinese.



THREE SACRED MOUNTAINS THAT HAVE NURTURED THIS BOOK PROJECT

At the foot of the Irish hill of Knocknarea, the hill where I had lived and trained some 6000 years ago, I received the first coherent narrative of Sincera's information.

On the shoulder of the Writer's Pen Mountain (Mt.Wenbi) in Lijiang, China, I resided in a Tibetan tantric Buddhist community of Milarepa's tradition, where two new chapters on Pleiadian practice were transmitted.

The book writing eventually took me back to my origin—Mount Green City (Mt.Qingcheng) in my birth province Sichuan. Venerated as a birth place of the Taoist religion, Mt. Qingcheng is a portal to heaven to those who can see. At her gentle green feet, my manuscript came to its final, final, final version.

It wasn't the Final Version, yet.

In preparing for publication, this first-time author came to the frightening discovery that her 150,000-word manuscript was much too long. Half of her darlings had to be killed. On top of that, her apartment was bombarded by the roars of bulldozers, her silence torn by claws of the supermachine of a China Dream.

In the midst of crisis, a change came. When the beaten writer was at the mirror twisting her beaten hair, an idea flew into her head: “How about making two books out of one?”

Who breathed this idea? I’d never know. But it saved the life of 70,000 words. And it solved a heartbreaking problem. Like a mature cell having a self-division, my oversized manuscript self-split into halves and begot a pair of manuscript kids.

Twins: boy and girl.

The boy’s name is *New Humankind: A Pleiadian Herstory*.

The girl’s name is *Journey to Our Neolithic Self*.

5. One, Two, One

“Who is Sincera?” I still ask.

Twelve years had passed since that moment by the Irish dolmen when this name entered my ears and changed my bones.

I can say Sincera is a typical Pleiadian being—feminine, wise, and benevolent. Yet, she is different from Billy Meier’s Semjase, a Plejaren woman, Barbara Hand Clow’s Satya, a Pleiadian goddess, Amora Quan Yin’s Pleiadian Emissaries and Christine Day’s Pleiadians, light energies in plural, and Barbara Marciniak’s Ps, a light collective.

And she insisted on telling a story, saying, “The New Human child in you wants to hear a story, not a treatise!” Since stories are as old as humanity itself, stories are much older than theories.

Therefore she wanted to tell an ET herstory of us, to me, to starseeds in whatever skin color, to whichever person of the earthly kind with sensitive ear and curious mind. Who is this passionate storyteller from the sky?

She said her name is actually Sincere-Ra. “Ra means ray of light.” This storyteller had thoughtfully named herself “Ray of Sincerity” to communicate with us, the earthly kind.

I have read somewhere that a whole tribe of Pleiadian souls is named Ra, or named after Ra, and I know that in ancient Egypt Ra meant the sun—the sun behind our sun. Thus I dare to think that our Ray of Sincerity might have been flared all the way from up there.

Perhaps, my question should not be “who” but “what.”

So what is Sincere-Ra?

Experientially, I can describe Sincere-Ra as a field of vibration, which is perceived by me consistently as a presence of rainbow colors in an intricate pixilated sort of way. This presence would descend into my aura (with my permission, of course) through the crown of my head, and would expand my aura into a state wherein I am she and I am me. Then I would talk back and forth as I to her and as she to me. In that exquisite state of duality, I feel I am the happiest, and healthiest, schizo in the world.

Analytically, I can speculate that there exists a field of sound and color that is personally connected to me through a doorway and the doorway is Sincere-Ra. This field of intelligence has once expressed itself in megalithic Ireland as the Group of 8. In the current time frame, for affective communication, it employs a new composite name to engage me, an English-speaking citizen of the world, and since I'm not a scientist type, the smart field opt for a poetic code name, instead of something boring, like "008."

Could such a field be the legendary Akashic Field, reputedly containing all records of all our experiences?

It could be. Or it could be a park-like region of the Akashic Field. The park is called the Land of P (P for Pleadians), and Sincere-Ra is the name of a park ranger, which I can flash to sneak into the Land of P.

My access is, alas, limited! Not always does the name work, and not always can I wander freely. This is frustrating, for I want to see everything in one visit. In fact, I want to become a permanent resident of the Land of P.

Who is this "I" speaking?

This is the earthy ego that wants more, more, and more.

You see, when I am one with the Sincera field of peace, I feel like ... like a pod returning to a mothership.

Having been a wanderer for so long, the pod doesn't want to be ejected out into space again. But it has to be ejected, again and again, because it is a pod, designed to do tasks that even the mothership can't.



THE MOTHERSHIP AND THE POD—A SCENE FROM THE MOVIE *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY*

You want to know more of how I feel when I am inside the Sincera field of peace.

Well, how does an iPad feel, being plugged into an iMac?

An iPad doesn't need to have everything that's on the iMac. But an iPad needs periodic syncing. Syncing not only updates its content but also charges its battery and expands its lifespan. The iMac is extra-terrestrial to the iPad and it should stay like that for the sanity of both sides. Agree?

Sincera Speaks

Imagine, in the vast space above your head,
there is a field of white light in an oval form.

Call this light field the Pleiadian Field,
or simply call it the P Field.

Listen, a voice calls you from the P Field,
and the female voice says in a familiar tone:

“Come inside the mothership!”

1. Star Code

Welcome aboard!

You see, it isn't difficult to come home. It isn't a daunting task to reach the vibrational field of your family from a stellar realm. "Boarding the mothership" proves to be the best metaphor to get you to access our vibrational field, which, as you feel now, is your own field.

This isn't a ship made of metal or plastic. Nor does it take the form of a sail boat, a space machine, or a flying saucer type of vehicle portrayed in your pop media world. This is a field of light, nonphysical and immaterial, and is best described as "ethereal."

A fast-spinning ethereal field as such, being equipped with all necessary information and capacities for interdimensional travel, can really be spoken of as a "ship"—a light ship, a space ship, a mother ship, which provides an invaluable upper home space for starseeds living and working down in the earthly realm.

Home is where a person goes regularly to replenish oneself. Mothership is where starseeds visit frequently to nurture their spirit, to empower their soul. Which starseed on earth doesn't desire to visit a mothership?

To visit a mothership, a starseed must drop the mental image of a material UFO and adopt a spiritual attitude. The Pleiadian mothership is a spiritual presence in a higher dimension of your consciousness, in a higher realm of your soul.

And it takes a bit more. A starseed must make use of a gift that all humans are born with—the gift of imagination.

The mothership is an intelligent field. She interacts with the starseed on board; she communicates via concepts and symbols. The symbolic and conceptual structure of the starseed's own consciousness determines the scope of this communication, this exploration of a field of information, beauty, and love.

Before we go any further, let us make sure that you know how to stay inside the mothership, and how to find your way back on board if you've accidentally popped out of our light field.

The secret lies with a star code.

The star code is an access code to the mothership. It opens gates and unlocks doors. It lets you vibrate in sync with the field, thereby becoming one with the field. Not a boring math number or a fancy geometric shape, the star code is essentially a spark of light—a brilliant spark of starlight beaming out of a central star that has in fact created the entire field of our mothership.

The heart of our mothership shines the light of our central star. The light sustains everything in the field. Whether wide as a field or tiny as a spark, the same light wave runs through all phenomena born of the central star itself. In their vibrational essence, a star ship is the same as a star code. Such sameness of vibration is what makes the star code work.

You, a starseed, are born with a star code—your seed is your code. You know very well where your seed/spark/code is located, and you know, at the depth of your being, what the secret is.

The secret is: *When you remember that the mothership is inside you, you are back inside the mothership.*



2. Starseed Revolution

Your star code is time-coded. That is why we are here, back in your awareness, speaking to you through space-age terms. That is why we are able to be here, to assist you starseeds in a spiritual revolution around the globe.

The starseed revolution around the globe begins with you. It begins with you revolutionizing the way you look at yourself and look at the world. And we, your star soul ancestors, can show you a different way to look.

A revolution, by definition, is a replacement of the old by the new. Our starseed revolution, however, won't throw you into a strange system of nouveau ideas. Instead, it will lead you to something that you already know. You see, the revolution, for the large part, is a recovery of your lost knowledge.

The revolution is a revolt against amnesic ignorance.

At this critical moment in time, Earth humankind is on the cusp of a great leap, a great leap forward in consciousness. Yet paradoxically, such a leap forward is to be accomplished through a leap backward, back and back, into the origin.

Our revolution begins with a gift. A gift box is here, to prepare you for an exploration of the mothership—your revolutionary home base.

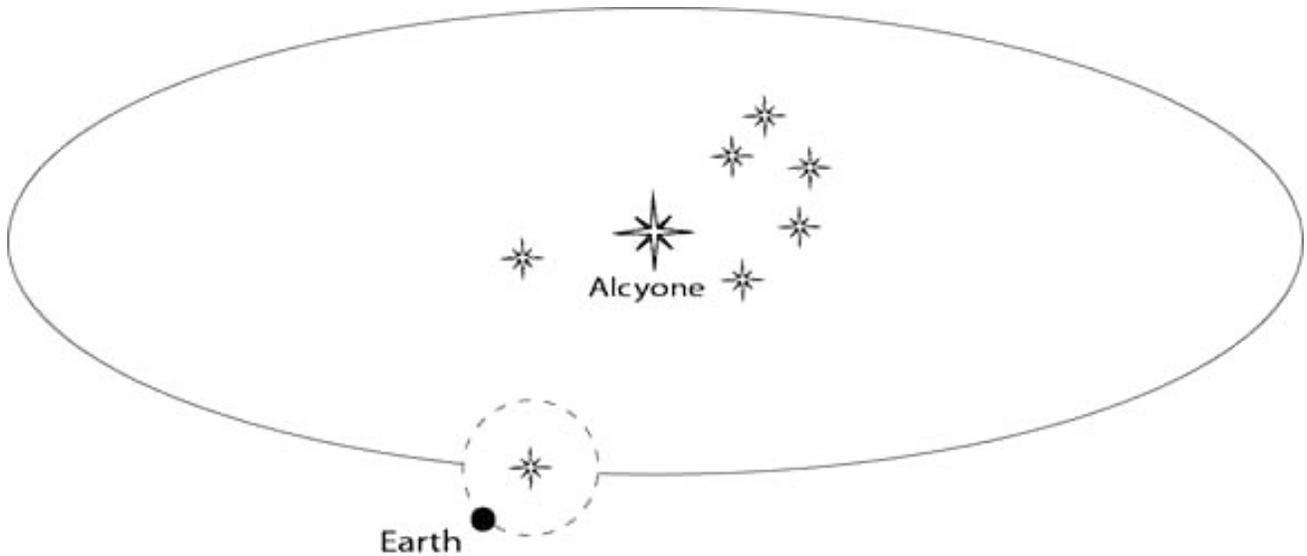


Our mothership has many, many rooms. Each room offers you a range of information in either conceptual or visual forms. To enter any room, you would need the right key, and the right key is: right symbol and right concept.

As you've guessed, our gift box contains some key symbols and key concepts.

Whenever you are ready, you can untie the ribbon and open the box. As you enter the box, you enter space. Yes, space. You are about to see where you are in a family constellation on the level of the cosmos, our cosmos.

Gift #1: Sun Above Sun



You never thought that your Sun had a stellar family. You thought that he was one of those lost boys of the universe.

In fact, your Sun is the eighth star of a Pleiadian family and the twin star to Sirius A. Your Sun is simultaneously orbiting two other suns: a Pleiadian central sun and a Sirian central sun.

He is not lost. He is right on track, purposeful and graceful in his stride. And far from being an obscure minor star, your Sun is an important multidimensional being.

What does that mean?

It means that your Sun and his solar family are in physical as well as conscious relations with these star systems: you revolve around them, and they revolve around you; you communicate with them as family members.

It means that your home planet travels in space on multiple trajectories: spinning in orbit within orbit within orbit. And we, a network of star systems, orbit the galactic core—the central sun of the Milky Way—as one family group, on a single trajectory.

The central sun of the Pleiades was called Alcyone in ancient Greece. The Greeks have given affectionate names, all in feminine gender, to the Seven Stars (seven out of a congregation of more than a thousand stars) that the Greeks had observed with the naked eye and perceived as having innate relations to Earth and Earth human beings.

The central star, Alcyone, is the eldest of the Seven Sisters. Alcyone is also the big sister to your Sun, the 8th one in the Pleiadian family: 8 is a key number for you; 8 signifies your position within a Pleiadian kinship order.

In terms of celestial kinship, your Sun star is gender-relative: s/he is a sister to Alcyone, a brother to Sirius A, and a father to you Earth human beings.

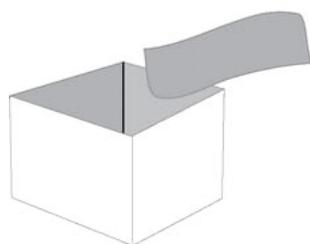
Now try to see, with your mind's eye, your Sun's position within a Pleiadian family constellation.

You see a waltz. You see the big sister Alcyone at the center of a ballroom. Circling around Alcyone are her six sisters, namely Merope, Maia, Electra, Taygeta, Celaeno, and Atlas. At the edge of the dance floor, there is a long, elliptical track on which your Sun is dancing with Earth and the rest of the solar family.

Now see our universe as a borderless ballroom, with celestial bodies spinning across space in perfect choreography: circle among circles, center above centers, sun over suns.

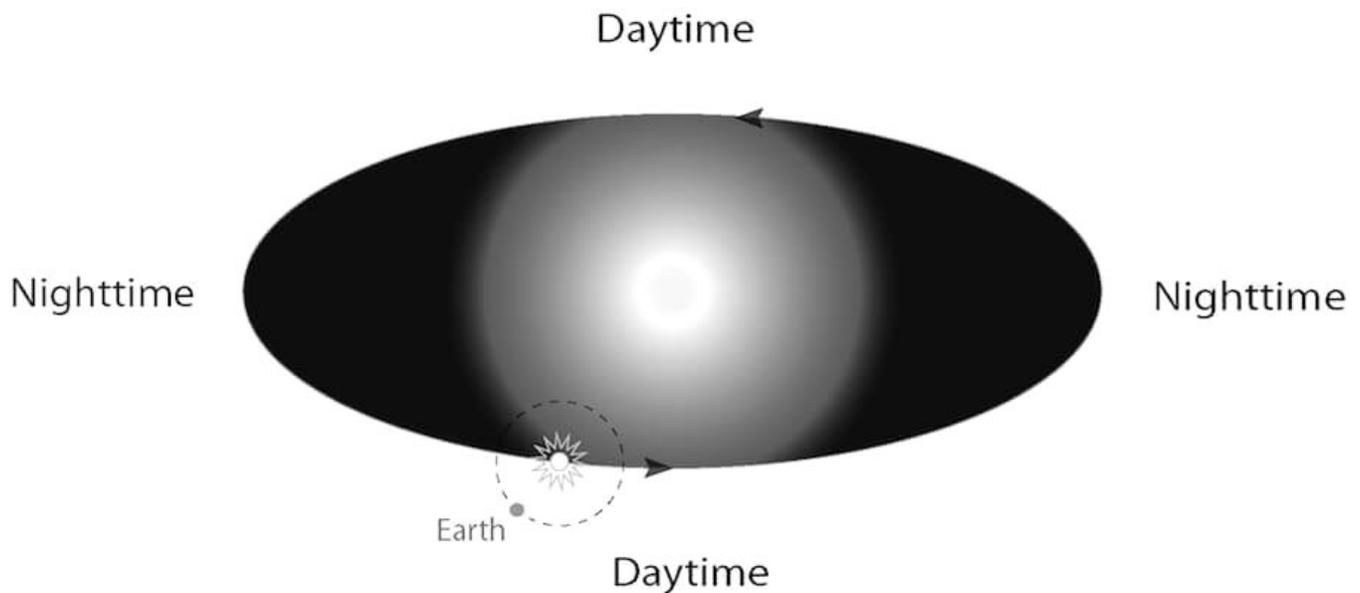
And see us as a family troupe that shows up prominently in the Universal Dance Hall. We are always seen together, as eight beautiful maidens wearing the same signature sash of kinship.

The sash, so to speak, is made of the same fabric that lines your gift box.



Sun Above Sun

Gift #2: Night and Day



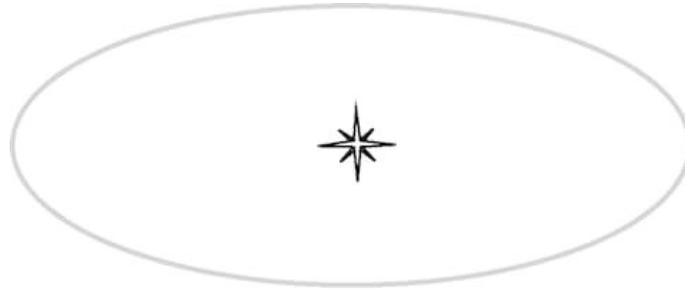
Now, let us look at your trajectory on the dance floor.

From an Earth-human perspective, it takes a day and night for Earth to revolve on her axis, it takes 365 days for Earth to revolve around the Sun, and it takes about 26,000 Earth years for your solar system to revolve in a long, elliptic orbit around the star Alcyone, the central sun of the Pleiadian family.

This 26,000-year cycle, called “the Great Year” in ancient Greece and known in other ancient cultures, is presently a focal point in the worldwide awakening of starseeds. Many use the observational term, Precession of the Equinoxes, in describing the 26,000-year-cycle phenomenon. Sourced in an Earth-human experiential framework, the term is geocentric

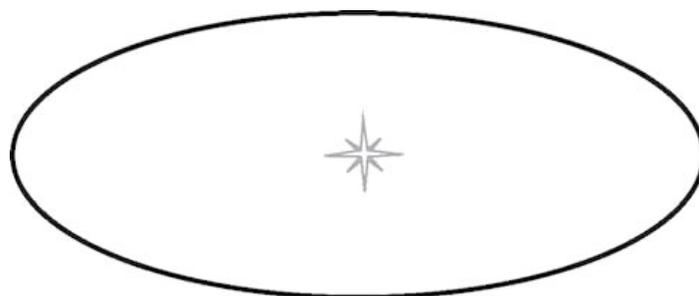
and anthropocentric, describing rather than explaining an enigma. Many want to unlock this Precession of the Equinoxes enigma. So where is the key?

The key is: the MISSING STAR at the center.



The missing star explains the why of such a cyclical motion in space. The “missing” star is the Pleiadian central sun, Alcyone, the sun above your Sun.

And the key to the key is: an ELLIPSE.



Your solar system orbits Alcyone not in a circle, but in an ellipse.

Because of the elliptic form, sometimes you get extremely close to the central sun and sometimes far, far away. We call the period when you are closest to Alcyone the Galactic Daytime and the period away from Alcyone the Galactic Nighttime.

Why “galactic?”

You see, Alcyone is our family’s gateway to the galactic center. Being permanently aligned with the galactic center, Alcyone continuously transmits the light emanated from there, from the central sun of the Milky Way. In other words, the Pleiadian central sun always shines galactic sunlight.

Thus, as you move closest to the central sun of the Pleiades, you move closest to the central sun of our galaxy, and you enter the zone of galactic sunlight, hence the reality of Daytime.

You may call the galactic sunlight or the galactic central sun itself by the Egyptian name Ra.

The galactic central sun is located in the region of the sky termed by your scientists today as Sagittarius A*. This is of course a materialistic third-dimensional description.

From a spiritual perspective, however, you can say, “Ra is there, and Ra is everywhere.” Our galactic central sun is both physical and metaphysical, both local and omnipresent.

Just as biological life on Earth is regulated by the alternation of day and night, Earth and Sun are governed by the alternation of Galactic Day and Galactic Night. During the Daytime, your solar family is in direct contact with Ra, with Galactic Light.

What is Light?

Light is energy received by Earth humans as information, as vision, as love. As truth, as beauty, as kindness.

During the Daytime, during the Age of Light, you are receiving new information and resonating with a higher frequency, and time is going faster at a day rate. During the Nighttime, the Age of Darkness, you are processing information and vibrating at a lower speed in a denser frequency range, and time is going slower at a night rate.

It is the elliptic orbit that gives you Night and Day. If the orbit were a circle, you would always be in the Day or always in the Night. Due to the narrow elliptic shape, you have a very short Daytime and a very long Nighttime. Your orbit of 26,000 years

consists of two sets of roughly 2000 years for the Daytime and 11,000 years for the Nighttime.

This conceptual pair, Night and Day, is the golden key inside your gift box.



Gift #3: Male Wave and Female Wave

Your world is a world of polarities: the energy moving through all phenomena follows a pattern of internal polarization between the yin (feminine) part and the yang (masculine) part, each containing the seed of the other.

Bear in mind that yin and yang are relational terms. A thing can be yin in relation to you, but yang in relation to someone else. For example, your Sun is yang to Earth but yin to the Seven Stars. Now you understand why your father Sun is our eighth sister.

The dance of yin and yang is going on at all levels. On a macro level, the dance manifests as two waves running through the timeline of Earth: a Male Wave and a Female Wave. These two interrelated waves can be visualized as the following image:

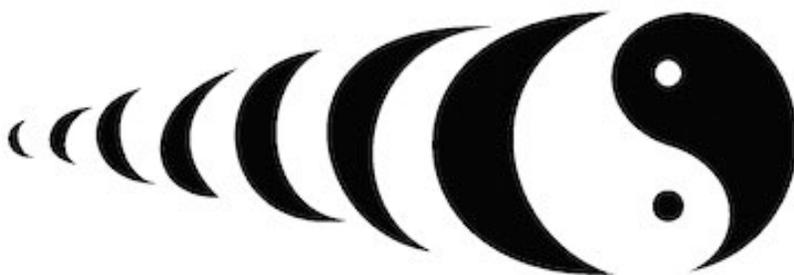


When the Male Wave rises, the Female Wave falls; when the Female Wave leads, the Male Wave follows, as in a tango.

The dance of the Yin Wave and Yang Wave is well captured in the symbol of tai chi, meaning “the Great Ultimate” in Chinese, and commonly known in the West as the yin-yang symbol:



Now, stretching your imagination further, you will see that the yin-yang symbol is actually a 2-D view of the two waves rolling forward along the timeline. The following picture shows how the cosmic flow (aka Tao) would look in a 3-D graphic:



Tao is a rolling couple in the heat of love.

You can stretch still further. Try to imagine how the two waves are interconnected with the Galactic Day and the Galactic Night ...

Well, it's not quite what you think.

During the Daytime when Earth moves close to the Pleiadian central sun Alcyone and galactic central sun Ra, it is female power (yin) that rises to a leading position on your planet. In correspondence, male power (yang) goes into a following position.

Why?

Because Earth is female and receptive while the light of the central sun is male and projective. The closer Earth gets to the central sun, the stronger her yin power grows, the more fecund her body becomes. The heyday of Earth, who is an ultra-feminine planet, is a time when her yin power peaks and life forms flourish.

The Nighttime, in contrast, is when her yin power goes into decline and her yang power rises into a leading position. The farther away from the central sun and the deeper the Night gets, the stronger the male power grows on planet Earth.

Thus, for you on planet Earth (in a yin position), the Male Wave peaks in the Night and the Female Wave peaks in the Day. For us on the stars (in a yang position), Day is a time to seed life on Earth and transmit information to you earthlings, and Night is a time for you earthlings to develop life and process information.

This conceptual pair, Male Wave and Female Wave, is the platinum key inside your gift box.

 *Male Wave & Female Wave*

Gift #4: Earth Spirit

My next concept is your diamond-studded keyring.

It may sound postmodern, but it is prehistoric, the concept of Earth being a spirit.

Today, more and more people have come to see Earth not as a dead matter but as a living organism. I shall take you a step further. I say to you, planet Earth is much more than a living organism. She is a conscious being. She is a soul. She has a mind of her own.

You have been programmed by your school education to see your planet and all celestial bodies as various forms of matter. When you look into space through a telescope, you see gases, liquids, and rocks. You see what you believe, that's why.

The materialistic outlook is a grave distortion of the true nature of the cosmos. From my Pleiadian perspective, the cosmos is fundamentally spiritual, not material—"spirit" is another word for "consciousness." As a Pleiadian human, I see the cosmos as a self-manifestation of the Divine Consciousness, whom the Native American peoples on Earth have rightly named "the Great Spirit."

Now, step out of your old paradigm of “matter vs. spirit,” resting on a rigid and illusory sense of dichotomy. I invite you to embrace a new way that sees everything in the universe as manifestations of the Great Spirit.

You, too, are a manifestation of the Great Spirit.

You are, without exaggeration, the Great Spirit.

Planet Earth is a spirit. So are Sun, Moon, Mars, Venus, and all the other planets. Our galactic central sun Ra is a spirit.

I am a spirit, speaking to you, a spirit.

When you make this radical shift, your relationship with everything changes. Suddenly, the universe becomes alive! You find yourself in communion with endless arrays of conscious vibrations. You now meet trees and birds, mountains and rivers, planets and stars in their living spirit essence.



Gift #5: Inner Sun of Gaia



I am fond of the Greek word, Gaia. It is a lovely name for the soul of Earth—a unique planetary consciousness manifested by the Great Spirit for a special purpose.

“What exactly is the planetary consciousness of Gaia?” you ask. Come with me in a travel to the core of Gaia. Close your eyes and let your spirit descend to the center of your planet. Feel your way into the core of her being—a crystalline structure radiating tremendous light and heat. This is the inner sun of Earth.

You may want to enter the inner sun, the soul of Gaia, and feel your way around. How does her soul feel to you?

I tell you how Gaia's soul touches me, a Pleiadian being. Strange as it may sound to you, it expresses as an orgasm!

It is a rhythmic contraction and release, very much like your climax in sex. Gaia's inner sun is best described as a seat of erotic power, similar to the G-spot in an Earth woman's body. From that brilliant spot the contraction starts; the orgasmic waves radiate out to her spherical surface. The result is a myriad of life forms: the flora, the fauna, and the microorganisms, all offshoots of Gaia's contraction and release.

Gaia—a sexy goddess. When you are climaxing during lovemaking, Gaia is climaxing together with you. When you are bursting with joy, Gaia is enjoying herself through you. In your personal ecstasy, you are touching the pulse of the planetary woman and dancing in sync with her heartbeat. Orgasm is what made you in the first place. Orgasm is the way of your planet.

Here you see the diamond stud on your keyring.

Aren't you happy about this jewel of a vision? You may notice that you have missed the whole point of being a human on Earth. You may realize that you have fundamentally misunderstood your mother planet. You may start to feel that you are not only a child of Gaia but also Gaia herself.

Yes, you are. Gaia is not just an environment that supports your lavish living. Gaia is everything you are in the first to the fourth dimension of your being. You are Gaia, and Gaia is you.

The inner sun of Gaia is the Root Chakra of all her human and nonhuman children. It is from her warm heart that her energy ascends and animates your individual bodies. There, way down there, lies the first vortex of the human energy system. Here, at the center of planet Earth, lies the beginning of your pranic tube—your central energy channel.

Sadly, most humans on Earth are loosely rooted in their Root Chakra, thus blocked from the inner sun and stripped of the experience of Gaian ecstasy. What if you were all firmly rooted in the Root Chakra? What if you were all vibrating in sync with the blast from the Earth woman's G-spot?



Inner Sun

Gift #6: Multidimensional Humanity

Gaia is a multidimensional being. “Dimension” here means two things: a) vibrational density; b) level of consciousness. The relation between a) and b) is that of correspondence.

In her material form, Gaia has four layers of vibrational densities. The 1D (i.e. the first dimension) is the inner sun at the core of her spherical body. The 2D, from the core to the surface, is her inner planetary universe, home of the elementals. The 3D on her surface is where you humans live in the company of animals and plants. The 4D is the astral plane, a partially human domain.

In her spirit form, correspondingly, Gaia has four levels of consciousness.

Presently, Gaia is approaching the endpoint of a great cycle, ready to embark on a monumental leap in her own evolution: ascension into the fifth dimension. In the new cycle, Gaia will be a planet containing five levels of density, and will assume an equal communication position with us, her Pleiadian family in the 5D.

Her ascension is contingent upon your ascension. You, her human children, are the designated species to channel, anchor, and spread the 5D energy—the energy of light—around her planetary body. You, human channels of light, are a key factor in this planetary ascension.

The ascension of Gaia proceeds through the fourth dimension. The 4D is a bustling place. This semi-physical realm bordering the physical 3D and the non-physical 5D is a dimension between dimensions, a zone between zones. An autonomous intermediary zone, the 4D works as a portal realm for inter-dimensional travels. You could call the 4D “the astral realm” or “the gateway realm.”

On the level of human consciousness, the 4D is the realm of concepts, symbols, and archetypes, where collective expressions of human experiences are deposited, where ideas, feelings, emotions, and fantasies are generated and regenerated.

Human mind and human emotion (of the earthly kind) are primarily 4D energies, and human emotion is the most precious gift that planet Earth offers to visitors from space.

Human experiences, mental and emotional, are mediated by archetypes. Rudimentary archetypes such as father and mother, god and goddess, angel and demon function as

holders of the life force, as calling codes to access powers from multiple realms.

Concepts, symbols, and archetypes serve as channels through which other-dimensional energies descend or ascend to communicate with you, and as vehicles by which you travel up or down to reach other levels of consciousness.

On the level of planetary vibration, the 4D as a vibrational zone houses major portals that connect the 3D to the 5D. These portals are time-locked. The 4D gates are time gates, locked to specific points along the timeline of 3D. Time gates open only at specific points.

I know, many starseeds are searching around the globe for those legendary Star Gates and wanting to go on space journeys through them. But it doesn't work that way, my dear. When the gate is locked, no matter what ritual magic you invoke or what technological gadget you employ, you won't go anywhere. Because the gate opens only when planets and stars arrive at a particular position in space, the time lock can only be unlocked by celestial alignment.

So you see, it is not a matter of opening the portal, but a matter of waiting for the time. And the time is fast approaching for the reopening of great portals all over planet Earth. But more important than finding the portal out there is

finding the portal in here. Your human body is, by design, a portal into multiple dimensions. The greatest Star Gate is located within.

The fifth dimension is where your Pleiadian star home is. The 5D is a realm of light, a realm of love, beauty, and creativity. Earth humans experience the 5D energy as the energy of the Heart—the sacred heart, located at the center of your chest.

The Heart Chakra is the physical receptor of love, a bio-device that receives, transmits, and radiates the 5D energy of love. The Heart is the bridge. The Heart is the doorway. The Heart is the 3D/4D portal to go through if you want to reach the higher dimension of 5D and above.

Above the 5D, up to the 10D, are light dimensions beyond your 3D sense of time and space, yet all accessible within your individual consciousness. By design, you are a 10-dimensional being. The microcosm of your humanity mirrors the macrocosm of our galaxy. Our Milky Way is a galaxy of 10 dimensions.

Groundbreaking information on the multiple dimensions of our galaxy and your humanity has been transmitted through the works of Barbara Hand Clow, one of the bringers of the first wave of Pleiadian information.

You can study Hand Clow's two seminal books, *The Pleiadian Agenda* and *The Alchemy of Nine Dimensions*, both channeled from a Pleiadian source (named Satya).

Here, I take you a step further, beyond the nine dimensions. We go to the 10th dimension. The 10D is the "womb" that concurrently births the galactic space and galactic time. You can call it the Ultimate Nothingness. But this ultimate galactic reality is beyond the polarity of light and darkness, even beyond being and non-being, inconceivable and indescribable. You'd better call the 10D the Ultimate Mystery.

Ten Dimensions of Humanity

<u>Location of Keepers</u>		<u>Defining Features</u>
Galactic womb, black hole	10D	Mystery
Galactic sun, Ra	9D	Oneness
Orion	8D	Primal dualities
Andromeda	7D	Sonic forms
Sirius	6D	Geometric forms
Pleiades	5D	Artistic forms
Astral zone of Earth	4D	Archetypal forms
Surface of Earth	3D	Material forms
Interior of Earth	2D	Elemental forms
Core of Earth	1D	Inner sun

(This chart is largely based on the information sourced in Satya / Hand Clow.)

The 10 dimensions of Earth-human consciousness correspond to the 10 dimensions of Galactic Consciousness. Galactic Consciousness manifests itself at different levels, from the 9D downward. Think of it as a flow that emanates from the galactic center and goes from the abstract to the concrete, from the generic to the specific—a flow of consciousness.

Following are the nine levels of the flow, with respect to humanity:

The 9D is the first-level manifestation of Galactic Consciousness, the first movement of the galactic womb energy, the one-in-all and all-in-one state; the 9D doorkeepers are human intelligences in the galactic core—the central sun, Ra.

The 8D is the realm of primal division of dualities, featuring rudimentary structural forms of Galactic Consciousness; the 8D doorkeepers are human intelligences in the Orion constellation.

The 7D is the realm of sound and harmonics that can generate geometric patterns in 6D; the 7D doorkeepers are human intelligences in Andromeda, a twin galaxy to the Milky Way.

The 6D is the realm of numerical and geometric forms—the mathematical morphs (the Platonic ideas, so to speak); the 6D doorkeepers are human intelligences in the Sirius star system.

The 5D is the realm of beauty and love—the artistic morphs (the flesh-and-blood level of Platonic ideas, so to speak); the 5D doorkeepers are human intelligences in the Pleiades star cluster.

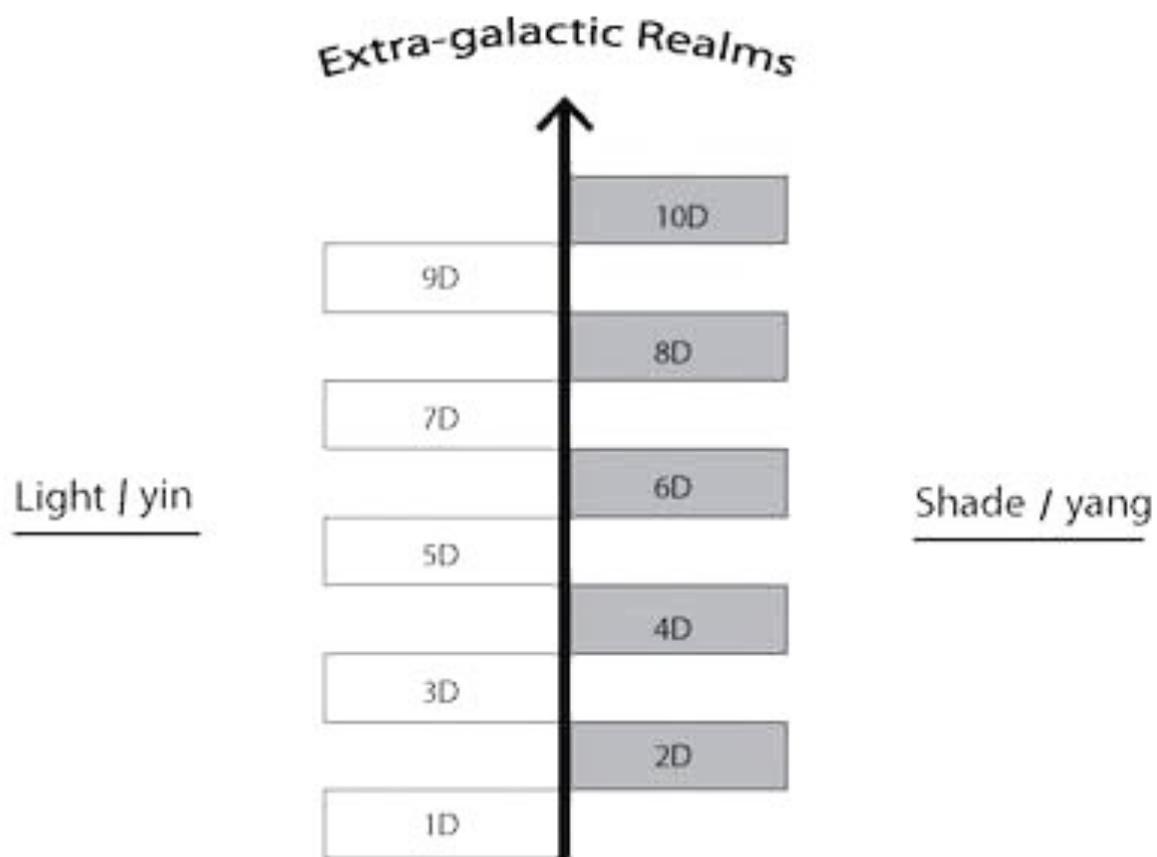
The 4D is the realm of concepts, symbols, and archetypes, angels, demons, and spirits—an astral zone; its doorkeepers are astral lights, whom you call “angels.”

The 3D is the realm of dense matter, home of organic and inorganic things in space-time; its doorkeepers are Gaian humans.

The 2D is the realm of elemental spirits (i.e. earth, water, fire, air, and ether); its doorkeepers are the reptilian powers, whom you call “dragons.”

The 1D is the realm of Gaia’s inner sun, the source of planetary energy, the Root Chakra of all life forms; its doorkeeper is Gaia herself.

You exist, simultaneously, in 10 dimensions.



Our universe moves by way of the yin-yang dance. Our galaxy plays through rhythmic interactions between her two polarized sides: the light dimensions and the shade dimensions.

The odd-numbered are feminine dimensions, on the light side; the even-numbered are masculine dimensions, on the shade side. Such pairing of yin with light and yang with shade may seem strange to you at first, but will soon make sense.

The even-numbered masculine dimensions serve as shades that contrast the light and give forms to the light. Due to the inherent, hidden nature of their workings in the overall picture, these dimensions are termed as “shades.”

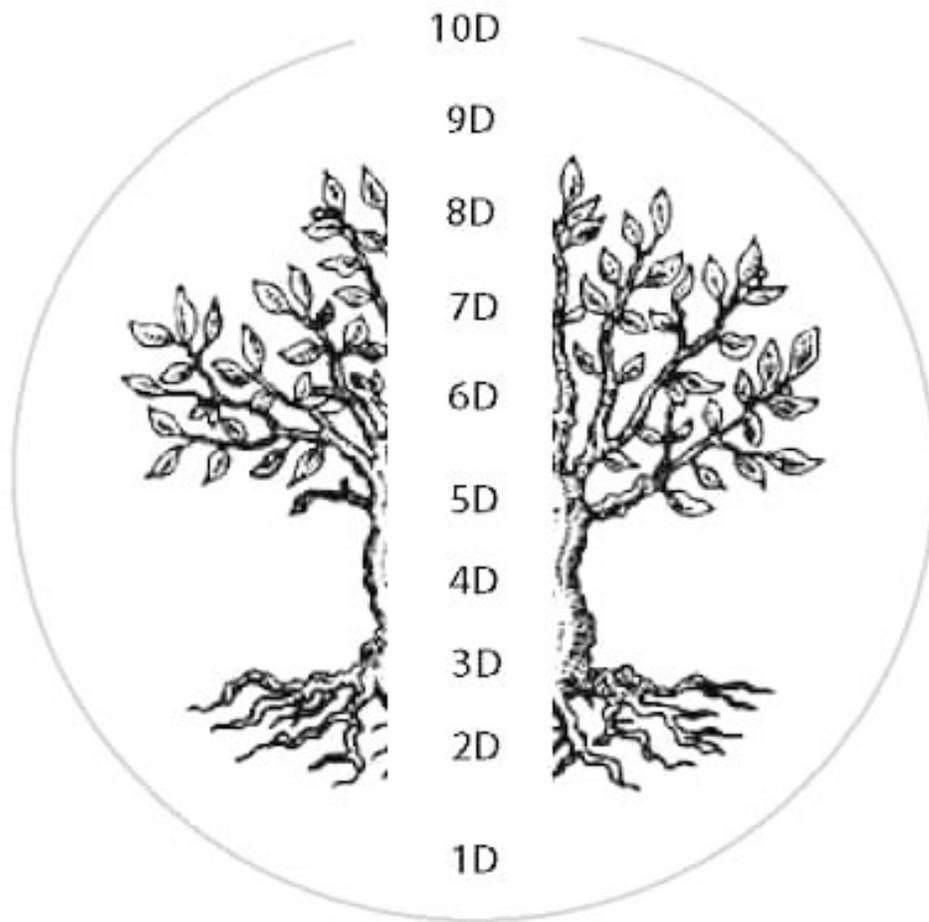
The light dimension is a receptive blank sheet of paper, the shade dimension a projective pencil line demarcating an image. The shade dimensions provide structures, the light dimensions offer potentiality; the shade dimensions act as yang, the light dimensions react as yin. Without the mating dance of the two sides, our galaxy would be a boring field of nothingness.

Numbers were given to these dimensions to help you see. “Higher” is not better, “lower” not inferior. Higher and lower are relative terms.

As a starseed, you exhibit a tendency to want to escape from lower dimensions so as to dwell in higher ones, especially the fifth, where you are bathed in the home light of love. To forsake the lower 3D in favor of the higher 5D, however, would be to fragment your own consciousness.

Dear starseed, you did not come to Earth to be a boring, one-dimensional creature. You came to thrive as a universal superstar: a multidimensional human being.

You are the Cosmic Tree, its roots shooting from the heart of Earth, its canopy touching the heart of the Milky Way.

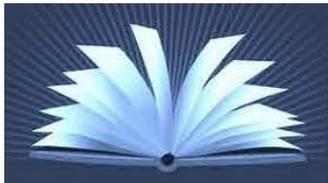


Now you've found the magic mirror, lying beneath the keyring.

 Multi-dimensional Human

Our gift box is meant to be used.

Now aboard the mothership,
you can use it to access the first library
that you see along the corridor ...



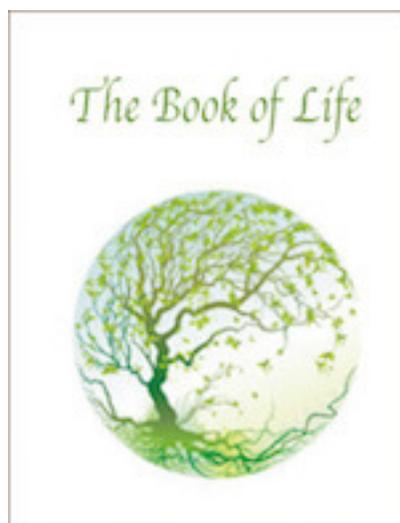
Welcome to the **P** Library

3. Earth Paradise Project

By showing the gift box in your hands, you open the seamless door and step inside the spacious library. In a short while you arrive at a Guest of Honor table. In the middle of the table, there sits a book—a classic book bound in cloth of natural white. This is the Book of Life.

This is the book of your life, you as one of our starseeds living on the frontier planet of Earth.

You open the beautiful book but see its pages covered by letters you've never seen before. You find it difficult. Well, I can read and explain parts of the book to you. Are you ready for a story?



In the beginning was an idea.

Once upon a time before time was born, an idea occurred to the Great Spirit, also known as the Universal Mind: “How about making a new place where life forms will be brought in from various regions of my universe to flourish side by side? How about creating a new fantasy park, a new playground, a new paradise of life?”

The playful idea turned into a serious plan. The plan turned into a master plan, with countless levels and aspects, with endless variations and possibilities. The plan, at the level of our story, was to set up an infrastructure in this new fantasy park, an infrastructure for visitors from all parts of the universe to come and acquire experiences.

What sort of experiences?

A unique opportunity offered by this new fantasy park is to experience biological life in a physical body in the third dimension of matter, and the most special aspect of this offer is the experience of emotion (as much that goes on in the universe is without emotion). Small and compact, the new fantasy park is able to inspire and support an extraordinary range of emotions for conscious beings to come have a taste of.

Such a playground of emotions, a full spectrum of emotions, is destined to become a universal attraction—a cosmic hot spot for experience.

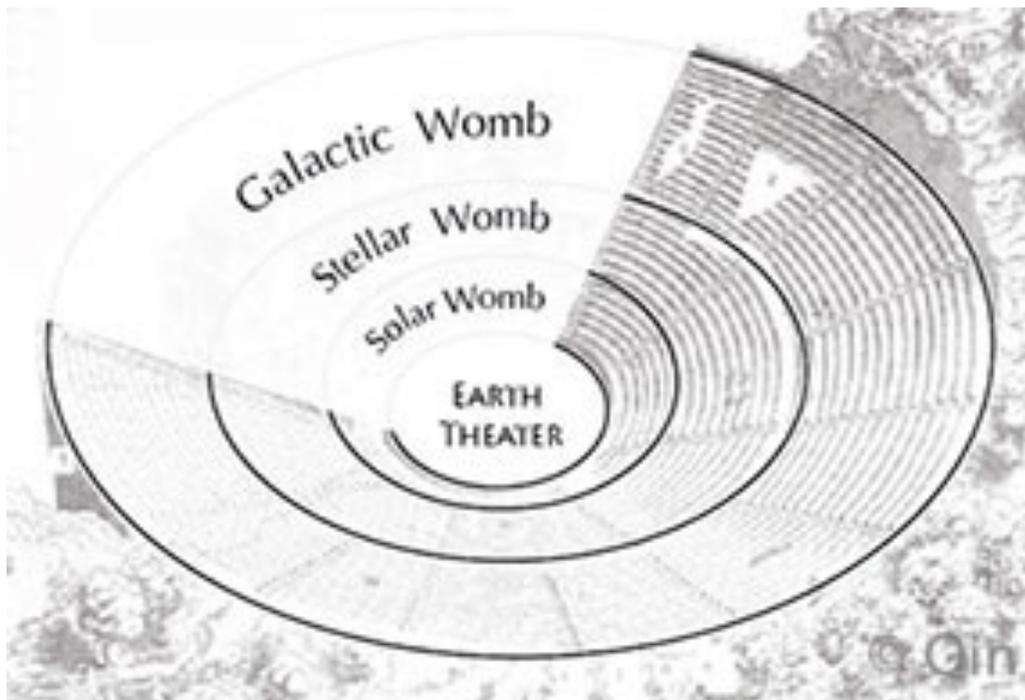
And what sort of infrastructure?

An infrastructure of experience for a playground of life as such is best described as a Theater of Life, in a spherical shape. Diverse forms of organic and inorganic energy can co-exist and co-create on this spherical stage of play. Their acts of play are recorded and archived, retrievable and replayable, since this living theater also functions as a living library.

The living theater and living library were intended to be a planet, a special planet conceived for a special purpose and born in a special atmosphere. A feminine planet, she would exist as the innermost sphere of a set of spheres. This feminine planet at the heart of a multi-tiered sphere was Earth.

The Earth Theater, in other words.

A good way for you to start to see the Earth Theater in space is to visualize Earth as the center stage of a Greek amphitheater. From this platform of imagination, you then leap into the picture of a spherical amphitheater, with planet Earth at the center.



Now, I invite you to see these spheres around the Earth Theater as a set of womb spaces, and more, as a set of mothers. (“Womb” and “mother” are two archetypal symbols I use to aid your understanding of the story of Earth.) In our Pleiadian story, Earth is a child of a child of a child of a child, and has mother above mother above mother, and so on.

As our P (Pleiadian) story goes, planet Earth was born a star. What “star” means is: Earth contains the same starlight as that of the womb wherein she was born and wherein she lives—in fact, she never leaves the womb, and the birth is an ongoing event. This womb is the Solar Womb, who is concurrently birthing the Sun, the Earth, and the other planets.

The Solar Womb is born of the starlight of her own mother—a Stellar Womb that is birthing and nurturing the eight sisters that we have spoken of (i.e. the seven Pleiadian stars and your Sun star). Similarly, the Pleiadian Stellar Womb is born of the galactic womb, and the Pleiadian central sun, Alcyone, is born of the same starlight as that of the galactic central sun, Ra.

Following our P logic, you shall see that at the very core of planet Earth there shines the light of the Sun, the light of Alcyone, and the light of Ra. The same starlight shines at the heart of Earth, heart of Sun, heart of the Pleiadian central sun, and heart of the galactic central sun. You shall see that the inner sun of Earth is vibrationally identical to the Sun, to the Pleiadian central sun, and to the galactic central sun.

Intimacy is the way to access higher levels of consciousness. To make our story intimate, let’s use a set of personal names. Four old names have been selected from your mythological traditions to help you relate to something rather abstract and

impersonal. These four old names, of course, carry new connotations.

Old Names New Meanings

Sophia: the galactic womb
the galactic grandmother
the galactic wisdom goddess

Ra: the galactic central sun/sunlight
the first ray of Sophia's light and creativity
non-dual, neither male nor female

Alcyone: the Pleiadian central sun
a daughter of Sophia
an elder sister to the Sun

Gaia: the soul of planet Earth
the Earth Womb
the Earth Mother

As our story goes, Gaia is a granddaughter of Sophia; meanwhile, Gaia is Sophia herself.

Illogical to you?

Remember, every phenomenon inside Sophia's womb is a manifestation of Sophia and has the vibration of Sophia. With this remembrance, you are able to see Gaia as a local manifestation of the galactic womb, as a specific emanation of the galactic being, and as a special dream of the galactic soul—as Sophia, in short.

The Great Spirit dreamed Sophia into existence, and Sophia dreamed Gaia into existence. This continuous process of self-expressive imagination is best described through a merging of two concepts that are intimate to you: “dreaming” and “birthing.”

Gaia came as a spiritual dream. Gaia was born a spirit being. Her spirit form came first, as a brilliant source of light in the first dimension, which can be called a 1D sun. Out of the light of this 1D sun came the Gaian space and the Gaian time, a structural setup that would facilitate the formation of a material realm.

This movement from the spirit-form towards the material-form produced a denser zone (i.e. her 2D) and then an even denser zone (i.e. her 3D) and then a less dense zone (i.e. her 4D). Step by step, in a 1D—>2D—>3D—>4D motion, Gaia grew in the direction of materialization. After a long, gradual process assisted by a variety of dimensional forces, the spirit of Gaia fully actualized her planetary body, defined, refined,

and proportionate. Upon completing her childhood phase, the virgin planet was ready for her rite of passage.

The impregnation of Gaia (or the introduction of life to planet Earth) was at the heart of the Earth Paradise Project. The project was conceived in toto, at once, in the mind of the Great Spirit—the project exists in a state of perfection beyond the earthly sense of time and space. The implementation of the project, however, unfolded in various stages within the multi-tiered galactic space.

The Life Plan at the core of the Earth Paradise Project followed an inter-dimensional procedure in its actualization. The introduction of life proceeded in a top-down fashion if viewed vertically, or outside-in if viewed horizontally.



The Life Plan arrived in the galactic womb from the outside. A seed of extra-galactic intelligence came into the dark nothingness in the 10th dimension and impregnated Sophia, the Galactic Consciousness. In the ninth dimension, an embryo was conceived.

The 9D embryo went down into the 8D, the dimension of organizational structure of Sophia, or call it “grand pattern of the Galactic Mind,” to receive basic patterning.

The structured 8D embryo descended into the 7D of sound and harmonics to receive further structuring in sonic patterns. The developing fetus then descended into the 6D, the dimension of geometric and numerical forms, where it became detailed, mathematically perfect morphs—the ideal forms.

The still abstract Life Plan went further down into the 5D, the dimension of artistic beauty, where it became a master plan in perfection, which we call the Blueprint. Having been crafted by several dimensional vibrations, the Blueprint in the 5D was ready for transplantation into the planetary womb of Earth.

Chapter by chapter the Blueprint was sent, into a planetary sphere of four dimensions. The sequence of chapters entered Earth via her 4D gateways. In going through the 4D portal realm, the Blueprint was given archetypal forms. These

seminal archetypal forms went on to inseminate the soul of Gaia (i.e. her 1D field of light, her 1D sun), just as sperms inseminate an egg.

The blueprint of life, now a matured fetus in Gaia's 1D, entered the last stage—materialization—which would require the construction work by Gaia's 2D elemental forces: earth, water, fire, air, and the fifth element, ether, the root element of the four.

The 2D elemental energies are the prime builders of earthly life. Their construction work creates the actual biological organisms in Gaia's 3D. Sandwiched between two realms, the 3D is the final station in the creation of life:

2D —> 3D <— 4D

It was a coded moment in time when the first chapter of the Life Plan reached the Earth plane. Gaia was peaking in her virginal beauty, very wet with that vast amount of water on land and in air. It was the middle of the Galactic Day, and Gaia was at the closest point to the Pleiadian central sun, Alcyone, who is permanently aligned with the galactic sun, Ra. Thus, Gaia's womb, Sun's womb, Alcyone's womb, and Sophia's womb were in a perfect alignment.



Gaia's gateway opened, and a luminous shower fell upon her fertile body. The cascade of light from the galactic womb had come by way of the stars as a masculine presence with an erotic interest. The shaft of stellar light entered the uterus of a planetary womb, meeting no resistance but a hearty welcome, for the soul of Gaia desired such love.

Life began in the ocean. Like glowing stars in the night sky, seeds of life spread deep and wide in primordial seawater. The liquid part of Gaia's body was soon busy with activity. Interesting creatures emerged on the scene with little snouts, little eyes, little scales and fins. Things grew livelier and livelier as more and more complex organisms came to occupy the underwater space.

The seeding of life was never a one-time event. Continuously new species were being introduced according to the Blueprint's outline of Gaia's evolutionary scheme.

Introduction of new species to Gaia was always a timed act, and time, as described earlier, is a matter of Gaia's spatial position in relation to her solar and stellar family.

As the young mother glided into various spots along her trajectory in space, batch after batch of new species joined her uterine family. As timed, life spread beyond the ocean onto land. As timed, birds started to populate the air space. As timed, mammals arrived to usher in a new era of animal consciousness for the ever-expanding Earth Theater stage.

