

The Folk of Yore *Sacred Memories*

by Aurial of Darluse Wood



A Journey of Destiny

With Foreword by

Master Armaton

Special Envoy to Queen Veridia of
the Society of Folk

JODERE

G R O U P

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These

I have been in a space sublime
Bejeweled with gossamer clouds of Joy.
Glittering like diamonds, These, but more
Than tongue can tell or mind behold.
What essence These? Far rarer than
All that's known or easily seen.
Fair lights of Love, Thy flickerings
Play hide and seek within all forms
And beckon us to find Thee out
For in so doing, we are changed.

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Foreword by Master Armaton
Special Envoy to Queen Veridia of the Society of Folk
Spiritual Liaison to Aurial of Darluse

Dearest Soul,

The manifestation of this extraordinary volume and its possession by thee now, represent the continuation of a miracle that had its beginning in another time and space not of this Earth. The story herein spans three Earth days in late fall, 626 A. D. in the land which shall become known as England.

We, the Society of Folk, are ancient beings of Light who dwell within that “time and space,” and, as such, are outside thy third dimensional perception. Existing beyond thy boundaries of body and mind, we are blessed to live within a realm wherein pure Love pervades. Whilst we may dwell elsewhere, we are otherwise linked to thy world, for it is our good fortune to share our abundance of Love with thee by infusing It directly into thy planet’s Nature: Her waters and plant and mineral kingdoms. Verily, the well being of Mother Earth—especially of these mentioned innocents—is our primary concern, and our greatest joy is to serve thee, indirectly, through them.

Our ancient *Book of Symbols* warned us of an upset in the balance between our worlds, prophesying one on Earth would, of necessity, be called to a task effecting a future great change in the consciousness of Mankind. That task culminated in the creation of this primer, *Sacred Memories*, in which a third dimensional being—one Aurial of Darluse—has recorded the events surrounding

his conscious transformation beyond three-dimensional existence. It also documents the sudden disappearance of the Society of Folk from Earth. Her Majesty, Queen Veridia, and the Society foresaw this time of upheaval. We also know of the future time when Mankind will experience a “great shift” in awareness signifying the end of the world as it is perceived. When this time is nigh, survival of the human race would come into peril and *Sacred Memories* will issue forth.

Aurial was born within Darluse Wood along the south of England in the year 600 A.D., a time of great darkness and suffering, superstition holding the people in abject fear and ignorance. From the age of three years, he was raised in the safety of a monastery nigh about his birthplace. Whilst in the care of the good brothers, Aurial learned the craft of making parchment leaves for their illumined books. ‘Twas not until this year, 626 A.D., that we met and he assumed his task.

Verily, the language of seventh century England will be nigh unintelligible for Earth’s distant future, therefore *Sacred Memories* has been inspired to Aurial honoring what his mother tongue will become. ‘Tis worthy to say of this writ, it is more than an epic poem. Its comforting rhythmic flow is designed to promote relaxation in thee and elevate thy receptivity to Aurial’s words, which are more than their meaning: each is infused with the power and light of pure Love. Aurial has indicated when to *rest* along the way by placing seven diamond shaped images within each chapter. I humbly advise, do pause and avail thyself of each *rest*, for the experience of transformation can be disconcerting