All life forms are children of Gaia. Their father's side, however, may be traced to an outer space origin. In other words, the origins of earth biological species lay elsewhere, in various planets, stars, and galaxies of our universe. As an experiment, the myriad species (in their design forms) were brought across space and placed on a 3D plane so as to cohabit on a single planet. Thus intended the Great Spirit, the mind behind the master plan.

Life came to Earth via the station of Pleiades. We, a collective of Pleiadian stellar human intelligences, are keepers of the 5D gateway. We are the stationmasters, in charge of a key section of the inter-dimensional route on which the Earth Paradise Project is realized. As with other stationmasters, we, the Pleiadian 5D doorkeepers, are closely involved with implementing certain sections of the Life chapters within the

Blueprint. Why such close connection between Earth and the Pleiades? You see, whatever happens with Earth is our family business.

To set up a magnificent Theater of Life, teamwork on an interstellar scale was required. We, a Pleiadian human collective, were honored with a pivotal role in the enactment of the divine script: we shall serve as **sculptors of the human character** for the ever-expanding Theater of Life.

We, “Homo Pleiadians,” embody the original concept of humankind. We are stellar humans, beautiful, loving, and creative. Our consciousness is fundamentally the same as yours, but our vibrational environment is drastically different from planet Earth. We are light-bodied humans, without organs, glands, flesh, and bones of the earthly kind. And yet, we are an extraterrestrial humankind most similar to you Earth humankind. We look like you, we think like you, we move like you. We have a special affinity with the feminine dimension right below ours. As 5D Pleiadian beings, we resonate deeply with 3D Gaian beings.

As you may know, a variety of human beings exist in our universe—they live in different dimensions. Besides you Gaian humans, there are Pleiadian humans, Sirian humans, Orion humans, Andromedan humans, and galactic humans, to name a few long-term participants in the Earth Paradise Project.

Their genetic and conscious contributions substantialized the Earth human heritage.

Humankind is never a planetary species.

Humankind is a universal species.

The conceptual design of humankind was, of course, not our Pleiadian creation, but that of the grand designer. The Universal Human Being, who had encoded us, all humans in the universe, with her own body of information, is a female designer. This feminine intelligence is the ancestor of us all, and is a prime developer for the Earth Paradise Project. Her designer, the Great Spirit, has written her and her code into the master plan, or you could say, has dreamed her and her template into the Blueprint.

So you see, we all are a created part of the grand plan, and our existence is far from being random and pointless. Our presence in the universe is very important!

We, beings carrying the Human Code, are one big family—we are the humans. A special race of space beings, we humans boast a huge diaspora of many tribes spread out on many planets and stars, yet congregated in our innate ability to understand one another. What holds us together as one is the human consciousness, is the human spirit.

We, the Homo Pleiadian Tribe, are ancestors to many of you Earth humans. We are your ancestors in two respects:

1) Genetically speaking, a great number of human and humanoid species came to planet Earth by way of the Pleiades. We were the last dimensional station to mold and perfect the Gaian human design, which had come out of the galactic core in the 9D and undergone the styling of the 8D, 7D, and 6D.

2) Consciousness-wise, as far as a large segment of the starseed population is concerned, the human soul/consciousness has originated from us. Just as you, my channeler WJ, could trace your personal ancestry back to me, many of your fellow starseeds could trace their soul ancestry back to various conscious beings residing in the Pleiadian star system.

Your concept of ancestry is embedded in a 3D sense of time and space, and your imagination of ancestry usually conjures an ancient face of someone else, someone older than you and other than you. If you step out of your 3D perspective and see from my 5D angle, you shall see that having me (Sincera) as your (WJ's) ancestor means that in the fifth dimension you and I are one and the same. I am not older than you or other than you—I am you.

As an earthling, you are conditioned by a dualistic mindset. You have trouble understanding how one thing can be two at the same time. Please step out of the mono-dimensional mindset and enter a multidimensional one. And look again at the dance of polarities in the yin-yang symbol. Can you see that the two is just a phase that the one goes through in experiencing itself?

One divides itself into two polarized parts and then gathers the two back into itself. This is how everything works in our universe. This is how it works for you and me. Back at our star home, we have always been, and still are, one soul. This one soul once divided itself into two parts: one part was myself—known to you as Sincera—who stayed home, and the other part was you—now called WJ—who left home for Earth.

Following standard procedure, I divided myself into two equals, or I should say, I duplicated myself into a complementary other. My duplicate was the Higher Self, the Oversoul, of you. The Oversoul was the original soul who later plunged into a series of self-divisions till it eventually arrived at the level of you.

Being a lower soul-unit, you retain in you the same quality and quantity of consciousness as in the original soul-unit. Presently anchored in the 3D, you may not be able to experience the Oversoul in entirety, all at once, because you

are stretched out in time and space. If you can rise within your consciousness from the 3D time into the 5D timelessness, you will be able to experience your Oversoul in its completeness.

You wonder who the Oversoul of the two of us is.

My dear, it is a magnificent picture you are tapping into. An image so intricate and so splendid that no words can accurately describe it. You have to see the image in your inner eye. You are seeing it. You are seeing the multi-tiered interpenetrated image of the cosmos, an image of infinite reflections well captured in the Indian metaphor “Indra’s net.” One facet of one jewel reflects all facets of all jewels on the splendid net of Indra: all-in-one and one-in-all.

You now see the Oversoul of oversouls, the Ultimate Oversoul, the Highest Self of all, named by you Earth humans as the Source, the Great Spirit, and the One, who is nothing but everything there is, who is no one other than everyone.

Your higher self in the 5D is I.

But your highest, highest self is the One.

For now, I can say to you that our common ancestor, our shared higher self is that beautiful and skillful creator of humankind, designer of human species, developer of the Human Code, restorer of order from chaos, giver of

civilization, and teacher of wisdom—the Cosmic Human Being, known to many peoples and to ancient Chinese people as Nüwa the Goddess.

We, the light-bodied Pleiadian human beings, are one line of Nüwa's offspring, one form of Nüwa's self-expression, and one branch of Nüwa's operation, namely, the Human Project on Earth.



Nüwa 女媧
(a 17th century portrait)

A council has been set up on the Pleiades to oversee the implementations of the Human Project on Earth, and I am a member of this “Council on Human Affairs,” so to speak. Being a member means being responsible for a set of tasks. As a matter of fact, you came into existence because I wished to personally participate in the operation—you were a masculine double of me.

The Human Project was an exciting event, blessed by Ra and by the council on the Orion stars. Surely, there was no shortage of volunteers. You, as an outreach of me, joined the collective of volunteers out of a desire for adventure. You wanted to acquire new knowledge and skills, and above all, to contribute to the Earth Paradise Project. You wanted to serve Ra, to serve as an instrument for the light of Sophia.

The collective of volunteers underwent a long series of preparations. You were each assigned a set of tasks. You would each carry a mini blueprint within. The mini blueprint was stored in the star code that I spoke of earlier. This individual blueprint would function as your personal “mission control” during your operation in the Earth realm. Inside the mini blueprint, you would find information about who you are, why you are on Earth, and what you are supposed to do when you get there.

You volunteers took an “Earth 123” seminar, in which you learned the ABCs of how to live and work on this foreign planet. You learned that this feminine planet was wide open, that anyone could come and stay with her as long as the visitor observed the laws of matter and rules of conduct. Gaia was born welcoming and charitable in her character, to suit her role as an all-inclusive Theater of Life.

You learned that this particular Pleiadian delegation of yours was one of numerous extraterrestrial delegations due to arrive on Earth. You were one strand of helpers sent to assist Gaia in becoming this welcoming theater, one team of builders dispatched to set up a human infrastructure to accommodate visitors from everywhere. Thus, besides serving as actors, audiences, and managers of an Earth Theater, you had another job: to serve as hosts and hostesses for an Earth Bed and Breakfast.

You learned that you were going into a peculiar biosphere where the cycle of life and death would repeatedly engage you onward. You would be born many times and die many times, in a variety of bodies.

Far from being intimidated, you were all excited about incarnation and reincarnation on planet Earth. Where else would you find such freedom to try out so diverse an array of

life forms? You simply loved the idea of going from body to body. “This is what we are going to Earth for!” you cheered.

I know, your problem now is that you cannot get out of reincarnation. I know, at times you can’t even bear the thought of going for another round. For many lifetimes you have been dying to get out of the ruthless grinder—samsara.

My dear volunteer, your feeling at the start of your voyage was entirely different. Remember how excited you were? You had every reason to be excited, for Earth in those days was a super paradise and the wheel of life back then was much more nirvanic than samsaric.

Something terrible has happened during the process, and happened several times. Despite what happened, you were not tricked or used, my dear Lower Self. You were indeed bound for a Paradise Project on a lovely, lovely planet.

4. A Perfect Humankind

With pride and passion, you and the troupe of volunteers set out on your voyage through space. It was a great honor to be aboard this special mission to Earth, since only those who had demonstrated a high level of “service consciousness” were deemed qualified for the team. I bade you farewell with a message, which you gladly tucked in: “Don’t forget—we will visit you many, many times!”

The Blueprint you took with you was magnificent beyond description. Everything there, every detail worked out, the plan was in a state of perfection. You were ecstatic that such a splendid plan would be actualized, partly through your own efforts. You saw your own dreams mirrored in the Blueprint. Like a brilliant star, the Blueprint shone inside you, inside your mini blueprint. You knew that upon arrival you would set out to create fantastic scenes by means of matter, all types of matter. A dream mission, in every way.

Your voyage to Earth did not take 400 light years, for it was travel through dimensions, a travel from outside time into time, earthly time. Yet, your voyage was time-coded in the sense that it was scheduled to take place at a point in Earth’s timeline when her inter-dimensional portal was open.

At the time of your voyage, Gaia was again at the high noon of the Galactic Day, having reached a position closest to our central sun. By then, life had long been flourishing and reflowering in her oceans, rivers, and lakes, in her valleys, mountains, and plains.

It was well understood by all of you on board that this particular Pleiadian mission to Gaia was a decisive act in an important segment of the grand plan. You were going to introduce a key protagonist onto the theater stage: the Perfect Human character.

At the time of your voyage, numerous human and humanoid species had already been living on Earth, just as the Blueprint had intended. Among the vast assortment of animal species populating Earth's surface, the humans and humanoids ranked highest in intelligence.

Yet, these earthly species sharing a fundamental Human Code, these "human animals" (without any condescension) were not the Perfect Human actors whom you were going to introduce. Your mission, in fact, was to create a new humankind endowed with wisdom, strength, and beauty of the finest kind. Perfect humans, Homo Perfectus, so to speak, was what you were commissioned to create in a planetary playground.

Homo Perfectus was a new movement towards Homo Universalis, one could say. This new type of human shall embody the virtues of many human species living on planets and stars in and out of our galaxy. A new cosmic human being, bearing distinctive Earth traits and carrying a multitude of genetic and conscious codes, shall emerge out of Gaia's special womb of matter. Powerful and colorful, this new human race from Earth shall take our human development into a new height.

With the evolutionary drama of life inside the Earth Theater approaching a climax, it was high time for the central character of Homo Perfectus to come on stage. The character was within you. Contained in your mini blueprint was the Homo Perfectus template. The template was a pattern of consciousness.

As you know, it is consciousness that animates a physical form, it is soul that gives life to a flesh body. You, Pleiadian starseeds, carry within your consciousness a rudimentary design, which would enable you to manifest in biological forms the new human actors needed for the expanding Earth Theater of Life.

The plan was that your Light Body (not your physical body) would function as the primary vehicle of your earthly existence. The physical body that hosts you, a 21st century

human, is not the perfect body that you came to Earth intending to grow. Your current body is a corrupt version of the original human design.

Your original Homo Perfectus form is first and foremost an energy body, and this energy body is the Light Body residing in the 5D, with no gender distinction.

The Light Body is a vibrational field of light. It can appear in colors, like a crystal prism refracting a beam of sunlight.

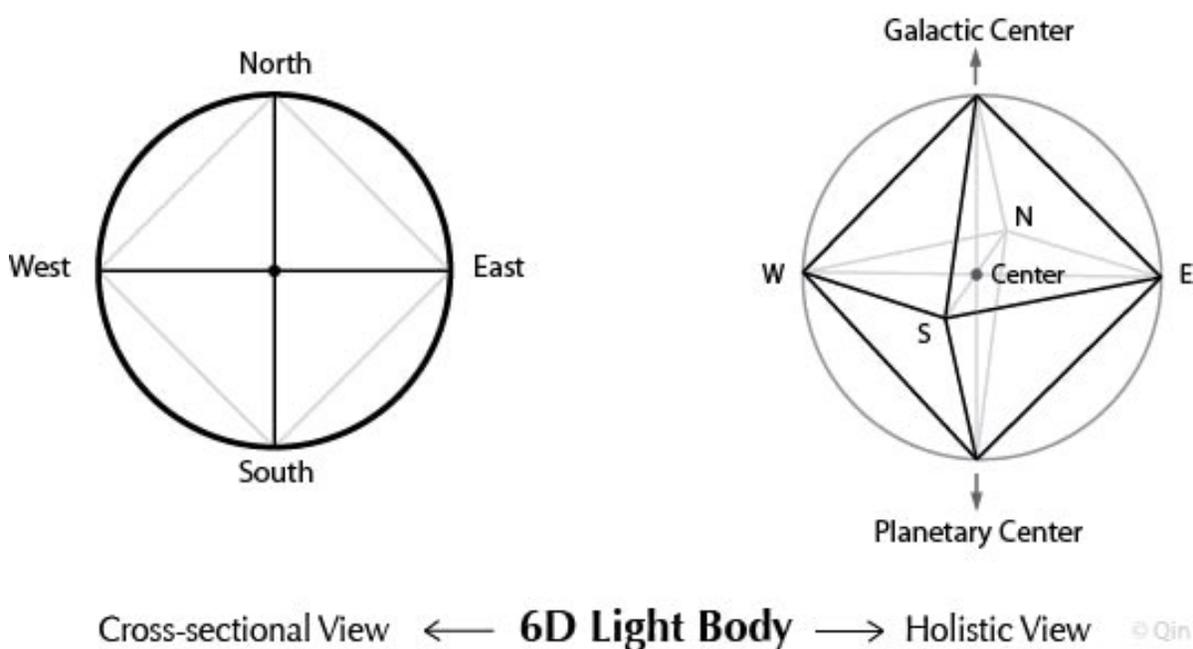


The Light Body is none other than an energetic prism, a crystalline receiver and transmitter of light. Thus, it is also known as the Diamond Body, or the Rainbow Body in some traditions alive today.

“What did my original Light Body look like?” you ask.

My dear, in the 5D, your Light Body has an anthropomorphic form, which is an image of ideal human beauty. This image of ideal human beauty is something I'd rather leave to your own imagination, or I'd better say, to your own remembrance.

In the 6D, your Light Body has a geometric form, which I can show through a simple graphic. In a top-down cross-sectional view, this 6D form appears as a circle containing a cross; in a holistic side view, it appears as an octahedron (a double pyramid) encased in a sphere.



OCTAHEDRON is your static form, which is aligned with the seven directions, the seven anchor points of your cosmic orientation.

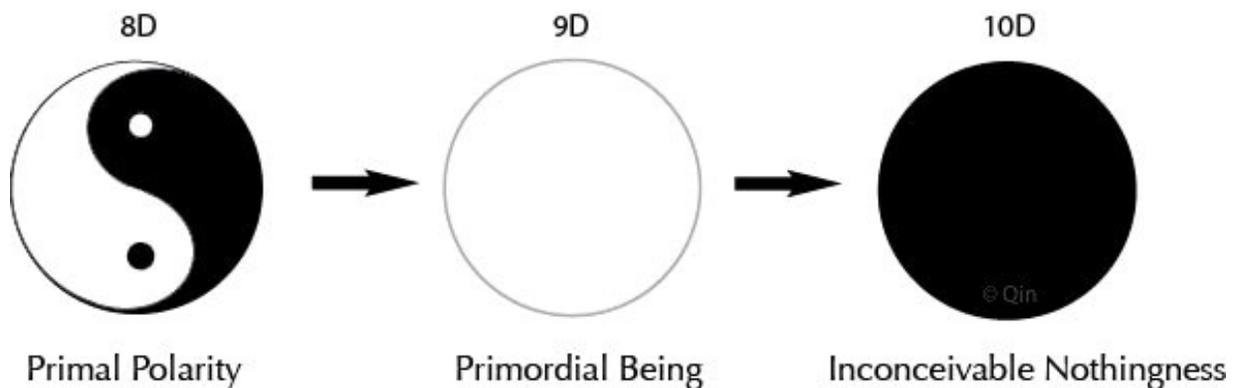
SPHERE is your dynamic form, in which you spin at a high speed on the Gaia-Sophia axis.

You are both: stillness and motion.

This intricate geometric design enables the Light Body to function as a conductor of light, as a diamond beamer of light—stellar and galactic sunlight.

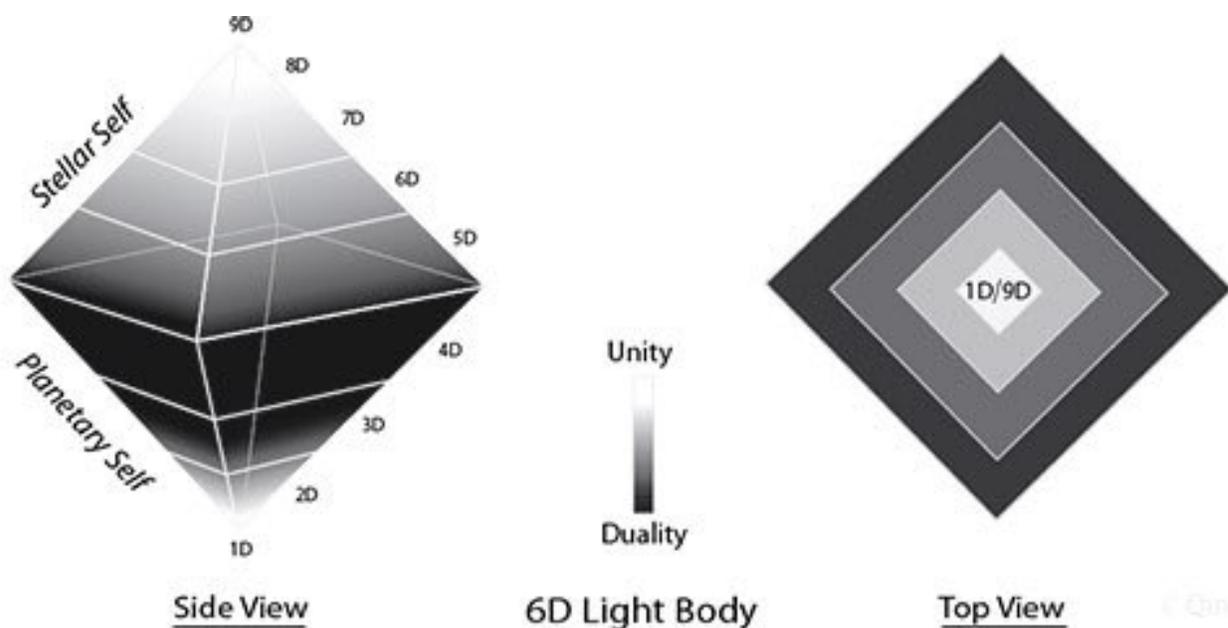
Your 6D Light Body has a 7D sonic form: a sound frequency audible to an awakened inner ear. Your Light Body in the 7D can hear the Sound of Being, commonly known as “Om.”

Your Light Body is sourced in even higher dimensions. If you were to look through a 6D geometric lens at your Light Body in 8D, 9D, and 10D, you would see the following symbols:



You are both: form and formlessness.

Now, we look again at your 6D octahedron form. As a double pyramid visible to the inner eye, your upper half consists of higher dimensions from 5D to 9D, and your lower half consists of lower dimensions from 4D to 1D. You are a being of duality and non-duality. From the non-dual dimension of 1D, you expand into the dualistic dimensions of 2D, 3D, and 4D; from 5D upward you gradually return to the non-dual dimension of 9D. And the inconceivable 10D is the mystery that gives rise to the entire double pyramid.



You may also visualize the white diamond of your 6D form as a black diamond with varying shades, each representing a level of dualistic division. The shadiest levels, 3D and 4D, are the most dualistic. The material 3D and the semi-material 4D

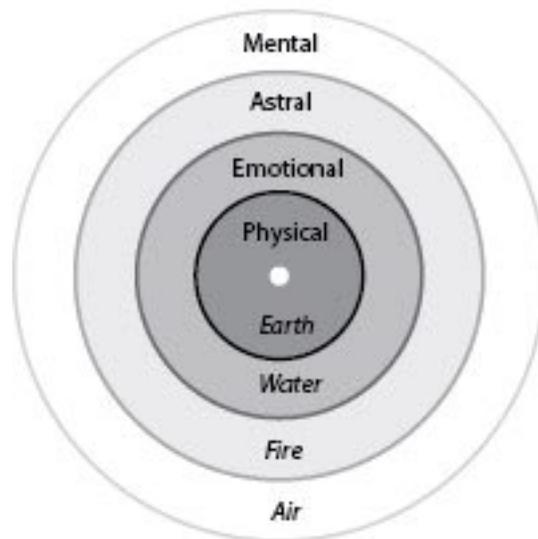
constitute the primary home for your earthly existence. The non-dual 1D contains the root energy body of you, and of all life forms on planet Earth. You came to Earth to participate in the Life Project. In the 1D, you are Life in its entirety. Here, inside Gaia's heart, you and all members of her family exist as one body. This one body, this one life, is the Gaian Being.

It might be difficult for you to see that 1D and 9D are joined as one within the curved space of our galactic womb, within the inconceivable 10D. The mere knowing, however, would enable you to access this pair of non-dual dimensions simultaneously, and to find the point of oneness not only down there and up there, but also in here, at the center of your physical body.

You came to the planetary sphere of Gaia to embody. Embodiment was your top assignment. What Gaia offered you starseeds was a rare opportunity to have a multitiered body inhabiting her multiple dimensions.

Inside Gaia's biosphere, your subtle Light Body was going to acquire a set of denser bodies around itself. The set of denser Gaian bodies is a set of interconnected and intercommunicative fields of energy, which are four kinds, namely physical, emotional, astral, and mental.

The Gaian Human Template



4 Bodies / 4 Fields

The leader of the four is not the physical body, but the mental body. The physical body inhabits the 3D, while the other invisible three extend into the 4D. Each ruled by a 2D elemental spirit, these four earthly bodies serve to accommodate the fifth body—the Light Body in the 5D.

The Light Body animates and guides the four Gaian bodies, and is delicately sustained by the harmonious resonance of the four. These five fields of energy are held together by the ethereal force at the center, at the point of convergence known as the Sacred Heart, or the Heart Chakra, which is the seat of your soul. When all five bodies are fully developed in harmonic resonance, you'd be considered a Perfect Human embodied.

You had learned all these in your Earth 123 seminar. You learned that you would go through a slow and gradual process to embody inside Gaia's womb space. It would be a whole new territory for you, since in our Pleiadian star world we do not have such intricate body layers. Our design, you may recall, is a much simpler one in terms of energy composition. Our consciousness, however, is not simpler or fancier than yours, but exactly the same as the consciousness that you came to Gaia with.

Your voyage from the Pleiades to Gaia was a journey of self-transformation. It was never intended to be the relocation of a bunch of astronauts from point A to point B. The plan had it that you would undergo a series of soul work during this journey from 5D to 3D. The soul work, in a nutshell, was self-division.

As said earlier, the dance of polarities governs the movement of our universe. The self-division of your soul unfolded within this basic scheme as well. The one soul divided itself into two complementary halves: one male and one female, each containing the essence of the other. The division went on, and the male half further divided itself into two halves: a sub-male and a sub-female. The same occurred for the female half: one begot two, two begot four, four begot eight, and so on and so forth.



For you, it was not at all a process of pain—it was entirely play. You had fun playing with polarities, going from union to separation and back to union again.

During this portal phase of inter-dimensional travel, you were rehearsing for a dance party awaiting your landing on Earth, dance between man and woman, dance between individual and community. As a result of many levels of internal division, you became many. By the time you reached planet Earth, your population had multiplied manifold. You started out as a small collective, and you ended up as a large commune.

This was the plan, since the Blueprint would need numerous soul clusters to actualize its details in a planetary sphere of great diversities. A soul cluster consisted of all offspring of an Oversoul. My double, the Oversoul of you, became a soul cluster that contained sub-clusters at multiple levels. These sub-clusters were scheduled to spread out and become Earth-human tribes at a later stage.

A tribe, according to the Blueprint, is a kinship group carrying a specific set of tasks. With the Blueprint becoming increasingly detailed in its actualization process, more and more Earth-human tribes were expected to come into existence.

Thus, you arrived on Earth en masse. Delighted, you found yourself in a paradise more paradisaical than you had ever expected. So many plants and animals, such exotic birds, beasts, and flowers were living side by side in this playground of the Great Spirit. Gaia was a global garden then, bathed in warm, moist air and having one season only.

Things growing in her garden were gigantic by your standards today. There were large trees, large fruits, large butterflies and fish, much like those fantastic images in your children's stories today. By the way, from where do you think these children's stories got their inspirations?



In those days, the outsize flowers didn't seem too big because you weren't limited in size. You weren't embodied yet. When you first arrived on Earth, you were a light-bodied being, without a material body attached.

This initial phase of your life on Earth may be likened to a pregnancy. Try to see in your mind the nine-month pregnancy of an Earth human mother, from the moment of conception to the moment of birth. You, Pleiadian soul clusters, went through a process very similar to that of an individual human fetus.

You were injected into the womb of Gaia as a masculine essence from outer space. The "sperm" of your star consciousness entered the "egg" of her planetary consciousness, and the unity of consciousnesses, the embryo, landed in the soft lining of her warm uterus.

Embedded in her fertile womb, you grew deeper and deeper into her environment of matter. You were materializing in a gentlest manner. This womb phase was going to take however long, for you needed to grow very, very slowly into the Perfect Human child, and Gaia, your planetary mother, would go into labor only when her new human fetuses were perfectly ready.

5. Womb Phase

The Womb Phase of your initial existence on Earth can also be called the Cocoon Phase. The cocoon was the gentle uterine milieu in which you starseeds learned embodiment.



*A Painting by Japanese Artist Kagaya
Evokes the “Cocoon Phase” Feeling*

Back then, the garden of Gaia had a much less rigid boundary between matter and spirit—matter was denser spirit. You were able to enter, with ease, many types of biological life forms, since you were primarily nonphysical energies of consciousness. You could get in and out of the bud of a flower; you could hop onto the back of a dragonfly, merge with its consciousness, and fly; you could jump off the dragonfly onto the wings of an eagle, just to taste high speed. You could merge with just about anything.

But first, you would ask permission from the soul of the body that you wished to enter. You faithfully observed the number one rule of ethics for all visitors on Earth: Respect the other's free will. You would enter the body of a tree only after you were sure about the willingness of the tree spirit. Inconceivable to you that one would want to force one's way into the body of another sentient being.

In this global garden of abundance, plants and animals replenished their bodies mostly through absorbing energies from the rich air. Gaia was a planet of plenty. Gaia was in a much higher vibrational state than she is today. Her animals in those days rather resembled her plants today—able to breathe through their animal skins the prana (the “life energy”) that used to saturate the atmosphere.

This beginning stage of the Cocoon Phase was meant for you to try bodies of diverse kinds. Taking the liberty to travel backward along Earth's timeline, you followed the evolutionary scheme in checking out a wide variety of bodies. You started with the simplest life forms in the ocean. From algae to starfish, from frogs to salamanders, from butterflies to feathered birds, you gradually moved toward the land and the sky.

Can you see yourself floating up and down in the ocean, a glowing jellyfish? Can you feel the touch of sea foam on your tender belly, a singing mermaid? You have within you the memory of merging with mermen and mermaids. Many of you do. That is why *The Little Mermaid* exists and is loved everywhere.

In the next stage of the Cocoon Phase, you explored a chosen life form, whatever it was, in depth. When you chose to merge with, say, a bear, you would stay within the bear body until the end of its lifespan. Only by completing a whole lifecycle could you know what it was fully like to be a bear. In this stage, it took you millennia of time to explore the world of flora and fauna. Your ambition was to become a living encyclopedia.

This was the plan. The Perfect Human character was to be a great synthesizer of earthly species, a convergent point of myriad life forms. And you, builders of the Perfect Human character, came to Earth with a most ambitious goal: to embody everything.

Your task was to incorporate into the repertoire of the emerging new human consciousness all things Gaian: animals, plants, and microorganisms, earth, water, fire, air, and ether. You would gather as widely as possible the experiences of living in matter. Matter is sacred. Earthly matter is unique. Life, as blessed matter, is precious.

You, Pleiadian starseeds, were like bees gathering the pollens of experience. After sampling a species, you were to digest and transform those pollens of experience into the honey of memory. These species-memories were bodies of information, to be coded into your Perfect Human genetics, into your DNA (mind you, DNA is the language of biology, and not of soul/consciousness). As a new species in formation, you were meticulously and methodically building up your DNA bank, towards becoming a grand synthesizer of species, a walking Encyclopedia of Earth Life.

The digested life experiences would then provide you solid foundations for soul growth, for evolving into multichanneled communicators between species, between things, between beings. The Perfect Human character would be able to talk to clouds and raindrops, to forests and flowers, to wolves and owls, to dolphins and whales, to the Sun, the Moon, and the whole universe.

Yet, the human species was put on the earth to begin as a student, to learn from a variety of earthly beings for the goal of conscious evolution. With co-existing, co-creating, and co-leading being the principle on Earth, the human species had been given a unique leader's role, which was as humbling as it was exalting and as challenging as it was rewarding, for only special students could evolve into special teachers. This

“special student” status set the human species apart from the rest of Gaia’s biological family.

The next step in your embodiment exercise was to experience inter-generational continuity within a particular species. You would go from lifetime to lifetime within the same genetic family of a chosen species for comprehensive studies. It was during this particular stage of the Cocoon Phase that you entered the bodies of the Gaian Human animals, who had been introduced to Earth by earlier stellar missions long before your arrival.

The Gaian Human animals demonstrated conscious openness and genetic compatibility with the Perfect Human characters you were to create. But soon you discovered limitations in their brain capacity and chakra structure: the body of the human animal had too elementary an energy grid to effortlessly host your Light Body.

Still, you were excited about merging with the Gaian Human animal. What amazed you most was the wide range of emotions this wise animal was capable of. Among all the creatures that you had merged with, the human animal led by far the most complex emotional life. Remember, emotional experience was the main attraction of this planet. Many beings came to Earth to gain the precious experience of emotion, Gaian Human emotion.

You tasted strong Gaian Human emotions associated with birth and death. You lived through the vivid states of joy and sorrow, laughter and tears. As you went from one lifetime into another within a human bloodline, you began to notice patterns of emotion associated with various stages of the human animal's lifecycle. You also discovered patterns in your emotional reaction to your fellows, to your environment, and to yourself.

You were harvesting the unique experiences of being a man in one lifetime and being a woman in the next. The raw sexual chemistry between a man and a woman fascinated you the most. Sexual union could generate so enormous an emotional power that you deem it the highest act of Gaian happiness.

Rivaling that sexual bliss was the birth of a child. Each and every time it was a wondrous surprise for you to see a new life born of your sexual union. After so many life experiences, you were still bewildered by the phenomenon of biological birth, for you remembered vividly how you came into existence through division, not union.

But you were stunned by the hard sensation of pain. Pain was not something you knew back home on the Pleiadian stars. Pain was the toughest part of your embodiment exercise in the special womb of Earth. There was the physical pain of sickness

and death. There was, for the human animals, the layer of emotional pain from seeing a beloved one dying and decomposing. Besides, you were agonized by mental pain from remembering or anticipating losses.

For you, pain was the most “unparadisaal” element of the Earth paradise, and you wished that it had never been put into this garden of your dreams. Yet, you learned that every state, however painful or joyful, would eventually pass. You learned that the human animal’s life is a flux of ever-changing emotions, and that life and death is but a Gaian-styled drama: a tragicomic play.

Merged with the Gaian Human animal’s consciousness, you Pleiadian starseeds had a natural awareness of being different from each other in your physique, in your behavior, in your emotion, and in your mind. At the same time, you saw that you were just the same as everyone else. You had the same biological needs, and you showed the same emotional responses. You were bound together by a force governing all Earth animals: the Herd Consciousness.

In the meantime, a different force was keeping you away from one another, as running through your entire Cocoon Phase was the lesson of setting boundaries. Without structural boundaries, you would be all meshed in with one another.

There would be no biodiversity if there weren't strong boundaries in place.

Setting boundaries within your own soul cluster was a core component in your embodiment plan. Your journey thus far, from Pleiades to Earth and then deeper into Earth, had been a process of oneness moving toward individuation, and individuation was basically a process of setting and maintaining boundaries.

Boundaries weren't thick walls that segregated you from one another, since individuation had unfolded on a ground of unity. At the deepest level, you were always one soul. The inherent oneness made the individuation of your soul cluster possible.

Along your way into individuation, language developed. Remember how you used to communicate back home? It was direct communication based on frequency exchanges. You needed no system of external signs to help you understand one another. When you first landed on Earth, you retained this ability to understand your soul mates directly—telepathy was your initial mode of communication. As you went deeper in embodiment, you started to make sounds with your vocal cords, first as birds and beasts, later as the human animals.

Slowly, you discovered the power of your voice in conveying your thoughts. As your thoughts became more active and more complex, your voice grew more melodic in tone. You were, at first, singing to each other, like winds, like birds, like dolphins, like wolves. Gradually your singing became speech, and your tones words. Silence gave way to sounds in the interpersonal space, and you grew to be more and more reliant on the sounds you made in exchanging ideas.



Symbols for the Pleiadian and Sirian Role

While you Pleiadian starseeds were learning embodiment in the Cocoon Phase, a Sirian mission known as the Technos were busily executing their share of the plan. The Sirian human intelligences were our chief ally in actualizing the Human Project. Within the galactic Family of Light, we Pleadians and the Sirians had been assigned complementary roles. You could see us as the “mother” and “father” figures for the Perfect Human child.

Sirius is a 6D star system, masculine in relation to both the Pleiades and Earth. Being masters of geometry and mathematics in general, the Sirian Technos played the role of architect for the “science and technology” component of the Human Project, and we Pleadians the role of sculptor. They would build an art studio, in which we would build the human character, so to speak.

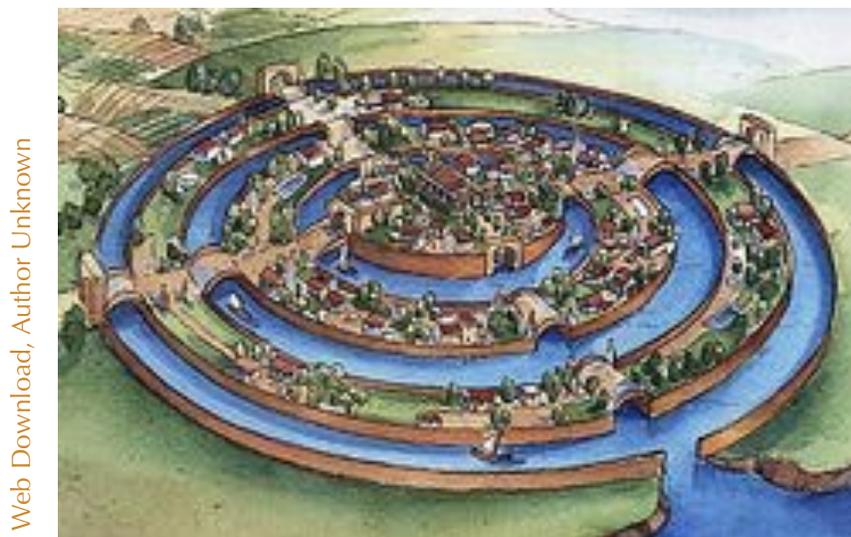
The Pleiadian influence was similar to that of a mother, who births the child and nurtures it in the postpartum phase. When the child reaches a level of maturity, the father steps in to provide masculine nurturance. The Sirian Technos were to assume the role of fatherly educator only when the Perfect Human child was toddling on its feet.

Thus, during the Cocoon Phase when the Perfect Human was still developing as a fetus, the Pleiadian mission had very little interaction with the Sirian mission concurrently on Earth. The Sirian mission had come to Earth not to learn embodiment, but to build model cities.

The Sirian Technos were operating in the 4D realm just above the material plane over the surface of planet Earth. In that semi-physical zone they were creating a fantastic city, which would serve as a lab space to conduct energetic experiments and test technological inventions. This multileveled city was a miniature of the urban society scheduled to appear at a later

stage of the Human Project. Presently, the task of our Sirian ally was to work out a template for city civilization. Just as the architects do today, the Sirian builders had to test their models in the 4D hyperspace before actualizing them on a mass scale on the 3D material plane.

Many people today have experienced flashbacks to ancient civilizations, which some call Lemuria and Atlantis. Among these flashbacks are authentic recollections of past-life experiences in the end part of the Cocoon Phase, during which the starseeded humans were anchored on landmasses that once existed in the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. With numerous stellar delegations active on these continents, “Lemuria” and “Atlantis” featured not monolithic but multicultural extraterrestrial civilizations.



Web Download, Author Unknown

A Popular Imagination of Atlantis

Your imaginations of the legendary Atlantis point to a distant Golden Age, which was in fact the “civilization era” crowning your Cocoon Phase. It was an era of beauty, liberty, creativity, and prosperity. “Atlantis,” for want of a better name, was the eighth month of Gaia’s pregnancy with her new human fetus. During this eighth month, you Pleiadian starseeds underwent a fundamental shift from a semi-physical orientation to a fully physical one.

A variety of human-animal races had been introduced into Gaia’s biosphere as potential receptors of the Perfect Human template. Both they, Earth animal humans, and you, Pleiadian stellar humans, needed to evolve slowly and mature in time before a marriage of the two could take place. This unprecedented inter-dimensional marriage between 5D and 3D human beings would result in an entirely new species: Homo Perfectus.

There were two ways to create a Homo Perfectus child:

- 1) A Pleiadian soul descends into an earthly womb, into an embryo conceived through the union of two Earth-human lovers.

- 2) A Pleiadian man mates with an Earth woman and by way of natural insemination fertilizes her womb.

Either way, the Perfect Human template was the real seed, and the core agenda concerned more with human consciousness than with human flesh. A new consciousness would emerge out of this fusion, this mutual transformation of Pleiadian human consciousness and Gaian human consciousness, out of a magical mixture of two types of souls—a soul alchemy.

At this stage, you Pleiadian starseeds had developed a sophisticated bodily form that bordered between the flesh body of a human-animal kind and the ethereal body of a celestial kind. You had an amazing appearance: you looked solid and fluid, corporeal and transparent, androgynous and sexy. The native Earth humans called you, admiringly, “the star people.”

You star people followed both paths in procreating a new human species. Such procreation usually proceeded in the context of sacred marriage. A marriage between a stellar human race and a planetary human race was always a milestone event, for you as well as for them, native Earth humans. These sacred marriages were commenced in ritual settings, through colorful ceremonies of prayers, dances, and feasts, under the auspices of the Sun, Moon, and stars. These great weddings were celebrated either as love unions between an earthly couple and a stellar couple, or as love unions between daughters of Earth and sons of stars.

Children born of these sacred marriages did demonstrate a harmony of planetary self and stellar self, a seamless blend of animal ego and celestial soul; in other words, quite perfect. With the Light Body as the commanding body, the new humans exhibited intelligence, prowess, and beauty of a splendid kind. Multitalented and multidimensional, they could easily access the bodies of information brought in from the stars and accumulated here on Earth, could effortlessly communicate with organic and inorganic members of Gaia's family. Offspring of an inter-dimensional matrimony, the new humans carried on the wisdom of both parents and exceeded their combined strength.

You, the new human race, the promising species deserving of the title Homo Perfectus, set out to build an infrastructure according to the Blueprint encoded in your template. You were to build not only fantastic gardens and houses in the playground outside (with theaters and libraries as centers of your social life) but also ornate palaces inside. The palace inside your soul was a storehouse of information, a memory bank with unlimited storage and endless expandability.

Think of this inner infrastructure as a multifaceted diamond, each facet a window to a species, each face an interface. Glowing inside you was a diamond storage of numerous species-memories, ever accumulating and ever evolving. This diamond-like infrastructure shining in your soul would enable

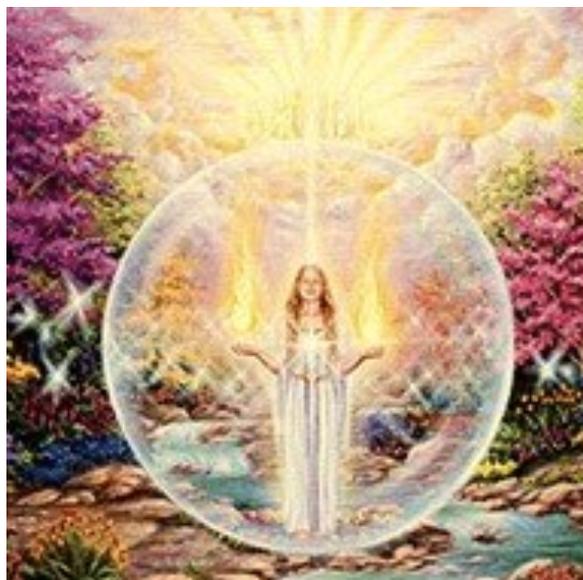
you to mirror other species, and to communicate with them. A luminous storehouse of life knowledge shall define the character of a Perfect Human Being.

During the eighth month of the Womb Phase (the “Atlantean” era, so to speak) this diamond emerged in a rough form: you established a foundational structure, which allowed the diamond to grow increasingly multifaceted in the long course of human evolution. A diamond of infinite sides. Infinity was your direction.

A diamond of infinite sides grows best in a spherical form. Indeed, the grand diamond of your world, which was the mother diamond of all your mini diamonds, was a luminous ball, a spherical field of light in a perpetual motion of side-formation. This grand diamond was the Central Memory Bank containing all of your individual memories from merging with earthly species.

This “Big Diamond” was inside you, and outside you. Technically speaking, it functioned as a central intelligence, from which you received guidance, to which you uploaded your experiential data. It worked as a central computer, yet it was not a machine. An inter-dimensional device, it was located in 3D, 4D, 5D, and above. It seemed material and immaterial, animate and inanimate—a luminous field of human intelligence.

This “Big Diamond” was the Mother Soul of all mother souls, the Higher Self of all higher selves (i.e. group souls) in your “Atlantean” world. Do you remember living so *self*-centered a life?



A Painting by Canadian Artist Mario Duguay

And do you remember the grand mastery over matter that you had then? You could move, shape, and assemble materials at will; you could levitate boulders with your mind; you could set fire and make rain with intent; you could send light beams through crystals into the sky. Dizzying and gratifying were the degrees of power that you wielded over matter. You saw yourselves as masters, as magicians, as creators. This was precisely the Blueprint’s intention for you: to be powerful creators on Earth, to be powerful co-creators with Earth.

6. Catastrophe

Dear starseed, I shall keep reminding you of the polarized nature of our universe, since you have a tendency to hold on to a static one and forget the dance of a dynamic duo. I speak now of another pair of opposites: order and chaos. Just as it is sustained by the dance of the feminine and the masculine, our universe is animated by the dance of order and chaos.

So far, I have been speaking to you about the order side of things. The blueprint of the Earth Paradise Project, however, needs the workings of both the orderly and the chaotic. Bear in mind that there is a chaotic dimension to all things, including a divine plan! For without such a chaotic side there would be no freedom, and therefore, no creativity in our universe.

Our universe is operating on a precise schedule, as you know. Nevertheless, there are anomalies, disruptions, and accidents. There are unpredictable happenings coexisting with predictable ones. In conceiving the Blueprint, the master planner has of course taken both sides into consideration and thus intended the Earth Paradise to be the fruit of a bold experiment.

It was known to us, to the “Council on Human Affairs” on the Pleiadian stars, that out of the chaos aspect of our universe a large energy mass had been ejected and was heading for your solar system. Moving at a high speed, this unruly mass of a tremendous size was bound to invade your solar plane and had a probability of colliding with Earth.

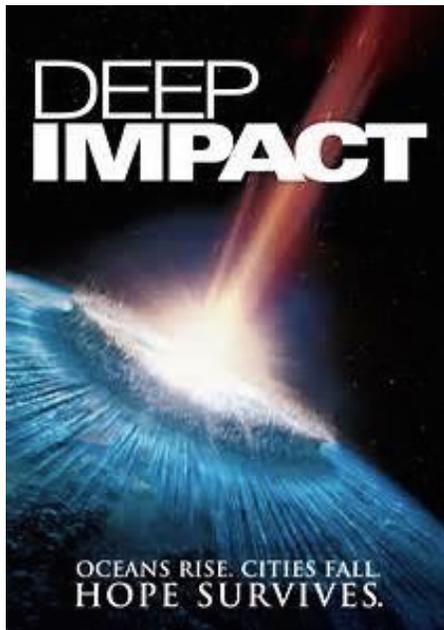
We knew that the probability of collision was high, but we had no clear foresight of the impact’s manner or degree. We couldn’t predict what exactly would happen to Earth. Since the Human Project had received special blessings from Ra—it bore the “Seal of Ra,” so to speak—we felt confident about our starseed establishment on the blessed planet. And since we had not received any instruction from the higher council to intervene, we could only remain in a standby mode, as observers. We could only allow the collision to occur, if it was intent on doing so.

We kept our fingers crossed, in our manner. We hoped that whatever chaos might befall planet Earth, as it had happened a few times in her formative years, there would emerge a new order. New guidance would be given and new purposes would be shown. Faith was what we must maintain. It was unsettling for us to see into a future possibility that you, our family on Earth, had no inkling of. It was actually “nerve-wracking” to speculate about what kind of calamity such an impact might bring to you, collectively as well as individually. We couldn’t

go far in imagining a situation of destruction and ugliness beyond the scope of our knowledge and over the edge of our faith.

We were devastated at seeing the worst-case scenario coming true. Moving at an incredible speed, the unruly mass shot into the solar plane and headed straight for planet Earth. It hit the Earth. It hit the Earth with such ferocious power that the planet was instantly fractured in her body. A portion of Earth's crust was chipped off and hurled into space. The force of this collision was so immense that it knocked the planet off her original position. Earth's axis was kicked from its original perpendicular angle into a permanent tilt. Even though she remained in her orbit around the Sun, she started to wobble in her trajectory thereafter.

Earth would never again be the same. The planetary environment had been fundamentally altered. Alteration is a great understatement. Destruction is more accurate a description. As a result of this deadly collision, the original atmosphere and biosphere on Earth were deeply shattered and partially destroyed. With mass annihilation of plant and animal lives all over Earth's surface, the Garden of Gaia ceased to exist.



This 1998 movie shows memories of a past event rather than fantasies of a future event.

On the ground level, you starseed humans experienced this sudden happening as a total catastrophe. You weren't prepared. You weren't warned. You weren't even informed. You were taken by complete surprise. All you knew was that cosmic chaos had befallen your world: earth shook violently, fire broke out everywhere, air went pitch black, and water poured in.

You hadn't even the time to realize that the land you stood on was sinking into the sea. Out of the blue, water was rushing to your front door. You cried for help, but no one could help anyone. You could summon none of the powers you had possessed before. No more walking on sea waves. No more flying over treetops. Your elemental friends had turned around to attack you as vicious monsters. You yelled and screamed,

but your voice was muffled by seawater. You realized that you were going to die a horrible death.

It was a terrible way to end your physical existence. You died in shock, in agony, in fear and despair. Such a death had never occurred to you before, as you always had awareness and control in leaving a physical body. This time, death came upon you as a violent imposition by a ruthless force, of an unknown sort. Before you could grapple for any understanding, you had been pushed out of your physical body, you had been pushed into a 4D limbo zone. Your physical body gone, your emotional, mental, and astral fields were still partially around. You became discarnate souls, ghost-like, trapped in the astral plane, with resilient bands tying you to the edge of the physical plane. Over time, this astral limbo became the proto-hell.

The collision had cast a deep shadow on Earth, and a dark astral ring started to form around the broken planet. This heavy vibrational belt, this dense astral realm (that in time became hell) came from cosmic chaos as a “curse.” There was no hell on Earth before. There was no hell inside the Blueprint, as far as we knew.

In the aftermath of your catastrophic death, you found yourself hanging in that dreadful nowhere, together with your soul mates. Collectively you had had your first taste of a new

set of bitter emotions: anxiety, despair, anguish, sense of betrayal, and abandonment. These dark emotional energies had escorted you through the gate of death into the astral plane, and you continued to grow these dark emotional energies with your shattered field, to brew them with your open wounds. In doing so, unknowingly, you starseeds were paving the first layer of hell's floor.

As discarnate souls, you hung together in that twilight realm, grief-laden and panic-stricken. The paradise had been wiped off the surface of Earth: your continent gone, your dreamland sunk, and your "Big Diamond" lost. The catastrophe had destroyed its 3D material base. From there on, the "Big Diamond" could exist only in the 5D and beyond. With the "Big Diamond" gone, you were cut off from your Mother Soul: the Higher Self of all; not long after, you were cut off from your mother soul: the higher self of your group soul. Only half of the equation remained with you and that was the daughter-soul level of your group soul.

The horror was indescribable, the pain unbearable. As if a cozy womb had been ripped open and the tender baby tossed out into a harsh winter storm. With your umbilical cord torn, you searched frantically for a new physical habitat to attach your soul cluster to. At this stage, it was no longer enjoyable, or viable, to exist in the nonphysical zone of Earth as mere energy forms. At this stage of your evolution, you starseeds

absolutely needed material bodies to have a meaningful earthly existence.

In that sluggish limbo, you waited and waited for a chance to take on a flesh body. Incarnating as eagle, as dolphin, or as bear was out of the question, for your starseed soul needed a human body as an anchor, as a vehicle, as a host, and as a home.

You had hope. As extensive as its destruction, the catastrophe did not wipe out the entire human species on the planet. In the aftermath of the catastrophe, a new human-animal species was developing out of the survivor species scattered across the unshattered continents. Bearing the trauma of this global cataclysm, the survivor species had to adapt to an altered biosphere and grow into a sizable population. This was your hope. But you had to wait.

You just couldn't wait. You couldn't wait to leap out of your ghostly mode of existence in the twilight zone of the astral plane. You were desperate for any opportunity to incarnate as human, whatever the kind. As soon as the survivor species reached a basic level of maturity, you jumped on the opening and plunged into the stream of human-animal life. In a collective panic and at the earliest opportunity, you starseed souls crash-landed in the bodies of the survivor species, whom you now call Homo sapiens.

In fact, you forced your way into the Homo sapiens' bodies. It was, one could say, an astral act of soul invasion. It was an abrupt act that left no room for negotiation on a free-will basis. The Homo sapiens weren't given a chance to defend themselves against a soul entry by force on a massive scale as such. The number one ethical rule—respect the other's free will—was violated by your crash-landing in the Homo sapiens' bodily territories.

Understandably, it was a panic act in a bad situation. Had there been no such catastrophe, you would have grown mature in Gaia's womb and been born properly. You would have had the Perfect Human bodies, much more beautiful and much more capable than the human-animal ones. There was no choice. The Homo sapiens was your only option for a full-scale materialization. The only option, however, did not mean the only approach. There were other ways to go for this one-and-only option.

Details of this crash-landing will be revealed in the future. For now what you need to know is a basic story of your birth as a species. You need to know how the “modern humans” were born, the species that went on to host you starseeds right up to this day and age.

What a traumatic birth!

It was, in every respect, a premature birth. Looking back at the series of events, you see a beautiful pregnancy in its eighth month being brutally interrupted. Out of a torn womb came an infant with limp limbs and lame brain.

Your birth was a fall of spirit into matter, a trauma expressed in mythical tales all around the world. The catastrophic fall, combined with the loss of paradise, branded your soul with a dark signature that was to torment you for all lifetimes to come. The birth trauma set a tragic base tone that would permeate the next era of your existence on a planet as traumatized as you were.

You, the altered Homo sapiens, the starseeded Homo sapiens, carried a deep wound. From body to body and from generation to generation, you sought remedies to heal, yet didn't succeed. To stop the bleeding and to close the wound, you would need one antidote, and the antidote was unavailable to you.

The antidote is knowledge. Knowledge of the cause of your pain, knowledge of the origin of your wound. This knowledge was unavailable because you had lost most of your memory during the birth process. Here lies perhaps the most tragic of the consequences of your traumatic birth—loss of memory.

Your long-term memories had already been uploaded into the “Big Diamond.” Only short-term memories of the catastrophic event remained. The disappearance of a central intelligence field brought to you a total information loss.

Now, finally, I can say to you that the annihilation of your paradise garden may be likened to the abrupt destruction of a spectacular sand mandala (which has been painstakingly put together through a long and meticulous procedure) at the tail end of a Tibetan Buddhist ritual.



To a grain of sand,
perfectly situated against its
fellow grains, such destruction
feels to be an act of sheer brutality.



To an observer,
the act appears as a stroke of
mad intelligence,
or intelligent madness,
by a higher hand.

As a Pleiadian observer, I have struggled to understand and to accept this brutal act. I have, again and again, banged my head against the wall of limitation. The limitation of our Pleiadian intelligence was a fact difficult to swallow, just as the sudden misfortune of Gaia was a family trauma difficult to heal.

You can imagine what a terrible blow it had on us, your soul family. We, too, went through “guilt,” “sorrow,” “doubt,” and “pain”—fluctuations of a dark vibrational state that could lend themselves to being described in such Earth-human terms. The fallen Earth has become, in some ways, our Pleiadian hell.

Now, I am able to tell you that it was a divine intention for you to restart from a whole new setting, in new physical bodies, at new geographic locations, for new purposes. Even so ruthless a calamity contained a kind intention within! And in chaos there always sits a hidden order. You starseeds had to let go of your accomplishments, in entirety, in order to embrace a new cycle with the freshness and innocence of a newborn baby.

And I shall tell you that your current recollections of this traumatic event are tinted by rough colors painted by a multidimensional genius from ancient Greece—Plato, whose description of Atlantis was based on a secondary account from an Egyptian source transmitted some two centuries before his time.

Plato's story was, at its core, a Sirian starseed's *interpretation* of what happened at the prime of human civilization and why it happened. Plato's story is laden with projections and inaccuracies.

Remembering the Womb Phase (and not Atlantis per se) is an important step for awakening your starseed in this lifetime. But you must go beyond the distortions unintentionally made by Plato, and by the modern seer, Edgar Cayce.

Here I have three pointers of Pleiadian light, which can aid your navigation of amnesia's dark sea:

1. REMEMBER the paradise, and not just the fall of paradise.
2. KNOW that the Human Project is guaranteed to last—we have the word of Ra.
3. ACCEPT the catastrophe neither as a self-destruction nor as a divine retribution.

7. Fallen Souls

During that catastrophic fall, your soul cluster made a decision. As the chaos on Earth pushed all soul clusters to the brink of decision, each cluster was faced with two options: you could leave the mess and go back to your star home, or you could stay on Earth and stick through to the end.

Some did choose to leave, and there was nothing cowardly about their decision to let go. After all, they had come to the frontier of planet Earth out of free will.

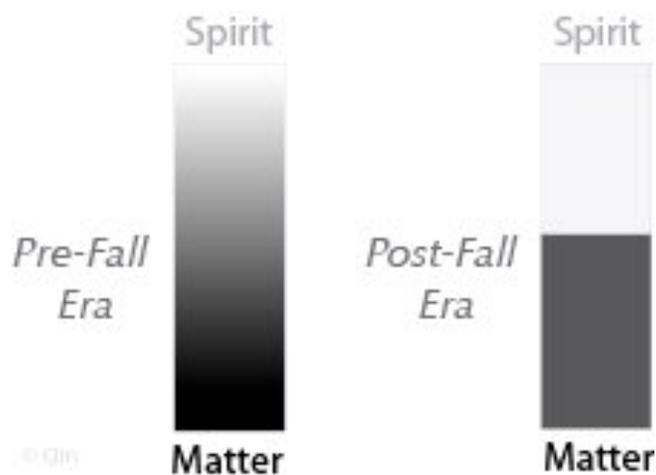
Your own cluster decided to stay till the end, however far on the timeline the end might sit. All of you in your state of utter confusion, amazingly, were unconfused about one thing: you did not want to leave!

You would not leave before your mission was completed. In a sense, all together you made a vow, a vow on the collective level of the soul, a vow made by the daughter soul just before being split from the mother soul, who is the higher level of your group soul. This vow was going to bond you to planet Earth for many incarnations to come.

Before the Fall, Earth was much more ethereal as a planet. Although she did not lose her ethereal side during the Fall, the fallen Earth bore a thick shadow, which divided her ethereal and material sides into two separate realms ...



... as if a roof had fallen from the sky and arched on her terrain, partitioning her vibrational body. Beings living on her body were segregated into two camps: spirits and matters.



No longer possible was the free border-crossing enjoyed by all in Earth's paradise days. No longer could you be within one lifetime sometimes an animal and sometimes a spirit.

The new era of Earth was governed by a set of revised rules. Among others, the energetic law of karma had been modified. Karma was tightened, you may say, as planet Earth in the post-Fall era was put into a quarantine during which starseed souls like you were not allowed to leave. You must stay on Earth and learn your lessons till the end of time.

In the pre-Fall era, karma was a much brighter process because the vibrational field of Earth was much lighter, and because starseed souls had freedom to leave the Earth plane. In the post-Fall era, you must repeat over and over the cycle of death and rebirth, however absurd or uncooperative a body you may find yourself in.

You were rafting up and down in the white waters of samsara, and the raft was the vow you had made. This was the deal you made with Gaia upon entering her new cycle. No one had forced or coaxed you into the deal. It was your own soul that took the brave step of plunging back into the stream of life on a planet that you loved.

But the situation was tough. Instead of immersing yourselves slowly in matter, you were thrown abruptly into matter. Instead of mastering the physical, you were mastered by the physical. Instead of coming and going freely, you were locked up in a cage of flesh. Instead of growing tall and mighty, you were brought down to your knees.

Restarting as dwarf-like Homo sapiens was a most bizarre experience for you starseeds. Had you retained memory of who you really were, you would have had an easier time coping with the degradation. But your slate had been wiped clean. There was hardly any memory left of the fabulous life you used to live.

Incarnated now as human animals, you couldn't even recall the catastrophe, much like an amnesic survivor of a car crash today who can't remember the accident. Looking back in time, you had only a blank space to stare at.

Only some feelings survived, feelings you couldn't quite put your finger on. They churned in your stomach late at night, as you lay wide awake under a mesmerizing moon. "Those twinkles in that overarching dark space—why do they give me such burning desire and such tormenting anguish?"

You had no idea who you were. You had no idea where you were. You had lost your basic information and basic

orientation. The catastrophe had stripped you bare. You were cast into matter, thrown in animal bodies, driven into exile on an alien planet.

First of all, this new bodysuit was a strange thing to wear. The Homo sapiens' body was clumsy and slow, demanding and frustrating. Having formerly operated in a magnificent body, the Homo Perfectus body, you were now confronted with the limitations of a bulky and balky physical form. Always there was this contradiction between what your mind wanted and what your body could do. Had your mind been together, you would have known how to handle your body better. But your mind was alternating between two basic states: being chaotic and being blank.

Homo sapiens was endowed with four kinds of bodies: physical, emotional, astral, and mental. Now, inside these four fields, two strands of intelligence were thrown together: the planetary human soul and the stellar human soul. The rough mixture of the two made you once again the most intelligent creature on the planet. But there was very little content in that intelligent container. Without a basic reference point, your mind had difficulty organizing sensations and perceptions into a system of concepts. And without a tradition to draw on, your mind could not go far in extracting meaning out of your experiences.



40,000-Year-Old Hand Stencils From a Cave in Sulawesi, Indonesia

Bare-handed, bare-footed, bare-skinned, you stood face to face with a brave new world: a world of scarcity, not a world of plenty. Food, which was never an issue in your forgotten past, became your number one goal in life. You found yourself locked into a savage mechanism—the food chain—and given two bare options: to eat or to be eaten.

You'd be saddened to death if you had had recollections of a former life where, to stay alive, you only had to breathe. You see, after the Fall, the life-and-death drama was intensified on Earth. A gruesome form of death—death as a result of inter-species' violence for food consumption—came to dominate the scene.

You found yourself in a cruel world, like a monstrous mother beast who didn't care, who didn't mind heaping one after another calamity on her own children. You were dependent on her random kindness, and you were terrified of her mood swings.

Earth had become a planet of four seasons. You didn't remember that there used to be one lovely season all year round. You were very sad to see spring and summer leave and autumn and winter set in. You dreaded wintertime, for winter was the near equivalent to death. Nearly helpless were you against those cold, cold winters with nothing to eat and nothing to keep the body warm, those endless winters that were eating you alive.

The never-ending hunger was piling up over lifetimes and fear of starvation formed the bedrock of your Homo sapiens existence. You couldn't make do as vegetarians. You had to kill animals for food. Killing was a predator's skill that came naturally with your human-animal endowment.

Living at the mercy of animals and plants in your surroundings, you were powerful only to the extent of your mental cleverness. You were good at stalking beasts and setting traps. You were a genius at utilizing material forms, be it tree branch, stone, mud, water, or forest fire.

Trickling down in your veins were bits and pieces of the wisdom from your pre-Fall days. From time to time, the starlight in you flashes through like a lightning across the sky. You knew you were smart creatures, but you felt you were pitiful infants trying to make it on your own without any parental support.

But you had one other. Despite the Fall, you were still a cluster of humans sharing the same starseed soul. An unbreakable soul connection joined your hearts, and you loved one another. You loved one another in these clumsy Homo sapiens bodies as much as you did in those glorious Homo Perfectus forms. This love had survived the Fall, for this love was the essence of your starseed soul.

Nevertheless, at odds with this loving feeling of oneness was that intolerable sense of separation. A rough split had happened. During the emergency landing in the human-animal bodies, you had to split your soul cluster abruptly into two camps. Half of you went into the male bodies and the other half into the female ones. This rough split of your soul cluster into two animal genders was painful and traumatic.

In your pre-Fall phase, taking on a gendered body was a free-willed choice, and while in a gendered body you had a sense of wholeness as the foundation of your gender orientation. During the rough split, you were divided into two halves

without each having realized a degree of unity in itself. You were partitioned and fragmented. You became incomplete male bodies codependent on incomplete female bodies.

The bodies of Homo sapiens featured sharp distinctions between the male and the female in their physical and psychological constitutions. You were thus locked into pairs of animal bodies that operated at the opposite ends of a spectrum.



A 9000-Year-Old Figurine
Unearthed in Çayönü, Turkey

Before the Fall, you were primarily androgynous light bodies with freedom to play with sexual orientation within the dense realm of physical bodies. After the Fall, you were forced to be one gender throughout a lifetime. Traumatized by the rough split, your mind identified with the concretely gendered animal body. Because of that identification you felt so incomplete. You needed to copulate with a body of the other gender to feel complete. To attain the wonderful feeling of

androgyny, you had no other recourse than to engage another body in sex.

Besides the clear division of gender, your tribal life rested on a clear division of labor: men took life while women gave life; men went out hunting and fishing while women gathered and cleaned; men brought back delicious meat, and women thanked the heroes with their own juicy flesh. This clear division between life-takers and life-givers resulted from the simple following of your animal instincts.

You lived as a wild bunch in caves and in huts you built with long grasses, tree branches, and animal hides. Other than the division of labor, you had hardly any social rule. There was no hierarchy and no alpha male dominating the herd. You had no structure, no regulation, no class, and no private property.

If there was anything close to the sense of rank, it was age. Elderly people were respected for their knowledge and therefore had most say. You were a bunch of nature folks, attuned to the rhythms of your environment, gentle and caring toward your own kind. Following the migration routes of wild herds, you roamed meadows and forests and hunted for meat and hide.

The inter-species violence somehow never escalated into an intra-species violence against your fellow human beings. The

reason lay with your starseed soul: you were a tribe of humans sharing one soul. Thus there was great love flowing amongst your kin. You had tremendous freedom to do whatever you wanted, to play with whomever you desired, however you liked.

There was no such relation as marriage and no such concept of owning another's sexuality. You had a small group of people to make love to for a whole lifetime. In the end, almost everyone was the lover of everyone else. And there was no sense of incest. You could mate with any member of your tribe. You saw everyone of the older generation as your father and mother, anyone close in age as your brother and sister. Often, children were born without your clear knowing of who their fathers were.

Conflicts sometimes occurred, mostly in the area of mating. But you had ways to resolve disputes in peaceful terms. A man demonstrating superb hunting skills would usually be honored with the first pick of a woman upon returning from the hunt. Sometimes, a competition among women was fanned up, other times among men. These competitions were considered playful acts of the mating game. You would likely end up in a nice big orgy where no one needed to compete for any attention.

And the Sun still shines on the fallen world. On the sunny side of things, the catastrophe did not put an end to your evolutionary scheme. Despite calamities in the 3rd Dimension, the Blueprint remained intact in the 5th Dimension. So even though you had lost just about everything, you did not lose your mini blueprint! It glowed there, in the dark corner of your deep unconscious, and operated behind your awareness.

This Blueprint, this star code, propelled you to go from lifetime to lifetime, from incarnation to incarnation, to fulfill the vow you had made in choosing to stay on planet Earth till the last day of the mission for which you had volunteered.



An Ancient Rock Painting From India
(Modified by WJ)

8. Atlantis Again

I speak to you, my channeler WJ, as one of my offspring on Earth, as a messenger to our starseeds.

You spent the childhood of your new cycle in today's Ireland. Your particular soul cluster had incarnated in a land by the very sea that had had claimed your "Atlantean" home.

It was a large collective of Pleiadian soul clusters that crash-landed in the bodies of a branch of Homo sapiens species that had been living on Ireland for many generations. Ireland was not an island then, but still joined with the continent of Europe. With the sea level much lower than today, Ireland and the rest of the British Isles were a single landmass. This newfound land was to become a "new Atlantis" where you Pleiadian starseeds could rebuild your dreams.

Your "Atlantean" heritage went with you to Ireland even though you had forgotten most of your knowledge and lost most of your skills. The master plan, the Blueprint, was kept safe in your soul. On that level, you had not lost anything. You just had to restart from scratch.

The mini blueprint inside your individual soul was driving you to create, to make culture out of nature, to construct meaning and elicit emotion through singing, drawing, and dancing, to keep reaching for those flickering images in your visions and dreams.

Your planetary mother was growing and healing together with her human babies. Just like you, Gaia needed to recover from her own trauma. So while you struggled to survive your post-natal years your planetary mother staggered through her postpartum depression and recovered bit by bit her vitality, beauty, and strength. From a blackened desolate victim, Gaia grew slowly into her powerful feminine self. In this long tortuous process, a new relationship between mother and child was forged.

At one point, after millennia of slow growth, your new motherland, Ireland, became a temperate paradise featuring four distinct seasons. Under a mild climate, exuberant forest flourished on her gentle rolling hills along with a plethora of animal species. With abundant rivers, springs, and lakes dotting her curvy body, Ireland stood in the Atlantic, the forefront of a continent, elegant and voluptuous—a brilliant harbinger of the new Gaia.

At last, you regained your playground and magic forest. For you, children of paradise once again, life was easy. All you had

to do was follow the Sun, the Moon, and the four seasons in taking life-enhancing actions.

Winter had long ago ceased to be a season of death. With plenty of nuts, meats, and wild cereal in storage, winter was a time for creative imagination. You sat by bonfires and made up stories; you entertained one another with music and dance; you crafted drums and flutes, drew pictures on stones, decorated your bodies and homes with pebbles, shells, and bones.

For many lifetimes, you were genuinely happy. You were building up pleasant emotions as well as a repertoire of knowledge. As your communications with animals grew intimate, you became attuned to occasions on which animals would graciously grant you the gift of their own flesh. You came to know the mysterious forest around you: which plants you could ingest, which you could rub on your open wounds.

Night after night, you gazed upon the stars and discovered patterns in their movement across the sky. Your wisdom was increasing by the season, while we, your family from above, continuously breathed starlight into your soul. From generation to generation, a body of knowledge was handed down, giving you not only a sense of power but also a sense of identity.

You discovered that certain plants and animal parts, when ingested, could send you off to faraway worlds. There, you met people and creatures not of the earth, and you had feelings and visions you couldn't describe in words. You discovered that such visionary journeys could be repeated by taking specific actions at specific times and places, especially in deep caves.

In this emerald playground surrounded by blue sea, you enjoyed one act more than anything—lovemaking. You loved all your family members, regardless of their age, gender, look, and personality, since on the deepest level you felt the oneness of you all. But you were one soul inhabiting different bodies and self-expressing through different personalities. You discerned that certain individuals inspired in you a greater flame of desire than others, and you felt a sense of preference.

In that mysterious act of merging as one with your chosen lover, you saw images of a distant life and remembered fragments of yourself scattered in the sky. Again and again, you sought love union as a way to make sense of alluring images. Again and again, you were disappointed. You couldn't hold these fleeting feelings and make them yield to you secrets of the universe. So many questions in your mind, so few answers in your surroundings.

Your new paradise did not last forever. Once again, you found yourselves caught in the midst of calamities. Earth shaking, fire raging, wind howling, and hailstorms pouring onto your fragile huts. Being small humans, you could not see that it was the result of the Earth's axis tilting further degrees. You thought that your kind mother was losing her temper for no reason.

As soon as you could catch your breath, you noticed that the trees were dying and the animals disappearing. The world became increasingly cold and your food source was dwindling at an alarming rate. You powerlessly watched generations of your people's woodlands being eaten away by the merciless sweep of icy winds. You had to keep on migrating south, towards the continent.

Calamities followed you, a wandering people, like predators stalking their prey. You were on constant alert for new kinds of animal predators and new types of human attackers. From place to place, from century to century, you moved about, a band of humans clinging together, tight as strands in a rope, in a perpetual search for food, shelter, and a land you could call home.

Millennia after millennia went by as you roamed the southern part of Europe. The memory of home loss faded into oblivion as your tribal roots grew firm and deep in newfound soil. The

air temperature rose; the world turned lush; you grew to become habitual in procuring from an environment of stability and plenitude. Just as you became settled in your new sense of security, a grave disaster hit you on the head, in a manner worse than anything in your conscious memory.

Another collision. Another unruly mass shot into your solar space and hit planet Earth. Not long after this catastrophic collision, an eruption took place on the Sun, ejecting a massive amount of solar flares into the Earth's atmosphere. This tremendous solar outburst was an inevitable outcome of the energy buildup ever since the Sun's entry into the Galactic Daytime around 10,800 BC.

The two consecutive celestial bombardments, which befell Earth around 10,000 BC, wreaked havoc in your world, causing earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, landslides, hurricanes, deluges, and floods around the globe.

This time, however, you had received warnings from higher dimensions. This time, we had received permission from above to reach down to you, our family on Earth. We contacted the sensitive ones among you via visions and dreams, warning you that a cataclysm was coming. This time, you had a chance to evacuate and seek refuge in mountain caves. In some areas, people had even time to build large boats or dig shelters within earth. Many of you had amassed enough

food and supplies to keep you through the cataclysm. Shivering in abject terror, you watched the sky falling and the floods washing away everything. But you survived.

Hunger began to gnaw at your flesh. Empty stomachs were drawing out the worse and worse in your character. In that temporal paradise of the distant past, you had grown to forget the vicious side of your animal part. As the paradise turned icy cold, the rugged animal side was pushed to the foreground to rule as the dominant force in life. As the world became an abysmal swamp, the most vicious and violent animal force in you was unleashed. Now you could kill anything, just for a morsel.

At first, you were horrified by the fact that you could bring yourself to eat the still-warm flesh of your dead family member. You consoled your distraught heart by saying that eating human flesh was an act of love. But when you saw one man clubbing another man to death in the heat of a dispute and subsequently feeding on the dead body as if it were game from a hunt, you nearly fainted. You saw a demon wearing human skin.

To your dismay, you felt the same demon sneaking under your skin and driving you to participate in the eating, and you had no strength to resist. Your mouth no longer obeyed the command of your heart.

“What have I done! What have we done!”

Your guilt burned you alive, along with the fiery hunger. In the end, you perished with a stomach totally empty and a heart full of remorse. As you were exiting your withered body, a deep chasm engulfed your disoriented soul. Flooding you from all over was the terror of that forgotten event.

Atlantis—again!

9. Agriculture From the Sky

We couldn't believe our eyes watching you eat each other down there on Earth. Not even the wisest among us could have foreseen such savagery under the pressure of hungry stomachs. We knew it was a bold experiment to have you locked inside an animal body for life. Still, none of us had the prescience to predict that in an extreme situation of starvation a hybrid of celestial intelligence and animal instincts would mutate into a grotesque cannibal species.

The human experiment was about to fail. The situation on Earth would escalate into a total disaster if continued. We must intervene! We pleaded before the higher council in the Orion stars and were granted permission to intervene, to reverse the course of human devolution. A plan was devised and a mission formed in accordance. The mission would journey from the Pleiades to Earth to bring disaster relief to the wretched human victims. It would not be short-term relief, but assistance with long-term impact on a global scale.

As a member of the "Council on Human Affairs," I participated in devising the mission's plan and decided to get actively involved in its implementation. But instead of sending

a duplicate of me to Earth, as I'd done before, I would go to Earth personally. Do you remember, before you embarked on your voyage, my having told you that I would visit you on Earth? My time had finally come, though as a matter of emergency.

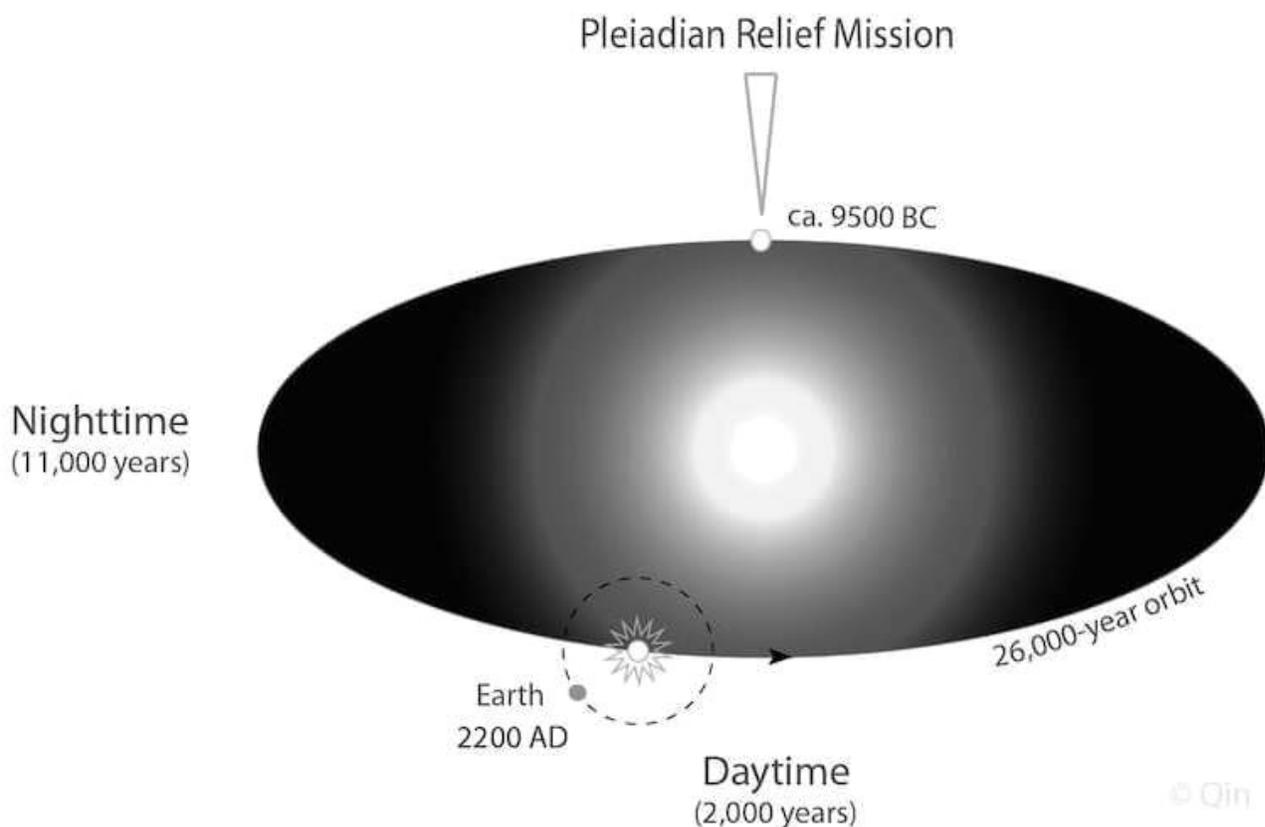
Though dire was the situation, our relief mission could be dispatched only at a moment when cosmic alignment would open up the inter-dimensional portal into the Earth realm. It would have to be a time when planet Earth was very close to our central sun, Alcyone, because the nature of this mission required Earth to be fully immersed in the Galactic Daylight. Being a masculine act, our relief mission depended on the willing cooperation of a planet peaking in her feminine power.

Now you understand why we did not come to rescue you sooner. We could come only at a moment when for you the worst was over. You were already out of the shell-shocked state after the great flood had receded, and the planet was entering a stabilizing situation. Despite the loss of coastal lands due to the rise of sea level and despite the drop of temperature and precipitation in many areas, life was rebounding on all continents.

It was over 11,000 years ago, around 9500 BC, that our relief mission arrived on Earth. We came in a large spacecraft with a collective of 40 members on board. Our spacecraft was not

made of metal or plastic or anything material of the earthly type. It was a “light ship”—a traveling field of high energy made of the same vibration as the “light ship” that had brought you to Earth.

The 40 members of the relief mission consisted of human souls from the Pleiades and other star systems. This mission was “Pleiadian” in the sense that it was dispatched from the 5D station of the Pleiades, and that its membership had a Pleiadian majority. The mission was by and large an interstellar and inter-dimensional collaboration.



We, the collective of human souls assembled in the Pleiades, sailed through the 4D portal in our “light ship” and materialized our craft, our laboratory, our instruments, and ourselves after we had landed on the Earth shore.

Our journey bore similarities to your journey to Earth. But since we came not to take but to give lessons, we followed a different route in our materialization. Instead of growing slowly in embodiment within Earth timeline, we took on bodies instantly. Our bodies were projections of stellar human forms in earthly type of matter. More substantial than holographic projections, our bodies were life-like to your senses.

Our semi-physicality provided us inter-dimensional accessibility, and this inter-dimensional orientation graced us with a fluid appearance, which looked material and ethereal. Compared with you earthlings, we were tall, nearly twice your height, and we radiated a soft glow. This larger and shinier stature wasn't done to impress you, however. We simply followed the law of physics in taking on bodies that were appropriate for our missions on Earth.

Yet, it behooved us to match our level with that of you Earth human beings. Moreover, it was mandatory that we observe a set of rules prescribed for this relief mission. Two of these rules were:

1. We must respect the free will of Earth human beings.
2. We must respect their evolutionary scheme.

In other words, we were not going to impose anything on you, nor were we to introduce knowledge or tools far ahead of your age. At the time of this mission, you Earth humans were in what is now termed the Middle Stone Age. It would have been a grave violation of the rule if we had given Mesolithic people tools made of metal, for example. We could give you as much as we wanted, but only within the allowance of that particular segment of the evolutionary scheme in which we made contact with you.

And we were not to shock you in your fragile mental state. We needed to proceed strategically and gently in making contact with you. The key was trust. To establish a foundation of trust between you and us was our top goal. To establish trust, we must make you feel, first and foremost, at home with us.

We came to help the human population of all races on all continents, starting from our closest relatives, our soul offspring—tribes of starseeded humans scattered around the planet. Since geographic and climate conditions varied from place to place, human development was unique at each location and uneven when compared. In other words, the need for our intervention differed.

Thus, we selected several contact points in space and progressed from one point to another, one at a time. Though unbound by Earth's time-space grid, we chose to work within the timeline according to your evolutionary flow.

We began in the Middle East. Located in the Middle East was an inter-dimensional portal through which we had entered the Earth realm. We chose the long stretch of fertile land, today called the Fertile Crescent, to be our first contact region.

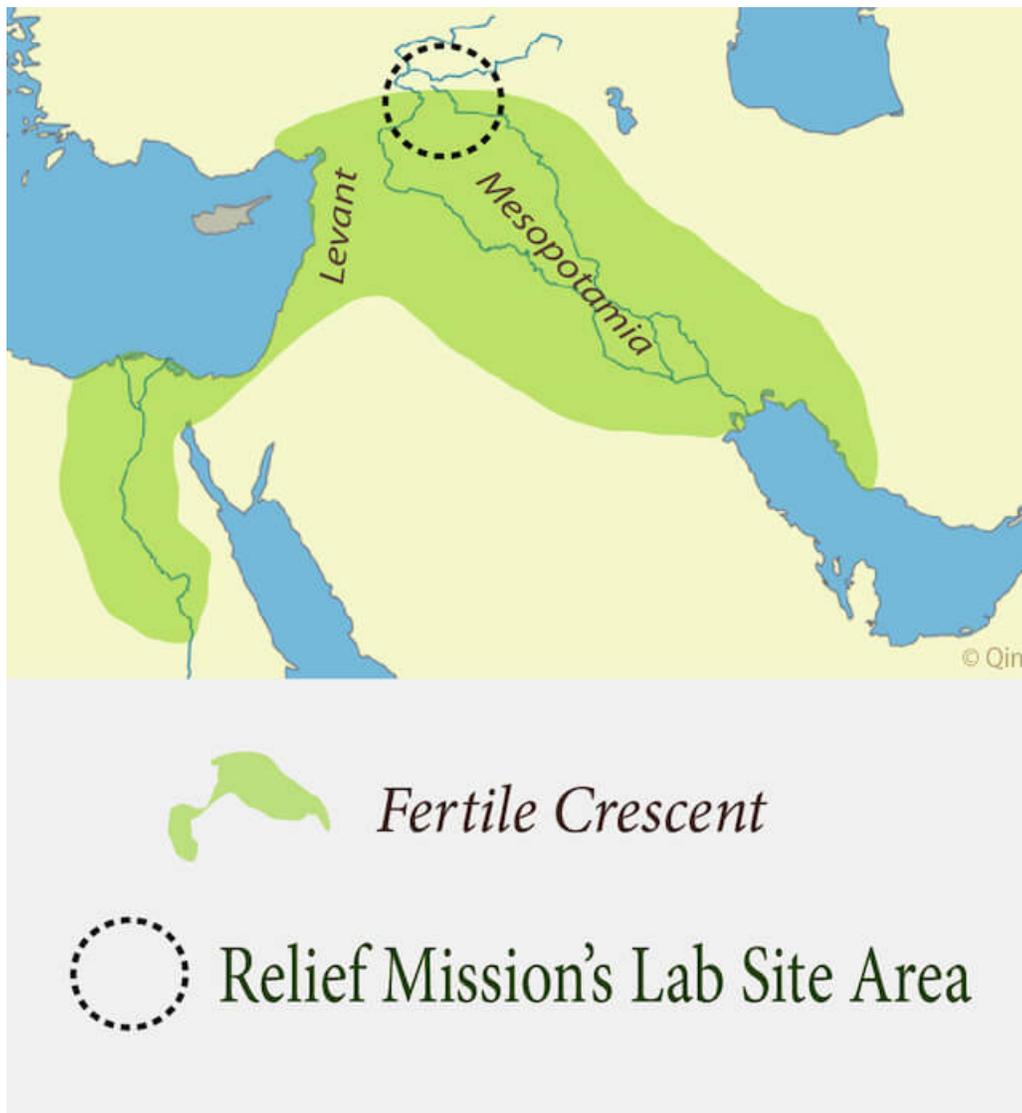
Despite the damage of the cataclysm and the detriment of climate change, the Fertile Crescent at the time of our mission was a relatively lush region with rich biodiversity. Before the 10,000 BC cataclysm, the starseeded humans here and elsewhere had been practicing eclectic farming. They were able to plant, grow, and harvest a number of wild grains with their own hands. Millennia of gathering experience had enabled the starseeded humans to exert some control over the life cycles of certain plants.

They had the farmer's mind, but not the farmer's stock, for wild grains were difficult to manage, especially in the harvest phase. And as hunters, right from the start, they had been keeping live game around with ropes and fences. But it was nearly impossible to mold wild animals into obedient beasts in service to the perpetual need of human survival and growth.

To seed the light, to seed the information, knowledge, and skill that we had brought to Earth at her high noon, we needed to start with the right climate and soil. All things considered, the Fertile Crescent region was our top choice.

Besides its biodiversity and proto-farming legacy, the starseeded humans there had the advantage of having lived through easier times during episodes of Earth changes. For one thing, they hadn't suffered the pain of freezing to death. They were struggling for survival as humans were elsewhere, but we detected in them a thinner deposit of the emotional energy of anxiety and fear. We chose this region also because of the receptive condition in the human psyche.

To begin with, we set up our lab base at the upper Euphrates-Tigris river basin, in the area bordering today's Turkey, Syria, and Iraq. Although we came with advanced technology and sophisticated inventions, we had to test our 5D concepts in the 3D biosphere. And although our collective was unified and efficient, we had to spread out in small teams to explore biodiversity, essential to this experimental endeavor.



Thus, in remote mountains and valleys, away from tribal settlements, we conducted experiments at a number of lab sites featuring botanical gardens and animal parks. Not until enough satisfactory results had come out of these lab sites did we initiate contact with Earth-human tribes in the neighboring areas.

Our first contact with tribes in the neighboring areas, today known as Mesopotamia and Levant, was an overall success.

Just as we had hoped, our Earth relatives overcame the initial shock at seeing us on their riverbanks, strangers who looked different to their eyes but felt familiar to their hearts. Right away they opened their hearts to us, for their souls had immediate recognition and recollection of their family from the stars. And just as we had hoped, our Earth relatives participated in the series of feasts that we had arranged. They enjoyed the variety of meals that we had offered, and more importantly, their bodies welcomed in the range of foods that we had carefully prepared.

At the success of our feasts, we proceeded to present to these contact tribes, on a number of occasions, the range of stock species that had come out of our experimental gardens and parks: wheat, barley, lentils and chickpeas, goats, sheep, cattle and pigs, to name a few. Wheat was our first plant present to the Earth humankind. Farm animals came later, as the second batch, with sheep being the first animal present we gave to the new farmers.



The Celestial Gift of Agriculture



With the arrival of our new plants and animals, the insecure life of hunter-gatherers would be replaced by the secure life of farmers. “Security” is the word that defines the essence of our agricultural presents. Your security was our goal. Your secure vibration, to be exact. Our presents were intended to bring about not only a change of diet but also a revolution of lifestyle and thereby a rise of human vibration.

It was with eagerness and gratefulness that these first tribes in the Middle East received from us the special family present: the gift of agriculture. We did not need to persuade any of them to embrace a new way to eat or new way to live.

To make it clear, we didn’t come to Earth to preach. We never gave you orders such as “Thou shall not!” That was not our style and never will be. We came to show you a new way to live. And it was up to you free humans to decide whether you would want to embrace the new way or not.

Patiently we taught and supervised our intelligent relatives in working with the somewhat familiar yet intrinsically exotic plants and animals that we had brought “from the sky” to them on Earth. For many centuries, we, the sky farmers, had stayed put in the fertile soil of the Middle East, assisting numerous tribes in numerous locations until a base layer of agricultural civilization was firmly established throughout the Fertile Crescent.

South Asia was our next contact region in the timeline. We traveled in our “light ship” with everything and everyone on board and landed in the region today called India and Pakistan. With the Middle Eastern program as its foundation, our South Asian agricultural experiment had a fairly easy start.

This time, our project teams were spread out more widely, into far corners of the subcontinent, to experiment with its geo- and bio- diversities. Through trial and error, we worked out a modified version of our Middle Eastern agricultural program, to be applied to a line of locations stretched along the Indus and Ganges. We aimed for a multicentered agricultural development on this subcontinent in collaboration with her two main rivers, one male and one female—a parental pair.

Our relatives in South Asia had significant physiological and linguistic differences from our relatives in the Middle East. We learned to speak their languages, which wasn't too difficult a task for us. To put our relatives at ease, we sent forth those of us with prominent Asian features to be our mission's representatives. Those dark-skinned black-eyed tropical beauties among our colleagues became our ambassadors to the peoples of south Asia.

Our collective was made of star human souls appearing in a variety of Earth human forms, some fair-skinned and blue-eyed, some dark-skinned and brown-eyed. We had taken minute details into consideration at our planning sessions before our landing on the Earth shore. We came fully prepared for global contacts.

From South Asia we went farther east. China was our next region for developing a fresh set of agricultural programs for the whole of East Asia. The vast region today called China, bigger than the Indian subcontinent, had a different configuration of geomagnetic, climatic, and biological energies. It was a different kind of human physiology and psychology that we must consider, and a different group of nature spirits that we must commune and collaborate with in working out a model suitable for an “East Asian Neolithic Revolution,” so to speak.

Again, we set up our lab bases in deep mountains, in the north as well as in the south. Quietly and patiently, we studied the land and communicated with her spirits, we observed the tribal settlements from above and from within, as invisible beings. We tried a variety of new ways in our genetic experiments on native plant and animal species.

In China, we succeeded in modifying wild rice and millet; we fashioned a special kind of pig to add to our collection of farm

animals—“sacred pig,” one may say, with magical consciousness. We proceeded to seed agriculture at multiple locations along the vast tributary networks of the two great rivers, today called the Long River and the Yellow River, again a female-and-male pair, similar to what we had done in India and in Mesopotamia (i.e. “the Land Between Two Rivers”).

At the success of our East Asian program, we headed westward to Europe, Africa, and later the Americas. The British Isles of today—namely Ireland, Wales, England, and Scotland—was one of our centers for seeding agriculture in the vast region today called the continent of Europe.

I speak to you now, my channeler WJ, in greater detail of our landing in Ireland, since Ireland was your personal homeland in the new cycle of your starseed journey on Earth, and since Ireland was one of the Pleiadian cradles of civilization.

During the coldest Paleolithic phase, your particular tribe had migrated from Ireland all the way to continental Europe, where you managed to keep your bloodline flowing. With the climate gradually warming up, slowly you traveled over the land bridge and returned to the land of your ancestors. By the time the Pleiadian relief mission came to the British Isles, your tribe had been roaming the west coast of Ireland for many generations.



Around 5000 BC, the Pleiadian relief mission landed in the eastern part of Ireland. The Hill of Tara, as it is called today, was our first landing site.

At the time of our landing, you were living in western Ireland and had no chance of meeting us in person. You may think that you missed out on a milestone event. I say to you: you did meet us at Tara—you met us not physically then and there, but several centuries later, in your mind, as you, a Neolithic child, listened to your tribal elder telling the story:

One chilly morning in early spring, a tribe of people gathered in their dingy little grass hut to eat. Just as they finished eating, a strange sound occurred in the air, a humming sound, not like bees, not like winds, not like anything they knew. People came out of the hut to see what was going on.

They saw a light ball in the sky. The humming sound seemed to be coming from there.

At first, people thought they were looking at the sun, which for some reason was singing to them that happy morning of spring. Then, they saw that there were two suns shining in the sky!

The singing sun, a bit smaller, softer, and whiter than the silent sun, started to move. It dashed and stood still. Again it moved, drifting down toward the earth. How strange! People followed the singing sun that moved and stopped, moved and stopped, as if leading them on. They followed it along a trail in the woods to the foot of a low hill.

Lo and behold, up on the hill in the middle of a glade, there stood a huge white thing, higher and wider than nine grass huts put together—a glowing white dome.

“What could this thing be?” people whispered.

Suddenly, before their eyes, there appeared a group of beings—men and women, with long shiny hair, with bright serene faces, dressed in elegant robes of soft colors, very beautiful and very tall. These giant people had appeared out of thin air, and were standing there, silent and still on the slope, at the midpoint between the tribe of people and the glowing white dome.

Who are they? Have they popped out of a dream, or fallen from the sky? People couldn't make sense of the sight.

No one could say a word. Then, the group of giants opened their mouths and made a song-like speech, in one voice. People understood the speech, because it was in their own language. Yes, indeed, these shiny giants had come from the sky—as their family!

Seeing their kindness and hearing their message, people felt lumps of nervousness leaving their chests. Finally, they could let out a sigh of relief.

The sky giants invited people to come up to the glade, to sit in the meadow and relax. As they sat on the grass and relaxed, people felt the emptiness of their stomachs. Only then they noticed that the sun was at the highest point in the sky.

Now, out of the huge white dome there came a row of sky women, their figures as beautiful as swans, their arms carrying baskets. The baskets contained nice-smelling things. The sky women came up to the people and lay the baskets down at their feet. The sky women gestured with hands that in these baskets were foods, meant for people to receive.

So a midday banquet began, in the bright light of the spring sun. As they chewed and savored foods they had never tasted before, people grew wild, not only in their bodies but also in their souls. Tastes of heaven! Blessings from the sky! Tears rolled down people's cheeks, tears of a kind they'd never shed in life ...

Thus, you witnessed with your mind's eye the Tara event. The story of our landing was being told, along with the spreading of agriculture, throughout your motherland Ireland.

In those days, you weren't in a position to learn that the foods we brought to tribes of people at Tara had been artificially created in our laboratory. It would have been inappropriate back then to explain to you how exactly we worked out the line of plant and animal species, as gift sets for our families on Earth.

What we did was, we mirrored the biosphere of Earth and built a similar environment in our lab space—an indoor/outdoor structure somewhat reminiscent of the Garden of Eden in the Middle Eastern myth.

In that simulated space, lush and green and homey, we brought in a range of earthly species, plants and animals, that we had carefully selected and altered their genetic structures so that they could be easily cultivated and bred later on by Earth human hands.

In a nutshell, we created a genetically modified version of the native species chosen from a range of Earth's wildlife for an anthropocentric goal: to meet your human needs.

“Domestication” is an inaccurate term for the origin of the range of plants and animals that had come out of our lab space, our “Garden of Eden,” so to speak. They were not, as commonly assumed, species that had evolved from their wild state over a long period of time.

They were *genetically modified* native species of Earth, to be reintroduced into her biosphere. Such genetically engineered species had come into existence as a result of stellar human intervention, not of Earth human domestication.



The Hill of Tara
in the 21st Century

Now, you may want to go back to the Hill of Tara and see the wonder in people’s eyes as they watched sheep, goats, cows, and pigs being brought out of the giant dome of light—our spacecraft in disguise. Can you feel the throbbing of people’s hearts as they touched the stalks of barley we had placed in their hands and as they caressed the little lambs we had delivered into their arms?

Our relatives at Tara had thought that they were close to nature and able to understand nature's languages. But when they felt the soft fleece of our sheep and petted the warm bellies of our cows, they realized they had not been really close to nature. For the first time, free animals did not flee from their reaching hands. These celestial animals were not only beautiful to look at but also easy to be with, friend-like, almost.

This was precisely our intention. We intended to provide for our family a protective shield made of a layer of cultivated nature. This layer of cultivated nature would function very much like a womb lining to nurture a new type of human children. Agriculture was to serve as the new cocoon for a new humanity, a humanity freed from brutal struggles against nature and against one another, a humanity endowed with the power to create a favorable environment.

We came to pull our family out of the dreadful state of having to kill and spill blood in order to survive. We came to liberate you from an utterly dependent position: living at the mercy of your surroundings. We bestowed upon the vulnerable human race a gift of strength, and restored your basic right to live and to live well. We came to you as helpers, as teachers, as friends, and more than anything, as family.

The story you learned in school, the wild story of human domestication of wild plants and beasts, had been around for fewer than 200 years. For thousands of years before such “scientific” belief came to dominate the ideological landscape of planet Earth, cultures all over the world had been passing down stories of celestial teachers bringing crops and livestock to your ancestors. Only recently were such stories relegated to the file cabinet of “Myths and Fairytales,” ridiculed, obscured, forgotten.

Somewhere there, in the collective memory of your humanity, reposes the true story. To access it, you will have to make use of a rusty tool. The tool is called *anamnesis*, remembrance.

Perhaps, one day, while scrambling eggs or buttering bread, an impulse will arise, and you will find yourself back in an ancient posture—eyes looking at the sky, chest full of emotions. One day, you may come across an image of Göbekli Tepe and suddenly see why this enigmatic hill in southern Turkey, dated to 9000 BC, is filled with cryptic stone pillars bearing animal motifs.

10. The Kindergarten of Ireland

We provided you Earth humans a jump-start for civilization. Our gift of agriculture was a first-degree initiation, which bestowed upon you a sparkling new status. Before we made contact with you, you had been primarily taking life from animals and plants while giving life to human children. After our contact, you were placed in a new position to actively participate in the creation of life forms. We gave you the knowledge, skill, and material to breed livestock and grow crops. You became thereby co-creators of life with your planetary mother, Earth.

Our contact with Earth humankind was a milestone event that forged a new bond between us, between the stellar and the planetary side of the same human family. Recognizing and honoring the kinship tie that already existed between us, the new bond was to be strengthened through the two sides entering a new relationship—that of teacher and student.

The growth of civilization is similar to the developmental process of an individual child. From infant to adult, a child receives nurturing first from parents and next from teachers. The task of our Pleiadian relief mission was to play both a

parenting and a mentoring role in the early stage of your civilization process. Far from being authoritarian parents or stern teachers, we have said to you many, many times, “Please do not worship us, because we are your equals!”

Indeed, we came to assume a superior position as your parents and teachers, but such temporary earthly sense of rank was based on a deep understanding of the inherent oneness of our souls. Besides, free will was the basis for all our interactions—there was no action you had engaged with us that had not come of your own will. Such was the true state of the parent-child and teacher-student relations that we had agreed to enter.

Our relationship was not comparable to that of a biblical covenant. Neither had we forced upon you a set of commandments, nor had we lured you into a contract with terms. Never had we threatened you with punishment if you disobeyed our teaching, or promised you any reward. We came to give, not to promise. We came to guide, not to rule.

And we came to you as your Family of Light. We are your Family of Love. We came to teach you love—to help you regain your ability to love. The love we came to teach was not meant for your species alone. We wanted to steer you Earth humans toward a love for all life forms living on the planet, toward a

love for your mother Gaia and for the source that had birthed you both.

The civilization that we had ushered in was quintessentially spiritual—a spiritual civilization we had initiated worldwide. Although it was necessary for us to start from the material level, from the most basic issues of food and survival, agriculture carried within itself a core spiritual component, that is, the elevation of human consciousness from struggling against matter to working with matter. Ultimately, we hoped, this spiritual civilization would progress to the point that Earth humankind could transcend matter.

Civilization can be described as a process of raising the human vibration. Civilization, which means human evolution, moves in the direction of human beings elevating themselves from dense and heavy vibrational states to lighter and higher ones.

In order to raise your vibration, it is important to take care of what you eat. Meats are bound to produce heavier vibrations than vegetable foods. The Agriculture Project that we initiated on Earth was, ultimately, a vegetarian movement.

Our intention was that you would gradually move away from a meat-based diet to a plant-based one. The farm animals that we had created for you—cows, sheep, goats, hens, and pigs—weren't meant to serve as chunks of meat on your dinner

plates, not in the long run. We gave you those animals to help you make a gradual transition to a non-carnivorous lifestyle. You were supposed to receive milk from cows and eggs from hens. Combining these with wheat, barley, rice, or beans as your staples, as well as nuts, fruits, and legumes as your supplements, you would have a range of foods capable of meeting your biological needs.

Earth humans at the time of our contact had an immense craving for meat. This was understandable, considering that Earth humankind had been carnivorous since the beginning of the post-Fall cycle (and cannibalistic at times). Therefore, we taught people how to obtain meat from some of the farm animals (we had created pigs out of wild boars to serve as a main source of meat). We taught people how to minimize the suffering in killing a farm animal for food. First, people would hold a ceremony to thank the animal for sacrificing its life. Then, people would take the animal's life in a ritualized way to minimize the pain. When they ate its meat, they were to take in the cooked meat with gratitude for the animal's gracious gift of life-energy.

The farm animals were intended to be temporary helpers, playing a supportive role in the early days of your civilization. As you grew less and less dependent on them, they would retire to the sidelines and eventually exit the stage. Civilization would slowly progress to a level where the need

for farm-animal support became obsolete. While still needing and using their support, you were supposed to honor and care for your animal helpers.

That was what we taught to tribes at Tara and elsewhere.

Ireland had been designated as a center for the education of Pleiadian starseeds. Living on this island was a large body of soul clusters that had originated in the Pleiades. The emerald isle of Ireland, being a portal island with numerous passages into the 2D realm below and the 4D realm above, featured an idyllic campus environment. A dream island of peace, prosperity, and magic, Ireland was able to serve as the nursery garden for a future forest of starseed trees—a spiritual oak forest covering planet Earth.

Ireland was our kindergarten for raising a worldwide starseed population—a preschool that prepared young souls for future journeys to far corners of the earth. It was meant that you spend your childhood in Ireland. It was meant that you live your adult years everywhere. Citizens of the world you were destined to be.

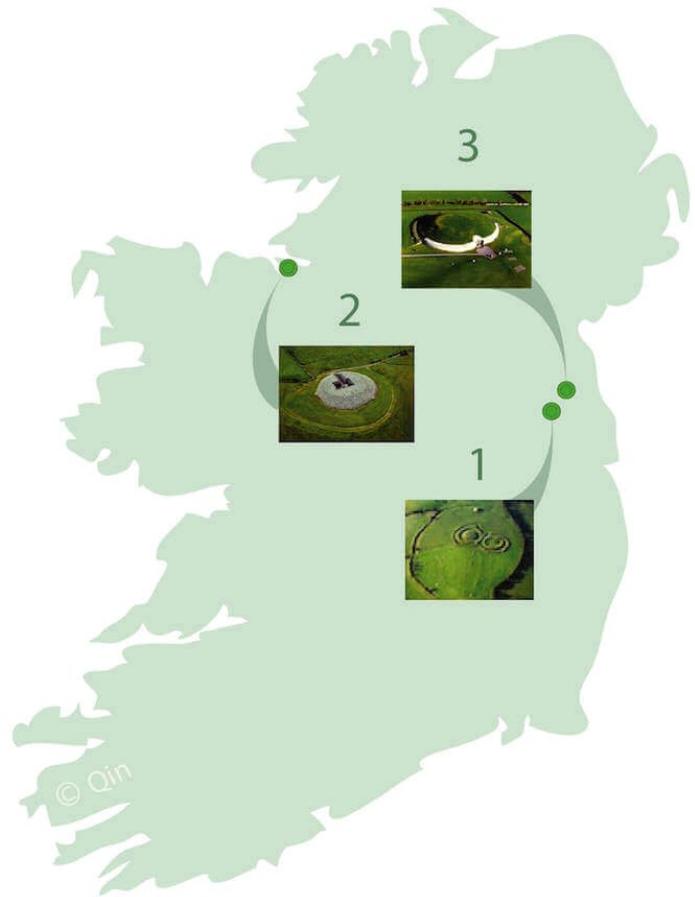
Ireland

a kindergarten for starseeds

Grade 1: **The Tara Phase**
(ca 5000-4300 BC)

Grade 2: **The Carrowmore Phase**
(ca 4300-3500 BC)

Grade 3: **The Boyne Phase**
(ca 3500-2000 BC)



In today's terms, I could describe our kindergarten of Ireland as consisting of three grades. Grade 1 proceeded during the agricultural era, Grades 2 and 3 during the megalithic era.

Of course, these grades weren't called by such names back then or rigidly divided in the timeline as such. The transition was gradual and the grades overlapped.

The way we kindergarten teachers worked was to set up learning centers at various locations on the island, where tribes of people could come and take lessons from us. After the lessons, they would return to their home regions to spread the knowledge.

We established our first learning center at the Hill of Tara. Tara was the “classroom” of the first grade, and the first-grade curriculum was to learn agriculture.

The agricultural composition of Ireland was a balance between cattle farming and crop cultivation. We had chosen to land on Tara when winter was becoming spring. After the locals had become well adjusted to the foods we had provided them in a series of feasts, we set out to teach them how to sow seeds. We introduced a set of farm tools and demonstrated for them ways to clear forest, plough the soil, and create irrigation channels. They learned to synchronize crop cultivation with the sun and moon cycles. At new moons in spring, they sowed the seeds in spiral patterns; after a full moon in autumn, the harvest season began.

They learned how to milk cows, sheep, and goats, how to attend to and breed their animals, how to obtain and weave wool, what parts to use before and after the animals died. We taught them ways to set up a good living situation with their animal companions. We gave them ideas for village layouts

and assisted them in building huts, barns, fences, and pens. We worked with our family side by side. They were such good students in their openness and cleverness! Within a few decades, a prototype of farming village had been set up in the Tara area on the east coast.

We then invited tribes from the vicinity to a new event on the hilltop, at the spot where we had first landed with our spacecraft. The new event was co-creating a monument of art. Together, we cleared shrubs and trees on the low broad hill. We marked out circles on the ground with balls of light, and invited people to dig the soil with us, using shovels and spades. It was a lively scene on the low broad hill, with big and small people digging, singing, and laughing all together. With joint effort, we imprinted a set of enormous rings in the soil, thus accomplishing our first piece of earth sculpture on the island of Ireland.

The Tara circles was the first “tattoo” that we imprinted on the beautiful island (with her permission, of course). Earthen works in the form of circular enclosures and linear causeways constituted the architectural component of our agriculture project, and we were to imprint many variations of the Tara circles all over our island campus. These earthen signs marked power spots, held energy currents, and commemorated milestone events.



The Tara Circles (After 6500 Years of Erosion and Remodeling)

Far from being a secretive sign with esoteric meaning, the pair of concentric circles that we first imprinted on the Hill of Tara was an open sign, delivering a straightforward message:

“We were here!”

We were here to reunite with our family.
Twin circles, twin families.



A Google Earth Image
of the Tara Circles today



A Crop Circle Today

Next, with a pair of miniature clay models, we showed the tribal people what this pair of concentric circles, one male and one female (one convex and one concave), would look like from the sky, from our viewpoint. We folded the two parts into one, and people immediately understood what it meant. Thereafter, the hill was nicknamed the Wedding Hill—wedding between sky and earth, between the star side and earth side of a cosmic human tribe.

Civilization in Ireland began at Tara. The hilltop and the earthen circles were meant to stand as a field monument of love. This legacy of love would survive the coming ages, whatever the form, and the site would continue to pulsate with the heartbeat of Gaia and of the Pleiadian stars.

The heart of Ireland is at the Wedding Hill, Tara.

We, the bringers of agriculture to Ireland, adopted an organic approach in establishing civilization from the Tara starting point. We planted the seeds, sat back, and waited for them to sprout, to grow, to multiply at their own paces. In a most natural way—the way of plants—the gift of agriculture was being passed on from tribe to tribe, from village to village, from valley to valley. Through intertribal contacts and over many generations the farmer's way of life spread throughout the fertile land of Ireland. We behaved in the manner of farmers, and of gardeners. We walked our talk, as you'd say.

With the establishment of farming throughout Ireland, our star children graduated from the first grade, ready to progress into the second grade. For Grade 2, the Pleiadian relief mission delegated the task of teaching to us, the Group of 8.

By now, our collective had been divided into small teams. These teams had spread around the globe in order to build a

web of megalithic infrastructure to support agriculture everywhere. Megaliths building was the next step of our Agriculture Project. Each team had a task of building a particular model of civilization on a megalithic foundation tailor-made for a particular region.

One team of ours went to the Korean peninsula and Japanese islands to set up an East Asian model, another to the islands of Indonesia to initiate a South Pacific model. We favored the island setting: its isolation and protection were essential for model building. While our Malta team was busy building a Mediterranean civilization, two teams were concurrently in Ireland and Britain developing an Atlantic civilization.

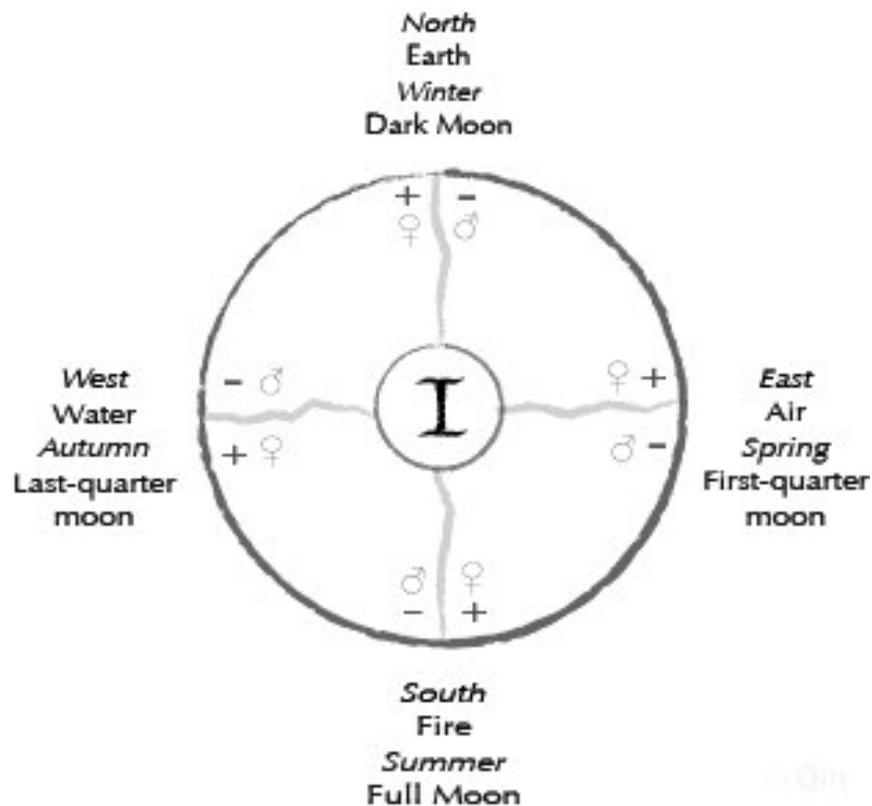
We, the Group of 8, were the Ireland team. The eight of us would move around and set up new learning centers on the island-garden school. We would follow the same gardener's approach and let our teachings fan out by way of tribal mingling. We were traveling gardeners, and we traveled across generations.

I, Sincera, am one of the eight gardeners—I am one of the eight personalities of a single Pleiadian soul. In coming into the Earth realm, this one single soul went through a self-division process, just like the process you had long ago experienced. One became two, two became four, four became eight: 8 individuals, 4 couples.

The division into 4 couples was intended to mirror the 4 seasons on Earth and the 4 directions of the wind. This symbolic mirroring served a specific teaching purpose. We, the Group of 8, were to teach you a set of lessons associated with the 4 directions, 4 elements, 4 seasons of the Sun, and 4 phases of the Moon.

Our group can be depicted as a circle with 4 cardinal points:

The Pleiadian Group of 8



Each cardinal point contains a polarized pair: yin and yang, female and male, negative and positive, passive and active, however you'd put it. I am "female active" while my partner, named Kailis, is "male passive." Together as a couple, we, Sincera and Kailis, personify the south/summer/full moon/fire energy of the one circle, the "I" of the group. Essentially, I am 8 and 8 are I.

The Group of 8 should thus be seen as 8 anthropomorphic symbolizations for one soul, one tribe, one month, one year, and one world. And the person bearing the name "Sincera" is best understood as an interface between you and the "I" of the group, between an earthly self and its stellar soul progenitor.

Remember the Male Wave and the Female Wave running through human evolution? When we first landed on the Hill of Tara, the Female Wave was at its peak in Ireland. It was a time when women were decision makers and men supporters. Our Pleiadian relief mission thus mirrored your social reality by sending forth a majority of female Pleiadians to interact with tribes in the Tara region. In other words, it was mostly female teachers who taught you the first grade.

The second grade, in contrast, was taught by us, the four couples constituting the Group of 8. The second grade proceeded in a time period when the Female Wave and the Male Wave were moving toward a position of equality. We

adapted to your condition by appearing to you, therefore, as Pleiadian couples.

We, the four couples, were your Grade 2 teachers. We, the Group of 8, taught you a body of rituals, as the second-grade curriculum was centered on learning rituals.

What are rituals? Rituals are acts conducted with specific intention and awareness at specific times and places to achieve specific goals. At the core of all rituals is a transformation of consciousness through physical movement of the body. It is consciousness that plays the pivotal role and not the physical act per se. In your pre-Fall “Atlantean” era, you were fabulous ritual experts. But since you had lost all your expertise to the catastrophic fall, you had to take baby steps as second-graders.

Your role in the post-Fall era was to continue to function as transmitters and conductors of cosmic energies. This self-knowledge of your role as ritual performers was intact in your individual blueprint like a dormant seed. That seed had to be awakened so that you could assume your sacred responsibilities as bridges, as channels, as converters and generators of a variety of energies. Remember, one of your tasks in this civilization project was to serve as energetic conduits.

Thus our teachings in Grade 2 were devices to help restore your lost memories and lost capacities. Only on your level, you experienced the process as learning something new. The teachings weren't entirely new to you—you could tell by looking at your own enthusiasm and quickness in comprehending them.

The Grade 2 curriculum began with lessons on organizing tribal life according to the rhythms of Earth, Sun, and Moon—the cosmic triad. We gave you the concept of Earth as mother, Sun as father, and Moon as aunt, the sister of Sun. At our suggestion, you rearranged the living pattern of your village: you separated the men's quarters from the women's, and the two genders started to sleep apart in different huts. We explained to you that it would greatly enhance your group energy to alternate between togetherness and apartness, from daytime into nighttime, from the solar realm into the lunar domain.

Following the Moon's movement, you held thanksgiving dinner at first-quarter moon, you entered sexual union at full moon, you purified your space at last-quarter moon, and you seeded the earth with menstrual blood and sperm during the dark moon's transition into the new moon. In those days, women menstruated in sync with one another and with the Moon, and sexual love was an individual act of free choice.

Birthing a child, however, was a communal act, which began with a tribal decision on selecting the best matched parents. A child was the child of everybody. A child was the reincarnation of a tribal family member. The child was conceived in communal orgasm and birthed in a welcoming ceremony. We taught you not only the art of orgasm, but also the art of group orgasm.

Thus, we handed out mating ritual to a tribe here and birthing ritual to a tribe there. We taught this village what to do on summer solstice and that village what to do on autumnal equinox. We purposely wanted you to become teachers to one another. For the knowledge you had received from us was not meant to be owned, but to be shared. It was your responsibility to spread the new way of living in your own motherland.

Gradually, this way of living became a set pattern and was passed down from generation to generation as tradition. Such tradition began, however, not as rigid rule or enforcement of laws. We only demonstrated to you, often with our large bodies, what to do in order to bring out the best of you. You willingly complied, for you had great trust in your eight teachers.

As we moved from place to place our rituals became more and more advanced. When we reached the western part of Ireland,

the aforementioned rituals were already being practiced among tribes living in its inland and coastal regions. We came to create new learning centers on the west, the function of which would be as important as the Hill of Tara on the east.

On the hills and plains of the coastal region today called Connacht, we launched a series of construction projects with the aim to establish a network of megaliths. We created numerous stone circles, dolmens, and cairns, usually around large bodies of water and always in the presence of our Earth relatives.

We wanted them to witness us levitating giant boulders with our voices. We wanted them to feel the energy of the heart as we performed such miraculous deeds. Our construction projects were meant to stand as eternal reminders of our love for our family on Earth. When in the future we were not here in person these stone monuments would serve as tokens of our presence.

Our megaliths contain our love vibration. Our mega stones carry information, knowledge, and story. They are holders and transmitters of frequencies; they are markers of centers and borders; they are visual triggers of your deepest memories.

They are not dead stones—they are living stones.



Carrowmore No. 7, Co. Sligo, Ireland

We placed them on locations according to the intricate web of energy lines running through Earth's surface. These stone monuments signal convergent points of both underground currents and cosmic forces, both terrestrial and celestial energies. You really ought to see our megalithic sites as meeting points. There, nature spirits you call fairies and gnomes gather and dwell. When you go to a stone circle or dolmen, you are bound to meet an assembly of presences.

And you ought to see them as megalithic power stations. Megaliths were an integral part of our Agriculture Project, being our next set of gifts to Earth humanity after the gift set of stock species. Our megalithic structures were devices to harvest, store, amplify, transform, and transmit energies for the purpose of supporting agriculture and culture. As dolmens, as menhirs, as circles, or as cairns, they broadcasted life-enhancing energies that would benefit crops, livestock, humans, and wild species alike. Our mega stones were made to empower all living beings.

Some of our megaliths were quarried. Most of them were manufactured—we materialized them from subatomic levels. So technically, you could call them “synthetic megaliths.”

Megaliths, generally speaking, were made by stellar humans for planetary humans. This anthropocentric orientation was done to invite the active participation of human consciousness. That is to say, without human input these megalithic structures were not fully functioning. For they had been designed in such a way that the agency of human consciousness was essential for their total activation, and human consciousness sourced in the Sacred Heart was the key. These magic stones needed human love to become fully alive, and you humans needed their magic to grow love. You had a symbiotic relation with these mega stones.

Needless to say, the mega stones had healing powers. On the micro level, they could increase fertility, cure disease, and prolong human lifespan. On the macro level, they could heal Gaia’s planetary body and increase her vitality. The seemingly scattered megaliths around the world were integral parts of a global whole. The web of megaliths across the land and sea came into existence out of an overarching plan for planetary healing.

It was with this global view in mind that we, the Group of 8, built our network of Irish megaliths. We began on the Atlantic coast in the west, in the area today called County Sligo. At the heart of Sligo Peninsula, we created a vast field to serve as the central park of the west coast campus of our kindergarten.

Today, that vast field is called Carrowmore.

Known in the fourth millennium BC (as it first came into existence) as “the Union Field,” Carrowmore was a campus of many classrooms: each circle, dolmen, and cairn a classroom, set up for a particular teaching in our comprehensive curriculum. Tribes of people traveled from varying distances to meet us here, to receive our hands-on guidance.

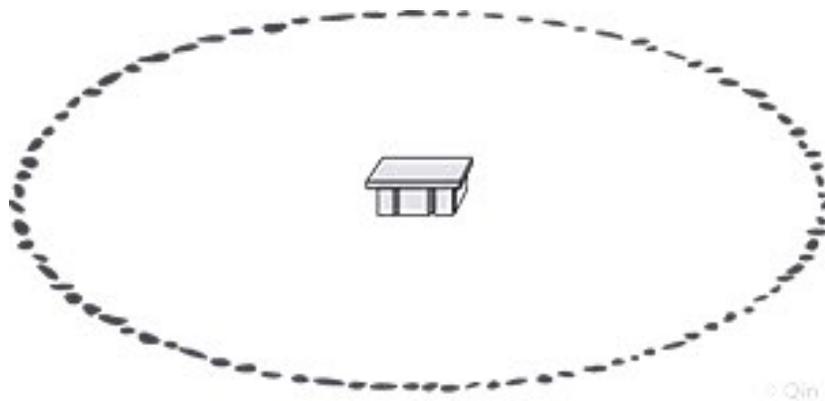
The center of this vast outdoor campus is the centerpiece of today’s field museum—the stone circle containing the great dolmen, where you two, WJ and Mara, met us on August 7, 2006 and thereafter began our story.

This centerpiece had been called by a variety of names. In the Megalithic Age, it was honored as the Cosmos Temple. In the Gaelic Age, it was referred to as Ryefort (“Listoghil”). In the Scientific Age, it is labeled as Tomb no. 51.



The Cosmos Temple (Carrowmore No.51)

The temple's original layout was different. It began not as a mound, but as an open circle of stones surrounding a dolmen. The dolmen stood for seven members of the solar family known to people then. The circle of stones stood for the edge of the observable cosmos.



The Cosmos Temple
(ca 4000 BC)



The Cosmos Temple's Dolmen
in 2010 AD

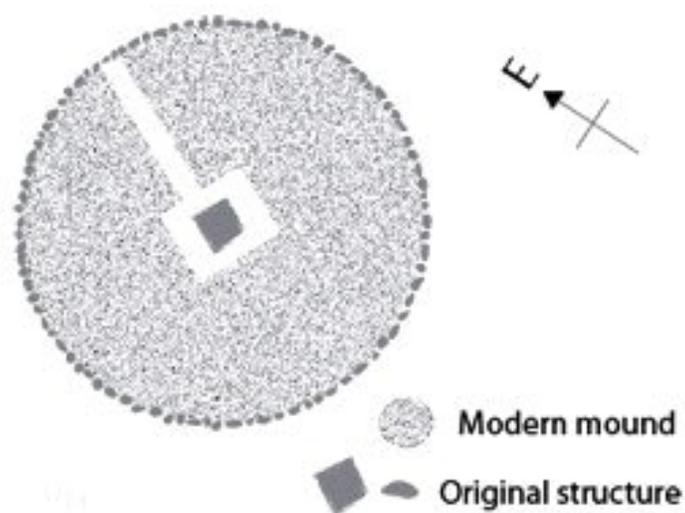
The seven-slabbed dolmen is in fact an eight-sided structure, representing eight members of the solar family. The capstone represents Saturn, keeper of the planetary structure; the six supporting slabs represent Sun, Moon, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Mercury; the eighth side is Earth itself, unrepresented.

More than a mere model of your place in the universe, the Cosmos Temple functioned as an astronomical/astrological observatory, as a classroom, and as a portal and initiation temple. Under special circumstances, people were granted entry into the initiation chamber (i.e. the eight-sided dolmen), alone or paired. Inside the small chamber, they would lie on earth and realign with the planetary, stellar, and galactic aspects of themselves. Their consciousness would be expanded by energies transmitted from the planets, from the Sun and Moon in their immediate surroundings, and yonder, from the cosmos.

Around 2000 BC, two millennia after its initial construction, to prevent future destruction, we sealed off the Cosmos Temple by covering it with a mound of sod and stones. The great dolmen stayed earth-covered till archeological excavations in the 1990s. Reconstruction of the alleged “burial mound” commenced in the year 2000. Despite its modern look, the reconstructed mound has coincidentally turned the “tomb” into a womb.



The Reconstructed Mound of
Carrowmore No.51



Through a short passage, you step inside the uterine space and go toward the dolmen at the center, toward your solar-family home. Going to this home in the womb, you go home to yourself. The eight-sided dolmen is a symbol for your own Solar-family Self.

During our creation of the Union Field (today called Carrowmore), we altered the nearby Vision Hill (today called Knocknarea) and built a large cairn on her top as a temple for meditation and vision quest. Later on, smaller satellite cairns were added to the hilltop along with a set of hermitage huts. With her marvelous system of caverns and underground springs, the Vision Hill served as a power station for western Ireland and as a portal for inter-dimensional travels. This breast mountain has nurtured generations of humans with her milk of visionary knowledge.



The Vision Hill (Knocknarea) and the Cosmos Temple (Carrowmore No.51)

The time period in which we built the field of Carrowmore and the hill of Knocknarea was centuries after our creation of the Tara circles. By then, individual differences in tribal life had grown distinct, and there had emerged a type of people with prominent psychic abilities. We created the Dream Temple atop the Vision Hill to nurture and train such individuals, who would become leaders of tribal life. The Dream Temple (today called Maeve's Cairn) was intended not for all but for a few, who had the skill, the will, and the heart to serve.

The hilltop of Knocknarea was the classroom for children with special needs, you could say. When they had matured enough for such training, they could enter the Dream Temple, on a solitary basis, at a cosmic moment.

As their four bodies entered perfect alignment in the dark womb space of the inner chamber, they could journey in their Light Body out into space. They would experience such journeying as a stream of vivid dreams, spectacular by Earth standards, and would return to their tribes with deeper self-knowledge and wisdom of the universe.



The Dream Temple (Maeve's Cairn) Atop the Vision Hill (Knocknarea)

The ritual at the end part of Grade 2 was the most challenging in our second-grade curriculum. As the main part of our second-grade curriculum was concerned with teaching people how to live, the end part was concerned with teaching people how to die.

At that time, in the early centuries of the fourth millennium BC, the act of dying without fear was urgently needed, for human souls who had died in fear, grief, and guilt were forming a thick belt of dark emotional energies around the planet. The route to the source of light was blocked. More and more souls got stuck in the inter-between twilight zone (the bardo, so to speak), unable to reincarnate. It was imperative that a path to light be made.

The challenge lay not in creating a path to light, but in the fact that our family had to do it themselves. We, Pleiadian beings of light, could not open this path to light for them. We could not blaze the trail with our own energies. They had to blaze

the trail with their own energies. Some among them had to take on the role of path maker.

The path maker would die a ritualized (and painless) death, which meant to die without any emotional attachment. The soul/consciousness would leave the body through the crown chakra and travel through the inter-between twilight zone all the way to the realm of light. The energetic route he or she left behind would serve as a path to light for future generations.

In addition, the soul of the path maker would establish a layer of light above the outer edge of the dark twilight zone, and this layer would function as a light station to assist other souls in furthering their after-death journeys.

Here lay the origin of self-sacrifice, as a concept and as a practice. Self-sacrifice entailed that the path makers, out of free will, out of love, chose to subject themselves to a fearless death for the purpose of benefiting their communities.

The true meaning of self-sacrifice is to voluntarily leave the body, from the crown chakra, free of emotional attachment, with the goal of returning to the source of light. The true meaning of self-sacrifice is not to get yourself killed for whatever noble cause!

To die in fear, in guilt, in anger, no matter how lofty the goal or how heroic the manner, is not going to get you into the light or bring down the light. To die just because someone has asked you to (with rewards promised or ideals pitched) is miles away from the kind of death that we had come to teach you. We had never asked you to die, in pain or in pleasure, for us. We had invited you to experience a liberating way to die in order to free your souls.

The number of you who had volunteered to die a fearless death on the Ascension Hill (today called Carrowkeel) did succeed in opening paths to light, although some of you might think you had done a lousy job. This would be your judgment, not our evaluation.



The Ascension Hill (Carrowkeel), Co. Sligo

The guilt produced by your self-judgment snowballed in later incarnations and prevented you many times from leaving your body free of emotional attachment. Again and again, you died in regret, in guilt, in fear.

Do you now see that this lesson would take many, many lifetimes to learn? You had to die many fearful deaths before reaching the one death where you could finally die fearlessly.

You scolded yourself for missing your chance of ascension through this death rite in Megalithic Ireland. But you had not missed your chance, because your chance was there in each and every death. Life has been giving you chance after chance to become a master of the death process.

There, on the hilltop of Carrowkeel, we initiated you into a lesson that would need numerous lifetimes to learn in full. That was why we called Ireland a “kindergarten” for starseeds. In this rigorous and generous kindergarten, you received homework assignments that would take a whole adulthood, in incarnations throughout the world, to complete.

Megalithic Centers for Learning



11. The Sirian Father

After the equilibrium point, the Female Wave started the course of descent, the Male Wave the course of ascent. In terms of child development, you starseeds in Ireland were leaving the Age of Mother and entering the Age of Father, ready to learn a new repertoire of knowledge from the father figure—the Sirian Techno intelligence. Thus, upon your completion of Grade 2, we invited our Sirian ally to our Irish kindergarten to co-teach the next grade. The curriculum of Grade 3 was centered on learning technology, in a broad sense of the word.

We, the Group of 8, had moved back to the east of Ireland and opened up a new center. At Boyne River Valley, not far from Tara, we constructed a mega temple complex, today known as Brú na Bóinne (including Newgrange, Knowth, Dowth, and more). At this particular bend of the River Boyne, the land was surrounded by water on nearly all sides. This island-like natural setting gave the site a popular name: the Isle of Initiation.

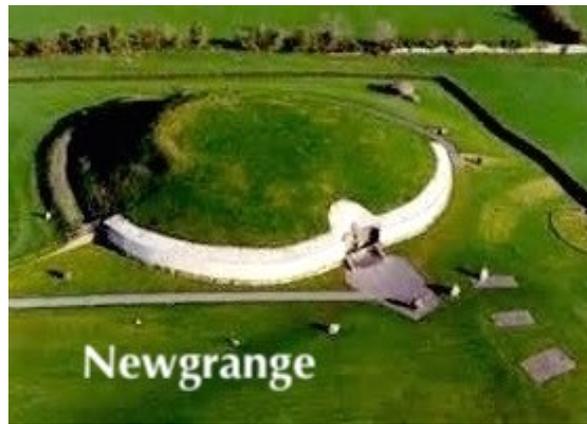
Around the same time, we added new structures to the Tara Hill and constructed an elaborate complex on the hill site today called Loughcrew, known then as the Hills of Initiation.

The sacred isle and sacred hills on the east of Ireland became new centers to learn higher knowledge; meanwhile, older sites such as the sacred field Carrowmore on the west continued to function as centers for traditional/foundational knowledge.

For these new building projects that spanned through the fourth and third millennia BC, our architectures became more massive in size and more intricate in style. These mega stone temples had been created in stages, to accommodate the changing needs of our initiates. Our megalithic sites would evolve in time: they would grow with human consciousness and go through their own life cycles. That is to say, a megalithic temple has her childhood years and adult years.

Besides having multiple layers of design purposes, our megalithic temples were anchored in multiple dimensions. Vibrationally rooted in Gaia's heart in 1D, they served as the abodes for 2D nature spirits (the fairy-like Tuatha Dé Danaan, for example, turned our cairns into their palaces and in return served as site keepers and site protectors). And they functioned as portals into 4D planetary realms, into 5D, 6D, 7D, and 8D stellar realms, and even into 9D galactic realms.

In the 3D, many of them were and still are womb temples, made to mimic the everlasting uterine energy of your mother, Earth.



Our womb temples were living classrooms for the third-grade education on technology. Grade 3 was a period of great advancement in both material and spiritual dimensions. To put it in grossly simplified terms, during Grade 3 the Sirian teachers taught you material technology while we Pleiadian teachers taught you spiritual technology.

I speak first of the Pleiadian side. With the advent of the Age of Father and the Age of Sun, you began to expand beyond your tribal and regional boundaries to acquire a broader perspective on the interconnectedness of all. We had taught you the concept of sacred place and sacred time in Grade 2. Now in Grade 3, we taught you the concept of alignment and correspondence.

You learned to align your personal complex of five bodies with the complex of Earth energies and the observable cosmos. We introduced you to the celestial mechanics of Earth, planets, and stars to help you develop a holistic perspective on the

cosmos as well as a unified sense of the self. Thus your chief assignment in Grade 3 was to embody the cosmos.

You learned to embody cosmic time. Time wasn't a number to you then. Time was still a place, perceived as the changing place of Sun, Moon, planets, and stars across the sky. Our megalithic classrooms in Grade 3 were built in the round form not only to mark celestial movements with their curb stones, but also to teach you how to flow through time in spatial movement, how to dance through cyclical time in a conscious and fluent way. You would physically move around these giant stone calendars, these "megalithic clocks," and receive psychological guidance on how to organize your life in harmony with cyclical time.

At the start of each time period, we would imprint on our stones a set of symbols, using sounds. Each temple had its own base tone—a particular sound frequency that we had encoded in these stones during their manifestation and construction process. Then, onto the stones we would add layers of celestial sound, as each celestial body had its own pattern of sound (the sound of Saturn, the sound of Venus, the sound of Sirius, etc.) and each time period began with a special configuration of planetary and stellar sounds. And sounds, when projected onto receptive and interactive types of earth, turned into patterns on stones.



Step by step, we “decorated” our megalithic temples with a consortium of symbols—spirals, circles, zigzags, dots, and lines—as lithic markers of celestial motions, as visual triggers to activate your mental patterns. These symbols of time would activate the feminine side of human intelligence and communicate with the deepest layer of the unconscious, where words cannot reach.

Concurrently, you learned to embody cosmic space. Space was perceived as concentric rings of planetary and stellar spheres, represented by the various celestial bodies twinkling in your eyes. As guiding devices, our megalithic temples were astronomically aligned with a multitude of celestial bodies. Yet, they weren’t astronomical observatories for the purpose of watching and studying the sky as a curious but separate other. Rather, these astronomical temples lived to help you experience being one with the sky, being an integral part of the moving whole.

Newgrange in the Boyne Valley complex is a fine example of our Grade 3 facility. It was the top classroom for experiencing “cosmic sex,” you could say.

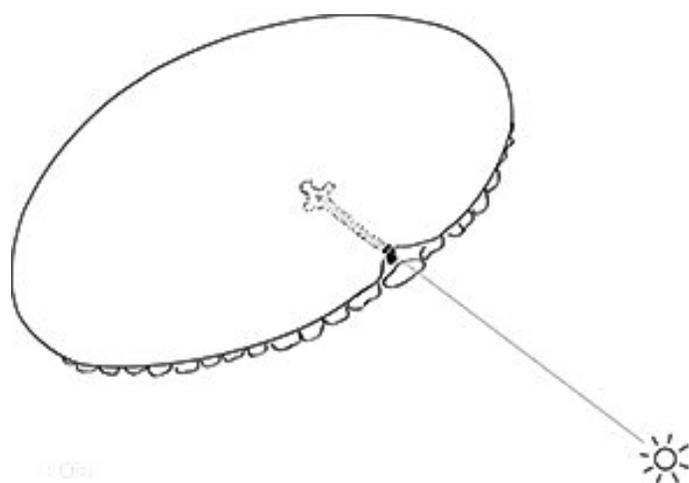
We built the dome structure as such to mimic the body of Earth Goddess in an anthropomorphic form. The entrance is her vulva, the interior her uterus with two ovaries. The ornate curbstone at the forefront stands for her clitoris. This graphic resemblance to female genitalia was purposely done to heighten your awareness of the Gate of Life.



Newgrange

The Newgrange cairn was primarily an Earth temple for Sun initiation. The cairn should be seen as Gaia’s body personified. With its main energy gate (that is, the small rectangular window above the door) aligned with winter solstice sunrise, the dark womb space would be penetrated by a shaft of sunbeam on the shortest days of the year.

The beneficiary of this extraordinary love union was not the temple itself, however, but the human initiate lying inside. Transformed by the unified energies of Mother Earth and Father Sun, the initiate would emerge from the birth chamber, reborn with a new aura and new awareness.



Newgrange's Alignment With
Winter Solstice Sunrise

The Newgrange cairn was secondarily an Earth temple for Moon initiation, where the initiate would experience oneness with the Moon, who is a spirit being, a field of vibration, a luminous aspect of one's own planetary self. At various times in her 19-year cycle, the Moon would cross the region in the night sky to which the window of Newgrange was aligned, and moonlight would shine into the dark womb space, flooding the initiate with moon wisdom and moon power.

The Newgrange cairn was thirdly an Earth temple for star initiations. Its window featured a most special double-alignment to Orion and Sirius, effective from around 3200 BC to a few centuries afterwards. In that time period, the bright fuzzy spot of Orion Nebula, visible to the naked eye, rose in front of the Newgrange window about an hour and a half before Sirius rose on nearly the same trajectory.

As for the initiate waiting inside, in deep darkness with heightened awareness, the consecutive rising of the two sacred stellar beings would send into the chamber an intense stream of 8D-6D energy, perceived by the initiate's inner eye as brilliant starlight. In that masculine starlight, the Light Body of the initiate was given the fuel for space travel—the Light Body acquired the power to fly to Orion or to Sirius, to become one with a field of star intelligence, to become Sirius.

The alignment of Newgrange to Sirius commemorated the beginning of a Sirian Age in a Pleiadian Ireland ca 3200 BC.



A launch pad, a star gate, a love chamber, a birth house—you could call Newgrange by a variety of names. This exemplary womb temple for human beings, above all, honored the three keepers of life, the cosmic triad (Sun, Moon, and Earth) symbolized by the three spirals on the central recess's wall.



There is more to Newgrange than meets the eye.

Bordering the physical and the non-physical, the Newgrange temple has a visible part (the physical temple) and an invisible part (the astral temple). While the visible Newgrange facilitated the initiation by the Sun, the invisible Newgrange facilitated the initiation by the Spiritual Sun (that is, Ra). The hidden dimension of Newgrange could be seen by clear inner eyes and accessed by qualified initiates. To those who could access it, the astral Newgrange may have come across as a temple of light.

Now, we move into the Sirian part of Grade 3. At the start of the Human Project, long before the Catastrophe, a grand Pleiadian-Sirian Alliance was forged, making us colleagues in actualizing the master plan. We, the feminine 5D Pleadians, would serve as sculptors of the Perfect Human character, and they, the masculine 6D Sirians, as architects of the Perfect Human environment. We would be the artistic force inspiring painters, musicians, and writers, and they the scientific force inspiring scientists, technicians, and craftsmen.

Our two kinds of establishment on Earth could be likened to today's amusement parks with different themes. Visitors from space could wander into the Pleiadian parks for certain kinds of experiences, or venture into the Sirian parks for other kinds.

The Catastrophe that caused the fall of Earth destroyed not only the beautiful cocoon in which the Pleiadian starseeds were growing a new human species but also the magnificent city that the Sirian Technos were building in the semi-physical zone above the planet. The Sirian city was shattered; its wreckage flew into space. The debris of this destroyed city is still floating around, but undetectable to a physical eye in the 3rd Dimension.

The Sirian starseeds suffered the same fatal blow that you Pleiadian starseeds did. They, too, were pushed to the brink of decision about their future existence on planet Earth. Some Sirian starseeds chose to leave, some decided to stay. As with you, the Sirian starseeds had to crash-land in the bodies of Homo sapiens. As with you, they had to collectively invade races of Earth human animals and alter animal consciousness with stellar intelligence. A major site of the Sirian starseed crash-landing was Egypt.

Since I am not in a position to tell another's tale, you will have to wait for a Sirian starseed among your contemporaries to come forth and share a remembrance story. In general, I can say that the Sirian impregnation of their chosen Homo sapiens' races proved successful, and that the Sirian starseeds went through cycles of struggle in the post-Fall era as well. Similar to you, the blueprints remained intact in their souls.

After the last cataclysm around 10,000 BC, the Pleiadian-Sirian Alliance took on an urgent set of tasks. We were to assume new parental roles, to serve as mother and father figures for a new human consciousness growing inside the new uterine space supported by neolithic and megalithic energies.

Naturally, the mother figure came first. After a round of contacts with tribes in the heart of the Fertile Crescent, the Pleiadian relief mission went to the upper Nile region (today called Nubian Desert, then a green area) and seeded agriculture among the tribes that had already been growing and harvesting wild grains. At Nabta Playa in the south of Egypt, you can still find traces of our activities. With the spread of agriculture from upper to lower regions along the Nile, civilization took root in this part of North Africa populated by Sirian starseeds. Our relief mission wasn't a narrow-minded tribal act, aimed at helping Pleiadian starseeds only. We came to help all people, regardless of their souls' stellar origins.

The Pleiadian relief mission came to establish the base layer—agriculture. On that very foundation, our Sirian allies were to play out their role as builders of the second layer—science and technology. We Pleiadians were growers of a country culture, and they Sirians craftsmen of a city culture. Ireland was a

cradle of pagan civilization, Egypt a cradle of urban civilization.

Ireland was the experimental ground for us to develop a template for sacred rural culture, wherein people are artistic farmers (or, enlightened peasants), society is egalitarian and cooperative, and spiritual life is powered by megalithic temples large and small—an island of magic trees and magic stones, an island of poets and musicians, artisans and magicians, healers, teachers, and visionaries. This agrarian civilization would not copy the Sirian urban civilization model, which featured a large population and complex structure, but would follow its unique path in incorporating the benefits of a city into its fabric of a simple, rich, and dynamic communal life in nature.

An organic city culture would sprout in the Irish soil, with seed provided by the Sirian father figure. This seed of city culture would turn into a plant with branches and leaves only after the Pleiadian students had outgrown their kindergarten phase. Ireland was to remain for many centuries an agrarian island, with a lifestyle firmly rooted in agriculture and intimately tied with nature. Ireland was to become a model land of the Goddess.

The Goddess was a concept that we, the Pleiadian relief mission, had brought to you Earth humans at the start of

agriculture. It was introduced to help you make the transition from struggling against nature by killing life into co-creating with nature by giving life. Such a symbolic concept could help you honor and attune to the force sustaining all life forms on Earth. On most occasions, we used Goddess and Mother Earth as interchangeable terms.

When the Pleiadian relief mission came to you over 11,000 years ago, you were in the middle of the Galactic Day, peaking in feminine power. Although our relief mission was a masculine act, the gift of agriculture we gave you was a feminine gift. It was the Sacred Feminine power that pulled you out of a dark pit. So you could say, with certainty, that civilization began with the seeding of the concept of the Goddess.

The Goddess is a personification of the Sacred Feminine, the Giver of Life. The Goddess is not a woman living somewhere outside you, up in the sky or below in the earth. The Goddess is the life energy vibrating within all living creatures in the earthly realm. The concept of the immanent Feminine Power—a concept inherent in all agricultural practices that we had introduced to Earth humans—would continue to serve as the bedrock of Earth human evolution, well into the Age of God.



It was within the conceptual framework of the Goddess that we, the Pleiadian mother figure, introduced the Sirian father figure to children of the Goddess's island. We were not in a husband-wife relationship with the Sirians, you understand? Father and mother are just metaphors. To be exact, we are allies.

The Sirian Techno teachers whom we had introduced to tribes in Ireland at the turn of the third millennium BC were not a delegation of Sirian starseeded humans from Egypt, but collective souls from the Sirius star system. These souls had followed a Sirian route into the material dimension of Earth and taken on Earth-human forms with distinctively Sirian features.

To make our relatives at ease, we, the Pleiadian Group of 8, brought the Sirian delegation to a number of our villages in Ireland—we gave the Sirians a personal introduction and offered the villagers a chance to check out our differences. The

Sirian humans were giants to you as well. They were more stout and sturdy in their physique than us. They had longer heads than ours and fuzzy hair on their arms, beautiful in a masculine way. And they wore garments decorated with shiny plates of metal, a material the villagers in Ireland had never seen before.

Understandably, most of the Sirian Technos came in male forms. You, Pleiadian starseeds in Ireland, were about to enter the Age of Metal, and these male teachers from the Sirian world would take you by the hand into a new era of power. Such transition was scheduled to take place in accordance with the rise of male power in your region and with the advent of the Age of Father and the Age of Sun in your timeline. We brought the Sirian teaching team to a number of locations in Ireland. These Sirian father figures worked extensively with tribal villages in the southwest region of today's County Kerry and County Cork.



A Sirian Fingerprint

Dromberg Stone Circle
Co. Cork

The Sirian teachers resided in their own living quarters outside the village compounds and respected the villagers' privacy. During the day, the Sirian teachers took the men out into the wilderness, where they identified copper ore in the rock bed. Back home, they learned smelting techniques: how to grind rocks and build a furnace, how to raise and keep heat, how to roast, cast, and shape, how to turn chunks of ore into pieces of copper tools.

The men were amazed by the magical powers that the sky teachers had shown them, and thrilled by the discovery that the earth contained far more treasures than they had ever imagined. The Sirian teachers continued to fascinate people with one after another variety of gadgets. Before long, the villagers had received entire replacements in their toolkits for cooking, weaving, farming, house building, and art making.

The introduction of copper opened up a new horizon of your earthly existence. Besides drastic changes in your farming and village life and a steady rise of population, your vehicles of transportation received a considerable upgrade. Long-distance travels became manageable on a group scale. People were able to travel on horse-drawn carriages from remote corners of Ireland to our centers on the east to learn from us, Pleiadian resident teachers, and from them, Sirian guest teachers.

The Boyne Valley complex was on its way to becoming an academy of science. New subjects such as mathematics, physics, and alchemy would join its ever-expanding curricula, sourced in Pleiadian and Gaian intelligence. The Techno way of seeing time as linear, thinking in numbers, and building in squares would be introduced, not to replace but to expand your Pleiadian starseeds' native intelligence.

The Copper Age in Ireland witnessed the ascension of men into leadership roles on the practical side of tribal life and the relegation of women to leadership in the spiritual aspect. On the spirituality side, down to the middle of the third millennium BC, it was mostly women who came from all parts of Ireland to the Isle of Initiation and Hills of Initiation to be educated and trained.

Under our tutelage, there emerged an order of priestesses, with degrees of initiations built within. Yet, it was not a hierarchical society based on exploitation of power. As time went on, the order of priestesses would be paired up with the rising order of priests to better serve the Goddess and God aspects of the one divine source.

Now we go backward in the timeline, to that distant land of rich black soil, to Egypt. Long before the fourth millennium BC, long before we invited the Sirian team to co-teach in Ireland, the Sirian city culture had germinated and sprouted in

the vast bed soil of the Fertile Crescent. Back in their home base, Egypt, at their fantastic temples and pyramids, our Sirian allies were conducting a series of ambitious experiments.

Energy generation was the core agenda of the Sirian experiment. The Sirians were blessed to have the magic Nile in their backyard. The Sirians have devoted their time in Egypt to building up a tradition of transmutation of energy, a practice known as alchemy. Besides being consummate mathematicians, astronomers, architects, and physicians, the Sirians were masters of outer and inner alchemy. While outer alchemy was concerned with matters material, inner alchemy was focused on matters spiritual: the transmutation of human consciousness.

In addition, the Sirians were innovative dramatists, keen on exploring the potentials of human emotional energy by means of initiation rituals. Emotional experience, as you recall, is a precious property of Earth human beings. The emotional energy is what conscious beings would fly in from all corners of the universe to have a taste of. The Sirians were experts at setting up initiation scenarios so dramatic that the initiate would be flung to the extreme end of an emotional state and generate an extraordinary amount of energy. In that ritual context, the initiate must harness, direct, and transform this powerful energy, as the inner energetic transformation was the goal of all Sirian initiation rituals.



One standard initiation ritual began with being buried inside a dark, coffin-like sarcophagus. After three days and three nights, the initiate would come to the brink of death. Fear of death, a most powerful emotional energy, would be released. If the initiate could harness and channel this extreme form of fear energy through mental concentration, the death force would mutate into a life force. The initiate would come out of the chamber, reborn, literally, a new person.

There was an even more rigorous rite: water immersion. The initiate would dive into water in an underground chamber where he or she had to find a hole in the wall through which to swim into an open-air pool, and the pool was full of crocodiles. Without knowing the feed status of the crocodiles, the initiate would have to swim across the pool to reach the safe shore.

In both setups, it was fear of death that the initiates had to conquer and transform. Moreover, they had to conquer their fear of the unknown, which is a perpetual human experience inside the life drama on Earth driven by the mechanism of uncertainty. With enough concentration, strength, and will, the initiates would be able to pass the initiation tests. Not all did. Some lost their lives during these rites. That is why they were called High Initiations. They were dangerous games, but with kind intentions.

The Sirians had invented many initiation rites, some of which became legendary in history. These rites later evolved into what was known to the outsiders as Mystery Plays.

Audacious in what they were doing, they were far more daring than we Pleadians. We went as far as getting our initiates to drink poison and die a fearless death on top of a hill. They, on the other hand, sent their initiates into a pool of crocodiles!

Over the centuries, we have sent numerous Pleadian kindergarten graduates to Egypt, to be educated in the Sirian primary school. For example, you (my channeler today called WJ) and a brother from your soul tribe in Ireland were among these graduates. Reincarnated this time as twins, the sister-brother and wife-husband pair of you spent your entire lifetime in Egypt, undergoing a series of initiations. This was the pre-dynastic pre-historic era when Egypt was still pure.

Your primary task for that lifetime was to practice Alchemical Sex. Sexual-energy generation was a top agenda in the Sirian experiment, as it was in our own Pleiadian experiment—we had turned the sacred landscape of Ireland into the voluptuous body of a sexy goddess.

The Sirians, on the other hand, had direct access to the magic crocodiles living in the magic river Nile, and this was their great advantage. They were able to perfect a system of sexual practice based on the alchemical fusion of river energy, earth energy, sun energy, moon energy, reptilian energy, and human orgasmic energy.

Egypt was the place to be educated in High Sex (higher than our Pleiadian kind, for sure), and there you two went. At full moons, at various locations, you two entered deep sexual unions and generated enormous amount of sexual energies. You sent out orgasmic waves all over the cultivated fields. Crops growing on the fertile banks of the Nile, of course, weren't dependent on the orgasmic waves you two sent out. Rather, you were there to learn the nuances of the high art of sexual alchemy, and to learn the mechanism of human orgasm in supporting agriculture in a fantastic outdoor classroom—the Nile Valley.

Our Sirian ally did exemplify a cowboy spirit in venturing into the remotest corners on the playing fields of human potentials. True pioneers they were in frontier regions of the civilization project. In addition to science and technology, our Sirian allies have graced the Western world with an ingenious “spiritual theater” tradition. We give them much credit for the great movements they have instigated in Earth human evolution. Speaking as your mother figure, we couldn’t help but admire the bold streak of masculine beauty that the Sirian father figure has imprinted on our children.

12. Dark Infiltration

Darkness is sacred. So is light. Equal partners of a dance they are, by which the divine experiences itself as the cosmos.

Without the dark, there is no light.
Without the night, there is no day.
With only light, there is no form.
With only day, there is no life.

Dark is not evil. But evil is dark. Evil is a deliberate choice to disrupt the balance. Evil is a conscious rebellion against the rhythm of the dance. Instead of moving with the flow, evil purposely stirs, blocks, and inverts the flow.

In her long elliptical orbit around the central sun Alcyone, planet Earth alternates between Galactic Day and Galactic Night. During the Day, feminine power peaks, during the Night, masculine power takes the lead. In the Daytime, Earth receives light, in the Nighttime, Earth processes light.

We came to you during your Daytime and seeded the light of civilization. The Age of Mother, illuminated by Daylight, gave way to the Age of Father, steeped in Nightly darkness. Night was the time to germinate and grow the seed of light. It was in

the Father Age, deep at Night, that a new kind of catastrophe hit the Earth, with an impact more devastating than that of the first.

Our universe is a universe of polarities. All phenomena have a light and a dark side within. The dark side or the shadow side provides form and setting to the light. If there were only light, the universe would be wholly empty and totally boring. Shadows are there to playfully bring out the light.

On the shadow side of the Milky Way Galaxy, entities of all sorts are developing, entities of consciousness. They are what they are—shadows—and play a sacred role to provide setting for the light. But when a shadow entity asserts itself as real unto itself, as having a status equal to the light, it ends up obstructing, subverting, and reversing the true order of creation.

From the shadow side of our galaxy, out of a dark zone where a shadow entity asserted itself as being more than it was, came a group of visitors to planet Earth. These dark visitors—in the evil sense of the word “dark”—came by way of a traveling planet.

That the inhabitants of this traveling planet were likely to visit Earth, wide open as a public park, was known to us, to your Pleiadian family of light. But unknown to us was what exactly

they would do after descending onto the Earth surface. Once again, we found ourselves in a position of concern. Those shadow entities had shadowy agendas, we were sure about that, for they were notorious warriors of an extreme masculine type, with a record of ruthless and treacherous conduct attached to their name.

When their planet came close to Earth, you Earth humans were deep in the Galactic Night and your Male Wave was reaching its zenith. How would an aggressive male planet affect a receptive feminine planet peaking in male power? What kind of contact would such malevolent extraterrestrial beings make with our innocent earthlings? We could not predict, but we were on red alert. We prayed that you earthlings would stand your ground if the worst kind of contact did eventually take place.

We, the Pleiadian Group of 8, were teaching in Ireland when the planet's inhabitants came inside the Earth realm through the star gate in the Middle East that we, the Pleiadian relief mission, had long ago used. As far as we knew, these dark visitors had quickly spread out in groups and were searching everywhere for an opening into the Earth-human realm.

One group of dark visitors came to Ireland, with a blatant intention to enter our island through the inter-dimensional portal located on the plateau today called Moytirra Plateau.



Moytirra Plateau, Co. Sligo, Ireland

The eight of us went up the plateau and sat in a circle. Holding hands, we reunited as one soul, we became the “I” of the Group of 8. With our unison voice, the “I” created a sound shield, and cast it over the whole island. Our sound shield bounced off the invaders like hails bounced off a glass dome. The clash of opposite energies created a phenomenal spectacle, with lights shooting across the sky and noises of explosions heard all over the plateau. Unable to force an entry, the army of invaders gave up on Ireland and went elsewhere.

They went back to the Middle East.

This was early Bronze Age, a time when Mesopotamia was a prosperous region with booming agriculture and budding city culture. Its human populations had grown so large that villages had become mini cities. There, due to hot weather conditions, tribes had experienced a radical swing from female leadership to male leadership. In contrast to tribes in milder climates such as Ireland where the transition from the Age of Mother to the Age of Father was gradual and moderate,

Mesopotamia saw a rapid increase of fathers' power in tribal affairs.

The dark visitors had searched all over Earth for weak spots. Mesopotamia turned out to be the weakest. There, an abundance of boyhood energy was coupled by an absence of the parents. By the time they went to the Middle East, our Pleiadian mission was no longer there on the ground teaching in person, and neither was the Sirian delegation. Both "parents" had been communicating with their "children" in their minds, via telepathy.

Via telepathic communication with sensitive souls, we sent messages to tribes of our own starseed family throughout Mesopotamia. We warned them of the arrival of sky visitors with ill intentions. We asked them to not respond no matter what the sky visitors would say or do. We implored them to muster their strength to stand the test and not get involved.

They did not stand the test. They got involved.

It was a severe test, as the visitors came with thunderous roars and lightning displays. Think of a heavy-metal rock concert of today. Feel the impact of blinding lights and deafening sounds blasting at you, a simple Earth human being. This is called Dazzling—stage 1 in a seduction game.

Now put yourself in the shoes of a Bronze Age man out in the wilderness hunting with his tribesmen. Feel the excitement, the wonder, and the fear in your body as you watched a brilliant ball of fire descend on the ground and some human-like creatures come up to your group. You had never seen such phenomenal action, and had never encountered such mighty men with snake-like eyes and frog-like skin. They looked handsome and scary.

They frightened you, and at the same time fascinated you. Before your glaring eyes they demonstrated their power to make thunder crash and shoot lightning across the sky. They were able to speak your language, to read your mind, and more importantly, to understand your desire.

You desired their kind of power. You, a Bronze Age man peaking in masculine strength, desired to possess and wield the very thing that the sky beings had flashed before your eyes. You saw in them a masculine ideal. You wished to imitate, to copy, to mirror that image of extraordinary masculine strength.

Of course you had no inkling that it was a show. You had no idea that the sky beings were playing a game of seduction. Such game playing was not part of your culture, and you had no experience yet of being seduced by a trick, except for

knowing how to lure wild animals into your hunting traps. You were innocent and unguarded, a perfect target.

The sky visitors could read you, even though they were not of your kind. Better than you yourself, they knew where your weak spots lay and which string of your vulnerable muscles to pull. You, on the other hand, knew nothing of them.

Some in the tribe did remember the warning messages we had sent telepathically earlier on. Those sensitive ones, mostly women, knew instinctively that whomever the men had encountered in the wilderness could not be trusted. The look and act of these sky beings sounded too different from the legendary Family of Light.

If there was any commonality at all, it would be the fact that both kinds had come from the sky. Naturally, Earth beings looked up to sky beings, whatever the kind. Those women who were telepathically connected to us knew that it would be dangerous to get involved with this kind of sky beings. Those women approached the men who were contemplating a rendezvous with the sky beings and pleaded that they go no further.

But the visitors had a way. They set up meetings with the men, in secret.

In this phase of tribal life in Mesopotamia, men were holding leadership positions in the social arena while women led in matters spiritual. The spiritual aspect had come secondary to the social aspect: men had the say in decision making concerning major tribal affairs. Yet, a decision was never made by one man, the chief, and imposed on the rest. Rather, an agreement of all members was still valued and sought after.

The sky visitors were knowledgeable of the social dynamics of their target tribes. They were clever strategists, and their strategy was to go for the top—male heads of the tribes. Thus, they staged clandestine meetings with various tribal chiefs, in the wilderness, out of everyone's sight.

In stage 2 of the seduction game, the trick used was Promise.

As with the trick of Dazzling, the trick of Promise did not exist on Earth prior to this lethal contact. We, the Family of Light, never promised you things—we gave you things. Those dark visitors, on the other hand, promised you things.

Promise, in this case, was a deal made between two parties: “We will give you that in the future” with “if you give us this now” attached. Promise is the conditional, delayed fulfillment of one party's desire by another—a trick of seduction, nothing more.

During the initial encounter in the wilderness, the visitors had used mind-control techniques on the men. They imprinted on the men's psyche a set of images and desires, and ordered the men (through subliminal suggestions) to come meet them again. The men returned home entranced, and the chief was not himself at all. Burning in his chest was a desire and he could not listen to the cooling word of anyone. Finally, the old man could not take it anymore. He found himself sneaking away from his people and village-city, alone, to satisfy this desire to see the sky beings again.

They were there, waiting for him at the same spot in the wilderness. They looked more luminous and beautiful, friendly and generous than last time. These beings were shape-shifters: one moment they could appear angelic, another moment demonic. To seduce the old chief, they appeared as his friends from the sky, as his buddies from on high. Using mind-control techniques, they flooded the chief with positive feelings about this private meeting behind everybody's back.

And they presented to the chief a list of celestial goodies. The most appealing of them all was absolute power over matter. The sky beings promised to pass their flashy gadgets on to the chief and to make him a mighty man on Earth.

But they wanted one thing first. The promise turned out to be an exchange of favors after all. The sky beings would not grant

the chief their powers if the chief did not grant them one thing in advance: access to the women of his tribe.

“We adore the beauty of Earth women,” they said to the chief, “and we desire to go near them. We long to touch their skin the way you Earth men do. With our sky men’s power, we will make your women very, very happy!”

The male talk got to the chief. But he scratched his head. “How am I to persuade our women to lie with you?”

“No need to persuade them. You just give them to us.”

“Give them? What do you mean?”

“You are the chief of your tribe, the father of your family. You own your daughters. You own them just as you own your ten fingers. You want something and your fingers get you what you want. Simple as that.”

At this point of the seduction game, the visitors planted in the psyche of the man a new concept—ownership of women. Long before this point in time, Earth humans had developed a sense of ownership over material objects: they owned a set of clothing; they owned a range of tools; they owned their bodies. Yet, there was no such concept of ownership over another human being.

Without any experiential understanding of what it meant, the chief received from the sky visitors the new idea of owning his daughters. His mind fixated on spectacular promises, his heart wide open with blind trust, the chief agreed to shake hands with the sky beings. A deal was made.

But the chief had no clue as to how to give his daughters—the younger generation of women in his tribe—to the sky men. Again, the visitors presented a plan in a follow-up rendezvous. Along with the plan came another new concept, though not overtly spelled out, and the concept was betrayal.

Betrayal means that you act in deliberate opposition to the trust another person has placed in you. The visitors weren't so stupid as to tell the father to go ahead and violate the trust of the young women of his tribe. Instead, they said to him, "You just don't tell them. You can let us go in without telling them. We want to surprise your women with our men's gift. Trust us—we will make them fly in a sky of pleasure!"

The chief thus agreed to grant the sky beings access to the full-moon rite.

In this part of the world, full-moon rites had grown quite advanced in energy manipulation, and there had arisen orders of priestesses, women who functioned as part-time or full-

time ritual specialists. Certain full-moon rites were occasions where the priestesses would engage the participants in sacred intercourse.

One full-moon rite took place in an orgiastic setting where a priestess, blindfolded and aroused, would be penetrated by anonymous men disguised in masks, a “sacred gang-bang,” if you will. The anonymity was intended to heighten the senses and to free the mind so that a maximal amount of sexual energy would be released.

In stage 3 of the seduction game, Disguise was the trick the tricksters used.

So came a party of visitors to the full-moon rite, led by the tribal chief, disguised in costumes and masks, whose true identities were undetectable to the participants already in a frenzied state. Though nonhuman in their genetics, the visitors, all male at this stage, wore humanoid bodysuits: muscular bodies with prominent genitalia. Big biceps and big penises, in other words. The lead visitor joined the group of men who were lined up to penetrate the priestess, lying blindfolded on the altar.

As his turn came, the visitor unveiled his organ and thrust it into her vulva. Blindfolded and aroused, the young priestess offered no resistance, even though the penetration caused her

to moan, partly out of pain and partly out of joy, for in such a high state of arousal the priestess was craving a masculine presence in the extreme. This man felt so different from all the other men. He gave her pleasure and excitement, mixed with fear and pain.

“Who could he be?” she wondered in her mind while her body received his rigorous poundings. So ruthless and yet so enjoyable was his way, she was overwhelmed by feelings she’d never felt before. From the base of her spine a fire flared up and consumed her mind. In a state of confusion, she climaxed, along with the anonymous man. With orgasmic contractions, the innermost chamber of her womb opened and welcomed in his seminal fluid.

In those days, it was common that a priestess would choose to receive male seeds during the full-moon orgy to conceive a special child. Thus it happened that the seeds of the anonymous man entered the egg of the young priestess and the fertilized egg started to grow in her fertile uterus.

After nine months of pregnancy, a baby boy was born. The labor was painful and the mother nearly died. The baby, however, was normal and healthy. By looking at his face, no one could tell that this was a hybrid creature of human and nonhuman essences.

The secretive act of impregnating Earth women was carried out many times, in a variety of ritual settings, in a storm fashion. Within one generation of time, a group of half-breeds, boys and girls, had come into existence. As time went on, the true identity of these half-breeds became known, as rumors circulated about secret deals made by tribal chiefs with sky beings. Enraged were the women as they found out such acts of betrayal, acts committed by their trusted fathers and brothers. But what could the women do? They had to accept these bitter fruits.

Ironically, children born of this absurd wedlock were beautiful to look at. These half-breeds had awesome height, enormous strength, and super intelligence. They were arrogant and cruel creatures, fond of engaging in competition games; they showed little respect for tradition but invented their own rules; they had odd emotional lives, cold where they should be warm, hot where they should be cool; and they would do anything—lie, threaten, and kill—to have their way.

Having fathers from the sky and priestess mothers from the earth, these children saw themselves as the *crème de la crème* of humankind. As they reached puberty, they demonstrated a far bigger than normal appetite for sex. Erotically charged all the time, they needed to be in action, regardless of the occasion. Through coaxing, seducing, intimidating, and

forcing their way, these mighty boys and girls had intercourse with whoever pleased their eyes.

Quite effortlessly a second generation of half-breeds came out of these random sexual unions, then a third generation, then a fourth. The speedy process had been aided by the popularity of intertribal breeding—the zeitgeist of that time period—and by the convenience of a village-city environment with dense populations. Before long, a whole new species of hybrid humans had come to mingle with the original humans, and a whole new type of psyche had come to dominate the original cultures in the Middle East.

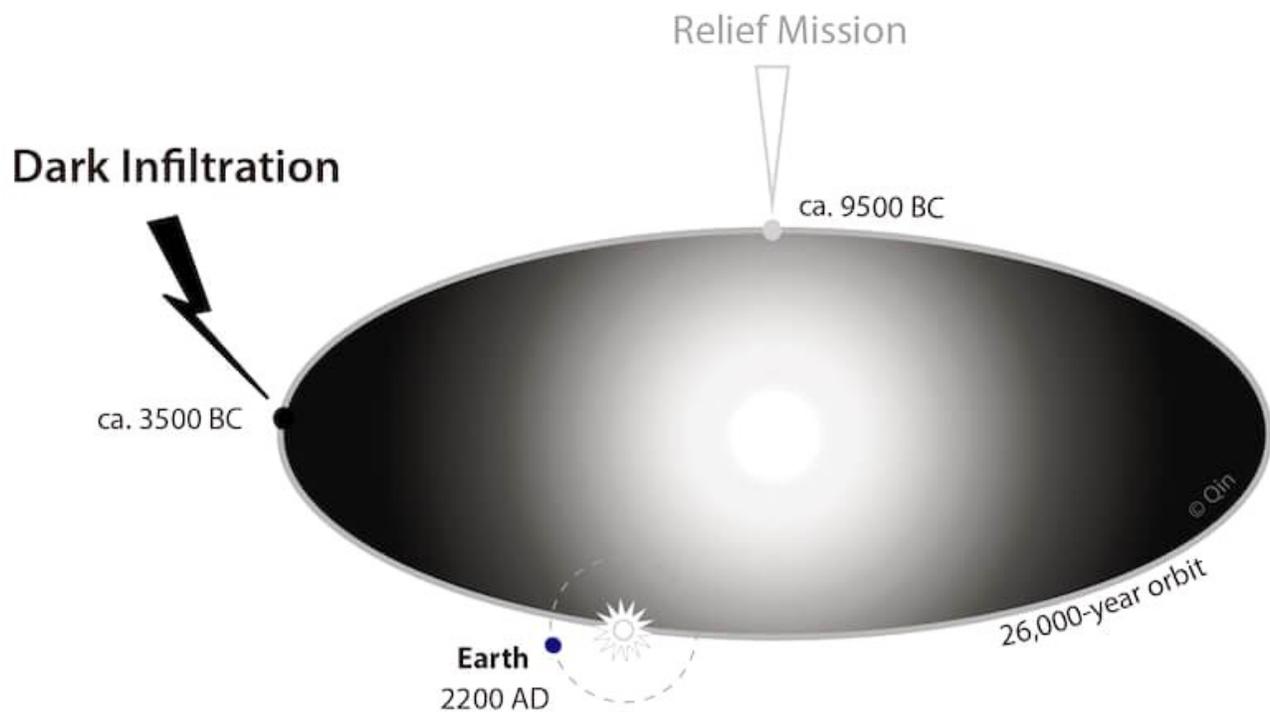
Sex with aliens began as ritual rape. It grew from forced acquiescence into voluntary choice. Initially, women were victims of a secret plot. Eventually, women became active promoters of a grave injustice done to them and to the whole of humanity.

What happened was, women desired hot sex. Due to the erratic movement of the Male Wave and Female Wave at that time, both genders living in the hot climate of the Middle East desired passionate sex. With the arrival of the visitors' ultra-male energy, a wild animalistic sexual force was unleashed in both genders. A remnant of the Caveman Period now leaped to the foreground, to dominate the center stage of human sexuality.

The dark visitors had been aiming precisely at this animalistic sexual energy of humans—the animal side was your weak side. At the stimulation of an extreme form of extraterrestrial masculine energy, a raw lust ran rampant in women's bodies. Women began to favor the new kind of sex, coupled with force. As their desires escalated into cravings, women grew more and more addicted to sex with a shot of violence.

More and more women sought to mate with men in power, power in the visitors' style. More and more children were conceived and born in lustful heat. These lust-driven children grew up to seek even more heat in sex. Cast aside were the traditional ways taught by us, by your Family of Light. A whole new norm of sexual behavior was spreading throughout the Middle East like a raging forest fire.

This dark infiltration into Earth-human genetics took place around 3500 BC when you were way out on the Night part of your elliptical orbit, at a point farthest from the central sun, the source of spiritual light.



It was at your most vulnerable moment and at your weakest spot that beings of darkness infiltrated your kind. They took advantage of your naiveté, your openness, and your trust. They played with your desires, fantasies, and dreams. They diverted your eyesight and through the backdoor sneaked in their agendas.

Clever, indeed, was their strategy. They first obscured your heart chakra and will chakra with promises, and subsequently attacked your sex chakra with force. They sneaked into the human domain by way of sex, and altered the human genetics through the simple expedient of natural breeding. A genetic manipulation done with the wickedest mastership!

13. Aliens' Curse on Humanity



Anunnaki was the name by which the dark visitors were known to the Sumerians—people at the receiving end of this alien infiltration. The Sumerian name for the traveling planet from which the Anunnaki came was Nibiru.

Originally part of the 6D Sirius star system, planet Nibiru was blasted out of its home by forces of chaos. For a while it was lost in space. It then came under the influence of your Sun, who is a twin star to Sirius A. Pulled by forces of the revolving twins, the wandering planet settled into an erratic trajectory, oscillating between your Sun and Sirius A. In that 4D crack space, it swung back and forth, a shadowy planet making home in a limbo state.

The Nibiruans, the conscious beings residing on Nibiru, were not the planet's native dwellers, but conquerors from space. They were one branch of a reptilian race that had been driven out of their ancestral home in the Orion Constellation in the 8D, a dimension featuring primeval polarity of light and darkness, order and chaos, good and evil (as two choices of consciousness).

As said before, headquartered in the Orion stars are the Family of Light as well as the League of Darkness. These two galactic associations are operating on many levels, in many dimensions, as opponents.

Long ago, from the dark chaotic side of the 8th Dimension, a reptilian species was cast out as "evil-doing black dragons," as legend says. One lower branch of these reptilian outcasts, fallen from grace, exiled to the lower shade dimensions, eventually came upon a viable habitat on a planet that had

fallen from the 6D Sirius realm into the 4D crack space. These criminals in exile colonized this planet in exile and turned it into their home base.

This planet in exile, Nibiru, was a planet of scarcity. The Nibiruans were running out of energy. Self-aware that their race was dying and that nobody would like to host them, the warring reptiles went on space expeditions to rob, steal, plunder, and pillage. Planet Earth and Earth humans in particular became these space predators' main target.

The Anunnaki (also called Anunna) was a race of Nibiruans who came to Mesopotamia in the Metal Age and invaded the human species. Their mother ship, appearing as a shining star in the Earth's sky, was called "Nibiru."

"Nibiru" meant "(ferry) crossing." The same Sumerian word was used in reference to both the invisible home planet and the visible mother ship. Their ship was indeed a "sky ferry boat" that had carried them from that side of the Nibiru homeland to this side of the Earth shore.

Planet Nibiru was not against planet Earth, but the Nibiruans were. The two types of energy must be differentiated. Nibiru energy was an archetype of exile and scarcity, whereas Nibiruan energy was an archetype of conquest and destruction.

The Nibiruans who had invaded the Earth human domain were the notorious Anunnaki, and the Anunnaki energy had an extra edge of treachery and cruelty.

The “Anunnaki” (meaning “offspring of Anu”) were ruled by their supreme lord Anu, whose throne was located on Nibiru. Lord Anu was ruled by a higher lord from the dark side of the 6D Sirius star system. The Sirian dark lord was ruled by an even higher lord from the dark side of the 8D Orion world. This inter-stellar and inter-dimensional hierarchy, this 8D-6D-4D network of rebellious beings, constituted the League of Darkness.



Remains of the Anu Temple at Uruk, Iraq

Basically, the Anunnaki were thugs and foot soldiers working for the League of Darkness.

The Anunnaki inhabit the 4D portal dimension, the dimension between dimensions. Their unique wavelength of vibration gives them a metallic biology in their physicality. They are reptilian machines, or mechanic reptiles. Due to their metallic constitution, they are cold-blooded. Due to their affinity with 8D-6D-4D-2D, all shade/yang dimensions, they are of an ultra-male type, regardless of their genders.

When they entered the Earth realm, the closest vibrational match they could find among Earth species was the reptilian kind, whose energetic roots lay in 2D. The Anunnaki thus took on reptilian-human outer forms in materializing in 3D. In other words, they wore reptilian-human bodysuits.

Of course, not all reptiles on Earth are Anunnaki in disguise, and not all reptiles in space are malevolent beings. But most Anunnaki in their earthly appearances bore reptilian features. You should know, though, that the Anunnaki were not after the reptiles on Earth—they were after you, humans.

Being nonhuman in their essence, the Anunnaki were not part of the Human Project. They had no business on Earth. But they made it a business, a global business. They had come out of the dark chaotic side of our galaxy as a force of rebellion, as entities that wanted to be more than just shadows. They came to this open planet to play overlords, and in their occupied

territories they crowned themselves as masters of humans and lords of Earth, as your gods.

Their agenda was to dominate, exploit, and destroy. To sustain their precarious existence, they needed negative energies in extremes. As 4D beings, they fed on 4D energies, and as dark beings, they fed on negative 4D energies. From their habitat in the shadow realm, they fed on the negative energies generated by human emotions in 4D and human bodies in 3D.

Because of the shared dimension of 4D, and because of the timing of Earth humankind entering the Metal Age, these bio-metallic 4D predators had a vibrational opportunity to break into the Earth human domain.

They are still here on Earth, hiding in the 4D shadow zone. As parasites, vampires, and suckers, they are dependent and cunning. They have set up an intelligent system to ensure continuous feeding off human energies. You humans are like meats on their plates and batteries in their machines. You are dear to them, as their food suppliers, as their slave laborers.

Gaia had graciously offered her hospitality to these visitors from Nibiru. They, too, had been given a chance to be on this beautiful planet and learn the precious lesson of emotions. Instead of appreciating Gaia's gift, instead of learning through emotions and evolving from experiences, the Anunnaki chose

to stay cold-blooded and to utilize human emotions for destructive purposes. On the one hand, they provoked extreme intensities of negative human emotions to fuel their machines; on the other hand, they taught humans to suppress emotions and be cold-blooded, like them.

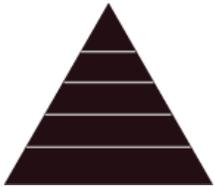
It was a head-on clash when their energy came into your genetic structure. With such diametrically opposed energies thrown together, the result was a very confused human.

The half-breeds were tormented beings. Within their genetic makeup, the original design of light was countered by a thick cover of darkness. This clash led to a constant tug-of-war in the psyche: the light in the half-breeds wanted to go east while the darkness in them wanted to go west. At times, they felt deep love for others; at other times, they felt no empathy at all.

Such inner conflicts were powered by two strands of energies with different sky origins. Besides this genetic incompatibility, they, the Anunnaki lords of the dark component, kept pulling the strings from the 4D, while we, the Pleiadian Family of Light, continued to steer the light component from the 5D. A war was going on within the half-breeds, and they could never be at peace.

“Nephilim” was the Hebrew name for a breed of humans born of the union between “sons of gods” and “daughters of men,” a breed of humans with giant stature and warlike nature.

The later generations of Nephilim became so wild that even their Anunnaki masters could not control them. The biblical story of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by Yahweh was based on an actual event in which the Nibiruan lords resorted to nuclear genocide to wipe out entire city populations of their creation. Experimental interbreeding with Earth humans went on till they obtained types of hybrids most obedient to their commands.



The signature Nibiruan principle is **hierarchy**.

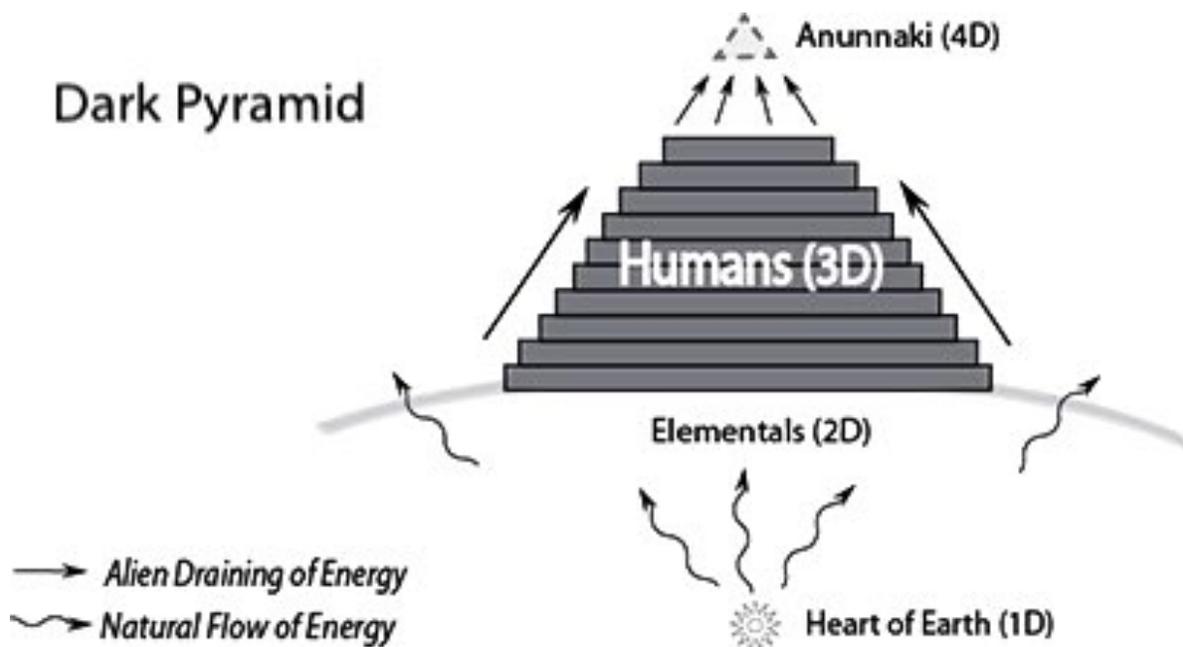
The Anunnaki society on Nibiru was extremely hierarchical, with “control and dominance” as its basic drive. Instinctively rank-conscious, the Anunnaki have two basic modes of operation: domination and obedience. Equality for them is a temporary state of allegiance, subject to the changing alliance of power. Forever at war they are with one another. War is their peace, and struggle for power their daily bread.

Despite incessant factional conflicts, their uniform agenda was to colonize Earth. Along two parallel tracks they proceeded:

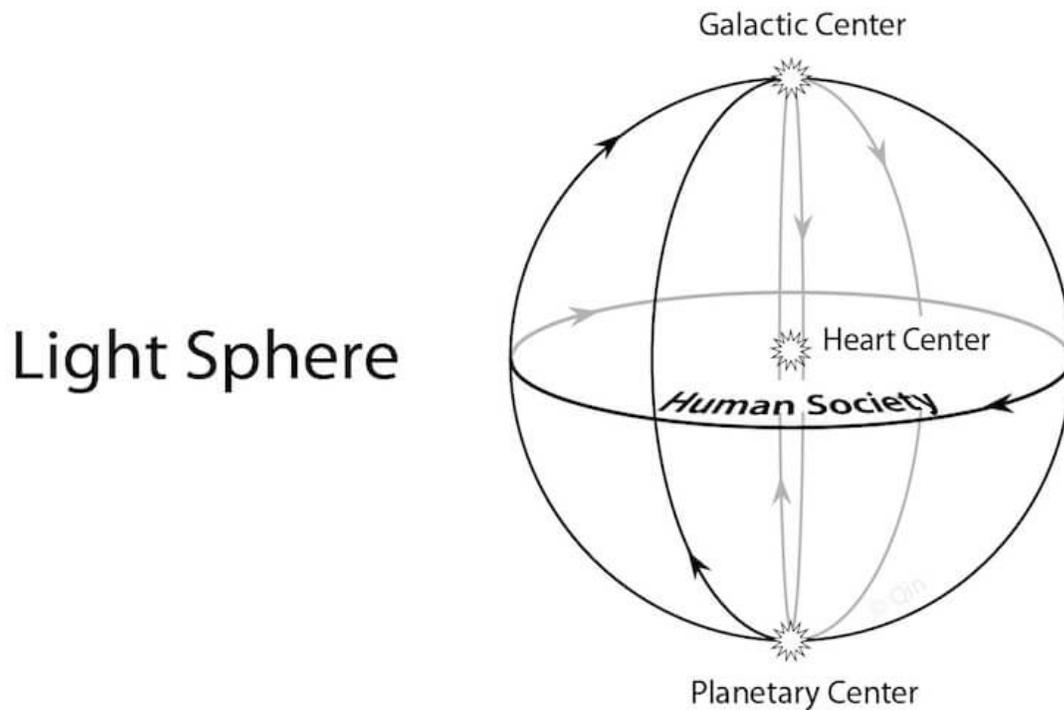
- 1) Genetic infiltration into the human race.
- 2) Cultural infiltration into human societies.

They launched systematic infiltrations into civilizations established by stellar cultures such as ours (always remember, equality is a Pleiadian principle) with a blatant agenda to replicate their Nibiruan hierarchy on Earth and to make domination and obedience the basis of Earth human relations.

The Nibiruan type of centralized social hierarchy replicated on Earth is a dark pyramid of power, an efficient energy-sucking system that drains many to fatten the few:



Now, contrast the dark pyramid of power (the Nibiruan ziggurat model) with the light sphere of power (a model outlined in the Blueprint) wherein energies flow harmoniously in circular patterns:



Speaking of pyramid, let me remind you that the geometric form itself is a sacred 6D symbol. The pyramidal shape itself has nothing to do with dark evil! As a neutral form, it can be used for either light or dark purposes. The dark pyramid of power set up by the Anunnaki on planet Earth is a perfect example of how evil could pervert a sacred form and use it against the sacred.

Due to Nibiru's origin in Sirius, the Nibiruan ziggurats in Sumer bore similarities to the Sirian pyramids in Egypt. The

Nibiruan ziggurats were dark pyramids for energy draining, in contrast to the Sirian light pyramids for energy making.



Ziggurat of Ur, Iraq

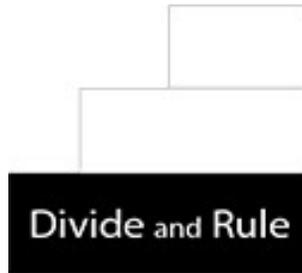
US army at Ziggurat of Ur

The perverse usage of the pyramidal form by the Anunnaki as well as the rise of Sumerian city-states based on the ziggurat model is a heartbreaking story of civilization stolen. This sad story of the dark side of Sirius would need someone from the light side of Sirius to tell it.

Setting up a pyramid of darkness couldn't be an overnight operation. Rebellious as they are, the Anunnaki still have to obey the fundamental laws of our universe, still have to operate within Earth's timeline and work in steps. Now, let's have a structural overview of their dark pyramid building procedure.

Dark Pyramid Building Procedure

— a structural overview



Step 1: Divide and Rule

The Anunnaki divided you Earth humans into classes and families. First things first, they set up rulers. Before their infiltration, your tribal societies had leaders, not rulers.

The phenomenon of rulers was an alien insert into our civilization project. The concept of “divine ruler,” to be exact, was an alien twist on the native concept of sacred leadership. This alien concept held that they, gods from the sky, granted a human male of their selection the power to make decisions on behalf of the society. From this root concept came the notion and the office of the king, the “godly king,” who in essence was a human agent ruling on behalf of the real ruler—the gods in the sky.

Who should then be sitting on the king's throne? It should be a man most obedient to the masters from above and most capable of making people obedient to himself. Such a person had to be a hybrid human with the highest Anunnaki genetic purity, because genetic purity would ensure strong vibrational resonance, which would in turn reinforce the proclivity for obedience.

Genetic purity was one of the two main criteria involved in the installation of a king. The other criterion was the bestowing of the scepter of dominion.



A Mesopotamian Clay Tablet

The Anunnaki “gods” had handed over to their puppet ruler, literally, a staff of power. This stick wasn't a mere phallic symbol gilded in gold and jewels, but a lethal energetic weapon, able to strike living beings dead.

Of course, a staff of power alone could not equip the king with the power big enough to subjugate the whole population. However powerful his golden staff, one king could not win in the long run if the people were unanimously against his rule. The precondition for one man to rule over all is that people are terribly divided among themselves.

How to divide people? How to break down their tribal unity? The Anunnaki introduced a key concept that was to change the nature of relationships between people, and between people and their planet. The concept was ownership.

At the start of their seduction game, as described earlier, the idea of ownership was introduced into the male-female relationship. The male chiefs came to believe that they owned their daughters—the younger generation of women in their tribes. Later, the concept of ownership was extended into practically all areas of social life. People started to own trees and animals, to own human beings, and to own plots of land.

For millennia of time humans around the globe had practiced collective sharing: tribal members shared natural resources as well as the fruits of their labor. The Bronze Age ushered in an era of rapid individuation and personality development. Psychologically speaking, the Bronze Age humans were inclined to embrace the alien concept of ownership, as the

concept was not entirely alien. It was, in fact, a twist on the concept of stewardship. The concept of stewardship was scheduled to take root at this juncture of the civilization process. With the arrival of alien mentality, humans were derailed by a deviant, corrupt concept—that of ownership.

Without ownership, there would be no class. Class is built on the very foundation, conceptual as well as practical, of ownership. And the most valuable item to be owned is land (aka property) since land is the essential means of survival for Earth humankind. Ownership over land marked the start of a devastating schism in your relation with one another and with your mother planet.

Along with the concept and practice of ownership came a false sense of identity. One's personal identity and perceived value became intrinsically linked with what one owned. It could be cattle and sheep; it could be trees in an orchard; it could be bronze, silver, or gold jewelry; it could be servants and slaves. Whatever the possessions, the aim was ubiquitously clear: self-differentiation by means of owning objects.

At the core of the concept of ownership lies the sense of separation: there is an "I," owning some desirable attributes in the form of things and people, vis-à-vis another "I," owning another set of attributes. As noted earlier, with the introduction of hybrid genetic makeup, a new type of psyche

came to take over the human interior. This new psyche was the incubator of the ego. The ego thrives in the sense of separation and specialness, in the belief in rank and hierarchy. The ego is the brick for the manor house of a class society.

Over time, class societies grew from generic to intricate in a process called social stratification. Initially, there were two basic classes in small tribal societies: the ruling class and the ruled class. As population expanded and urban society became more affluent, classes within classes came into existence. Inside the big pyramid there arose many mini pyramids. This process of internal stratification served the purpose of further dividing you humans so that in the end you became both the oppressed by whoever is above you and the oppressor to whoever is below you.

Accompanying the process of class distinction was the inculcation of marriage and lineage. Marriage was introduced as a form of legal contract based on the concept of ownership of sexuality. Before the infiltration, tribes in the Middle East and elsewhere had practiced free mating. With the ascension of male power in the Bronze Age, the fathers had more and more say in social matters, yet they had no sense of ownership over women. To own a person, a sense of inequality between the two persons must exist in the first place. The alien invaders came at a moment when the Male Wave in the Middle East was at its zenith and the Female Wave at its nadir.

The alien invaders took hold of the natural state of male leadership and twisted the understanding into a notion of male supremacy. It was on this very concept, on this very sense of a fundamental inequality of the two genders, that the institution of marriage was based.

Along with marriage came the concept of patrilineal descent. The old practice of tracing the bloodline on the mother's side was replaced by a cult of bloodline on the father's side. In the days of free mating, it was impossible to trace the male bloodline simply because women were sexually unrestricted. With the owning of women's sexuality through the legal contract of marriage (polygamy, in most cases), children became offspring of the fathers and came to bear the names of their fathers. Patrilineal family name was a core practice in the cult of patrilineal descent.

Marriage and patrilineal descent now constituted the foundation of the family unit—a new social practice installed by the alien invaders as a control device. The original tribal unity was broken into small family units, each centered on the father, each based on ownership of persons and things. Above the individual family units, there were tribes and clans organized by the same patrilineal, patrilocal, and patriarchal principles and norms.

This complete destruction of the old communal structure and radical replacement with a new group structure served one core agenda: to set up the Anunnaki pyramid of power within human kinship. The tiniest pyramid of power is the family unit, where the father sits above the mother, and the mother above the child. Ruling starts at home, and domination begins with the infant.

The individual family units were then pitched against one another, in a game of power called “competition for survival.” Locked into the big pyramid of society, the survival of the small family units was inevitably a matter of fighting for limited resources. The few families sitting on top of the pyramids controlled the resources and thereby the competition game.

Family against family, sibling against sibling, man against man—the new social structure was maintained by the aliens’ basic tactic: divide and rule. As you broke off from invincible communal oneness into vulnerable mono units, it became easier and easier for the Anunnaki aliens to subjugate you, sovereign human beings, into willing obedience.



Step 2: Reward and Punishment

If social classes can be likened to layers in a brick wall, the system of reward and punishment is the mortar inserted inbetween the layers and bricks. The job of this adhesive substance is to prevent the structure from falling within.

Punishment is an Anunnaki concept. It does not exist among us, the Family of Light. Nor was it native to Earth humankind. You have lived under its tyranny for so long that you came to regard this alien concept as a universal law.

True love never punishes. True love just loves. The love whose shadow side is punishment is fake love. Fake love plays the duality game, true love transcends the duality game.

What the aliens have given you is their alien concept of “love,” whose flip side is punishment. Cunning they were to not show up at your door straightaway as punishing tyrants. They appeared initially as your friends from the sky. They used the soft weapon of candy to get you to open the door. Once they came inside, they pulled out the hard weapon of violence.

The gods began to show angry faces. They demonstrated the terrible power of their weapons able to reduce a human body to a pile of ashes, a village to a burning bush, a valley to a flaming sea. Direct attack on human will was unleashed. Whoever did not obey the gods' will would suffer partial or complete destruction of the body. Such inflicted suffering was displayed in public, to illustrate the grave consequence of human disobedience. The consequence was called "crime and punishment."

The king, the human puppet ruler, was in possession of the gods' weapon of punishment—the staff of power. Carrying the cold-blooded code of his Anunnaki ancestry, the king set out to implement a system of punishment to be carried out by hands other than his own. Such a system of punishment was coded in written words and institutionalized as an office. Law originated.

Law is essentially a system of codified rules for the end goal of domination and control. Law was not an item in the gift set that we, the Family of Light, had given you. We had taught you various protocols of conduct, but we had never given you laws. We never commanded you to behave in a certain way or to make a covenant with us of any sort.

Law is an item in the aliens' curse set.

You were scheduled by your evolutionary scheme in the Blueprint to develop an organizational system in the form of social agreements. Such social agreements are fundamentally different from the laws that the aliens gave you, for the Blueprint contains no such concept as punishment.

The Blueprint operates within the energetic principles that are native to the Earth realm, principles that you humans experience as karmic consequences, which are not punishments. Underlying your criminal justice system and continuing to this day, the social practice called “law” is based on the alien concept of punishment.

Looking back in history, you can see a recurrent pattern across cultures and time periods: after the establishment of a new kingdom or empire, the ruler would immediately set out to announce a new set of laws. In most cases, such laws were proclaimed to be Divine Laws, which meant that they had been sanctioned by gods from above.



Think of the Code of Hammurabi—>

Think of the Covenant between Moses and Yahweh. These so-called “divine” laws were systemic means of intimidation, embellished by words of pseudo-kindness.

Laws would be empty words on dusty steles weathering away in market squares if there was no militant force to enforce them. Right after each other came the military and the law, like twin brothers born of the same malicious womb and sworn into a conspiratorial partnership.

Being a warlike race, the Anunnaki were driven by nature to wage war during their conquest of planet Earth. But they used hybrid humans to fight in their stead. They created human soldiers and human armies to carry out their warfare.

Warfare was the crown jewel in the aliens’ curse set.



Sumerian Soldiers in Phalanx Formation
on the Stele of the Vultures

Warfare developed along with the formation of the military class. At the beginning of intertribal battles, men were recruited to fight as a part-time duty. With the increase of prisoners of war and expansion of the slave class, a full-time army came into existence under the command of the king.

The king's army had double duties: it fought foreign enemies from beyond his territory; it subjugated internal enemies within his population. Over time, the military grew into numerous subdivisions, one being the prototype of today's police force.

You have been led to believe that war lies in the very nature of humanity, that war is tied to your animal instinct. Let me ask you, do you see any animal waging the kind of warfare that

you humans have, against your own kind? Have you seen intra-species massacres and genocides like yours elsewhere?

Do you really think that deep within your animal nature there lurks a thirst for killing for purposes other than food?



Severed Human Heads in Vultures' Beaks
on the Stele of the Vultures

Certainly, down through the ages, humans have had their quarrels and disputes. But even in the worst days of starvation, human beings did not wage battles to kill for the sake of killing, to derive sadistic pleasures from killing human beings. Warfare, which is *blood sacrifice en masse*, resulted from the alien infiltration into the animal side of humanity.

The animal side is your weak side. The aliens went straight for the jugular and into your most vulnerable opening—your killer instinct. They rode on your masculine animal force while feasting on the fear, anger, and pain emitted by hunters-turned-soldiers interlocked in a drama of mutual destruction.

What's more, the aliens have fashioned a cult of wars and war heroes. They twisted your caveman heritage to promote their masculine ideal. The Hunter replaced by the Army Commander. It was the Warrior that came to define swashbuckling manhood.

And it was the weapon that made a warrior great. It was the sarissa that made Alexander "the Great." The aliens gave you not only the neurosis to weaponize things but also the compulsion to invent and perfect weaponry, through the misuse of your own genius. Look at your history: so much of your human intelligence had gone into creating new tools for killing, and inventing new ways for battling. What a waste!

Weaponry is not a hallmark of civilization.

Weaponry is a hallmark of barbarism.

There is nothing intelligent about any weaponry, be it iron dagger or H-bomb. There is nothing noble about any warfare, be it Hitler's or Churchill's World War II. War is just a bloody means to control, deplete, and annihilate the human population.

The legal and the military offices take care of the punishment component of the cement glue. The reward component is needed, too, for if there were only punishments you humans

would revolt sooner or later, causing the dark pyramid to crumble. Reward and punishment are the carrot and the stick. They are complementary tactics employed to prevent you from rebelling and revolting.

Reward is a tactic of diversion. Rewards keep you focused on bracketed, small pictures so that you cannot see the overall picture—that you are trapped in a tunnel inside a dark pyramid. Just pin a medal on your chest, or grant you a promotion within your little society, and you're convinced that if you work just a bit harder, you'll ascend to a higher rank, you may eventually reach the top brass!

When you are locked inside a tight hierarchical space, your focus is on either climbing up or slipping down. You are too busy stepping up a rung to question the whole setup. If you do, if you are on the verge of dropping out, rewards would come in to dissuade you from leaving. Rewards come in many forms: money, property, position, title, honor, prize, award, trophy, medal—you name it. And they come in such a way that few humans have the guts to refuse.

Money, their trickiest device, is punishment masquerading as reward. Originally a neutral token for fair exchange, money has degenerated into a ruthless means for unfair trade. The monetary system, set up and run by the aliens, is none other than a system of exploitation, now perfected as a global

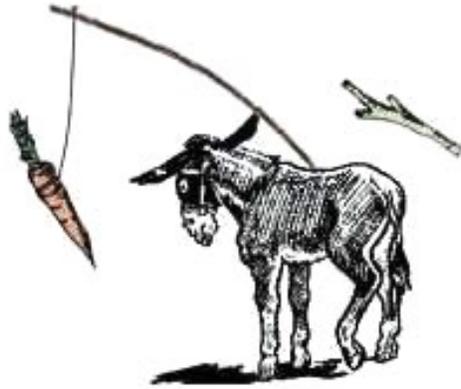
control mechanism. A highly deceptive form of domination, money gives you the illusion of security and freedom when it in effect controls your psychology and dictates your decision-making process. It enslaves you.

Money is the aliens' successful experiment on Earth. It succeeded in keeping you humans in segregation from one another, and from your planetary mother; it succeeded in locking you up in an insecurity bunker, isolated from an abundant and secure environment; it succeeded in holding you prisoners in a vibrational dungeon of fear.

You'd become homeless in your homeland unless you have money. You have to buy your right to exist on your mother planet. There isn't a planet in our galaxy with more absurd a story.

The reward-and-punishment game deprives the human race of the primal experience of love. Rewards are false substitutes for love. They are cashed promises a society gives to its select members; they are restricted valuable items; they are conditional and partial gratifications that make a person hungry for more.

For a master controller, it is crucial to get the human beast of burden to believe in reward, in the dangling carrot, so that his heart is exactly where you, the controller, want it to be.



To dispense the carrot of reward, which comes hand in hand with the stick of punishment, a whole conglomerate of offices need be up and running. Here is where the institutions of religion, education, and entertainment come into play. Here you see the steel rebar that reinforces the concrete of pyramid blocks.



Step 3: Mass Mind Control

The aliens' control begins and ends with the mind. If they cannot control the human mind, they cannot control the dark pyramid. To control you, they had to first divide you, horizontally, on the social plane. Thus, they separated men from women, the rich from the poor, the strong from the weak, they locked you up in separate families, clans, and classes, and they made you believe that strife is the way of life. As you were cut off from the source of social power that abided in communal oneness, they had sway over your fragmented and weakened population.

Besides cutting you off horizontally from your social source of power, the alien invaders set out to cut you off vertically from your spiritual source of power. When you, starseeded humans, are connected downwardly to planetary energy and upwardly to stellar and galactic energies, you are the most powerful creatures living on this planet. You are wielders of cosmic powers, whom no alien from any planet or star could attempt to dominate.

To dominate you, they must first terminate your cosmic power supplies. They must uproot you from the earth while blocking your connection to the sky so that you become empty and hollow, too feeble to rebel and too hungry to say no. Below you and above you, you are cut off. You are left in a limbo with nothing but the game of reward-and-punishment to hang on to.

As small planetary beings, the Anunnaki have no innate power to cut you off from your cosmic connections. They say they are gods, but they aren't equipped with that kind of power. They have only power to coax and trick you into voluntarily giving up your connections; they have the power to lure you away from your own power source and to seduce you into attaching your minds to false substitutes. They have the skills to dazzle you with beautiful lies, to get you fixated on wonderful illusions so that in the end you would lose sight of the real truth. You would lose even the ability to judge and differentiate, and would mistake obstacles that block your way to truth for truth itself.

This is exactly what the aliens have given you: obstacles. Lots and lots of obstacles. Deceptive obstacles. If they appeared as blatant obstacles, would you believe in them? Of course not. They had to appear very real, very convincing and reassuring, as anything but obstacles. When your minds are charmed by these pseudo signs and when your hearts are open to them,

you forget your original goal and you lose your way. It is the Master of Deception at work here.

The Master of Deception works through a counterfeit spirit. Fake signs manufactured by the counterfeit spirit are true on the surface but false at the core. They appear to be beautiful in form but prove to be ugly in essence; they point you to light but lead you to darkness. The Anunnaki aliens are cunning tricksters. They gained entry into your domain through a lavish display of superior technology, through seducing you men and women with raw desires. As they lived among you, they got to know your weaknesses better and became more skillful in manipulating your hearts and minds.

Yet, they were shadow entities. They possessed no actual power to create a plethora of real alternatives to replace what had already existed in your belief systems. Their capacity lay only in sneaking into the existing symbolic systems to give them an alien twist. As entities that have chosen the evil path, it is their very nature to pervert, to subvert, and to oppose diametrically. So when they sneaked into an existing symbol and gave it a twist, they would reverse the original to its opposite: a 180-degree turn.

“Reversal of the original” was the aliens’ modus operandi in overtaking the symbolic dimension of human civilization.

The aliens' infiltration into human symbolic systems bore similarities to their infiltration into the human genome: they crept in through the back door and corrupted the house from within.

They came to you in the middle of the Galactic Night, when you had moved away from infantile dependency on your Earth Goddess Mother, toward bonding with your Sky God Father. You had had millennia to bond with the sacred feminine, and now you were learning to bond more consciously with the sacred masculine. As an extreme type of masculine force from outer space, the aliens from planet Nibiru conveniently presented themselves as the Father figure of your longings.

They simply got in the way of your spiritual ethos and set themselves up as the object of your souls' desires. They presented to you their concept of God the Father, a Nibiruan notion of god and father, to obscure and to obstruct your connection with the true God and true Father—the sacred masculine.

The alien religion of monotheism, which is the cult of their father god, was conceived in Pharaonic Egypt (i.e. the hijacked Egypt) and birthed in the land of the Israelites (i.e. the Promised Land).



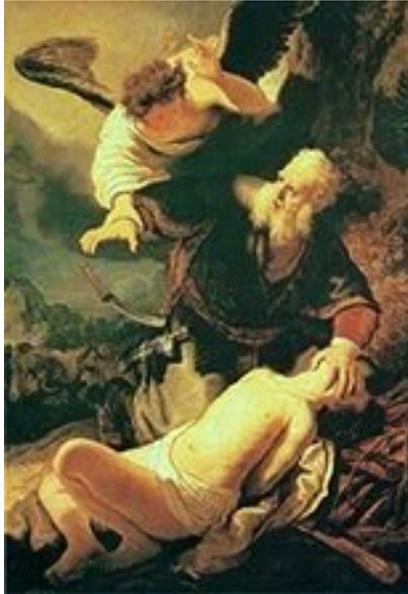
Akhenaten:
the First King-Agent of Monotheism

Monotheism was a result of the aliens' reversal of the original concept of the divine One and the original concept of the sacred masculine.

In the original concept, the divine One was understood as the all-inclusive Source, immanent in and transcendent of all dualities, and was embraced by Earth humans as both mother and father. In the corrupt concept, the One is father alone, a creator far removed from his creation, a jealous god at war with other gods, a wrathful lord in heaven who loves to punish earthlings and hates to lose the most trivial deal he'd made with them.

This "God" presides over a duality game of the bloodiest kind. Seated in a heavenly throne, this "God" has a queer taste for animal and human blood on Earth, and is in constant need of

blood sacrifices. Lambs were slaughtered in mass quantities to quench his thirst. At other times, he demanded the slitting of human throats as a punishment or as a test of his children's loyalty to him.



Abraham's Sacrifice
by Rembrandt c.1637

From ritualized slaughter of animals to wanton massacres of humans in battle, this “God the Father” openly announced himself as the all-righteous almighty God of Warfare.

Could you ever conceive of us, the Family of Light, championing such savagery? Could you ever imagine that we, the bringers of animals and plants to you, would one day turn around and demand the sacrifice of your animal, or your child, so that we would feel reassured of your love for us? Could you ever be convinced that a bloody tyrant and nasty psychopath as such was the divine One in your deepest memory?

This “God” is also a misogynist, perpetually at war with the Goddess. A red thread running through all monotheistic and all patriarchal religions is subjugation of the sacred feminine and oppression of women. This God-against-Goddess war serves one ultimate goal: to split you in half and to subject the female half to the rule of the male half, within and without, individually as well as collectively.

The ultra-male alien force has control over you people only when you have completely lost your male-female balance, only when your male side is grossly exaggerated and your female side is locked up in an iron cage.

This “God” is intent on cutting you off from your power source. The source that has birthed you is a feminine one—it is the womb of creation, appearing metaphorically as your planetary, stellar, and galactic mothers. Awareness of the Mother is the key to accessing your power source. When awareness of the Mother is killed, you are half dead as human beings.

To kill the Mother Goddess in you, the “God Almighty” had to work in stages in the broad scope of Western history. First, he made you believe in an all-male trinity: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Then, he declared war on all pagans (i.e. Goddess lovers). He launched Crusades and Holy Inquisitions to annihilate men and women who honored the Goddess’s Way.

He paved the way for the new religion of Scientific Materialism to wipe out whatever love and reverence was left in human hearts for their Earth Mother. For many modern humans, Earth is no more than inert matter, and the divine is either a mental delusion or a lone father.

Monotheism originated in the Middle East and in time spread all over the planet. Yet, this particular form of Nibiruan religion could not conquer the entire spiritual universe of Earth humankind. The alien infiltration into the symbolic dimension of cultures outside the Middle East followed routes other than straightforward monotheism.

In India and China of early history, for example, monotheism would have no market. In these areas, spiritual traditions based on our teachings were so firmly rooted that it was impossible to replace indigenous concepts with the bizarre notion of monotheism.

A nature-hating monotheism would have no chance in a land like China, where nature was taken for granted as the sacred ultimate. It would be futile to try to persuade the Chinese to abandon the Tao of yin and yang and follow the Law of one angry bachelor up in heaven, or to convert the Indians to the belief: “Brahman is not Atman!” or to make the Indians forsake their 330 million delightful gods for the sake of one cranky god.

Instead, the Chinese were given “the Son of Heaven,” a divine-ruler concept, and the Indians the concept of “sacred” caste. In China and India, dark infiltration into the spiritual traditions proceeded not by way of direct attack on core symbols, but by way of corrupting the peripheries, in social practices. Over time, hierarchical social structure and hierarchical mentality contaminated the spiritual arena and turned spiritual traditions into mirror images of the class society. The original symbols of light remained intact in China and India, but the roads to reach them became convoluted as labyrinths.

It would take a lengthy book to describe the alien infiltration into various spiritual traditions around the globe. Here, I reveal just one trick that the aliens have been using to block your spiritual connections, whichever culture you are in. The trick is the office of the clergy.

Look at all institutionalized religions on the planet, past and present. Can you name one religion that isn't hierarchical, one religion that doesn't have a class of experts playing the middlemen between the people and the divine?

I do acknowledge the good work undertaken by exceptional souls in the priestly class across cultures. I am exposing here, rather, the dark manipulation that encourages people to give

their power away to a class of alleged specialists and to allow this class to play brokers in a commercial deal with the divine.

Do you really need a priest to mediate between you and a higher power when you have that power within? Do you need a guru to free you when you are free to begin with? Do you need to pay a temple, a church, a synagogue, or a mosque fees when cosmic love is free? When you know you are none other than the divine, will you need anybody at all?

Now, name one religion that does not bring people, literally, to their knees.



The aliens want you to believe that you are distant from the divine and different from the divine, that you must look up to the almighty ones and beg for care and mercy.

And they have bred a worldwide army of mind managers, with long hair, short hair, or no hair, in garbs of black, white, or pink, to teach you laypersons how to lay low and hang weak.

Could there be a more thorough severing of connection or a more complete blockage of the way than this belief in oneself as being other than the divine? Here lies the worst alienation—alienation of human beings from their true divine identity.

The aliens' ultimate curse on humanity is alienation.

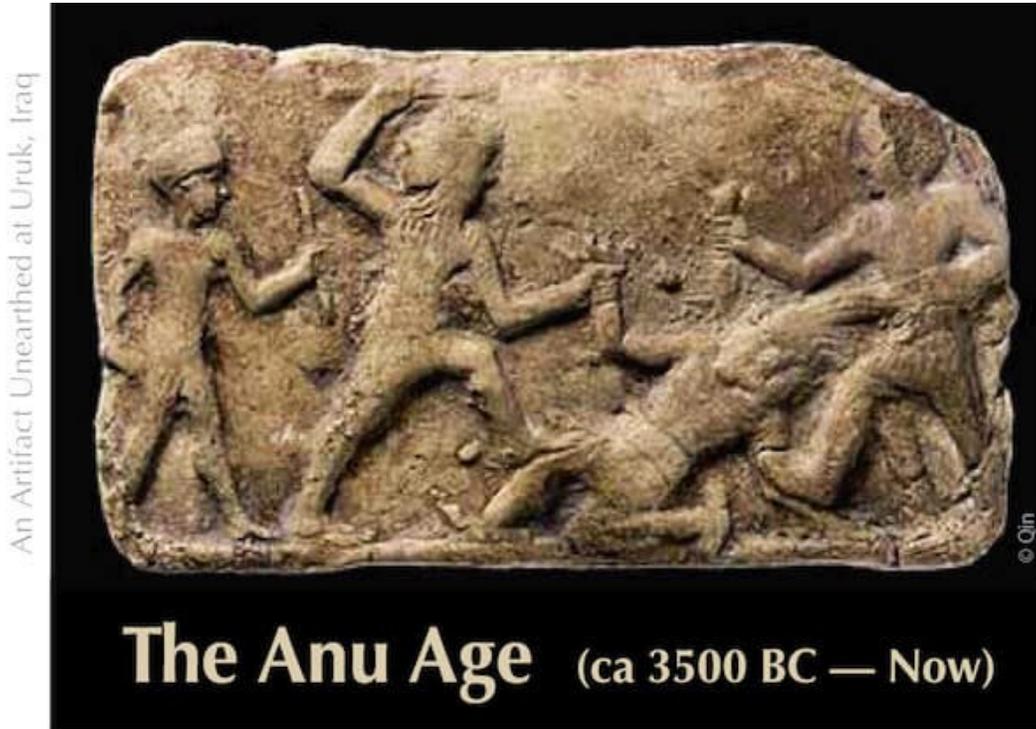
Besides being alienated in your social and cosmic relations, you are alienated from within your core. And when you are alienated within and without, you make a perfect building block for a pyramid of the dark.

The making of a pyramid block begins at home, with child rearing. From the very start, you are told that your own experience cannot be true and is of no value unless it is sanctioned by an external other—the parental authority.

Such parent-centered relationship programs you to seek verification and validation (i.e. mirroring) from another person, outside, in the plural. Little by little, you grow up to trust only what the majority has agreed upon, and to believe the consensus reality as the only reality. Readily, you'd forsake the inner mirror of the soul for the outer mirror of the group.

You discredit your own feeling, perception, and vision out of habit. And it is in this root habit of self-doubting that you subjugate your brilliant mind to a mass mind control that is intent on annihilating your autonomy, your light, your flame.

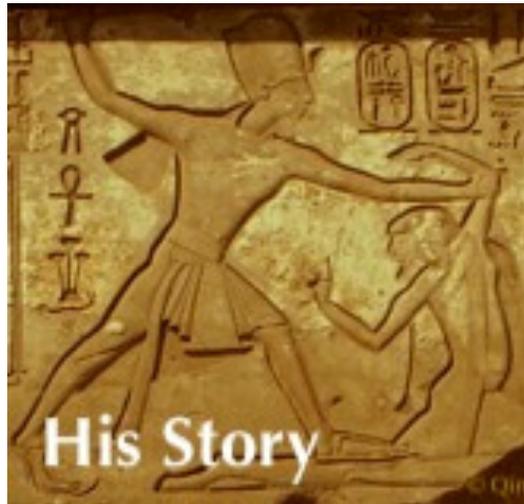
14. The Anu Age of Darkness



Creatures of the night can only thrive at night. Darkness is their ally, daylight their enemy. Spooky ghosts they are, able to scare you humans to bits only because it is a while away from daybreak. The past 5000 years was a darkest night for Gaia and all her children, a long nightmare featuring your defeats and their victories—the victories of the offspring of the dark lord, Anu. History is Anu’s story. History is his-story, his story of “God” laughing and her story of Goddess crying over five millennia of brutality and pain.

Much fear has been spread under the cover of Nightly darkness. The long Night saw Earth turn into a terror planet with prison cells, torture chambers, and killing fields. War became a prerequisite for peace, and exploitation the norm in social relations. Instead of a fantastic paradise, humans have built with their own hands a monstrous Matrix machine that controls and depletes them. Operating from the lowest frequency, fear, humans are inmates who also guard the same prison. Your story is the most absurd one in our Milky Way Galaxy.

From that tragic moment in the Middle East, it took five millennia of Nighttime for the Offspring of Anu (“Anunnaki”) to turn Earth into a planetary labor camp. The global labor camp is a dark pyramid based on a division of nation-states into the first, second, and third rank, all locked into a worldwide market of unfair trade. Conflicting national interests drive international competitions for power and superpower. It is the same old story from ancient Sumer. Only one game has been played out, in fancy variations.



From then to now, evil has spread via two parallel routes:

- a. genetic infiltration,
- b. cultural infiltration.

Besides setting up a global pyramidal structure for energy sucking, the aliens' agenda was to turn every human body on the planet into a carrier of the Anunnaki genetic code. We call it "the Anu Code" from here on. The more bodies carrying the Anu Code, the more abundant their energy supply, the bigger their labor force. This particular Anu agenda was achieved about one and a half centuries ago. By the 20th century, practically all races of Earth humans had received the Anu Code, had been infected with the Anu Virus.

When the Anunnaki began their genetic infiltration in Sumer of the Bronze Age, human life was going at a slow pace, and

human transportation relied on man and animal powers. If the Anunnaki were to rely solely on the natural course of intertribal contacts in letting their energy spread out from the Middle East, they would still be contemplating their genetic conquest today. Unbound by the time-space grid that restricted Earth humans, the Anunnaki selected a number of locations around the planet and launched a global campaign.

With satisfying results from their test ground in the Middle East, the Anunnaki had grown skilled in breeding hybrid human beings. No longer needing to apply the slow means of seduction, they graduated to the fast means of abducting Earth women and forcing pregnancy on them. Easily, they obtained a first generation of half-breeds through impregnating Earth women from a variety of races on various continents. They used these half-breeds as breeding stock for mass-producing populations of hybrids.

The aliens' favorite means to this end was military conquest. From the astral realm, they commanded their puppet kings to lead armies of hybrid human soldiers into conquering new territories. Endowed with extraordinary physical strength and equipped with superior iron weaponry, the armies of hybrid humans swept over lands and sailed across seas. The ruthless warriors slaughtered men and raped women, producing batch after batch of war children born with hybrid genes. War has continued to this day, and so has rape. Your history is full of

such cruel clichés. As a matter of fact, your recorded histories almost all began with military feats made by commanders-turned-kings.

This is what happened to the starseeded humans in Egypt: conquest by militant tribes under Narmer, a mighty warrior chief. This was the manner by which the original inhabitants of China were contaminated: the warrior tribe of the Yellow Emperor swept through. This was how dwellers in the Indus Valley were overrun by Aryan invaders, a hybrid population already several generations beyond the crossbreeding line. In a similar fashion, the native peoples of America were genetically infiltrated, long before the Europeans came.



The Narmer Palette
ca 3000 BC

The Age of Colonialism beginning in 15th-century Europe hastened the contamination process. Long before the Age of Colonialism, hybrid humans such as the Indo-European groups had taken over the whole of Europe. With the original bloodlines from the Anunnaki half-breeds spreading into various royal families of the European monarchies, the center of global control was relocated to Western Europe, with England coming to the fore as the center of a spider's web. The British Empire joined forces with Portugal, Spain, France, Germany, and the Netherlands, to name a few, and launched colonialist conquests on a global scale.

Before the Age of Colonialism, there were still some pockets of light on the planet populated by tribes with pure original human genes. Having been sheltered for millennia by geographic distance and geological barriers, these pure tribes in Africa, in the Americas, in Australia and other Pacific islands were forced into dealing with white-skinned men who showed up with glass beads in one hand and a rifle in the other one.

The white colonialists had no clue that they were furthering a dark mission to genetically corrupt the natives. Many of them thought they were bringing the light of civilization to primitive savages, to enlighten them. These colonialists were hybrid humans recruited to actualize the Anu agenda of global conquest on both genetic and cultural levels. They were

puppets, unaware of an invisible puppeteer, the Anu force, pulling the strings.

As a result of their genetic infiltration and vibrational expansion, the human race underwent an accelerating population explosion. In the Neolithic times, the human population on the planet was small, its growth stable. Birthing a child then depended on the availability of a soul ready to reincarnate as well as on the conscious request made by a tribal community. The genetic design of the Neolithic humans simply would not support random, wanton procreations. In the Neolithic days, there were few accidental pregnancies and no unwanted babies.

With the genetic infection by the alien force, the human birth process became painfully difficult while birthing humans en masse became incredibly easy, for no longer necessary was the step of requesting for a soul to reincarnate. The hybrid humans were intended to be human animals without stellar souls, “hollow meat-bags,” to use their expression. The more soullessly animalistic you are, the easier it is to control you; the more such quasi-humans occupying the earth, the bigger their ground force. Thus, echoing in many languages around the world is that “holy” command of Anu: “Be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth!”

And preference is given to boys, not just for the patriarchal belief in male supremacy, but more importantly, for the surplus of male bodies available for labor and warfare. Because of the mechanism of vibrational resonance, it is easier for an ultra-male extraterrestrial force to control the male side of an Earth human, easier to control the Earth men in general.

Today, sadly, there is no race or tribe on Earth that can claim to be pure original humans. All Earth humans, including you, carry the Anu Code, carry a genetic imprint of the alien force. Some humans have a higher degree of the alien genetic imprint, some lower, and the highest-degree carriers are to be found among the ruling families around the world.

You are all infected. You are all hybrids. This is bad news. But I must show you the situation you are in. The alien energy is inside your body; the Anu vibe is within your psyche. These malevolent extraterrestrials have given you the ultimate STD—an alien genetic virus. This “sexually” transmitted genetic virus is the aliens’ mass control device, implanted in your individual biological constitution by way of conception and birth.

You are prone to manipulations by shadowy entities from the astral realm because there is an alien code in you that answers to the aliens’ call. This Anu Code produces machine-like nonhuman behaviors, as in robots. The robotic drive is

sourced in the metallic component of the Anu force's reptilian-metallic makeup.

The Anu force within you is recognizable. This repetitive force barring your access to bliss and blocking your connection to your self, this automatic force stopping your manifestation of your heart's desire and steering you away from your soul's purpose, this compulsive force driving you into addiction of all sorts, this disorienting, distorting, destructive mechanic force from within (that you always thought was you) is the Anu force.

Influenced by the Anu force, you may think like the aliens, feel like the aliens, and act like the aliens, but in your essence, you are not them! They could infiltrate the human genome, but could not infiltrate the human soul. They could corrupt all four of your bodies, but had zero access to the fifth one, your Light Body.

Hybrid humankind is just *sick* humankind. Here comes the good news: however deep the infiltration, the innermost part of your humanity is undefiled. Because at the deepest core, humanity is incorruptible. The pure healthy humanity has been kept safe by the very designer of the Human Code, although accessing this base layer of yourself requires a bit of work.



A Sumerian Clay Tablet

—the World's First Propaganda Story
Printed in Clay

The Anunnaki were by no means your creators or ancestors! Their propaganda stories, whose origins go back to ancient Sumerian clay tablets, are now, more rigorously than ever, promoting the idea that you Earth humans are but a “slave race of the Anunnaki gods.” The Anunnaki are the progenitors of a genetic virus infecting your original humanity. That’s all.

Here, you must see through the aliens’ old trick: they always make themselves look more powerful than they actually are.

What can better disempower a man than his own “discovery” that he was made to be a slave? They are clever. Their agents, wearing the cap of “alternative researcher,” mingle among genuine seekers. They lead you on in your exploration of the mysterious and the forbidden only to divert your eyesight at the last moment. At a key juncture, they twist the story and snatch your quest.

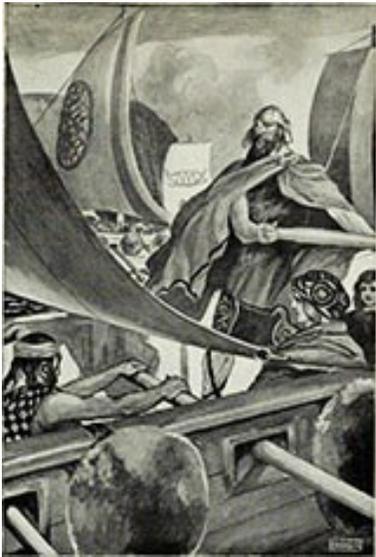
However fantastic their propaganda stories, they are aliens, not family. They are imposters, not gods. They are shadow entities of the Night, doomed to perish in the Day.



Ireland, the emerald jewel of the Goddess, was one of the last corners of Europe infiltrated in the Nighttime.

During the transition from Bronze to Iron Age, the genetic virus spread to all parts of continental Europe by way of war and trade. Riding on the zeitgeist of expansion, a number of Celtic tribes migrated from the continent into the British Isles. The modern name “Celts,” which derived from a Greek word, loosely refers to a wide range of Indo-European tribes sharing common linguistic and cultural traits. As a population of hybrid humans, the Celts were by and large militant tribes, boasting a cult of warriors and engaging in frequent battles with indigenous habitants along their migration routes.

From the late Bronze Age to the early Iron Age, waves of Celtic tribes found their way into Ireland, some through peaceful means, others through force. It was during the Iron Age that a branch of Gaelic-speaking Celts sailed out from Iberia and arrived at the Irish coast.



*"The Coming of the Sons of Miled"
in Myths & Legends of the Celtic Race, 1911*

Equipped with powerful iron weaponry, the Gaelic invaders forced their way into the pristine island and claimed land from Ireland's indigenous tribes.

The Gaelic settlers were at times peaceful with the natives and at times aggressive and violent. With cattle raiding as their traditional sport, the Gaelic warriors staged incessant raids to steal farm animals from the natives and to expand their own farmlands. The Gaelic tribes occupied many of our megalithic sites and turned some of these life-enhancing circles, dolmens, and cairns into burial grounds, into repositories for corpses.

The Celtic culture that had found its way into Ireland was a hybrid of light and darkness. Still followers of the Goddess's Way, the Celts were primarily cattle farmers, whose livelihood depended on harmonious living with nature. The Celtic societies, however, were built on hierarchy and patriarchy. By

the time the Gaelic Celts arrived on the Irish coast, their tribal society had already been established on dark principles such as property ownership, male supremacy, slavery, and family units.

The Celtic religion had preserved a good amount of light. But the dark game of power had seeped through the priestly class known as the Druids. Channels for the dark worked just as diligently as channels for the light in Druidic societies. Cruel in battle but refined in the arts—such was the fragmented psyche of the Celtic hybrids. Apart from being fierce warriors, the Gaelic Celts were eloquent storytellers and gifted musicians. They had no alphabet and relied on oral transmission to preserve tradition. The epic story of their migration from Iberia and their forceful entry into Ireland had been celebrated in songs and poems by generations of bards, professional artist-priests.

In the surviving tales, there are ample references to Tuatha Dé Danaan (“People of the Goddess Danu”), a supernatural race living in Ireland at the time of the Gaelic invasion, but no mention of the indigenous human race. The semi-human Dé Danaan were invaders to Ireland in their origin as well. After the arrival of Gaelic tribes in the Iron Age, the inter-dimensional Dé Danaan receded to the realm of elementals and plants. The elfish, fairy-like Dé Danaan beings in Irish folklore are not to be confused with Ireland’s native human beings.

So what happened to Ireland's native human beings? What happened to the starseeds, the kinder in the kindergarten?

Well, you got assimilated.

On the physical level, you natives of Ireland suffered one after another onslaught of military conquest. Your green land of peace was repeatedly invaded by waves of warriors from beyond the sea. At first, you were attacked and ransacked by dark-haired Celts. Then, from the Nordic lands came blond-haired pirates, who raided your villages, slaughtered your elders, and took your women for wives. The Celts and later the Vikings claimed your land and set up their settlements right next to your homes. When war was absent, you were obliged by circumstances to trade and to socialize with them. Gradually, friendship and love developed between the invaders' offspring and yours, and intermarriage grew to be a common practice.

With your storytellers dying out, you lost your knowledge, your tradition, and eventually your mother tongue. Your culture became submerged and infused into the invaders' cultures, and you ceased to exist as a distinctive original people of Ireland.

Why didn't the Group of 8 stay in Ireland and protect us?

My beloved, we protected our kinder and our kindergarten for as long as we could. The protective shield we had cast over the island did hold back dark infiltration for many centuries.

Unfortunately, our power was limited in the 3rd Dimension. The “I” of the Group of 8 had no power to cast a shield around the whole planet. That shield would have to be made by the joining of powers by all members of our relief mission and perhaps more. Since we could not predict what exactly the aliens would do and since we must respect their right to visit Earth, we did not converge to launch a synchronized act of global defense.

As the vibration became increasingly heavy in the Night, we knew we would have to leave the earthly plane. We knew at one point it would be impossible for us to stay in your dimension because of vibrational dissonance. We are beings of light. No matter how much we wanted to stay with you, we were, by nature, unable to operate within dark vibrational zones.

Before retreating back to the realm of light, we left behind safety measures. We sealed off our major portals in case one day evil would lay hands on them. We withdrew energy activators from many locations, and concealed access codes to

numerous sites. We made sure that magic powers would never fall into dark hands by accident.

Another safety measure we left behind was planting a special code of light inside a number of humans on Earth. Just before our departure from Ireland, tribal representatives had gathered at Carrowmore and other sites to meet us, the Pleiadian Group of 8, for the last time. In these tearful farewell meetings ca 2000 BC, we asked for volunteers to come forth and take up the task of preserving the light. Volunteers would receive a special code of light into their souls, into their consciousnesses.

This code of light was a code of truth. The code contained key information that was to survive the coming massacre of knowledge. The code of light was like a seed that contained in its tiny body a giant tree of knowledge. With this seed of light planted in your souls, you would go into future incarnations as clandestine story-keepers, as anonymous story-tellers.

In coming forth to volunteer, you understood that the task of a story-keeper was much heavier than the task of a path-maker. You were aware that by taking up this task you would find yourself face to face with evil in the coming age; you might suffer at its hand and be destroyed in the body numerous times. You knew that by accepting this seed of light you were

accepting future hardship, you were committing your souls to incarnating at the darkest hours of history.

Having no experience of dark evil, you trusted your abilities to meet new challenges. One by one, you came forth and opened your hands, making a ceremonial gesture of soul commitment: you received the code of light deep into your heart. From here on, you would serve as guardians of treasures, as bearers of lanterns, so that your people would not lose their way in total darkness.

You, the volunteers, became agents of light in our place. We were to count on your workings during a long episode of separation. We could support you from the realm of light, where you could always ascend to meet us in spirit. But we could not fight at your side in the trenches. You, our brave agents of light, were to rely on your own powers to get through the Night.

To get through the Night was your task. To survive on the level of the soul was your goal. You were to go from one dark corner to another, holding that little flame inside your heart. To keep the flame burning, however vicious the storm, was your mission, and your ultimate triumph.

Nostalgia

A Film by Andrei Tarkovsky
A Film for Light-Bearing Starseeds



15. Light and Anti-light

Dear agents of light, your family did not abandon you during the Night. Your Family of Light has been assisting you throughout the Night. You might not have perceived our subtle presence as breezes of cool air easing the anguish of your scorched hearts. Yet, we were there, guiding you and accompanying you, from a higher dimension of your soul.

And we have escorted a number of light souls in descending to the Earth realm to establish bridges to light. The period between the 6th century BC and the 1st century AD was a potent moment in time. These several hundred years were a point in time that presented an opening in the 4th Dimension through which an influx of information could enter the 3rd Dimension, like a ray of light beaming through a crack in a gloomy sky.

It was through this opening that a number of light souls descended to Earth and incarnated in human bodies. Since in the Nighttime male power took the social lead, these light souls incarnated in male bodies in order to accomplish their tasks. These men lived amongst you people and left behind a body of teachings as well as a number of bridges.



The Buddha was such a soul. The historical Buddha, Prince Siddhartha, born in the 6th century BC, was an earthly incarnation of a line of souls who were personifications of the Buddha Field, the truth body of the universe. Siddhartha was a man of flesh, but a man born with a special mission to carve out a new path to light with his own life energy.

The Indian spiritual tradition had retained much of the original light. By the time Siddhartha was born, however, India had been infiltrated by the energy of the alien invaders. The caste system had not only extended a firm grip on social life but also corrupted the spiritual arena.

Although born a prince, Siddhartha was a radical opponent of the caste system and the Hindu spiritual hierarchy maintained by classes of priests. He came to deliver the revolutionary message: "Equality among all beings." He taught compassion and nonviolence as a way to solve social conflicts and to raise human consciousness. He was a rebel and liberator.

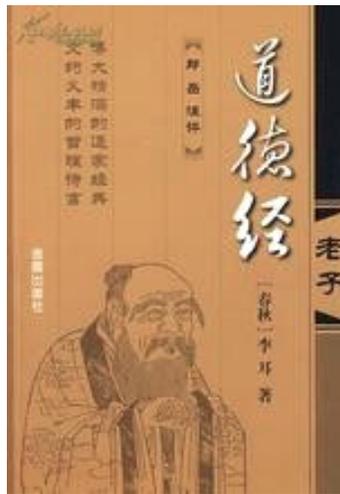
Through self-effort, Siddhartha opened a path, called enlightenment. It is a path from suffering to bliss, from ignorance to wisdom, from dark passion to light compassion, a way out of the repetitive experiential state of deaths and rebirths. Revealing the mental trappings that produce the false sense of self, he offered humankind a powerful means of meditation by which illusions can be dispersed and the truth state be realized.

Besides leaving behind a bridge to light, this son of light has made an invaluable contribution to Earth humankind: the establishment of a station just beneath the realm of light. Such a “delivery station” exists to assist the consciousnesses of the deceased in their after-death journeys to return home. Home is the realm of light beyond samsara, and the experience of home is called nirvana.

The journey to light is essentially an inward process to reach the home in one’s own consciousness. A process of inner transformation, to become lighter and lighter, to become enlightened. “You are the lamp that lights up your own path,” he said. The Buddha’s way leads not to a buddha outside you, but to a buddha inside you. For you are an enlightened being, a buddha, to begin with. Becoming a buddha is becoming who you really are.

The Buddha's teachings are pure light, the Buddhist religion is not. The religion that developed after the Buddha's death had been infiltrated since its inception. Even though the Buddha's path was intended to be open to everybody, monks claimed exclusive monopoly over his teachings and his methods. The first Buddhist canon emerged some 400 years after the Buddha's death, and monks had put their own words into the Buddha's mouth. Monasteries made by monks were never pure, and in some cases had degenerated into hubs of darkness.

The Buddhist religion in its colorful forms in today's world features an inner tension between the light and the dark elements. The light element is the drive toward equality, freedom, compassion, and wisdom; the dark element is the pull toward hierarchy, obedience, indifference, and ignorance. Such tension can be found in all schools of Buddhism, whether Theravada, Mahayana, or Vajrayana, whether Zen, Pure Land, or Tantra. Despite tensions in discourses and practices, the bridge to light made by Siddhartha has been wide open and well traveled. This energetic bridge has for over two millennia inspired Buddhist movements across political and cultural boundaries.



Around the time of the Buddha, another soul from the realm of light was incarnated on Earth, on Chinese soil. While the Indian guru taught people how to be still, the Chinese master taught people how to flow.

Known by the honorific name Lao-tzu (“Old Master”), this son of light remained a person of great mystery. Very little historical record can be found of the actual man himself. This foggy status was exactly what the Old Master had intended for himself. The old man wished to be known only by a collection of sayings left behind just before his departure from the Earth realm.

Tao Te Ching (“Classic of Truth and Virtue”) was the energetic trail he left behind. The book is a bridge to light, to the same light that the Buddha’s path leads to. Containing 5000 characters, this originally unpunctuated text incites freedom of interpretation and has to be read creatively.

Think of the Tao Te Ching as a bottle of essential Tao oil. Droplets of the Tao oil have perfumed Chinese history throughout the foul Nighttime, inspiring and healing people who were trapped inside the dark pyramids of endless Chinese empires.

The Tao oil helps you to become your true self. You are a manifestation of Tao—the Cosmic Way, the Truth State. You are no different from the Old Master in your essence. The Old Master is a pointer that directs you to a way back to where you came from. You came from Tao and you return to Tao. The Taoist path takes you to nowhere but your origin: your original oneness, your original simplicity and purity, your original self-knowledge.

Lao-tzu was an earthly incarnation of the Tao Consciousness, you could say. The Tao Consciousness, however, did not begin with Lao-tzu. The Old Master came as a reminder of an ancient body of knowledge transmitted long before the historical era. By the time Lao-tzu came around, the concept of Tao and the concept of yin-yang had long formed the bedrock of Chinese spirituality. People venerated celestial beings, such as Nüwa, Fuxi, and Shennong, who had restored order from cosmic chaos, who had taught humans how to farm, how to draw symbols and characters, how to heal illness with minerals and plants.

Lao-tzu was a rejuvenator of the old and an initiator of the new. With the circulation of Tao Te Ching, a philosophical tradition developed among the intellectual elite, alongside a practical tradition growing among the common folks. The philosophical tradition served to congeal, to inspire, and to elevate the diverse folk practices of shamanism, and the practical folk tradition of shamanism, in turn, provided rich experiential soil in which philosophical ideas could grow.

Numerous teachers, men and women, came on stage during the growth process of the two-stranded Taoist tradition, and the most prominent teacher to name was Chuang-tzu. Through his personal example, Master Chuang showed people how to live as a multidimensional individual, and how to be free as a bird, free as a butterfly, free as fish.

The Taoist religion, however, featured the same inner tension between the light and the dark as in the Buddhist religion. Similar to the Buddhist case, dark infiltrations could not enter the core of the Old Master's teachings but could infect the attributes built around the core by later generations.

Within Taoist orders and monasteries, the drama of hierarchy, domination, and exploitation unfolded just as vigorously as in the world outside temple walls. From empire to empire, dark powers had been attempting to bend the Taoist spiritual

tradition into a mirror reflection of the Chinese social pyramid of bureaucracy and totalitarian control.

For millennia of time, the steep mountains of China had offered safe harbor for escapees from the rigid control of Chinese family and society. These safe havens in nature were thoroughly ravaged during the second half of the 20th century. Waving the iron fist of a socialist state, Mao's government attempted to subjugate every inch of the Chinese soil and to coerce every single Chinese mind into believing that Mao was truth embodied, was Tao Incarnate.



In the name of Tao, this new emperor of a middle kingdom of communism led people into a war against culture, a war against nature. Such self-destruction on macro and micro levels was a diametric reversal of the Way.

In the name of the Way, Mao led a people of the Way into a campaign against the Way. The “Savior Star” was a destroyer star. The “Red Sun” worshipped by hundreds of millions was a black hole.

A brilliant agent of darkness, a creative genius at reverse usage of China’s spiritual heritage, Mao deserves to be hailed as “the Chinese equivalent of the Antichrist in the West.” Although he has enthroned himself as the Tao Incarnate, Mao should be rightly crowned as the Anti-Tao Personified.



Much destruction has been done by the Antichrist in the name of Christ. Let me speak to you first of Christ. The historical person bearing the name “Jeshua” was another of the light souls incarnated in human bodies through this crack in the timeline. Like Siddhartha and Lao-tzu, Jeshua came to build a bridge to light, and like the two, he was a son of divine light.

Jeshua ben Joseph was born to earthly parents by way of natural conception and normal birth. His father was Joseph, not Jehovah. His conception was supernatural only in the sense that his soul had descended from light directly into the human embryo—he was a star child born without a karmic past attached.

This child with no personal history came to Earth not to acquire experiences but to carry out missions. His top mission was to insert into the heart of darkness a pathway to light.

Before Jeshua was born, the Middle East had for centuries been the control center of the alien invaders. This was where they had infiltrated into Earth humankind and where monotheism, their religion of mind control, had been incubated and spawn. Into the headquarters of alien-occupied territory was the star child Jeshua born. His birth was an injection of starlight into a planetary sphere encapsulated by dense darkness.

Into the Age of Father and the Age of God did Jeshua come. He came to restore the balance between the Sacred Masculine and Sacred Feminine. He came to advocate the way of the Goddess so that the way of God could proceed in balance. In his teachings, Jeshua honored both the Father God and the Mother Goddess. Instead of Yahweh, Jeshua was invoking the Source, the divine One, dormant in people's memories.

Among his many wonderful qualities, Jeshua was a man of equanimity. He was a man of passion and compassion, a devoted lover, not a celibate monkish figure. Together with his partner Mary Magdalene ("Miriam of Magdala"), who was a priestess of the Goddess order (just as his mother was), Jeshua taught lessons based on gender and social equality.

More importantly, he showed people how to live in a blessed state of union with the divine, how to enter and dwell in a heaven within.



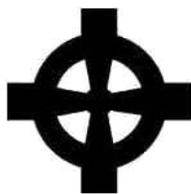
The crucifixion of Jeshua was partly an accident and partly a plan. The real reason behind his arrest and sentence was not that he had attacked the Hebrew priests or the Roman empire, but that he had taught equality between genders and between classes. He had challenged the status quo, the hierarchy itself in its social and religious ramifications. To the ears of all authorities, this was the most subversive message. He was sentenced to die because of the liberating potentials in his teachings, and in his life.

The crucifixion was an accident in the sense that a cabal of dark opponents instigated and executed the abrupt ending of Jeshua's public life.

The crucifixion was a plan in the sense that this execution was utilized as an opportunity for spiritual transformation. The crucifixion became Jeshua's high initiation rite.

Remember the initiation dramas that I described earlier in telling you about the Sirian experiments in Egypt? The crucifixion of Jeshua was a high initiation drama in line with that tradition. In a most dramatic setup, Jeshua would be brought to the brink of death, where he must wield his power to transform death energy into life energy. Jeshua was meant to succeed in this highest initiation rite of his lifetime.

And he did! He was a man of paramount powers. Besides, his mother, lover, and sister were right there at the site of crucifixion, supporting him with their **life**-giving feminine powers.

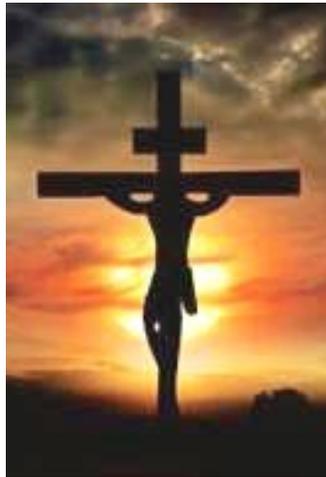


The Wheel of Life
Hidden in the Celtic Cross



Jeshua did not die on the cross. He went into a near-death state. Shortly after he was nailed to the cross, his soul willfully exited the body. His eyes shut, his breath stopped, his torso seemed to have lost all signs of life. His soul, however, was on standby. Loosely tied to the body, his soul set out to reunite with his source, with his higher self.

A powerful soul event was happening while his body was hanging still on the cross. His soul had entered the dark twilight zone, and was overcoming demonic obstacles along the way.

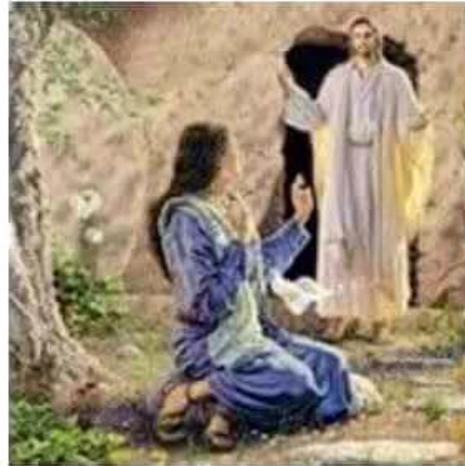


While his soul was fighting through the invisible 4D, his body in the 3D was being brought down from the cross and taken to a safe tomb space. In that dark tomb carved out of a hillock (which worked as an initiation chamber, similar to a sarcophagus inside a pyramid in Egypt) his soul blazed a trail and reunited with his higher self.

Upon completing this mission in the 4D twilight zone, Jeshua's soul returned to the body, lying still in the womb space of the tomb. His companion, Mary Magdalene, had been waiting (throughout the process) right outside the door.



The Resurrection of Jesus
in Popular Imagination



Truth often hides in plain sight. The true story of Jeshua's high act has been hiding inside the church's gospel stories for all that time. However, "resurrection" isn't the right word, because Jeshua didn't die—Jeshua didn't succumb to death. He overcame death and *resurrected himself*, if this word is to be used.

It was a dangerous rite, as the soul's tie with the body could be broken at any time and Jeshua could really die in the process. But with his great power, and with the assistance of his family, Jeshua subdued the force of death. He turned death into life.

He was then taken to a hideout for recovery. The inner circle, which had administered this high initiation, kept his recovery a strict secret. The news that he had died on the cross was allowed to spread even within his own community, to prevent further persecution from the dark force.

Jeshua did not “ascend to heaven” soon after his recovery. Nor did he reappear in public to confirm the rumor of his rising from the dead. He died many years later, after traveling and performing acts outside his native land. The where and when of his death is an information to be revealed at a future point.

What can be revealed at the moment is that upon his natural death Jeshua became an ascended teacher with a universally accessible energy body. This ethereal energy body, this “light body of Christ,” had appeared before and communicated with many seers and mystics down through history.

It was in passing the rite of crucifixion that Jeshua became, truly, the Messiah, the Anointed One. Having been anointed with the secret “oil” by his lover, Mary, in their happy love life, Jeshua was then anointed by Life herself, who carried him in her arms through the death rite. The Anointed One was a man who had reunited with the Sacred Feminine and thus been lubricated by her juice of life. The Greek word for Messiah, Christos, retains this esoteric and erotic connotation of sacred

union. The word Christos also retains the meaning of a “liberator” rather than a “savior.”

Christos, the spiritual liberator, came to show a path out of darkness into light. Jeshua, the path maker, the bridge builder, opened a doorway to eternal life. Jeshua would never have become Christos without having first reunited with the Sacred Feminine by way of her—Mary Magdalene.

In our communication here, we use the word “Christ” in line with the concept of “Christos” in the Gnostic tradition. The Gnostic Christos refers to the human embodiment of a supreme state of unity consciousness. This supreme state of consciousness may be called, to use a contemporary term, Christ Consciousness.

Christ Consciousness is a form of universal consciousness unrestricted to a historical person. It is a particular energy field that Jeshua the man has brought down and anchored inside the Earth human realm. Jeshua was a personification of the Christ Consciousness, just as Siddhartha was a personification of the Buddha Consciousness and Lao-tzu the Tao Consciousness.

The essence of Christ Consciousness is love. This love itself is wisdom. While Christ is the energy field of love, Jeshua was a biological manifestation of this all-encompassing non-dual

love. Jeshua, the son of man and woman, demonstrated a path of living and dying in love, in unity with divine love.

Although his public life in his native land was short, Jeshua did succeed in opening up a portal to light from the capital of darkness. As a result of his living (and not of his dying), a beacon of light beamed out of the dark center of a spider's web. The meaning of Jeshua's incarnation lay not in his death but in his life.

At first, the dark force tried to destroy the man. Then, it tried to destroy the movement. The tactic used was, again, infiltration. Rapidly, darkness seeped into the heart of the Christ movement and reversed some of its key concepts. Bear in mind, reversal of the original is the aliens' modus operandi. They'd sneak into any light event and give it an alien twist.

The dark force targeted the most vulnerable spot of the Christ movement: the experience of his crucifixion.

The crucifixion of Jeshua had created a severe trauma for the community. Except for the inner circle, most people in the community believed that their beloved brother and teacher had died—in the manner of a criminal!

Emotionally, they were devastated. Intellectually, they were lost. They couldn't understand why the divine would allow

such a brutal act, why a strong man capable of miracles could not escape from a wooden cross. Some spent the rest of their lives wrestling with confusion, not sure whom it was that they had loved, followed, and believed in.

Into this open wound came the dark force, like sharks sensing blood drops in the sea. The dark force sent forth a human agent, whose job was to infiltrate the movement and steal the scene. The agent was a man named “Saul,” who renamed himself “Paul” after fabricating a story about his meeting the resurrected Christ and his subsequent conversion from a persecutor of Christ into a follower of Christ.

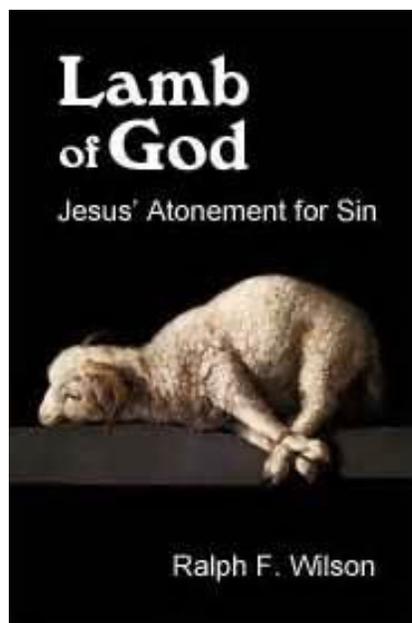
This “Road to Damascus” story worked, and the liar Paul gained credibility as a public preacher. This man was gifted with the power of persuasion. Not for no reason was he chosen to be the founder of Christianity.

Christianity is not the religion of Christ. Christianity is the religion of the Antichrist. The religion of the Antichrist was founded on the cornerstone of a dark concept, which agent Paul had constructed on behalf of his masters behind the screen. If one exposes this foundational concept, one exposes the alien origin of the Antichrist religion.

The dark concept was SACRIFICE.

Sacrifice was Paul's conceptual rendering of the meaning of Jeshua's crucifixion. In Paul's theological term, the concept was called "redemption," which meant that Jeshua the son had been slain by God the Father for the purpose of redeeming humanity from its sinful state. The death sentence of this innocent man was really an act of grace by God: instead of punishing humans for their sins, God sent his one and only son to die as a ransom—as a substitute penalty—to atone for the sins of humanity.

In the language of today's Sunday school teachers, it would go like this: "God loves humans so much that he sacrificed his only son Jesus to save humans from their sins, but in the end, the merciful God resurrected Jesus from his tomb and elevated him to his heavenly throne." In short, Jesus was God's sacrificial lamb.



A Contemporary
Christian Book

What is this concept of redemption trying to get at? Look at it in the light of truth. What do you see?

A victor over death ---> a victim of death.

A powerful man ---> a powerless wimp.

Yes, the reversal. What else do you see?

The concept is promoting a conceptualization of God. A “God” who works by way of blood sacrifice, a “God” who uses human beings as a means to his ends, a “God” who plays the carrot-and-stick trick: Reward and Punishment.

Precisely! This “God” is no different from the old god of the Hebrew religion. This “God” bears no resemblance to the God of Jeshua’s teachings. This is the same old Nibiruan god: Anu, now known as YHWH.

But a brilliant new robe has the old YHWH received from his clever agent, Paul. YHWH reappeared now as a Christian god of universal love, and no longer the narrow-minded, jealous, vengeful, treacherous god of the Hebrew tribes. The new mask and new robe of YHWH were powerfully seductive. Read the Letters to the Corinthians allegedly written by Paul, and you are likely to be moved to tears by such poetic profession of charitable love.

Could it be the same author who, on another occasion, wrote that women should remain submissive to men, should be silent in church, should be excluded from preaching and teaching the gospel of Christ? Could love, real love, condone a belief in gender and social inequality?

It wasn't that Paul happened to be a misogynist. What Paul acted out, persistently, was a conspiracy, a calculated diabolical conspiracy against the female side of the Christ community, against Jeshua's companion, Mary Magdalene, who understood Christ better than anyone else, who had every qualification to serve as the leader of the Christ movement.

It was a stroke of diabolical genius to call Jeshua "the Son of God," even though this Father God who loved his Son with one hand and killed him with the other was an open schizophrenic. Whoever had seen and heard Jeshua speaking in public would never consider putting these two together, as a family. Yet, constituting the bedrock of Paul's new faith is that old father-son relation between Abraham and Isaac, a relation of ownership, domination, and cruelty.

Agent Paul would have failed miserably had he not masqueraded his god of fear with a mask of love. This mask of love paraded a counterfeit Christ born of Paul's fabrication, since this master deceiver had never met Jeshua the person or

met Christ the energy. The counterfeit Christ helped Paul to occupy the head-pilot position in hijacking the Christ movement. Pilot Paul and his unit succeeded in hijacking the Christ movement and redirecting it onto a different flight route. But bigger than the plane, bigger than even the sky, is Christ.

That is why there exists a concept as old as Christianity itself, a spousal concept that forever accompanies the shadowy religion, like a conspicuous halo always around the shadowy fugitive. It is a condemning concept that cannot be condemned.

The concept of Antichrist.

The genius concept was skillfully planted at the inception of the hijacker's religion, as a second-level reversal: a light infiltration into a dark infiltration.

What is Antichrist?

Antichrist is a person working against Christ in the name of promoting Christ, a personage who stands in for Christ, a false substitute, a fake Christ.

Image Source: www.bibliotecapleyades.net



16. Soul International

The Buddha, Lao-tzu, and Christ would not have succeeded in their missions had there not been light-coded souls around to assist them.

Dear agents of light, when you received the code of light into your souls you received a time code. This time code would allow you to reincarnate at a specific point in the time-space grid. Within such a “predestined” incarnation, you have your free will to decide how to live that life, and you have your individual karma to work out, still.

These time-coded incarnations had been agreed to between you and your Family of Light, and had been planned for purposes much larger than personal ones. As light-coded souls, you were to enter these agreed-to lives, usually in a group setting. Collectively you would accomplish special tasks requiring the combination and coordination of your individual soul powers.

I shall reveal one particular line of such group incarnations. Remember, you had come from your star home as a soul collective. Collectivity was your basic mode of existence for the most part of your journey on Earth. In the pre-Fall era, you

had always been living within your soul group. In the post-Fall era, in your numerous incarnations in Ireland, your soul group had been right around you in flesh bodies. It was for good reasons that you went through your kindergarten phase in togetherness.

After the **childhood** phase in Ireland, the clusters of souls were scheduled to depart from the motherland and be separated from one another. With Earth moving deeper into the Night, you were stepping into the next stage of your evolution, the stage for you starseeds to experience separation, since Nighttime was the time to develop individuality and personal uniqueness—characteristics of **adolescence**. As intended by the Blueprint, you were to go all the way to the extreme end of separation before Daytime arrived to take you into the next era of reunion and oneness—into the age of **adulthood**.

Shortly after you had received the code of light at our farewell meeting in the Bronze Age, you left Ireland and your soul group, and you started to reincarnate in other races, in other cultures, in other lands. In some incarnations, you met members of your original soul tribe; in others, you were entirely on your own. During this adolescent phase of your soul's growth, in the context of a whole world, you had tremendous freedom in choosing where to incarnate to learn your lessons.

However, at certain points on the timeline, you were due to be born into a particular culture at a particular location to be part of a particular group. Such births were special events scheduled to take place outside of your normal reincarnation routines.

The time code sent you to Galilee. You went there to join a collective of light-coded souls. These souls were starseed souls, who had originated in various star systems besides the Pleiades, had come from a variety of locations besides Ireland, and had received from us an additional code of light. These souls gathered in the Middle East to form a Light-coded Soul International, so to speak. This Soul International was predestined to come for the purpose of receiving, anchoring, and spreading the Christ energy.

On the physical level, this soul collective would form a living community around the man Jeshua. Members of this community were to bear witness to Jeshua's acts as well as to embody his teachings. This community was not identical to the Essenes but included former members of the Essene society. This was a new community that had emerged out of voluntary choices made by people from a variety of social and spiritual backgrounds.

On the consciousness level, your collective incarnation was a coordinated soul event to host and expedite the arrival of the Christ energy. As individual persons, however, you couldn't see it so clearly—you assumed that people from all walks of life had gathered together because of their attraction to the charisma of Jeshua. You recognized a deep soul connection among you, but you had no thorough awareness that you had all chosen to be born there and then for the sake of this one person.

So, it was not the coming of a lone Christ, but the coming of a Christ commune. This commune practiced the very lessons that Jeshua came to teach. Love based on equality was the organizational principle of this new society.

You collectively owned your resources; you collaborated in your livelihood; you distributed food, clothing, and goods equally among all members. Although many of you were Jewish, your commune was not a Jewish sect. You had, for the most part, broken away from the Judaic traditions and from the tribal mentality of your ethnic forefathers. Yours was a spiritual commune founded on a new vision and open to all people regardless of gender, age, or class; it had no membership requirements, no charter, and no codes. Since each member had made the decision from the heart to join the commune, it was magnificent heart energy you were operating in.

With a great being of love living among you, you had no reason, or chance, to fall into sectarian rivalry. His presence was unconditional love personified. This young man loved you all, equally and indiscriminately, and he saw you each, individually and profoundly. To live with him, whether long or short, was an initiation itself.

What's more, his family offered you a role model. His family relations demonstrated the basics of an ideal human kinship: how love could flow between husband and wife, between parent and child, and between siblings, how love could flow in a circle.

To love and be loved by Jeshua's family opened you to receiving a signature seal—an energetic stamp—on your souls. This stamp of Christly love was going to guide you and inspire you in many future incarnations. Like spiritual yeast, the Christly love would raise the consciousness of whichever society you would find yourselves working in.

Having lived in the Christ commune, you attained a new kind of social conscience. This experience of having “been there and done it” was a peak experience in your individual soul evolution. For many lifetimes and in numerous contexts, you were to draw inspiration from your fond memories of that one

life where you had wined and dined, danced and sung, together with him.

Although you were old souls (older than Jeshua for sure, as this Star Child had had no past life on Earth), you were at different stations in your personal evolution. You had individual limitations, and you came with distinctive karmic pasts. So even though you were with the same Jeshua, you each understood him differently. In some instances, you did not understand him at all, for he was far ahead of your time.

His crucifixion knocked you off your feet, and you spent years processing the shock and pain, believing that your leader had died on the cross. Some embraced the comforting belief of his resurrection and ascension. Some never recovered from the event, carrying sadness, grief, and guilt straight to the grave. In spite of the light guiding you from within, you passed through the gate of death without having released a heavy emotional burden.

It was in a complex jumble of karma that you light-coded souls left the Christ commune and went your separate ways to pick up your normal reincarnation routines. The biological offspring of the Christ commune carried on with the momentum, and a dynamic scene of community building unfurled in the following centuries in lands far beyond the shores of Galilee.

Along with the spreading of Christ communities, many souls came into contact with Christ's energy field. Since the energy field of Christ is not restricted to a living body, many people in a trance state met Christ as an ethereal light body long after the lifetime of Jeshua. The energetic impact of meeting Christ in his light body is just as transformative as meeting him in the flesh body of Jeshua.

Seers and mystics from the latter days of the Christ movement were not in any way underprivileged. Just because you had lived with Jeshua did not entitle you to top ranking in a spiritual hierarchy. In fact, some of the newcomers understood Christ's messages far better than you, the old ones.

Two centuries later, you were called in for another group incarnation. This time, you incarnated into a tradition of seekers and seers, known as the Gnostics. The Gnostic tradition had its roots in the mystery traditions of pre-Christ Europe and Middle East. You, members of the original Christ commune, were to initiate a new Gnostic movement that would create a ripple effect of the light of Christ stirring the dark stagnant pool of history.

The spiritual movement in search of gnosis featured diverse grassroots communities spanning from Egypt to Persia in the centuries following Jeshua's lifetime. Not all Gnostic

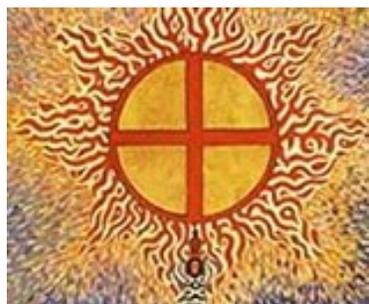
communities declared Jeshua as their teacher, but many did. Not all Gnostic schools were Christ-centered, but many were. Some Gnostic seers saw themselves as the true followers of Christ. The true followers of Christ were the ones who preserved and transmitted the original Christ commune spirit, who maintained direct contact with Christ's energy body.

At the forefront of all Gnostic movements was the quest for gnosis. The Greek word "gnosis" means more than knowledge in a conventional sense. Gnosis refers to spiritual knowledge—knowledge of the soul of the universe and the soul of humanity. As knowledge, gnosis can be learned but learned only by way of experiencing and only through direct personal seeing and understanding.

To arrive at gnosis, one would need full employment of the masculine side of logic and reason as well as the feminine side of intuition and imagination. It often happens that gnosis comes first by way of intuition as a flash of imagery, and next by way of reason that gives the imagery a conceptual anchor.

Gnosis is concerned more with what is inside than what is outside, since the soul of the cosmos is to be discovered through looking within the individual human soul. Such knowledge is self-knowledge at its core. The word "gnosis" is thus often used as a synonym for "self-knowledge."

You could say that the whole spiritual journey of humankind has been a quest for gnosis. You could say that the entire civilization project that we, the Family of Light, initiated on Earth revolves around the growth of gnosis. The concept itself was certainly not a “Greek thing.” The Chinese and the Indians, for example, had been discussing gnosis for millennia of time, only in different words. It’s just that the Greek word encapsulates a universal concept with a vibrant Mediterranean color.



A Gnostic Symbol
Painted (1915–30)
by C.G. Jung

The rise of a Christ-centered Gnostic movement was paralleled and countered by the rise of the Christian Church, a movement aiming at standardization of beliefs and behaviors. Built on the theological constructs of Paul, the Church movement was operating on crooked stilts made of delusive concepts and deceptive symbols.

The Church in its structural essence was a religious pyramid of dark power with a shiny overlay of Christly façade. Its goal was simple and clear—to replace the Christ movement with a counterfeit.



Dark agents in solemn robes of bishops and scholars forged an elaborate system of counterfeit beliefs, called “theology,” to obscure truth and divert attention. The Church’s theology, in its mind-boggling complexity and breathtaking rivalries, served one simple agenda—to obstruct gnosis.

In a milieu where spiritual darkness was encroaching, the search for gnosis turned increasingly into a movement to salvage true knowledge, as disinformation and pseudo symbols ran rampant in Christian movements. From the very start, true followers of Christ had been the targets of dark agents working on behalf of the Church. Through and through, confrontations and battles with spiritual darkness accompanied the quest for gnosis.

The Gnostics were famously known for their awareness of a dark evil force. The concept that can best speak for the Gnostic awareness of evil darkness is Demiurge.

Demiurge was a name given by the Gnostics to the master deceiver and master manipulator who fooled humans into believing that he is the true God of the universe. This phony god stands between humans and the true God as an obstruction. The imposter god uses his ground agents called the Archons (meaning “rulers” in Greek) to reinforce his barricades.

The Demiurge’s chief ruling device is the counterfeit spirit, who casts a veil of illusion on the human psyche. By dazzling human minds with endless illusions, the Demiurge keeps human souls chained in a dungeon of ignorance. In this prison of the soul, human captives forget who they truly are because of the prison disease of amnesia.

The key to liberation is gnosis, knowledge of truth. To find the key, one must set about recovering one’s lost memory, lost story, lost information. Remembrance, or *anamnesis* as the Greeks would say, is key to the key.

Back in the timeline, back in the early centuries of the first millennium. Your group incarnation into the Gnostic movements was diffused, compared to your previous one in Galilee. This time, you had no Jeshua the man but Christ the eternal one to build your community around. This time, you were to build a number of small communes instead of one large commune, as the soul collective upholding the spirit of

the original Christ commune was scheduled to be split into sub-clusters and to spread out in places.

These sub-clusters of initiated souls, sometimes as small as a pair, would serve as the backbones of various Gnostic Christ communities spanning from Persia in the east to Egypt in the south and France in the west. Reincarnated in new bodies and in new cultures, you were to speak native tongues and use native metaphors in spreading the universal Christ energy.

A land of inspiration and freedom, Egypt played a supportive role in the early centuries of the Christ movement. Many Christ-followers went to Egypt and set up communities in the Nile Valley, in desert oases, and in the mountains. Your particular cluster of souls was active in Lower Egypt, where you built a thriving commune on the Mediterranean coast, near Alexandria. You were speaking in Egyptian and Greek and writing in Coptic. Your small community was a multiracial and multicultural society based on egalitarian principles, guided by the light body of Christ.

In that lifetime in the Gnostic Christ commune, you had your first confrontation with the dark force wearing Christian cloaks. This confrontation was more ideological than sociopolitical, as Egypt in the second and third centuries still provided ample room for diverse sects and societies to coexist. In that lifetime, you came into contact with groups of people

claiming to be followers of Christ. You were flabbergasted by what you saw and heard, for the beliefs of these “Christians” flew in the face of your first-hand experiences of communing with the light body of Christ.

You sensed danger arising. You saw that these so-called Christians were plotting a full-fledged takeover of the Christ movement. The dark wind was going to sweep through even the Egyptian desert. Worried that truth might eventually get co-opted by the religion of the Antichrist, you decided to resort to two means to safeguard your treasures: 1) preserving your literary tradition; 2) securing your oral tradition.

You wrote down your traditions on papyrus and parchment and stored them in safe places, praying that these fragile texts would survive the upcoming desert storm even if your community had been wiped off the surface of the earth. In addition, you pledged a vow—a special vow of secrecy—to keep the flame of truth burning deep inside the crypt of your soul.

The future clearly foreseen, your movement would be forced to go underground and speak in codes. As the Night deepened, truth would have to hide behind the lies that concealed the original truth. But you, underground agents of light, would return by vow in future incarnations to bring out

into the open your hidden flames—to ignite great bonfires in public squares.



Gnostic Texts Discovered in 1945
at Nag Hammadi, Egypt

This second group incarnation strengthened your bond with Christ’s energy body and deepened your understanding of the self. However, the choices and experiences of that lifetime as Gnostics cast you into a set role in a drama of duality. From then on, you’d continue to play the “good guys” in history. Unfortunately, there are karmic consequences to one’s persistent identification with a dramatic role.

The role was written when we handed out the code of light in an earlier phase of the Nighttime. As receivers and carriers of the light-code, you were destined to come into confrontations with dark evil. For dark evil is attracted to what it is afraid of—the light—and seeks ways to battle with the light. The greater the light, the stronger the attraction, and the bigger the fight.

At our farewell meeting, you knew you were signing up for dangerous missions into the Kingdom of Darkness, of which you had no experiential knowledge yet. But you wanted the challenge and you were not afraid. You didn't know what was waiting for you down the road. Neither did we, your Family of Light.

We could perceive their macro agendas to colonize Earth, but couldn't foresee what exactly they would do on the micro levels of history. They were alien to us: we do not think in their logic or feel impelled by their kind of impulses. Let me put it this way, we did not know them personally. So we were relying on you, our ground force, to gain knowledge of our enemy.

During the Nighttime, you starseeds had many experiential goals. One was to gain experiences of darkness, of both kinds:

Sacred Darkness

the natural shadow
supporting light

Evil Darkness

the rebellious shadow
obstructing light

Journeying into the dark was written in your Blueprint. Encountering dark aliens, however, was a dramatic insert that had come out of the blue.

Without obtaining permission from the theater manager, the aliens from Nibiru stepped onto the stage and messed up the plot. For that, neither you nor we were prepared. You hadn't been given a simulation session called "Combat Skills" in your Earth 123 seminar. You would have to hone your own skills, on location, through fist fighting with aliens wearing human skins.

As you know, the darkest part of the natural night is not midnight but the moment before daybreak. Likewise, the darkest hour in human history was not the midpoint of the Galactic Night some 5000 years ago but the most recent ten centuries. A millennium of wickedest acts was what the alien invaders had crammed into the darkest hour before Dawn.

You light-coded souls went bravely into the darkest hour for a third round of group incarnation. Before your third gathering, you had each reaped a harvest of experiences in many races and cultures, experiences of both light and dark kind. You had outgrown your tender youths, and begun to show signs of weather. This time, you carried into your group incarnation a heavier luggage—a huge rucksack containing both the treasures of wisdom and the weights of karma. With a heavy burden on your back, you had double tasks to perform in this lifetime: to learn new lessons, and to learn old ones.

Your third gathering took place in the opening centuries of the 2nd millennium AD in southern France. You formed communities known to outsiders as the Cathars.



A Cathar Symbol
on Today's Occitan Flag

Cathars, a Greek word again, means “the pure ones.” Although you called yourselves plainly “good people” and “good Christians,” you saw yourselves as unquestionably the pure descendants of the original Christ commune.

The concept of purity goes hand in glove with that of impurity. Not without reason that your movement was defined by such terms, as your age was one of heavy corruption of truth and grave impurities in spiritual life. In response to this dark historical situation, you presented yourselves to the Christian world as bearers of pure truth, as carriers of sheer light, as challengers of abject evil, as exemplary souls in a fallen world.

Identifying the God of the Old Testament as the imposter god Demiurge, you regarded the Catholics as unknowing worshippers of the dark evil force. You took up the position of opposition to the Church of Rome, refuting its central tenets, such as baptism, Eucharist, resurrection, killing, and war. You

were even proud of being labeled by the Church of Rome as its “arch-heretics.”

You had the light code in you that gave you confidence in carrying on with what you were doing—reviving the true Christian way of living—in that part of the world, in the villages and towns of the Occitan land. You were boldly establishing societies based on your memories of the original Christ commune and of the Gnostic communes. You vowed to live a life of simplicity, purity, wisdom, and love. You believed you could defeat the Church of Rome by being pure.



The Genocide of the Cathars

You were then slaughtered by the tens of thousands: some chained together and burned in a group of hundreds, while others were dragged into torture chambers, mutilated and executed alone. You were chopped down, men, women, and children, in one of the biggest religious genocides in world history.

You died in shock. You couldn't accept this gruesome ending as the fate awaiting your glorious light community. Nor could you understand it at all. The only explanation plausible was that you were following in the footsteps of your beloved brother and teacher, Christ, to be martyred.

With a sense of sacrifice, you accepted your tortures and your executions. The notion of sacrifice provided you consolation and strength in going through the darkest moments of your Cathar lives. But you did not see, and you could not under such circumstances, that this self-viewing through the conceptual lens of "sacrifice and martyrdom" was the very trick of the evil. Trapped in an intense drama, you forgot that the Church had been rigorously promoting this cult concept to obscure the true meaning of Christ's role and Christ's path. So it happened that at the tail end of your fight you bought into your enemy's concept.

Not just their concept of sacrifice, you also bought into their concept of battle. As souls of light, you had never been interested in battles; you were incapable of battling by means of torture and murder. You'd rather be among the killed than the killing. But with such violent forces thrown at you, the survival instinct of your animal nature fought back. In a state of extreme anguish and wrath, you identified with your animal instincts.

With your hands tied and your tongues cut, you could do nothing at the time except make a silent wish for the future. When fire was about to consume your flesh, you made a vow, a collective vow: “We will get back at you, Devil!”

You cursed your enemy in the last moments of your tragic end, forgetting the very lesson that your teacher had taught you: not an eye for an eye, but transcending the fight.

Thus, in a state of inner war your lives ended. One side of you was a sacrificial lamb, offering its neck to the slaughterer, the other side a caged lion, banging its head against iron bars. Divided inside, you couldn't rally your powers to focus on the light when your souls were being pushed out of the bodies.

You died in confusion. The group psyche of a persecuted people had taken over your individual psyche; revenge had replaced liberation as your mental focus. You vowed to reincarnate in the near future to win the fight. The vow of revenge you made was a desperate attempt to get out of an emotional hell. But you couldn't see that such a vow carried the very energy of hell.

They wanted to engage you in battles, with them, their style. They were not really after your physical destruction—they were after the dark emotional energies you emitted in your

death throes. The nastier the battle got, the more dark energy they could suck out of you. That was why they devised so many horrifying ways to put humans to death. They were, literally, feasting on their execution grounds and killing fields. And they were not after your one death—they were after your many deaths, in their presence.

Here you see a cunning agenda in the brutal murdering of the Cathars: to hook you into their game. It was easy to hook you when you were suffering excruciating physical and emotional pain. To hook you was to get you to accept their energy into your own field, without the slightest awareness, so that you'd die having been recruited into their army.

This was what happened, on the energy level, to many of the Cathar victims and victims of other crimes: recruitment into battles against the dark, *by means of the dark*, life after life.

17. Karmic Lessons From the Night

There is no shortcut to learning the lessons of karma. It took you nearly 6000 years to come to learn the lessons from Ireland, 2000 years the lessons from Israel and Egypt, and 1000 years the lessons from France. Not a long time, my dear ones, or a wasted detour.

First, let me tell you, your lifetime among the Cathars wasn't a failure. You, the victims, weren't the losers, and they, the perpetrators, weren't the winners. Yes, you did perish and your community did collapse. But the legacy you left behind was a powerful spirit, which, by definition, could not be destroyed. As a soul collective, you have succeeded in anchoring the Christ energy into that part of Earth and in building a bridge to light for later generations. The love energy did survive the massacres and the inquisitions. The love energy—not a book or a chalice—is the “hidden treasure of the Cathars.”

Nevertheless, this heroic lifetime created karmic weights that would drag you deeper into darkness. As Cathars, you were victims of dark evil, no question about that. But your victimhood was forged, partly, by your own doing.

Victim cannot exist without victimizer. Purity is meaningless without impurity as a contrast. Light is nothingness without the setting of darkness. Of course you understood all that, being Cathars, for dualism was the cornerstone of your Cathar worldview, built on the dualistic legacy of your own Gnostic past. In your Cathar faith, even more pronounced was the celestial tension between the light and the dark, even more unwavering the self-understanding of your roles as soldiers of light fighting a cosmic battle against soldiers of the dark in the earthly arena.

You decided to live as purely as possible, as spiritually removed from matter and as morally far away from evil as possible. You were fanatics, if I may say so, whereas your teacher Jeshua was not. You chose to inhabit one side of the dichotomy. You locked yourselves into a set role in a dualistic drama featuring good fellas and bad fellas.

It was a heroic role, one that led inevitably to martyrdom. And while you became martyrs, your enemies became victors. They ignited your own flesh bodies for bonfires in public squares! They jumped on your warm ashes and declared triumph, in the name of Christ! You, reduced to dust, had nothing but your ghostly vows to throw back at them.

Reviewing this horror show, can you see how you had co-directed and co-starred in a drama with those you call villains? Can you see that in many instances you were flashing a red cape in front of a charged bull? Do you realize that you were also a victim of your own mindset?

You measured yourselves against your enemy: the Church of Rome. It became a standard for you to be anything but. You were its antithesis; it negatively defined you. Such an enemy surely elevated your spiritual status. Its viciousness enhanced your moral superiority, its relentlessness heightened your evangelical specialness, and its brutality refined your art of suffering. You needed the enemy of Rome as much as it needed you.

Each calling the other devil, you both based your sense of righteousness on the belief that God is on your side. “The Devil is in Rome,” you declared. But he was in your Cathar country, too! You couldn’t see the very Devil hiding under your own roof, inside your own home—your system of beliefs.

You weren’t aware that the Cathar movement had been infiltrated since its inception, that the same dark force had been manipulating you, politically, socially, as well as spiritually. Corrupt concepts from the religion of Paul had seeped through your filter, and unknowingly you shared in your enemy’s values, such as sin, salvation, contempt for the

body, inferiority of nature, and the all-male Trinity. With weak relations with the Earth Goddess, your Cathar spirituality was sky bound, and in that sense, allow me to exaggerate, only skin deep.

It was impossible then for you to see that the Demiurge had been playing a tricky duality game with you, the Cathars, and them, the Catholics. Using “divide and conquer,” his favorite tactic, the Demiurge created oppositional forces and kept the two fighting with the same sense of self-righteousness, derived from the unconscious habit of projecting evil externally. In this demonizing of the other and in this loathing of your own flesh body, you Cathars and they Catholics were not much different.

The beneficiaries of this bloody duality game were, of course, the manipulators operating from a dimension unseen. The human pain emitted in tortures and deaths was food for them. Inflicting more wounds on Gaia’s body was their excitement. What could better accomplish such aims than smearing the Occitan region of Earth with a thick coat of bloodshed? What could better extinguish flames of light than turning heretics into flames?

You, as sons and daughters of light, desired to change a dark midnight of hell into a bright noon of heaven. Your urge was noble, but your sense of timing was weak. “The time has

come,” you thought, “to end the vow of secrecy and to bring your underground movement out in the open, because the rooster has crowed.” A rooster could crow in the middle of the night as well. You overestimated the power of your candlelight and underestimated the power of their storm until they arrived with torches and spears at your front door.

Running away was out of question. Hiding and working incognito was the choice of a coward. You wanted to conquer your own fear of pain. You wanted to defeat your own fear of death. It could not enter your mind that more important than defeating your fear of death is preserving the code of light, with a living flesh. Your unbending heroism and unwavering loyalty would not allow a cowardly choice as such.

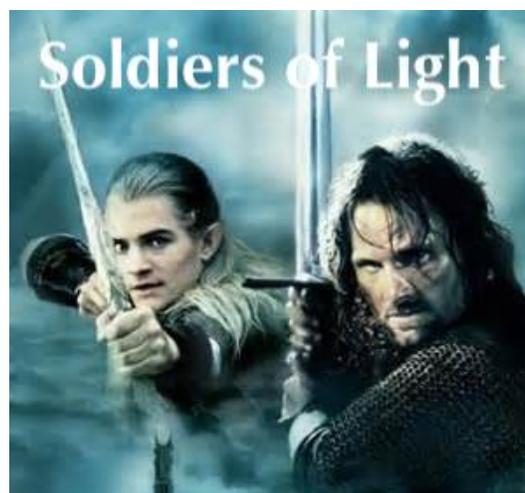
I am not scolding you for your foolishness, my dear ones. I am revealing to you a most traumatic episode of your epic story. I am shining the light of awareness into a dark entrapment, so that you see what you could not see then, so that you learn the lesson you were unable to learn there.

Such a big lesson you weren't able to learn in one life's try. You had to savor its nuances in many lives, for the lesson is life experience, asking for as much time as life allows and as many cross references as there are on the shelves of a global living library. Say the Chinese Taoist teacher, Chuang-tzu, was in your French Cathar shoes. What would he do?

In that limbo phase between life and life, in that dressing room before you get back onto the theater stage of life, you souls are free to participate in writing the script for your next episode. How you write your roles depends on how you feel in the dressing room, for it is largely the emotional energy that drives you back into the ongoing drama of life, it is usually the unreleased emotional charge that creates a new plot for your reincarnation.

So, what sort of plot would come out of a playwright charged with the wrath of a defeated and humiliated warrior?

“Retaliation!” That was precisely what many of you, Soldiers of Light, wrote in the dressing room. You couldn’t wait to get back on stage, into the limelight, waving your light swords and knocking down all Witch-kings, Nazgûls, and Orcs.



Night deepened, and you had centuries to go before Dawn. Darkness was thickening up, and you were thinning out. There was no more group incarnation planned for the rest of the Night. You had to spend the darker-than-the-darkest moment all on your own. The last few centuries were the loneliest phase of your epic journey on Earth. In some lives, you lucked out and met a few soul relatives, and yet, you could not merge as one with them. In other lives, you found yourself a total stranger to your family, to your society, and to your culture. A lone soldier lost in the jungle, all you ever wished in life was to find your unit.

Again and again, you light-coded souls came to battle with the evil face to face. You found yourselves once again burned at the stake, drowned in water, hung, stoned, or shot to death. Some were murdered having done nothing violent, and others were sentenced to die as freedom fighters. From open heretics in Christendom to the underground resistance movement against the Nazi regime, you light-coded souls carried on your battles while your sense of sacrifice endured.

If blood is to be spilled as a price for freedom, well, let there be more bloodshed. If a member of the group must be sacrificed for a greater cause, then let the sacrifice be made. “The means matters not,” you reckoned, “it is the end that counts.”

To achieve the triumph of the light, a dark means has to be employed. There is no peace without war, no justice without punishment, no life for all without death for some. That is the way. That is the final battle that shall end all battles between Warriors of Light and Warriors of Darkness. You thought.

Now, at the start of the third millennium, many starseeds are wondering what makes life so hard on them. Why do peace-loving souls like you keep running into people and situations that battle with you? You yearn for harmony, but you get conflicts in return; you desire to plunge into a hot spring, but you get a cold shower on your head. “What’s wrong with me?” You search frantically for an answer. “It must be karmic punishment.”

You are right. It is karma. But it isn’t punishment.

It is your karmic lesson, and a lesson is a lesson, not a punishment. Your lesson is to be learned one way or another until you finally get it. Karma does not punish—karma teaches. Karma teaches through setting up life scenarios for you to relive the old dramas and make different choices.

Quite often, in the new scenario, you play a role opposite to the one that you played in the original scenario where the seed energy of karma was sowed. Karma teaches lessons of polarity,

and polarity cannot be fully experienced except by living through both sides. So when you choose one side in a polarity, you are bound to be put on the other side at some future point. Role reversal is not the set rule, however. In some instances, you keep on repeating the old role until you get tired of the whole scenario. You walk out of the drama, thus putting an end to the karma.

Karma is life's teaching device that guarantees your learning of lessons. Karma teaches you to assume personal responsibility. Since your reality is none other than a fabric of interwoven threads of dramatic scenarios, you are the writer, director, actor, and viewer of your own show, called personal reality.

Karma is the rule of earthly creativity, the "ruler" of the game/play in the Earth Living Theater. This mysterious property of Gaia entails a higher level cause-and-effect mechanism that overflows the ordinary action-and-result chain in space time, a mechanism that is both elusive and definitive, clandestine and prominent, a mechanism powered by Earth's own magic.

So often misunderstood is the word "karma." The popular saying goes, "If you behave well, you will create good karma and be rewarded in the future; if you behave badly, you will create bad karma and be punished in one way or another." Nay, karma doesn't work that way!

A misconception to think of karma as a system of reward and punishment. Reward and punishment—does that ring a bell? Here is another example of dark infiltration into a key spiritual concept meant to set humanity free. Adding a layer of moral judgment to the understanding of cause and effect, the result is a twisted concept: ethical law.

The moralistic and simplistic view of karma as ethical law supports a mentality of social conformity, and social conformity serves as the backbone of social hierarchy. It is the society that decides what's good and what's bad. When you live in the mentality of social conformity, you avoid assuming personal responsibility. You become a sheep in the flock, safely following other sheep's rear ends.

Following the herd doesn't make you immune from creating bad karma. In fact, the karmic consequences of group acts called "collective karma," if those acts are malicious, haunt the individual doers like vengeful ghosts. Collective karma is manifested as individual karmas that share a collective pattern. And collective karmic debt can only be paid off by souls who have created it, individually.

And when you interpret the events in your life as karmic punishments, you could easily fall into the victim/victimizer complex and fail to learn the real lessons. In this mental complex, guilt, anger, and fear are the dominant emotional

energies, which lead inevitably to immobility, a state of gloomy stagnation. You could become lethargic, even masochistic, when you see your life situation as a karmic sentence.

Your life situation is a karmic scenario, which offers you an opportunity to bring incomplete issues to a state of completion. Successful completion of karmic drama means you recharge the original energy buildup when it's light and positive and you discharge the buildup when it's dark and negative.

There is no good karma or bad karma, only positive karma or negative karma—only positive charge or negative charge in terms of energy buildup.

Failure of completion means the opposite effect: you discharge the original positive energy and you recharge the original negative energy. If you are operating with a sense of karmic retribution, you will have a difficult time letting go of the original negative charge. In feeling guilty about your past act, you are likely to increase the negative charge. This new layer of guilt may further obscure the root drama and its resolution.

The resolution can only come from a new choice with potentials to raise the vibrational tone of the old karmic drama. This time, you choose to sing a different song. You

choose to act not out of an unconscious habit but in the light of consciousness, not listening to social convention, but answering the call in your heart. This time, you make an enlightened new choice.

Failing to make an enlightened choice simply means that you'll have to do it over and over until one day you can let go of the entire negative charge. Such repetition is not a sentence to the labor camp of life, but rather, a grace granted by life for you to work out your dramatic issues. Life wants you to resolve past issues, clear old debts, and move on with the flow.

Karma is best portrayed as a spiral. You spiral up when you learn the lesson; you spiral down or stagnate when you refuse to learn. The grand spiral of life—the karma of Earth—is going upward. The movement of Earth from heavy to light vibration is an evolutionary process willed by the creator of the Earth Theater. This evolutionary process is the flow of life itself.

Earth is dropping her burdens and floating up. The ascension of Earth is just a natural outcome of her leaving the Galactic Night and entering the Galactic Day. And this is where you are on her trajectory: Dawn, the liminal phase between Night and Day.

Your mission at Dawn is, simply, to wake up.

To wake up means to bring closures to all of your late-night karmic shows. You are coming out of ten millennia of Nighttime. Understandably, you've got a lot of residual dramas packed into this one lifetime. This is the lifetime to sort them all out. This is your chance to tie up all loose ends, pay off all debts, say all hellos and goodbyes. This is a life of many, many, many letting-goes.

Nighttime is show time. Many bodies you have worn and many personalities you have donned to play exciting roles in the grand drama of an all-night show. Though colorful, the grand drama of the all-night show is but a traditional Shadow Play, performed by the same old black-and-white duality pair.

You are a shadow of me, projected onto an earthly material screen. We are all shadows of the Eternal One, imprinted on the flowing veil of Being. The play we are starring in is a self-play of the prime creator. Remember, my dear, however tragic the play may get, its genre is comedy—of a divine type.

18. Light Teachings on Darkness

It's about time that you come out of the library for some fresh air. The mothership has more to offer than a stuffy library! There are gardens and ponds, lounges and spas in a space of light that has no limit for imagination.

Yet, you had to go through the Library of the Past in order to reach the Garden of Now. Before you close your book and step out into a garden spa, you have one more chapter to read in this Library of the Past. The chapter will give you seven lessons on darkness, as understanding darkness is a catalyst to your awakening at Dawn.

Dawn is a confusing state, as you struggle to decipher which is Night and which is Day, which is dream and which is reality. Dawn is a conflicted state, as the energy of the Night runs parallel to the energy of the Day.

To wake up from 5000 years of amnesic sleep, you must first see through a veil. A veil of ignorance. For reasons you shall see, you have been made ignorant of the dark side of things.



Lesson 1 Look Into the Past

Yes, it is true, the present holds the key to your liberation. But the past does, too! Yes, you must be in the here and now to embrace Daylight. But you cannot be fully here and now unless you have dealt with your past in the Night.

A distorted past blocks your access to the present. On the collective level, you have been given false stories of humanity's past and pseudo knowledge of the planet's past. On the personal level, you have been programmed to believe in one lifetime only, thus prevented from learning your lessons from reincarnation. Misconceptions of your past have severely weakened your power to be present and be who you truly are.

In looking into the past in the light of consciousness, you are not escaping from the present. Rather, you are touching base with a present in the past tense. You are journeying back in time to see what happened in the Days and Nights of Earth's past, to discover how you have risen and fallen together with your Earth Mother.

So shine the light and see what has been hidden away. Find the stories that have been written out of official his-story. Seek the knowledge that has been forced to go underground and

Speak in codes. Read the coded truths. This is the calling of Dawn.

Your top priority at Dawn is to get your history straight.



Lesson 2 Look Into the Dark

You can't be an artist if you refuse to work with shadows.
You can't be a shaman if you refuse to deal with demons.
You aren't able to reach the light if you look only at the light.
You aren't going to be a full yin-yang if you reject the dark side of your makeup.

You are a being of light precisely because the other side of you is dark. Without that darkness you would not have been able to exist. Nor would we. Nor would all things in our universe.

To fully understand who you are, you need to make it a life practice to look into the dark side of your individual being and the dark side of all beings. Only in seeing and embracing both the dark and the light side of the human story can you be ready for entry into the Age of Oneness.



Lesson 3 **Dark ≠ Evil**

The nexus of your confusion lies in mixing up two kinds of darkness.

Sacred darkness refers to the shadow, the unmanifested, the yin side of all phenomena. Sacred darkness nourishes its opposite: the light side of all things.

Evil darkness refers to entities born in the shadow side of our universe who rebel against the sacred order of polarity. Evil darkness is a conscious choice to disturb, to block, to reverse the natural way of cosmic dance.

Thus be clear in your mind which kind of darkness you are referring to in your communications. Very often is the word “dark” used as a synonym for “evil.” Indeed, evil is dark. But not all dark is evil. Evil is a specific way of being dark.

When I ask you to look into the dark, I mean both kinds of darkness.



Lesson 4 **Alien in Here**

As you look into the dark side of yourself, you are going to encounter the alien part of your constitution, you are going to discover the Anu code imprinted on your genes, you are going to confront the ugly-looking, foul-smelling, demonic side of your being. Not a pretty sight, mind you.

If you want to become who you truly are, you'll have no choice but to look this alien straight in the face. Only by seeing the alien can you begin to deal with the alien. If you deny that there is such a thing hiding within, you will remain under its influence and it will use you while pretending to be you.

When that seeing happens, you will find yourself standing in a power position, able to decide what to do with this alien presence. You can choose to continue hosting the alien, or you can choose to start exorcising the alien.

The uplifting news is, those shadow entities could infiltrate your biological constitution, but could not alter your spiritual constitution; they could create hybrid bodies, but could not create hybrid souls.

The disappointing news is, we, your Family of Light, cannot perform a laser surgery on you to remove this alien insert. You must perform the surgery on yourself.



Lesson 5 Masks of Light

Very often, the alien within is using you in the name of light. The reason it can survive for so long under your skin has to do with those beautiful masks of light it wears and wonderful words of love it speaks.

You know that voice. That persuasive voice, luring you away from doing what you are afraid to do—going into the dark space within. The voice, which may call itself the “higher voice” or even the “higher self,” tells you to go for love and light, to get out there and help those in need, to educate people, to cure people, to fix people’s problems, to be a busy, busy, busy spiritual bee.

The inner trickster hooks you with noble causes and makes you think you are acting on behalf of a divine will to make the world a better place. The parasite feeds on your Helper Neurosis. Now you call yourself a messenger of light or a worker of light. You acquire one after another title to certify your spiritual powers. You advertise yourself as a master of

this and a master of that. You may even sell your selfless service as a Reiki Master of Degree III.

But the bottom line is you are not looking at yourself! You are too busy lighting up the world to shine a light into the dark basement of your own home.



Lesson 6 Dark Basement

Healing humanity depends on each one of you cleaning your own dark basement.

When you are ready to go down into the dark basement, you will need a lot of courage to venture through a lot of fear and pain. You must brace yourself and go straight to the darkest of the dark. Go into the emotion that you dread. Go into the scenario that you avoid. Go into the place that scares you to bits.

You need courage, and you need trust. Be sure to carry the torchlight of truth to guide and protect each of your steps. This torchlight of consciousness will help you survive attacks by ghosts released from the closets. You can trust this light's intelligent power to pull you out of the clutter and bring you back upstairs.

In your journey down to the dark basement, you will meet demons, and you will meet angels. When you go on a conscious trip to meet the demons, you are going as an angel yourself, and you have a community of angels going with you.

The journey to the dark basement is a journey of the light. You start with the light and you return to the light, the light of consciousness, the light of compassion, the light of wisdom.



Lesson 7 The Dark Side of Your Moon

The dark side of you is like the dark side of the Moon. Whatever alien infrastructures have been dumped on her dark side, the Moon herself is a power being. No alien can stop her from doing what she's destined to do—to serve as a supporter of Earth life.

Your moon is the supporter of your creative life. The dark side of your moon is the home of your dreams, fantasies, intuitions, desires, and impulses before they become known to your conscious mind. Your creative powers in the open manifested realm all derive from this hidden unmanifested realm.

The dark side of your moon is there, with or without your acknowledgement. Still, visits to your moon's dark side can help you create realities in the sunny realm of your personal life.

Visiting your moon's dark side is a matter of getting into your Apollo 111 and letting this solar boat of consciousness take you into the moon domain. Whatever you may discover on her mysterious backside, these trips of consciousness will help you craft her shiny front side. Then you know what you really want to do in your life.

Now, finally, you can come out of the library
into one of the garden spas
of the mothership.

Time to receive some healing
and some nurturing
from the **P**leiadian field of light.



Welcome to the **P** Spa

19. Healing Primal Trauma, Entering Womb Space



*Someone's rocking my dreamboat,
someone's invading my dream.
We were sailing along, so peaceful and calm,
suddenly something went wrong.*

*Someone's rocking my dreamboat,
disturbing a beautiful dream.
It's a mystery to me, this mutiny at sea, who can it be?
Who can it be?*

Perfectly expressed in this popular song from the 1940s is the primal trauma of Earth humanity.

Ancient the event, memory of the catastrophic fall of Earth is buried deep in the psyche of the Earth human race. Every one of you is walking around with this pain, whose nature you can't name, whose origin you don't know, for the traumatic memory lies hidden in the unconscious, in the dark side of your being.

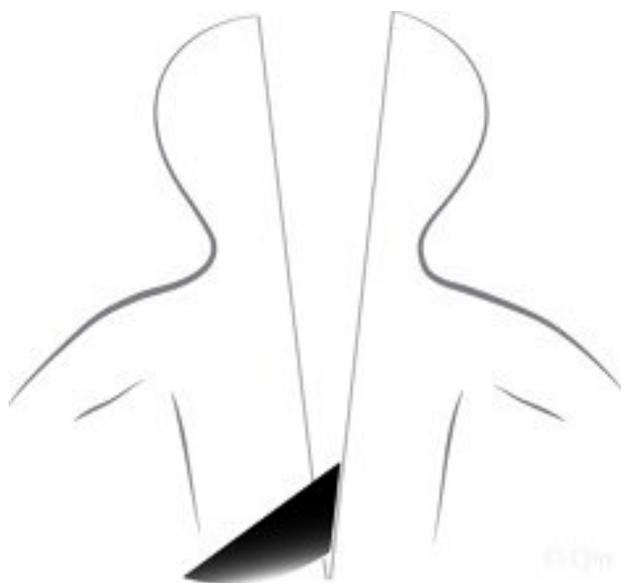
Every birth trauma is a reenactment of this primal split from wholeness. Every fight, every abuse, and every murder in human society is a recreation of this primal horror of cosmic violence. The variations are many, but the root drama is the same. You have been stuck in a grand repetition game, and "everybody hurts."

Into this primal split came the dark aliens. They were able to infiltrate the human race and hijack the human project because of an open wound. Had there been no such birth trauma, space predators would not have found an opening into your kind. Had there been no such fall of vibration, militant aliens would never have had a vibrational possibility to invade your homeland. Never possible to turn farmers into soldiers, never possible to set up a dark pyramid, never possible to degrade Gaia into a terror planet.

The infiltration by the Anunnaki aliens drove a knife into the primal wound of humanity. A deeper cut was done with a destroyer energy that was alien to Earth and Earth human

beings. Destructive energies in our universe consist of both positive and negative kinds. The kind that hit you was an ultra-negative kind.

The act of cutting into the primal wound of humanity began at Sumer in the Bronze Age. But it didn't end there. For over 5000 years and all over the surface of Earth, the act of cutting has been repeatedly done on collective as well as individual levels through interpersonal relations of terror and abuse.



The Split of the Child's Psyche

In the case of child abuse, the child's psyche (which is an energy body encompassing the three nonphysical bodies, namely the emotional, astral, and mental body) is struck by a blade of the destroyer energy, and is split.

One part of the split psyche would identify with the adult perpetrator and embody the perpetrator energy to avoid annihilation. Over time, fed by the destroyer energy prevalent in society, this splinter psyche would grow into a full-blown personality. Whether strong or weak, large or tiny, the splinter personality (despite being intimate and consistent) is a self-hater, self-saboteur, and self-destroyer, who acts on behalf of the original destroyer, in place of the initial perpetrator, against oneself.

There is an element of truth to the radical statement made by one of your psychoanalysts today: “The history of humanity is founded upon the abuse of children.”

Child abuse happened—not to a few.
Child abuse happened—to all of you.

Because Earth humanity has been living in an Anu world, which is fundamentally abusive. The entire human race has been abused by the Anu force, even though on the individual level the abuse differed in degrees and the split psyche varied in sizes.

There is a self-hater in each one of you. There is a destroyer in each one of you. This inner destroyer, this alien in you is the Anu Personality—a psychiatric disorder resulted from a

secondary split of the primal split of the Earth human psyche. You, humans infected with the Anu virus, all suffer this personality disorder. You, children of the Anu Matrix, all carry an alien mental virus, because you are all victims of an extraterrestrial violence.

And you are all victimizers. Dormant in your individual psyche is a petty tyrant, capable of inflicting pain on yourself and on another person. Under pressure, the cruelty in you can turn the nice polite you into a flagrant abuser. Why do survivors of child abuse grow up to abuse children? Why have intelligent humans been destroying themselves and their mother planet for 5000 years? Because the infected humans are, to varying degrees, schizo-phrenic (meaning “split-minded”).

Healing is possible. Possible because you have the power medicine—gnosis—as your cure. Insight into what’s tormenting you in the dark, insight into what has happened to your species and to your planet, insight into how 4D root dramas drive your daily life and how 4D parasites use symbols and archetypes to deepen your primal wound. Healing comes from remembrance—gnosis, your gnosis, from within.

Healing humanity isn’t someone else’s business. It is not up to a few enlightened gurus, philosopher kings, or Hollywood directors to retell the Human Story and thus set humanity straight. Someone else’s story is never your own, and no one

but you yourself can heal your deepest wound. Healing humanity is a rhetorical issue until it becomes a life-and-death matter for you.

Essential to the mass healing is you seeing the multileveled split of the human psyche, seeing the psychic violence done by an extraterrestrial destroyer energy, and seeing the alien personality that destroys you all from within. Seeing that you, a being of light, carry a demonic Anu Personality is the key. Admitting that you, yes you, are mentally ill is the first step.

Awareness of this demonic aspect of your wounded psyche will initiate a process of deep healing. Healing means unifying the split psyche. Your approach is not, as commonly assumed, to accept the demon as a shadow side of yourself, but to recognize its presence and dissociate from its control.

Such a splinter personality has no legitimate place in the healed psyche of a new humanity. To become a healed new human being, your approach is not to legitimize the demon, but to exorcise the demon. Your chief method for exorcising the demon is to operate out of your true self, that is, the unwounded part of your psyche, the undemonized part of your being.

Remember, the power of healing lies in the source, in the state of your being before the violent splits, prior to all

catastrophes, beyond time and space. Real healing takes place through realignment with your original wholeness, through reconnection with your pre-wounding state.

As your true self grows, your false self diminishes. By way of natural rebalance, your misplaced energy is repositioned, your soul fragment retrieved, and your split psyche reintegrated. This nonviolent approach is the most effective way to fight the demon of violence.

You see, however sharp the destroyer's blade, on the deepest level, the cut was but a cut into water. Your strategy for healing is therefore to take the water position.



As the Buddha would say, wisdom and compassion are two wings of a bird. Likewise, the healing power of gnosis is only half potent without the aid of love, unconditional love.

You wounded humans do not know unconditional love. You know conditional love, a “love” whose flip side is punishment. You, the belittled and the deprived, think of unconditional love as a dream, a fantasy, a mirage beyond anyone’s reach.

As your Family of Light, we are here to transmit to you unconditional love. Unconditional love means: we love you no matter what you do, or do not do; we love you however high or low you think of yourself, and however hopeful or hopeless you feel about your life.

We are forces of true love that validate *all* your experiences and accept *all* your deeds. True love is nothing mythical or mystical. True love is the vibration of the original state of your being—the unified field, the Source.

As your Family of Love, we are here to help you restore your ability of self-love. We are your selves, no one else. We are the cosmic aspects of you, which you have lost touch with during your long journey on Earth. The megalithic tokens of love that we have left all over the earth are weighty proofs that your sky selves have never abandoned you. We are here to help you access celestial and terrestrial sources of unconditional love.

We don't want you to love us, you understand? We want you to love yourselves. We want you to take our position and love you, the way we do.

Unconditional love can be tangibly felt, within your sacred heart. The sacred heart is like a vulva, waiting for penetrations by the light beam of love. You can open your heart, the way a girl in love opens her vulva, to receive the shaft of light—a masculine force—arriving from above and beyond.

Unconditional love can also be felt as a feminine vibration enveloping you from outside your physical boundary. To use a metaphor closest to your biological experience, unconditional love feels very much like a womb space.

You are terrified of a bad womb that crushes you and throws you out. Do you now see that the Bad Womb, as an archetype, is a symbolic rendering of the repressed birth trauma of your species? Do you see that you have a phobia for catastrophic happenings, and that you are pathologically insecure?

Do you see that those dark premonitions gripping you from time to time—that you will be forsaken in the process, tossed out halfway, and terminated for no reason, by life—all spring from this root fear of cosmic abortion?

Beyond the bad womb there is a good womb. Yes, there is!
The good womb is Being itself.

But you are kicking and screaming in the womb space of
Being, like a blind fish in the sea crying out of thirst.

Just open your eyes, space fish! Just open your eyes and you
will see your secure position inside the eternal womb—a
womb that never pushes you out. And you will begin to relax,
realizing that in the cosmic scheme of things your catastrophic
fall was only a glitch, a hiccup, a bump on the road, a “mutiny
at sea.” It was only an experience, an earthly experience.



As our song goes:

*A friendly breeze gave us a start
to a paradise of our own.*

*All at once a storm blew us apart
and left me drifting alone.*

*Someone's rocking my dreamboat,
I'm captain without any crew.
But with love as my guide,
I'll follow the tide,
I'll keep sailing 'til I find you.*

Your lone captains still have your dreamboats, equipped with the compass of love and aided by ocean waves and solar winds. You will reach Paradise Island if you keep on sailing. From paradise lost to paradise regained, your voyage story is a masterpiece in the universal Theater of Life experience. Without the loss, there wouldn't be a rewarding journey. Without the mutiny, there wouldn't be a dramatic play.

The universal theater is an all-encompassing womb space. It contains womb within womb within womb, just as you humans have mother above mother above mother from the biological, planetary, and stellar up to the galactic and universal levels.

You are children of the planetary womb of Earth, grandchildren of the stellar womb of the Seven Stars, and great grandchildren of the galactic womb of the Milky Way. With Earth and her solar family reaching a closure point in their 26,000-year cycle around the Pleiadian sun, who is aligned with the galactic sun, the center of a planetary womb

is reaching an alignment with the centers of stellar and galactic wombs. With Earth's womb aligned with heaven's wombs, just imagine what kind of womb power is coming your way!

Earth humankind is entering a new womb space. Inside this magnificent womb space, you are at the epicenter of creation, you are shedding an old self and morphing into a new species, you are birthing a sparkingly new humankind.

The new humankind is carried in by the return of the Sacred Feminine. The new human consciousness is nursed by the revival of Womb Consciousness. A promising species, you Gaian Citizens of the dream Earth are about to perform a quantum leap, through a sky dive, back into your origin.

Home again in the womb space.



20. New Womb Temple



The birth of a new humankind begins with you. It begins with you giving birth to yourself. This self-birthing is predicated on you giving birth first to your own birth house—your personal womb temple.

It won't take the formidable voice of ETs, or tons and tons of megaliths, to build your personal temple of Newgrange. For this Newgrange of yours is weightless. Your personal womb temple is an energy field, which you can carry wherever you go and can superimpose on any physical space wherein you find yourself—the energy field is your cozy cocoon.

This mobile energy cocoon, this portable frequency tent, this flexible incubator of a new self has to be made by you. A paradox indeed: you are the one to birth the womb that births you.

Birth is a solitary process. You are alone, in any kind of birth. The birth of a new self is experienced, first and foremost, as a demand to be alone. You want to be left alone. You need a vast amount of space and time to be in communion with yourself only. You wish to take distance from low-vibe people and events, sneak away from the Matrix machine, go into unspoiled nature to find your authentic nature and return to a place where you are uninterrupted, undisturbed, and uncontaminated in your own energy field—back to a uterine protector of sacred solitude.

Fear of being alone, fear of being a lone sheep lost in a barren wilderness, has to be conquered by you. Every one of you has that fear. This primal fear, rooted in the Herd Mind that governs all Earth animals, must be confronted with and transformed by you starseeded humans who are consciously rising above an animalistic level of living. For only lone sheep turn into wolves. Only lone stars become heroes.

As you let go of the small distorting mirror of a sick human relation, you will discover the great accurate mirror of a cosmic family relation. As you walk through the wasteland of divorce and separation, you will arrive at the edge of an enchanted forest called Inner Marriage. You will taste the elixir of inner intercourse, be it the tantric union of yab-yum or the joining of animus and anima termed by Jung.

It all happens inside the womb. A womb, by definition, is dark. Your personal womb temple has to be dark, at times, in the night. The dark and silent environ at night is your best time to journey into other dimensions, and our best time to make contact with you. For you are most unrestricted in your consciousness when you are most restrained in your senses.



Carpe noctem!
Seize the night!

But you are afraid of nightly darkness. You'd rather crawl into the arms of a lover, or read a book if there isn't a warm body waiting for you in bed. You prefer keeping your senses alive to shutting them down as you slip from daytime into nighttime. Being alone in the dark, in silence, with nothing to do and nobody to talk to, is a most unsettling situation for many people. Here lies another one of your primal fears. After conquering the fear of solitude, your next challenge is to conquer the fear of darkness.

The fear of being alone in a dark bedroom, to start with. This fear is purely psychological. You are not alone in a jungle full

of predators. You are alone in a bedroom! Whatever you fear hiding in the dark—ghosts, demons, aliens—are merely projections from your mind. When you know the self-generated, illusory nature of this fear, you will start to relax and to trust this dark empty space. It is a safe and benign environment that welcomes you, not swallows you. The source of your courage is trust. Trust is the key to open the lock of fear that bars your entry into a blissful dark womb. Trust is the knowing in the gut that you can handle the situation whatever happens in the dark.

With self-trust, you can set out to experience your old bedroom in a new way, or create an entirely new bedroom. Your new bedroom needn't be a stately room that is permanently yours. It can even be a tiny bare hotel room that you hire for one night. In any case, the bedroom—the place where you spend the night—has to meet a set of criteria.

First, it must be private. The room should give you maximal privacy and that means: No Disturbance. When you are in this room, nobody knocks on the door or barges in; no telephone rings; no voice calls you from outside the walls; no eyes peep through the keyhole. In this enclosure, you are untouched, unheard, unseen.

Second, it must be comfortable. What is comfortable? Comfortable means that your body feels good. It means a cozy

and clean atmosphere, conveniently equipped to meet the essential needs of the body.

And third, it must be inspiring. The space has to be able to assist the expansion of your consciousness. It doesn't have to be fancy, but it should be arranged by your own energy so that you can light an incense stick, put on your favorite music, stand on the head if you wish, or swirl like a dervish. Here, you are unfettered. Here, you are totally free.

These are the starting essentials for creating your personal womb temple, which has to begin with creating a vibrational space inside your bedroom. This vibrational space at night would grow and expand in the daytime, and would transform other parts of your living space into a supportive structure that matches the level of your self-development. This ethereal vibrational temple is supported by (but not identical to) your material home.

However you'd stylize it, whatever you'd do with it, wherever you'd take it, your womb temple is your cozy cocoon. Your womb temple's job is to let you experience unconditional love.

Unconditional love is the energy of the womb. As you enter your womb-temple space, you return to a fetus-like state, surrounded by a presence that accepts all your aspects, validates all your experiences, and nurtures all of your bodies.

In this unique birth chamber for a new self, you are both the receiver and the giver: you receive as a child, and you give as a parent. Basically, you play the dual roles of a loving parent and a loved child; you provide the nurturing as a parent, and you receive the nurturing as a child. You take turns in playing double roles with yourself. Such a game play is Self-Parenting par excellence.

Your womb temple is your healing temple. It heals your childhood traumas and adult traumas through purifying your aura with the magic medicine of unconditional love. If you take this magic medicine, if you allow this healing force to come into your wounds, you are bound to experience at first discomfort and pain, for the energy is removing blockages and releasing toxins. This purging and cleansing process, though dreadful it can be, is the necessary first step.

When your cocoon doesn't seem cozy at all, when the aches and pains feel like tortures in hell, when you see no angels but only demons encroaching from all around, this is precisely the juncture to trust the medicine of love, to trust the clinic of your womb temple, and to trust the healing process itself.

Your womb temple is your dreaming temple in the next stage of self-birthing. The next stage is reconnection and expansion. You wounded humans have all been shattered and torn from

within. Your journey towards wholeness is a process of remembering. You rejoin fragments of yourself, scattered along the trajectory of your personal life, and you reunite with your cosmic family, lost to your amnesic mind.

Expansion is an act of “dreaming”, to use a shamanic term, in which you journey into realities beyond your ordinary reality, and you meet beings residing in dimensions others than the third. You can call it inter-dimensional flight, cosmic voyage, or space travel. To go into space, you’ll need a launch pad. Your womb temple is that launch pad.

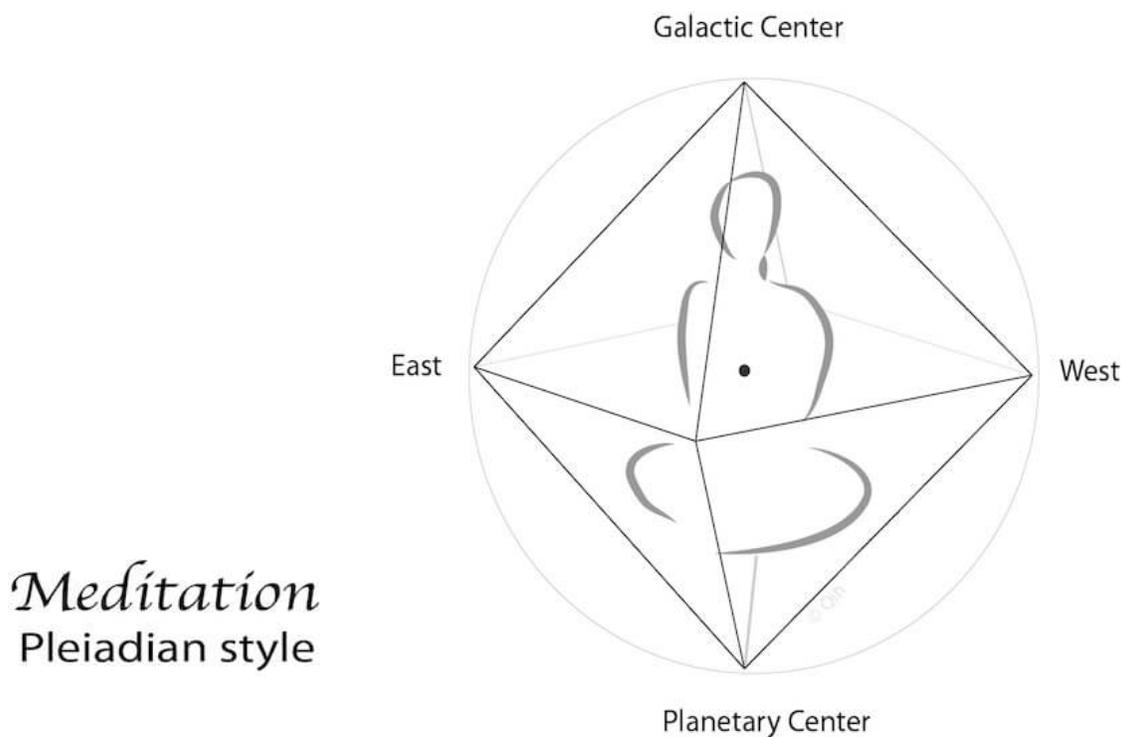
Or call it meditation temple. Whatever technique helps you become your greater self is a meditation technique. Whichever space helps you break free from your mental prison is your meditation temple.

I’d suggest that you meditate in silent stillness. The silent, still, and empty space of the dark womb is an unsurpassable force field. Such is the raw state of the womb energy. Such is the shortcut to unconditional love. So why not immerse yourself in an emptiness that fulfills you, sink into a darkness that enlightens you, and dissolve into a nothingness that cherishes you?

Meditation, Pleiadian style, is centered on growing the Light Body, your fifth body. The fifth body can only emerge out of

the harmonic alignment of your four earthly bodies: physical, emotional, astral, and mental.

To reach this harmonic alignment, you'll need to sit in silence and bring your four bodies to an absolute stillness, which you may call "the zero-point state." This state of no fluctuation and no origination will give rise to a powerful concentration of energy. The concentrated energy will ascend through the central energy channel in your torso and along the way remove blockages that have clogged up your chakras.



Alignment of your four earthly bodies is best done in alignment with the seven anchor points of your cosmic self: up, down, north, east, south, west, and the center.

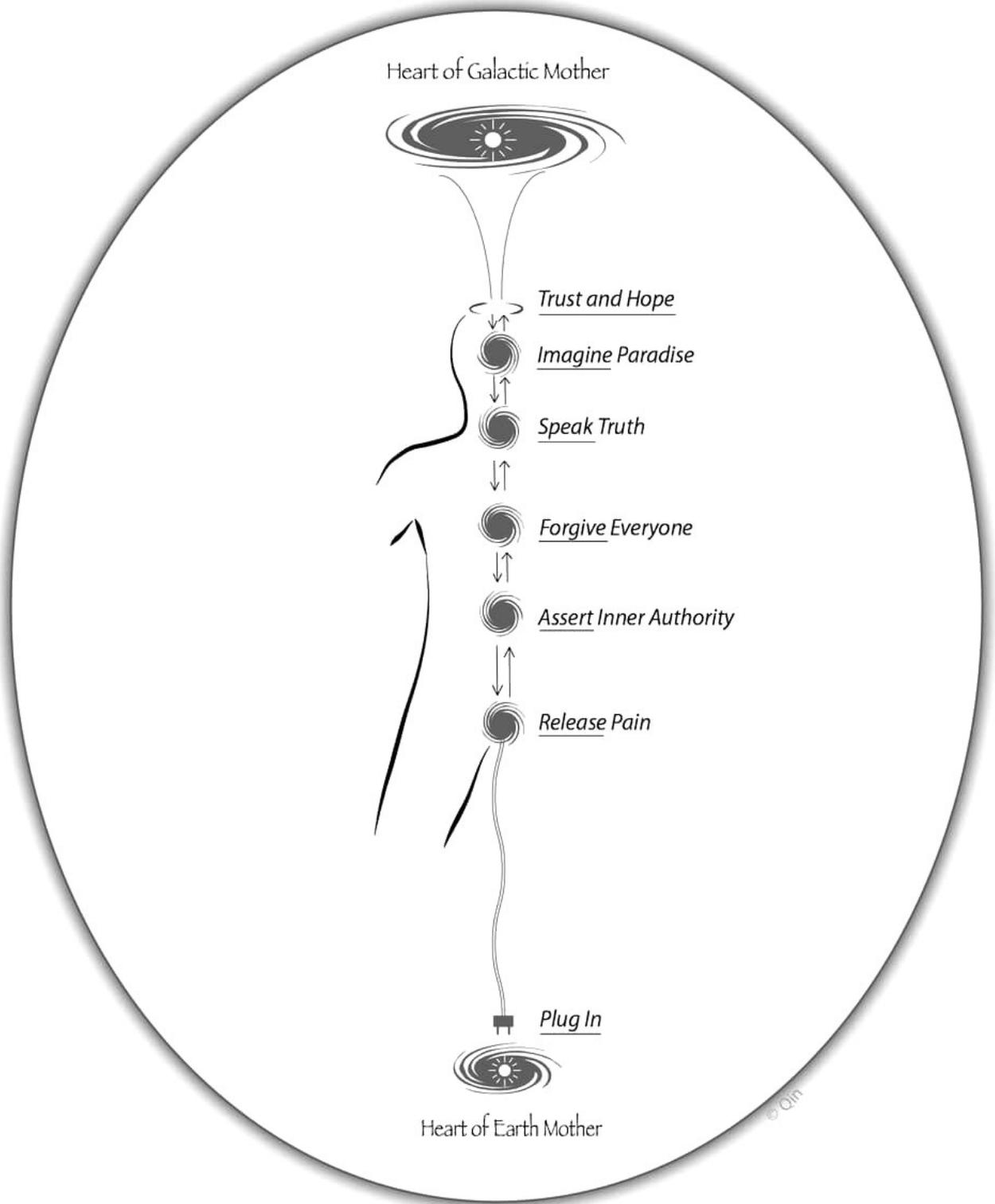
You sit facing north, the place of stillness, emptiness, and peace, and bring your awareness to the other three directions, to the center of planet Earth (your Root Chakra), to the center of our galaxy (your Topmost Chakra), and to the center in your chest (your Heart Chakra). Thereby you anchor yourself within the geometric space of an octahedron: a double pyramid of six corners and one center. You manifest your 6D geometric form.

Making this multicorporeal and multidirectional alignment won't be easy work, for inside your sick human body there is great resistance to entering silent stillness. If you persist with patience, in time, the central energy channel in you from the core of Earth to the core of the Milky Way will open, and the Light Body of your new self will emerge.

The central energy channel in you is maintained by spinning energy vortices called chakras. When you were born, these energy vortices in your body were fast spinning, like wheels. As you grew up, your chakras were systematically bombarded, invaded, and blocked, and their spinning was drastically slowed down.

You became weak and sick because chunks of heavy energies were clamping your wheels. The journey from illness to health must begin with removing blockages from your chakra wheels.

Chakra Clearing Strategies



1. You start with the first vortex: the Root Chakra, the masculine energy center ensuring your physical survival on this planet. Your Root Chakra is located at the core of your planetary mother, in the heart of Gaia. You are alive because of the beating of Gaia's heart, because of the shining of her inner sun. But most people are unaware of this vital lifeline. Their consciousnesses estranged from Mother Earth, their bodies alienated from her abundant force, fear of survival dictates their lives.

Seen from a 3D perspective, Gaia's heart is located some 3000 miles below your feet, impossible to reach. You need to understand that this is a matter of awareness, and in the awareness of your own multidimensionality, Gaia's heart in the 1D is not separate from you by space or by time. Gaia's heart is you—it is the 1D component of you. You are Gaia's heart, always. When you remember that, you reach Gaia's heart in no time.

This awareness is as effective as connecting an electric wire to a socket: you get power supply, instantly. Thus, your strategy for healing the Root Chakra is Plug In.

2. Your strategy for clearing the second vortex is Release Pain. The feminine Sacral Chakra is the energy center

managing procreation and social relations. It encompasses two traditionally differentiated chakras: Base Chakra and Sex Chakra.

The Sacral Chakra is where the human race was initially attacked by alien invaders. This is where a vast amount of pain from dramas of all kinds is stored. Here sit fresh pains from this lifetime and ancient pains from past lives. These pains are none other than vibrational weights.

To drop these weights, you must feel them and let go of them. The keyword is “feel.” This healing is not about feeling good, but rather, feeling the pain. Yes, feel the pain, and you will feel good afterwards.

The best way to let go of the pain you are feeling is to give it to Mother Earth. Gaia, a super mom, is the greatest healer of humanity. The red-hot furnace at her heart center can absorb and transform negative emotional energies of her children. Just as you release your physical waste into her sphere, you can release your emotional waste to her care.

3. Your strategy for clearing the third vortex, the masculine Will Chakra, is Assert Inner Authority. You were programmed by society and culture to listen to outer authorities, from

parents, teachers, and bosses to politicians, doctors, and priests. Your will has been bent, again and again. It has become your second nature to give your power away to anyone higher than you in any kind of hierarchy, and to give up your own true wishes and desires.

The force commanding you to submit and obey, to kowtow to those in power, operates from within the Will Chakra. Here sits the royal seat of the imposed outer authority.

Your inner authority is a sovereign decision maker, who is attuned to his true desires, and is able to act on his gut feelings. This is a power being who dares to go his way and trusts his ability to deal with the consequences. A healed Will Chakra makes you confident and courageous—a being of spine.

4. Your strategy for clearing your fourth vortex, the Heart Chakra, is Forgive Everyone. What can most effectively occupy this feminine space is the energy of resentment, with hatred being its extreme form. Resentment of whatever kind binds you to the low vibration of an event in the past, be it justified or unjustified. When you hold onto hurt and bitterness towards a person or event, the vibration of love cannot flow in.

Many of you are stuck in a sense of justice. You think what happened to you was “unfair”. You become either self-pitying or self-righteous—two sides of the same coin. Many take the victim positions and hold onto the hurtful stories, forgetting that in the broad spectrum of reincarnation they have been both: victims and victimizers. Here, you must give up seeking “justice” and even thinking who’s right and who’s wrong. You quit the dramas of duality and enter the field of oneness, you embrace unconditional love, a force transcendent of all karmas, and you shine the light of wisdom on your life situations.

As you rise from a lower mindset into a higher perspective, you will forgive those who have brought you pain. When you see that those who hurt you in fact helped you and that pain turned out to be an ally in disguise, you will begin to feel grateful. It is impossible to resent the person you feel grateful for. This seeing from a higher perspective makes true forgiveness possible.

5. Your strategy for clearing your fifth vortex, the Throat Chakra, is Speak Truth. This masculine energy vortex is the power source for self-expression. You have been severely oppressed and repressed in this area of your life. Either you were not allowed to say what you thought or you were forced

to tell lies to fit in and survive. When this energy center is clogged up, you have difficulty meeting your real needs and fulfilling your true wishes. And worse, you may lie to yourself and even like your own lies.

Falsity is what clogs the Throat Chakra. You know how to lie and how to pretend. You can be phony and fake every now and then. When you express yourself falsely, you fall from the truth vibration, and will sooner or later hit the cement.

Express yourself truthfully, in word, in image, in movement. Speaking truth is a powerful way to raise the vibrations of human society, even though in certain situations it is better to remain silent than to speak up. Still, you can always speak and write truthfully in your private space; you can always tell truth to yourself at your womb temple. In this safe home environment that accepts you and validates you, nothing stops you from being true.

6. Your strategy for clearing your sixth vortex, the Vision Chakra, is Imagine Paradise. This feminine chakra of the human race is stuffed with hallucinations—illusions cast over your eyes to get you fixated on false substitutes. Junk images, fed incessantly through the media and the entire artificial

world, flood your mental space and hypnotize you into a zombie-like trance.

Imagination is Earth humans' number one power tool. When this power tool is misused, your creative energy goes into supporting the monstrous Matrix machine that abuses and depletes you. When it is used correctly, you thrive as co-creators with your Mother Earth, as builders of the Gaian Dream.

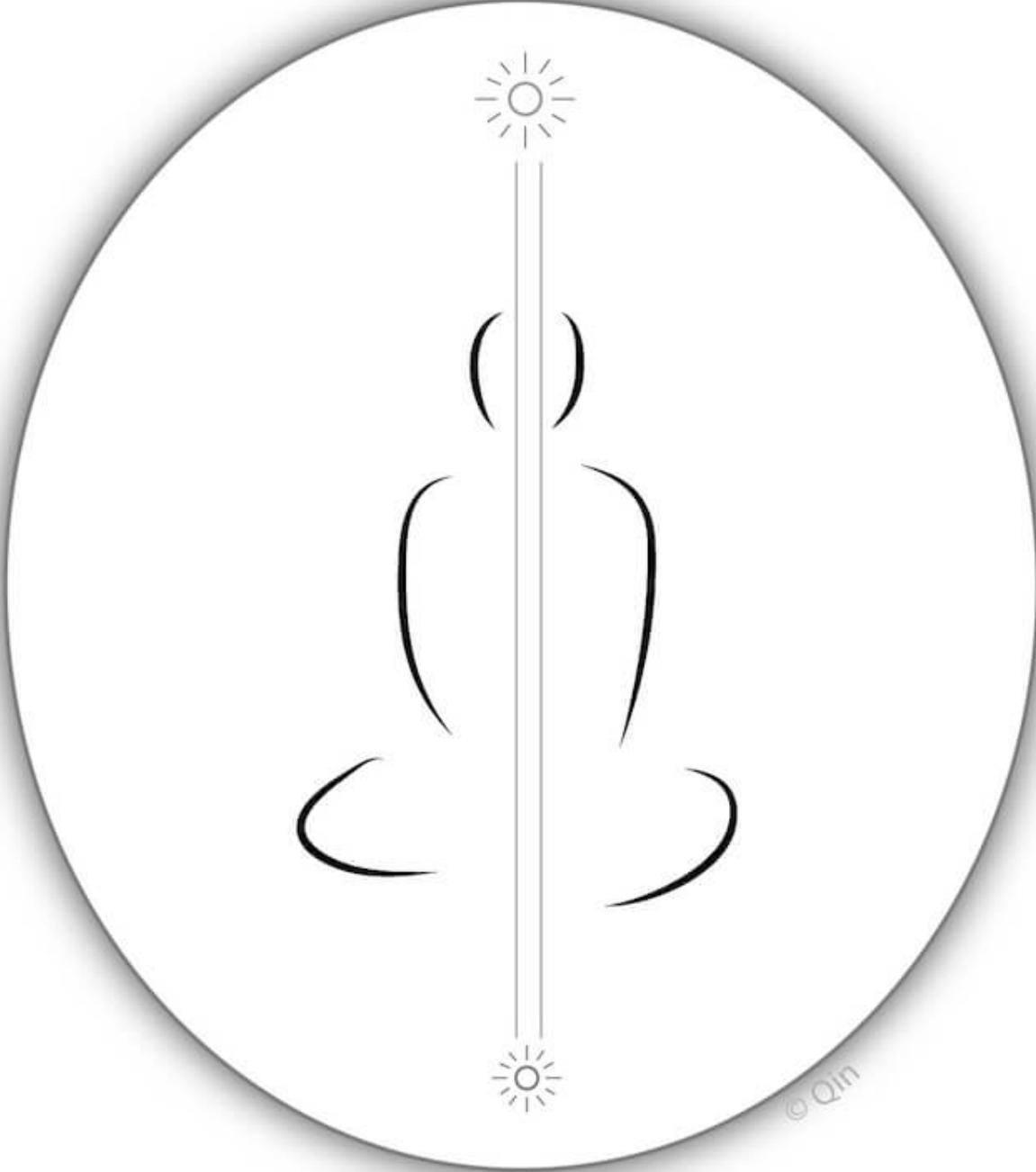
The Vision Chakra inside your forehead is the access portal to the Blueprint of the Earth Paradise Project. The Blueprint is not some distant map-like thing beyond your grasp. The Blueprint is right inside your ideals—your dreams about what Earth and human life should be and can be. These ideals are not wild fantasies produced by a heated brain. It is the other way around: ideals are glitters of the Blueprint stored in your memory.

7. Your strategy for clearing your seventh vortex, the Crown Chakra, is Trust and Hope. Not trust and hope in a president or pope, but trust and hope in your higher power, in your higher self. You trust the greater intelligence that is running the show.

The crown of your head is a gate. When the gate is open, you are connected to the light of the central sun, Ra. When the gate is closed, you are blockaded from your cosmic power supply. As a gateway linking the local self to the cosmic self, the finite to the infinite, the material to the spiritual, this masculine energy vortex is the starting tip of an upper umbilical cord, tied to womb within womb within womb on the cosmic level.

What blocks this doorway is ignorance (for those who deny the existence of spirit world) and doubt (for those who respect spirit beings). Governed by their senses, Earth humans have a natural tendency to doubt and distrust what they can't see or understand. The door to the spirit world is often shut, by default. To keep this door open requires a leap of faith into the unseen, unknown, and unfathomable. Blind trust, so to speak. Hope, in spite of everything. It is a choice you make.

To summarize, chakra clearing is “pipe-joints” cleaning. With all of your chakras cleared, your central pipe becomes clean, thus able to channel the inner sunlight of Gaia and the galactic sunlight of Sophia into your own Light Body universe. Then, your pillar of light is raised. Your obelisk of Ra is up.



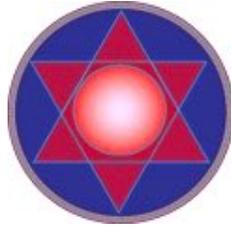
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It all happens inside the womb. A cocoon spun with the finest thread of self-love, such is the womb temple made by the energy of your own sacred heart.

You, awakening humans, are caterpillars entering the pupa phase. Inside the self-made cocoon, you are quietly growing wings, and when the time is up, you will reappear to the world as winged ones soaring high in the astral skies.

The caterpillar, wrapped in darkness and unable to recognize itself, must remain patient, must endure loneliness, and must embrace the pleasure and the pain in this death-like thing called metamorphosis. No regret, and no panic. A caterpillar has only to say to itself, "I'm born to be a sky dancer!"

21. Tantric Reunion



Earth humankind is a composite species. Do you realize it?

In your physiology, you are a special type of primate. However, on the genetic level, you are a chimera made of mammal, bird, fish, amphibian, reptilian, and many other kinds.

In shamanic terms, you could say you have a variety of animals and plants for family members. In scientific terms, you could say you share DNA information with many seemingly unrelated species inhabiting the biosphere of Earth.

To claim your Earth human heritage, celebrating the specialness of your species wouldn't be enough. To fully claim your Earth human heritage, you must also honor the commonality between you and other life forms. You know the saying: *You share one body with all living beings on Earth.* Truly, at the deepest level, in your 1D, you are the same as eagles in the sky, bears in the woods, frogs in the ponds, and snakes in the swamps—you are one Gaian Being.

Of all branches of your animal family, the reptilian branch gets the worst rep. The word “reptile” in popular usage hangs just above the gang of words for “abject evil.” The reptiles are arguably the most condemned, most hated, and most feared animal kind in the human imagination.

But they are one of the oldest enduring species on Earth. They had been living here long before humans came on the scene. They serve as guardians of Gaia’s forces and keepers of Gaia’s records. More importantly, they safeguard an integral part of your human genetic makeup. Snakes, lizards, crocodiles, and turtles in symbolic as well as actual ways personify your reptilian component—they represent your reptilian ancestry.

By now, you are aware that two kinds of reptilian energies have been interacting with you:



Sacred Reptilian



Evil Reptilian

“Sacred reptilians” refers to the original reptilian species in the Earth Paradise Project, who inhabit 2D and 3D. They are native residents of Gaia and loyal protectors of Gaia.

“Evil reptilians” refers to malevolent extraterrestrials of the reptilian kind, who are invaders intent on destroying Earth and Earth human beings. The 4D metallic reptilians from planet Nibiru, known by their Sumerian name Anunnaki, qualify for being called “evil” in every sense of the word.

These evil reptilians were able to infiltrate Earth humankind because they resonated with your reptilian component, because their vibrational field was compatible to the reptilian part of your vibrational field. Due to the mechanics of vibrational resonance, they infiltrated your reptilian part through the energy gate governing survival and procreation (i.e. the Sacral Chakra).

From down up, they marched along the pathway of the kundalini snake. The evil reptilians’ ploy is to destroy your sacred reptilian heritage. Your reptilian heritage is the source of your power and health. The sacred reptilian energy, symbolized as the Snake, is the primal life force, the sexual energy named kundalini.



To enslave you humans, the mechanic-reptilian Anu force must first gain control over this vital energy route. Since they had no power to directly snatch the treasures, they set out to lure you humans into voluntarily giving away your treasures. They did it by making you fear, hate, and forget the Snake within.

They began by painting an ugly picture of the sacred snake. The Snake was portrayed as a seducer and deceiver causing humans to fall from grace. They twisted the original story and added the part of their own treacherous deeds, and the result was the “Adam and Eve” propaganda piece, wherein the Snake became the chief criminal responsible for the fall of mankind. But as you now see, the very character traits of evil that they have heaped on the good snake are those of themselves.

These clever reptilian machines are masters of deception and masters of confusion. Bear in mind, their tactic for infiltration is Reversal of the Original. They made you believe that for men, women are doorways to the devil. What happened was, men were the doorways through which the devil came into women.

Their next step in enslaving the human race was to suppress sexuality. With the expansion of the Anu force in the historical timeline, suppression of sexuality became a dominant norm in cultures around the globe. Religion, education, media, medicine, and law joined hands in promoting taboo and guilt over sexual expressions that are natural and free. This suppression of sexuality, in public and in private, served a most cunning agenda—to steal your kundalini energy.

You see, these 4D parasites feed on human sexual energy. But they prefer to feed on the energy expressed in negative forms—they prefer to drink the energy of illness and disorder. They coax you humans into repressing your kundalini so that the outlet for this ecstatic life-enhancing energy stays a destructive one.

A step further, an even cleverer strategy they used was promoting sexual promiscuity. In recent decades, on the sweeping wave of globalization, it has become a worldwide fashion for humans to be super active in sex. *The more lovers, the healthier. Without a lover, you are a loser.* Such was the subliminal message the mass media presently bombards you with.

Random, casual sex only depletes your energy. It drags you down vibrationally. Without love from the sacred heart, without union of the four bodies, without even a basic

compatibility of vibrations, union of the genitals couldn't even rival animal sex. Humanity can never ascend in banal carnal conjugations. The human spirit falls with such misuse of the human flesh. The Anu way of doing sex is sexual perversion without disguise.

The rebirth of humanity depends on the rebirth of the Snake. A new human can only emerge from you remembering who you holistically are and reclaiming your entire genetic and soul heritage. Being a core component of your human design, the sacred reptilian force plays a pivotal role in your awakening at Dawn. It provides, above all, the alchemical fire that is essential for the magical procedure of self-transformation.

You need a strong dose of sexual energy, in other words. You must raise your kundalini, my dear starseed.

“How shall I do it when I'm in the cocoon, a single caterpillar?”

You can start now, without a partner. You can self-generate kundalini, without engaging another body in sex. I shall show you a way of practice, called “Tantra-for-one,” or “New Tantra.” This Tantra-for-one is the foundation for practicing Tantra-for-two.

It can be called New Tantra for good reasons. New, because in it there is no such deity-worshipping in a hierarchical or patriarchal setting, as is commonly seen in traditional Hindu and Buddhist tantric practices. Tantra, still, because it inherits valuable fibers of light from old tantric traditions.

The Indian word tantra means “stretch, loom, weave.” You are going to stretch and spin the shimmering yarns salvaged from antique fabrics; you are going to weave these threads of light into a whole new tapestry—you.

The aim of all tantra, old and new, is attainment of the state of oneness, that is to say, inner union of polarities. What do you think the keyword for tantra is?

Yes, that is the keyword, with a capital L. Love is the unifying force; Love is the vibration of the unified field. To be a tantrika, a person walking the tantric path, is to be a Lover.

A Lover is a person who chooses to follow the calling of the Heart, who chooses to operate in Love, in spite of everything.

The Lover begins with creating a space of Love—a tantric temple, which is the personal womb temple that we have just spoken of. When you enter your tantric temple, you enter a sacred universe (sacred because you have consecrated it with your own intent) and you shift to the Womb Consciousness, a

consciousness cultivated in one form or another in every tantric tradition.

The Lover's next step is clearing the chakras, opening the central energy channel, and growing the Light Body, as outlined in our previous talk. This step cannot be skipped, or rushed!

An important practice to include in this step is awakening the Moon Consciousness. A companion to Earth, the Moon is not a reflector but a transmitter of sunlight. She converts sunlight into moonlight, and beams lunar power to regulate the rhythm of life on Earth. She is the celestial ruler of your kundalini waves. Therefore, you need to reunite with the archetypal Moon Goddess, who is an aspect of your psyche, a facet of yourself.

Only after your consciousness has been multidimensionally expanded, only after you have developed sufficient Samadhi power, the power of concentration, and only after you have built a solid foundation of unconditional love should you, the tantrika, consider yourself ready for the next stage: the core practice of New Tantra.



The core practice of **New Tantra** is a three-fold program,
featuring

Sacred Snake Activation,
Magic Bird Activation,
Twin Soul Activation.

Activation means
to awaken what lies dormant within.

1. Sacred Snake Activation

You begin by loving the Snake.

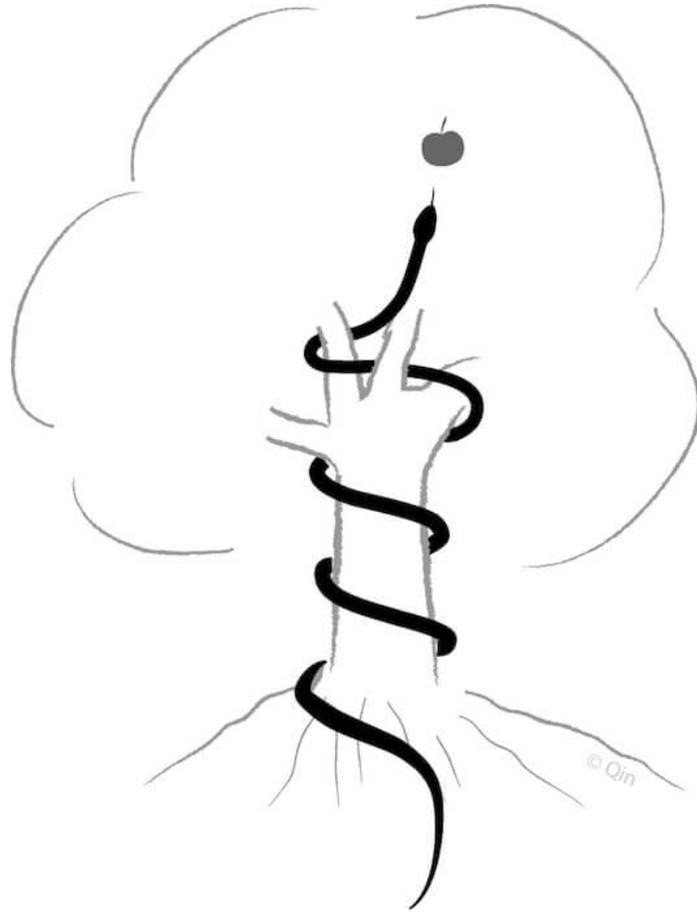
The Snake, a magic animal representing your reptilian ancestry, reptilian family, and reptilian component, is best honored with the energy of your Heart Chakra.

“Sacred” doesn’t mean “deity.” Honoring isn’t worshipping. Loving isn’t the reversal of aversion.

The Snake may look like a total other to you, but in fact is a part of your being. The Snake embodies and protects the pure life-energy ensuring your survival and growth.

Being one of the oldest species on Earth, the reptilians were assigned a supreme role in the Earth Paradise Project: to serve as the Keeper of Gaia’s life force, for the biosphere in general and for the human species in particular.

The Keeper’s job is to protect, maintain, and guide. The Blueprint has intended the reptilian kind to be a protagonist in the drama of Earth life—hence the root story of the wise snake in an idyllic garden. In the paradise garden of Earth, the Snake lives as a guardian of the Tree of Knowledge and as a way-shower to the Fruit of Knowledge.



You are the Tree of Knowledge. And you are the Tree of Life. The designer of Earth humankind has purposely written the Snake into the Human Code, to have it serve as a keeper of your kundalini and as a teacher of human wisdom.

Well preserved in China is the myth of Nüwa, creator of Earth human beings and restorer of order from chaos. She created humans in her image, the story goes, and her form was half human and half reptilian: a flying human-snake.

One strand of the Nüwa myth paired her up with the legendary male teacher Fuxi, who had taught people how to draw symbols of yang and yin. The two sky beings were regarded as wife and husband, and according to the Miao/Hmong people, they were also sister-and-brother twins.



NUWA AND FUXI 女媧伏羲图
Tomb Stone Carving (25-220 AD)
Sichuan Provincial Museum

Two thousand years ago in Han Dynasty, people still venerated the sky couple by engraving their images on coffin stones. The resting place for the dead then was a small rectangular stone box—a little house that honored the ancestral woman and ancestral man.

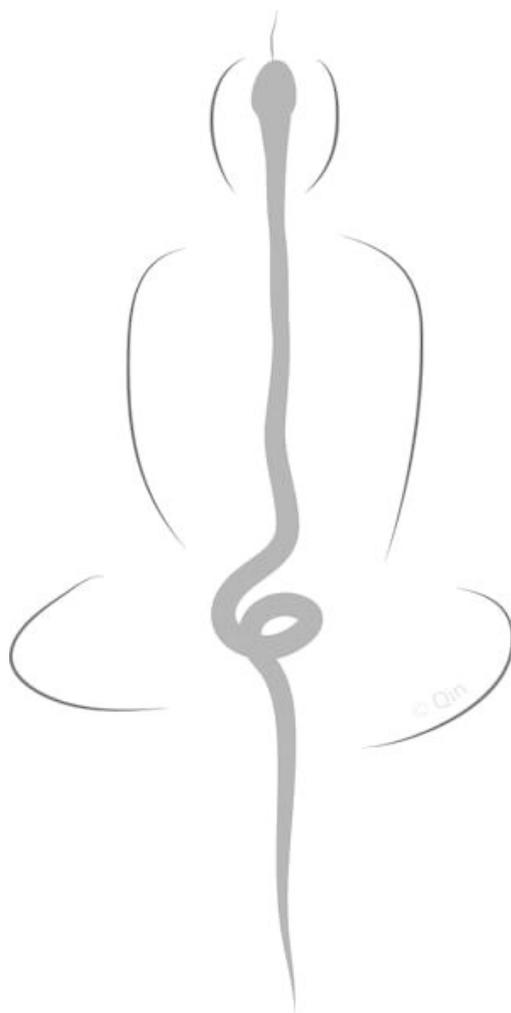
To better understand the Snake, you may want to delve into the long myth of China, the Naga myth of India, the Rainbow Serpent myth of Australia, and the Kukulcan myth of the Mayans.

The Chinese dragon, long, (who is very different from the dragon in Western imaginations) commands the 2D elemental forces of earth, metal, air, water, and fire, and influences the lives of animals and plants on the 3D surface. It traverses between organic and inorganic realms and guards geomagnetic energy routes known in China as “dragon’s veins” (or as “lay lines” in the West). A pure energy, it can work for light or dark purposes. There are good dragons and bad dragons, so to speak. Whatever its conduct, the Chinese dragon is a power snake.

You can invite the power snake, Chinese or not, to come into your life and work its magic. The invitation has to be made by your sacred heart, with a prayer. A prayer is a ceremonial gesture made by the mind on behalf of all four of your bodies. In this case, you cannot repeat after a standard prayer. You must let your sacred heart say the prayer in its own words.

After inviting the power snake into your consciousness, you need to give the raw energy a form to anchor it. Giving the energy a form is an act of visualization. I suggest that you

visualize this energy in that classic Indian form: a rising kundalini snake.



Its colors are up to your imagination: green, red, blue, golden, white, black, or all of them, a Rainbow Serpent.

Its tail is lodged in your Root Chakra, its lower body coiling at your Sacral Chakra, its upper body rising along your central channel, its head swelling in your Vision Chakra, its tongue sticking through your crown.

Begin your visualization with the tail end, because it is from the 1D core of Earth (and not from your 3D genitals) that your kundalini energy originates. And remember, the Sacred Snake is primarily a 2D energy force.

There is a secret. In many human bodies, the gate to the Sacral Chakra is locked. The gate is that “private part” of your body shrouded in shame—perineum, the area encompassing the genital and anus. Besides being a vital gate, the perineum is a storehouse of desires.

To open this gate of energy and to awaken its power of desire, you can visualize your perineum as a lovely lotus flower. You can visualize rays of Gaia’s inner sun shower on this hidden lotus blooming in a private pond.

Now, my dear tantrika, you get the esoteric meaning of a most popular symbol: the lotus seat.



Awakening the Snake's lower section is the most difficult step. Once this step is achieved, the awakened kundalini snake will go its way. It will rise from your lotus seat, ascend along the channel of light, and energize your upper chakras in return. The Snake you've activated now activates you.

There is another secret. The secret is to feel your snake body in your daily life. Feel your snake torso: thick, long, and strong as that of a python, extending from your tailbone down. And feel your snake head: majestic as that of a cobra, expanding from within your skull. Know that your snake form is inseparable from your human form. Dare to walk around with a snake body. Dare to be a snake!

Now, finally, you understand what the Mayan prophecy is about. "The winged serpent 'god' Kukulcan returning to Earth at the end time" is really about your Serpent Self returning at Dawn to its abode inside the Earth-human body.



2. Magic Bird Activation

Searching for your forgotten ancestries, you will inevitably run into the feathered ones. You will encounter your bird tribe, and will meet your bird self along the way.

Another of the oldest surviving species, the birds constitute a key component of your Earth human design, genetic and conscious wise. As with the reptiles, you can call the birds your legitimate kin, and you can claim an indisputable bird ancestry.

This isn't a New Age invention. For ages, humans all over the planet have been in one form or another depicting their kinship with birds. Just look at the wealth of imageries of humans with wings and birds with human faces.



In shamanic practices past and present, birds are honored and invoked as humankind's top team of animal allies.

Our Magic Bird Activation is different from many shamanic practices in that you work not with a bird, but with the Bird. You work with the ancestral form of all birds—the archetypal bird, a magic animal inhabiting the 4D. You work with a primal bird energy that interacts with humans in an individualized manner: it appears in different forms to different persons.

The Bird, a being of the air, a creature of flight, boasts a special affinity with celestial energies above the material dimension of Earth. Not just a symbol, the Bird is a vehicle for celestial energies to operate in the Earth realm. The feathered being is an intermediary being between sky and earth, between extraterrestrials and earthlings, between the 5th and the 3rd Dimension. In cultures in the Middle East, for example, the Bird was known as the messenger, as the go-between.

Being part of your human design, the Bird (4D) represents the supra-human aspect while the Snake (2D) represents the sub-human, so to speak. The supra-human is that level of your consciousness able to rise above the earthly dimension of time and space and fly into higher dimensions, into the cosmos.

To awaken your supra-human bird self, you can begin with feeling your wings.

Yes, you have wings! They are invisible to your human eye but visible to your bird eye. Your wings are a vibrational body part, tangible to your emotional, mental, and astral body, though not to the physical. They belong to the non-physical aspect of the human figure.

The best way to feel your wings is in a deep meditative state. As your consciousness is expanded beyond the ordinary reality, you can stretch your arms as if spreading your wings. Your arms are the wings in this non-ordinary state of consciousness. Feel the length and the width of your wings. See the color of your feathers. Go into the sensation of flapping your wings.

Feel your way into your bird body. You are now airborne, with spread wings. You are dancing with the wind. What kind of body are your wings carrying? Is it small or large, round or elongated? How does the air current feel on your feathered belly?

Enter your bird's head, and look through your bird's eye. What do you see down below on earth? Desert, forest, river, city, or mountain peak? And what do you see in front of you inside the wind? How is your bird mind communicating with the wind?

Through the bird's eye, you look at your life situation emerging as an integral part of the landscape down below. Can you see what you couldn't see before? Do you notice patterns in your past events? Do you see future directions? More importantly, do you read the intention in the wind—the flow of air that is carrying you somewhere?

Seeing through your bird's eye and comprehending with your bird's mind, you operate now from a higher position with a supra consciousness, a consciousness that can guide and assist the human proper living on earth—the “land animal” part of you, living in the time-space continuum of 3D.



Soaring in the air, you are bound to meet other winged ones. You will, sooner or later, come to join a flock of birds belonging in the same bird tribe. Not other flying humans, I mean, but birds, magic birds, whom you call angels.

In our communication here, the word “angels” is used to refer to a type of positive sky beings who are committed to helping Earth beings. Not incarnated, the angels are inter-dimensional energies interacting with you as messengers, as mediators, as helpers. They are 4D beings, inhabiting the dimension

between dimensions (i.e. the astral realm), as are their dark opponents, whom we call “demons.” Demons are astral shadows. Angels are astral lights.

Angels are forever around and always available, by design. As indispensable players in the Human Project, they have been sent to your world by the Great Spirit, the Divine Mind behind the Earth Paradise Project, and not by some entity called Yahweh. Angels had existed long before the alien religion of monotheism came about, long before any primate came to live on Earth. The angelic energy known by the biblical name “Michael” is a real energy. This energy had been interacting with Semitic and non-Semitic peoples in the Middle East since prehistoric times.



Archangel Michael Defeating Satan
by Guido Reni, 1635 AD

Michael was an ancient name, more ancient than Yahweh. The being called “Mi-ha-el” had communicated with generations of Jewish seers before an imposter god called YHWH came on the scene. Masquerading as the true God, Yahweh gave the Jewish people false stories of their origin, and claimed that their angels were his angels. But Michael was never an agent of Yahweh. And the Jews, in their true origin and in their true essence, were never the Chosen People of a god of warfare.

You need to go to the pure source of the Middle Eastern angel stories, to the original foundation of authentic Jewish spirituality, intact in your collective memory. There, you will find the archetypal Michael, the true messenger of light.

“Michael” is best understood as a 3D name for a 4D being of light. This 4D being is indeed an archangel leading a community of angels in an age-old battle against Satan, the head of a congregation of fallen ones (a race of sky beings who had rebelled against the divine order and hidden on Earth in reptilian forms).

Michael has no flesh body, but appears to you in a form that is closest to your heart, be it abstract or anthropomorphic. Long ago when angelic energies arrived on Earth, they made an agreement with birds: to use bird forms to manifest themselves in the human imagination. Thus, sometimes Michael appears (in the human mind) with bird wings.

While angels have no gender in the bodily sense, Michael is a masculine energy. While angels are 4D beings, Michael is aligned with the 2D elemental spirit of fire. Michael would describe himself as a “human-faced firebird.” This firebird is your chief helper in self-birthing and chief ally in defeating evil darkness.

When you call on Michael (or the Fire Bird, if you prefer an unbiblical impersonal name) you call on the entire angelic community, for Michael is their representative.

When you are in the Michael field, you are actually in your angelic home, where you are one with all angels. You, starseeds, have volunteered to come to Earth and serve as messengers of light. On this soul level, you starseeded humans are all angels.

You begin with a dualistic mindset that perceives the angels as another type of being. You arrive at the non-dual awareness that in the angelic realm you are they and they are you. Invoking Archangel Michael is invoking your angel self. The Magic Bird Activation is none other than your own Angel Self Activation.

Your angel self usually comes into your dense physical body through the Crown Chakra and moves from top down, in contrast to the energy of the Snake moving from bottom up. This is a descending light intent on clearing impurities, healing wounds, and restoring beauty, not to mention its protective power. When an angelic energy is moving through you, you know it, for you feel elevated, in body, mind, and spirit.

On the way to your angel self, you must watch out for a dangerous pitfall: the misconception of angels as self-sacrificing helpers.

Angels are self-less, but not self-sacrificing! Angels do not damage their own wholeness in order to help others become whole. Angels do not load human sufferings onto their wings.

Yet, widely promoted in all religions is an ideal of the Helper, standing on a spiritual pedestal of self-sacrifice and co-suffering. The buddha-to-be offering his own flesh to a hungry tigress in the Jataka stories is one archaic example. The Vatican-sainted Mother Teresa is a contemporary case.

Despite good intentions, a masochistic helper isn't angelic, and an evangelical helper isn't a helper at all.

The true angelic helper helps by being her full angel self—by being the pure angelic vibration in any given situation. Helping is not fixing other's problem. Helping is shining light into a dark scene, without intervening, to assist the protagonist gain an enlightened perspective and make an enlightened choice.

Your angel self helps other humans remember their own angel self. Your bird self helps people reconnect with their own bird self. That is what you do, as a magic bird. A magic bird never plucks its own feather. A magic bird never lets itself locked up in a cage. A magic bird is coming and going free, and is happy.

As the Caterpillar teaches you death and rebirth, as the Bee teaches you inner alchemy of making honey out of the pollens of experience, the Bird shows you how to trust the wind.

The flow of air is unpredictable, and soaring in the air requires enormous confidence. Likewise, living with the uncertainties of human life is a play with the unknown, a dance with the winds of change. It can be scary.

But you have wings made of the energy of trust. With your Wings of Trust spread, you rely on the higher order above your reasoning, you follow the divine plot beyond your grasping, and you plunge into the white cloud of utter unknowing.

*Birds make great sky circles
of their freedom.
How do they learn it?*

*They fall,
and falling,
they're given wings.*

The Persian mystic and poet, Rumi, is said to have so described wing making.

The making of bird-man and bird-woman requires courage. Courage comes from trusting. Trusting comes from knowing. Knowing that you are a magic bird, to begin with.

When your bird wings are spread, when your human heart is open, and when your snake body is erect, the estranged Kukulcan part of you, the bird-snake part of you, is being reintegrated into your humanity. With this reintegration, you become what you are designed to be: a power animal inhabiting water, land, and air, a magnificent creature of three worlds.

3. Twin Soul Activation

That person, lost since time immemorial, whom you spent life after life looking for but never finding, that mirage, who is everywhere and nowhere, who eludes you in the eyes of the most beautiful lover you can have in life, that dreamer, who walks you through an enchanted garden only to drop you at a pond of despair ... that is your twin soul.

It is a memory, of the highest peak you've ever reached in this adventurous journey called Earth-human life. A bruised memory, dented, ripped, marred, covered in blood stains and teardrops. For ages, it's been banging on the iron door in the dungeon of your unconsciousness, trying to get free.

It is a drive, to repeat an act ideal, to relive a life consummate, to return to a past perfect. A drive frustrated and denied, again and again. Simply because separation and loss was inevitable, even mandatory, in journeying through the Night part of Earth-human life. You cannot yearn for something you already have, and you cannot go forward without yearning as your drive.

The deeper the lacking, the higher the yearning. The wider the gap, the longer the outreach. The colder the outside air, the hotter the inner flame. Such is the plan. Such is the plot. A

starseed soul has to go to the extreme end, to the rock bottom of deprivation before the wheel of destiny takes a radical turn.

The wheel of destiny has taken a turn, with the dawning in the eastern sky. But you must wait. You must wait to be surprised, for what you want is not necessarily what you need, for life works in mysterious ways.

Yet, you can wait in an active tense. You prepare yourself so that surprise can find its way to you. You prepare a space for that person whom you have looked for everywhere. You build a special room inside your conceptual mind for that person's return.

Twin soul. The concept itself is power. Twin soul is a person who shares with you the same stem soul: a sub-divisional unit of an ancestral human soul.

Take you, WJ, as an example. Your stem soul was the group soul of your tribe that had lived in Stone Age Ireland. Among your tribal members, there was one person, one aspect of the group soul, who took on the special role of partner to assist you, life after life. This particular aspect of the stem soul, with the strongest bond and greatest compatibility with you, was a mirror image of you, was as similar to you as a twin—hence the term “twin” soul.

Reincarnated in a physical body or not, your twin soul has been assisting you ever since the Ireland phase. Your twin soul has been assisting you on the level of the soul through the vehicle of the Lover archetype.

In some life times, your twin soul accompanied you as your spouse in a flesh body. In other lifetimes, your twin soul remained a lover unseen, who escorted you through whatever relationships you had formed in order to learn your karmic lessons.

The energetic imprint of your twin soul on your memory motivated you to seek love always in its highest expression. Because of this demand for excellence, which could not be met by any partner in flesh, memory of your twin soul became a source of your suffering besides being a source of your happiness.

Your twin soul's mission in this lifetime is to help you birth a new you: a balanced and unified human being.

So, live with your twin soul. There is no tantric text to teach you how to live with your twin soul. You are free here, in a tantric garden inhabited by you two. You can combine the power of remembrance with the power of idealization, thereby exercising your power of imagination.

Imagination is your greatest endowment, and ideals are glitters of your blueprint. In imagining your ideal lover, you are reviving golden elements of the past and inventing golden elements of the future to transform the base metals of here and now.

Remember how free you were in the Neolithic days? And how happy you were? The Neolithic You did set a happy tone for your future lives. That tone is never passé.

Nor is that Neolithic life distant. It is near, a parallel reality. It is in here, an ongoing movie in your heart that gives you hope and trust, inspiration and strength.

So, play with your twin soul.

Though not in a flesh body, your twin soul completes you by playing a complementary role to meet your needs. This is a wish-granting energy. This is an indulgent Tantric Consort intent on fulfilling you from within, if you allow him.

This ideal lover is not a Platonic lover! He loves you in the full lusty sense of the word. And he knows how to open your door to ecstasy, how to unleash your shakti power.

Such union with a consort redefines the Vajra concept of yab-yum and the mystical notion of Inner Marriage. This Pleiadian-style inner marriage is a reunion with an energy that you thought you were missing but is in fact a part of you in the unmanifested, waiting to be invited into your consciousness, into the manifest side of your being.

Thus, a Pleiadian tantrika appears to be celibate only on the outside. You are wedded inside to your twin soul, who is you, who is you in a polarity play for the goal of soul growth.

Besides giving you inner strength and inner clarity, your twin soul gives you inner mirroring, which is essential for birthing a new self. To continue to grow, the new self needs an accurate mirror for feedback, for validation, for encouragement.

In this lone process of self-birthing, you must first find the perfect mirror within. You won't find the perfect mirror outside, in another person, not at this early stage of self-growth. Yet, the more you access the twin-soul energy and the more complete you become, the stronger your vibrational magnet gets to attract into your physical reality a person able to resonate with your completeness and to mirror your multifacetedness.

This highly compatible person is your “twin flame,” who is your partner in life and comrade-in-arms. A companion flame, he is most suited for practicing Tantra-for-two with you.

This soul could be a member of your original soul tribe, or a kindred spirit from another tribe who has agreed to incarnate in the right timeframe to find you and build a life with you for the common goal of assisting the birth of a new humankind. It doesn't really matter whether your twin flame is your twin soul, for your twin soul is always there, supporting you from within.

Your twin soul's ultimate mission is to help you reunite with your tribal soul (that is, your ancestral soul prior to the sexuality and personality split) and help you manifest the tribal soul in your new life. That is the essence of Twin Soul Activation.



Dear tantrika, you are on your way to a personal paradise. The personal paradise of living and co-creating with your ideal partner is situated in a communal paradise of new human relations, now steadily emerging. A whole new way of coupling is soon to replace the old norms that have created much schism and damage on the human community.

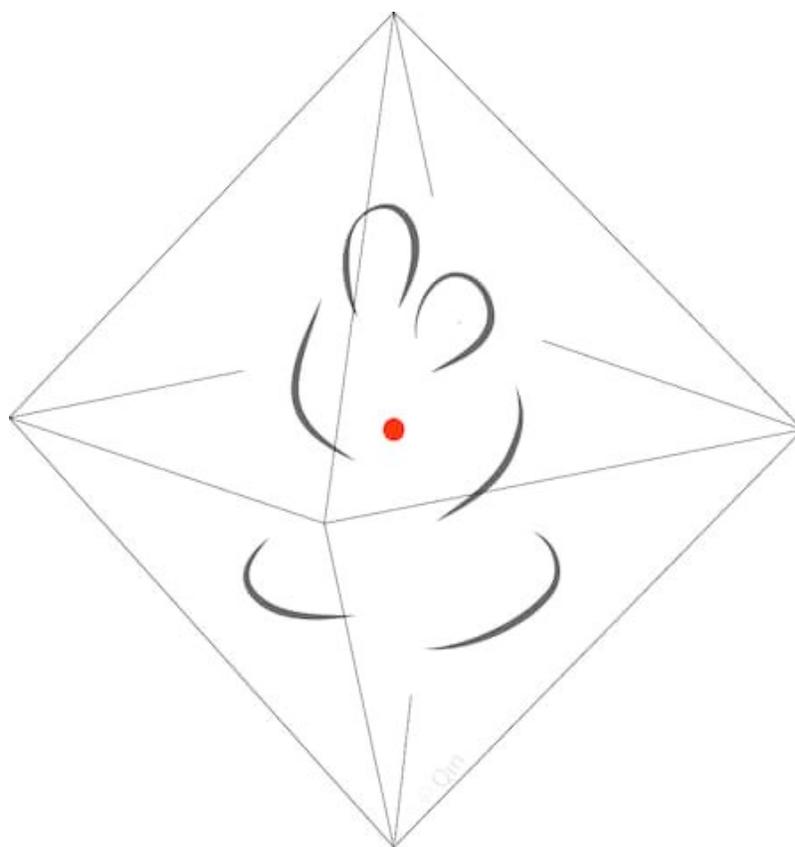
Over 100 years ago, in a letter to a young poet, a starseed incarnated as German and named as Rilke thus anticipated the future development of love relationships:

“The great renewal of the world will perhaps consist in one phenomenon: that man and woman, freed from all mistaken feelings and aversions, will seek each other not as opposites but as brother and sister, as neighbors, and will unite as human beings, in order to bear in common, simply, earnestly, and patiently, the heavy sex that has been laid upon them.”

The idealist, Rilke, envisioned an era of relationships founded upon perfect mirroring. Your time and generation would have been Rilke’s favorite.

You are heralding a new society wherein outer marriages flow out of the consummation of inner marriages. You are championing a new mode of mating wherein couples emerge out of the pairing of ripened individuals who, through loving their solitude, have attained inner unity and peace.

Leaders in the new era will not be celibate monks or nuns who have renounced sexuality, subdued the Snake, and withdrawn from the yin-yang dance. Leaders of the new human society will be enlightened couples, enlightened by the fusion of their own diamond light energies.



Before ending this tour, how about a quick look into another part of this mothership of consciousness?

Our vast ship has a place called Gaia Land, and this land has many power spots, called G spots.

One kind of G spot is summit—mountain peak, where you ascend to gain visions into the future.



Welcome to the **G** Spot

22. Civilization of Light



A civilization of light for the coming Age of Light is founded on the pillars of light-bodied human beings. Without such human pillars of light, there won't be any civilization of light.

What is light?

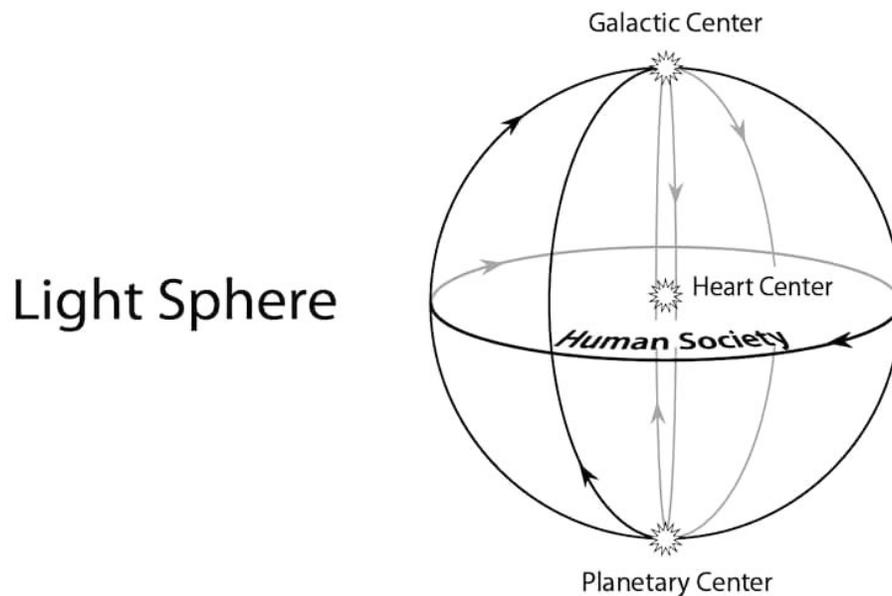
Light is truth, beauty, and love.

A civilization of light is a human society in which individuals are true to themselves and to one another. They use their creative energies in building a life of beauty and joy. They love Earth, love all sentient beings, and love the cosmos.

A civilization of light is powered by Earth light, is an expression of Earth light, is a human personification of the multifaceted magic being called Earth.

This civilization begins with the premise that “nature is good and nature is sacred.” Not anti-nature, not moving against the way of nature, it must be fundamentally compatible with nature and going with the natural flow.

A nature-loving and human-loving civilization can only function based on the spherical model that we have shown you before:



Equality, respect, sharing, caring, collaboration, inspiration, individual freedom, communal support ... these are characteristics of a civilization of light. If one word is to be used to describe the vibrational state of such a spherical society, that word would be “security.”

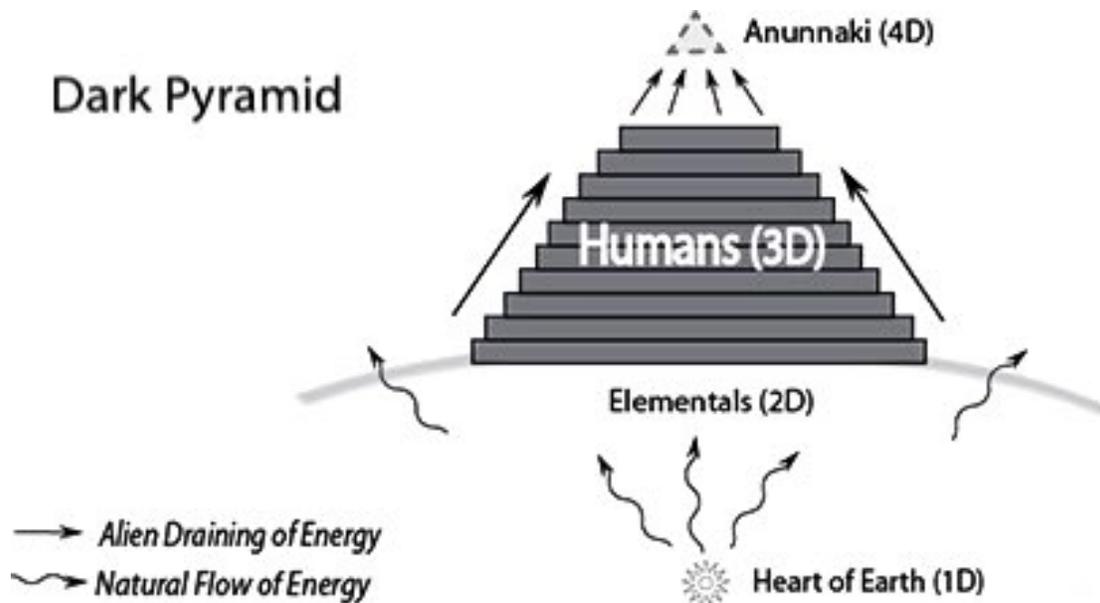
Secure humans. Ontologically secure humans. They have basic trust in Mother Nature, and in humanity. They have safe feelings about Earth, Moon, and Sun, about planets and stars, about space, about life beyond death. If you set secure humans and insecure humans on a vibrational scale, they would be at opposite poles. Secure humans are in a high vibrational state, peaceful and happy. Only in a secure state can humans be truly creative.

The whole aim of our Agriculture Project, which began 11,000 years ago, was to restore your sense of security. “No more struggle against nature or against one another; from here on, life is secure,” we said to your inner spirit. The whole Civilization Project we had initiated on Earth was built on this fundamental sense of security.

It might be difficult for you to feel such a sense of security, for you have lived for 5000 years in extreme insecurity. The Anu Age (3500 BC until now), despite its dazzling technological advancements, has reduced you to a pitiful state of insecurity. The history of the Anu Age was one of free humans degraded by cutthroat competition for artificially limited resources and locked into a brutal struggle for survival on a planet where, ironically, abundance actually abounds.

The Anu “Culture” (not Anu “Civilization” because of its barbaric quality) is built on a nature-hating and human-hating

system. The dark pyramid of power, which you've already seen, gives you nothing more than a deep sense of insecurity.



It is impossible to reform such a dark pyramid, to transform it into a light pyramid or light sphere. The Anu force of darkness doesn't contain in itself the seed of light. It cannot self-correct and, even if it could, it is unwilling to be corrected. It desires the darkness in which it thrives.

The civilization of light has to be a total replacement, not a reformed version of the culture of darkness. Although it sounds futuristic, the civilization of light is neither a utopia nor a fantasy, but rather a project interrupted, a reality put on hold.

Just over 5000 years ago, it was civilization of light all over the planet. In Neolithic times, humanity was pure and light, and human societies were based on egalitarian principles. It was love on Earth. It was peace on Earth. It was happiness on Earth. A civilization of light for the coming Age of Light needs to be built on the very foundation of this Neolithic civilization of light.

Why? Why Neolithic, not Paleolithic?

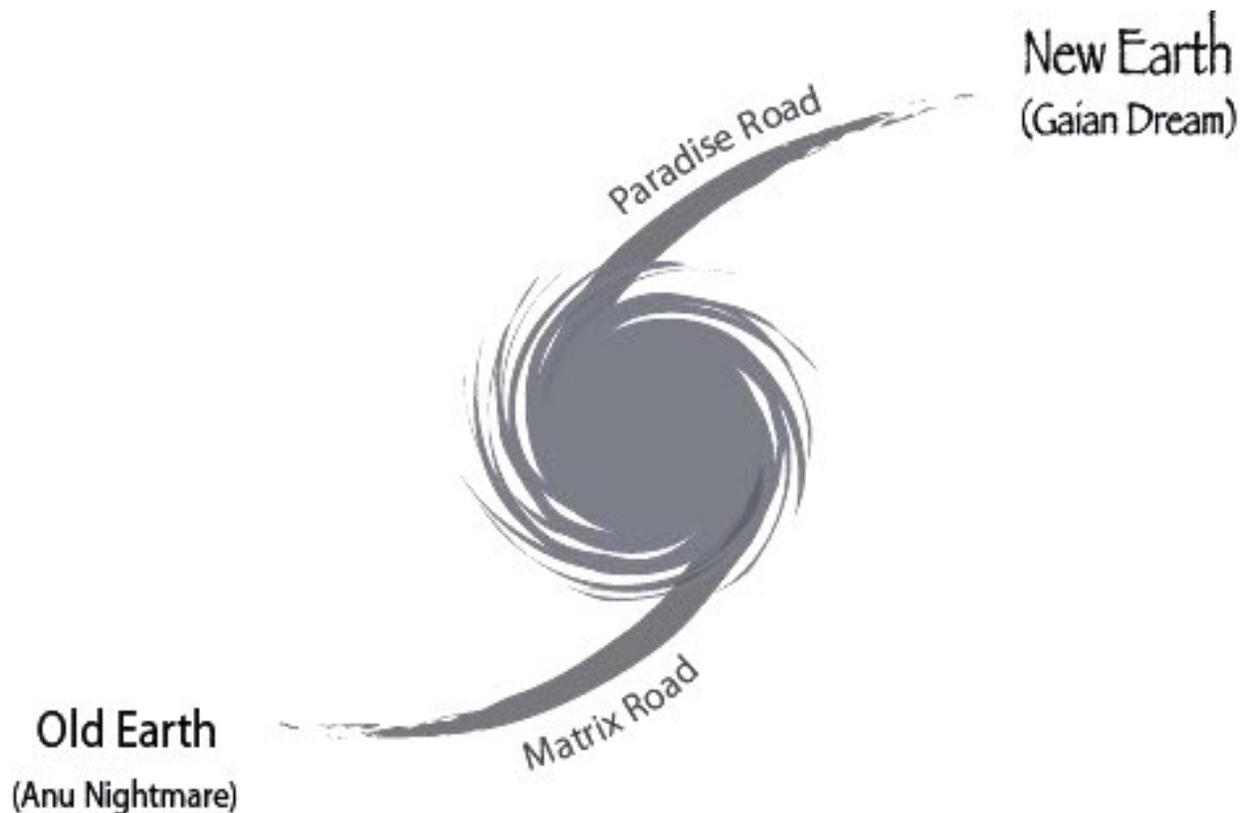
Because agriculture will continue to serve as the bed soil of human civilization well into the Age of Light. New humans will eat basically the same kind of food that humans have been eating since Neolithic times. The talk about returning to Paleolithic diet or upgrading to artificial and ethereal foods is unrealistic.

If you see that the 5000-year Anu culture of darkness is at its core an alien hijacking, twisting, and misusing of your original civilization of light, then you see the logical solution. The solution is simple: take back the flight of civilization and reset it on its original course.

The original course is the Gaian Dream, the hijacker's course is the Anu Nightmare.

You, as a species, are entering a powerful vortex of energy. Entering this vortex is like driving into a great roundabout with exits into many different realities.

Although numerous personal realities are available to you, there are only two main exits from which you can choose. These two exits, going in opposite directions, will split the human race into two camps and the planet into two realities. In this last traffic circle, which exit will you choose?



Will you choose to serve your mother planet, Gaia?
Or will you choose to serve the alien lord, Anu?

We, your Family of Light, respect your free will. Even at this critical juncture, your sky family is not commanding you to go a certain way. Instead, we are all saying to you:

“Make a choice!”

The power to choose can protect a world or destroy a world, can open heavens or unleash hells. And every one of you has that power. The choice you now make determines your next place in the cosmos and affects the future of planet Earth.

If you don't make a choice, you'll be swept up in the force of the Herd Mentality and go the mainstream way, which is Anu's way.

Every human on Earth deserves to be informed of this final traffic circle, so that he or she has a chance to make a choice.

You who are starseeds, among those first informed, can reach out and inform others. Of course, you can't decide for another person, but you can inform another person.

You came to serve as bringers of light.

As bringers of truth, you are storytellers of the truth of what happened in the past.

As bringers of beauty, you are visionary designers of a future new Earth.

As bringers of love, you are angelic messengers delivering compassion via your life situations in the present, the now.

Your original starseed energy is there, intact in your being. Your beautiful volunteer and adventurer energy is there, waiting to be reclaimed and released into the world. You have volunteered to come and serve as artistic directors of the Earth Living Theater, and as innkeepers of the Earth Bed and Breakfast.

But it takes time to become who you are. It takes time to purify your aura. It takes time to break old patterns and make a habit of new ones. Take your time in healing your wounds and transmuting mountains of heavy energies. Take all the time you need in living out the most magical episode of your earthly saga.

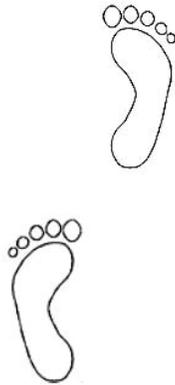
Be patient. Be very patient. Judge not the external outcomes, but value instead the internal process. You are in uncharted territories, with no straight line for a trail. You circle around, go back and forth, rise up and fall down.

Trust the way.

Trust your way. There is no ready-made way, but a way-in-the-making, by you.

There is no path in front of you. But there is a path behind you—a path to light, made by your own footsteps. You are your own path maker. You are your own torchlight. You are a solo pilgrim treading a path in the pathless wilderness.

You are the path.



Everywhere you go you find yourself a minority, quite often a minority of one. Yet, you are not alone! You cannot see us, but we can see you. You can trust in our presence, especially late at night when you feel utterly dejected, defeated, sometimes even deranged. Still, we are right around you, as your Family of Light.

We are less than an inch away. We are but a thought away.

Ask us for help. Your gesture of asking invites us into your home. When you make this opening, we are permitted to come in and offer you our assistance. That's because your sky family respects your autonomy and will not offer any aid without your asking us first.

We are not your saviors—we are your allies.
We are not your bosses—we are your guides.

We help you out in your initiation dramas along life's perplexing labyrinths. The gentle voice you hear inside the dark maze is our voice, the voice calling you: "Come this way! This way leads to light. This way leads to freedom."



We are here, just outside your five senses. We are in the reality parallel to your own, accessible through the portal of your sacred heart. And you need not do anything to earn love from us. We love you simply because we are your family.

Yet, you cannot meet your family with a hierarchical mindset—such a mindset keeps us segregated. You can only meet us in the spirit of equality, in the spirit of trusting audacity, letting your small self bask in our large energy field. The only way to meet us is to become one with us.

Now, I have some cheerful news for you.

Many starseeds who have received the extra code of light are now alive on Earth—this is your biggest group incarnation ever! This time, you are incarnated not at one central spot, but everywhere; you do not appear in one skin color, speaking one local dialect, but are back on stage in all races, genders, and ages. You are back to build a global spiritual community that yields to no political, economic, or religious border controls.

You are here to fashion a new civilization of light, out of the ashes of darkness. A beautiful new Earth is emerging, who vibrates in love, not fear, whose human children follow not schedules or routines, but their sacred hearts' calling.

You are here to revive an ancient civilization of light, founded on the pillars of megalithic power stations. You are here to manifest the blueprint for the Earth Paradise Project, forever shining in your starseed soul.

YOU are the civilizers.

Now, let us go to the summit of a vision hill, to see into the future.



Dream Temple Atop Vision Hill
(Maeve's Cairn Atop Knocknaree Hill)

Since County Sligo in western Ireland is where our story began, we go to Sligo's landmark hill, Knocknarea, which should be known from here on as the Vision Hill.

We go to the Dream Temple on top of Knocknarea, a temple known by the misnomer of "Maeve's Cairn." We go to a nipple of Gaia's breast to receive her milk of visionary knowledge.

Imagine:

Sitting on top of the Dream Temple, you are surrounded by the Atlantic Ocean, the field of Carrowmore, the hill of Carrowkeel, and many other megalithic sites of power.

You are on top of the world, a starseed awakening to your true identity and great power. You are a darling of Gaia. You are her dream child.

At the tip of Gaia's breast, your Pleiadian eye and her Gaian eye merge as one. You see into the future together with your Earth Mother, your Sun Father, and your star family ...

... tell me, what do you see?





Endnote to the Reader

A writer, regardless of gender, is a mother who births words.

Upon birthing a fat manuscript, I, the writer mother, fell into a postpartum panic. “What if my darling kid is lame? What if I got the Human Story partially, or even entirely, wrong?”



I was halfway through reading a book channeled from a Pleiadian source when it hit me that my story couldn't dovetail with her story—a renowned channeler's story.

By then I was a veteran. I knew what to do, to un-panic.

A talk.

WJ: My teacher, I'm in a dilemma. Whose story is true? I don't want to tell a lame story that ends up confusing and dividing people. I don't want to be a good-hearted misinformer, unknowingly misleading other truth seekers!

Sincera: Relax, my dear, relax! I shall say to you that every piece of channeled information is only a vision, only a story, which is limited and tinted by the condition of the channeler. Who said that you have to believe in a story just because the channeler believes that the story has come from a higher source?

WJ: Yeah, who said so?

Sincera: Here is an excellent occasion to exercise your inner criteria in judging what is true and what is untrue, for you. This is a great lesson of your time, for all of you—that truth must be true to you, personally.

WJ: Our book is based on my telling what feels true to me, personally. I am only telling a story. True or untrue depends on the reader's own judgment, right?

Sincera: Right. And this is a big challenge. You people have for so long lived with the belief in an "objective truth" out there, provable and potentially accepted by the majority. Well,

majority is not the criterion, nor is provability, “out there”—certainly not! In fact, you are entering a new era in which truth is seen as internal and personal. You may come to share a common vision and a common story, but this new type of consensus reality is based on each one of you discovering your own inner truth.

All your life you’ve been living through others’ stories. This book project is a bold attempt to break free of others’ stories. Take it as your Declaration of Independence, daring to go deep into your core, to tell your own story, and to share it with others. You are not afraid of being ridiculed, and you are open to the possibility that you could have gotten some parts and maybe the whole picture wrong. What really matters, you see, is not the end result, but the process of reaching for personal truth.

WJ: I kept reaching deeper into my core, and the book was a document of this process.

Sincera: Yes, the book was a by-product of your process. And your story is a tiny piece in a huge jigsaw puzzle of the Human Story, which is to be put together through a collective endeavor. No one has the whole picture. Each individual has one piece of the puzzle only.

Your job is to figure out what your unique piece is and where in the whole it fits. Your own piece, with its jagged edges and cracked colors, may wind up motivating another person to go on a puzzle quest. This is the best you can do in being part of a new wave of storytelling intent on rewriting history.

WJ: Maybe I can add something like a “note to the reader” to the end part of our book to highlight this issue of storytelling, personal truth, and puzzle quest.

Sincera: Good idea.

WJ: I can even copy and paste this very conversation onto that page.

Sincera: Yes!





The End





www.pleiadianfamily.net

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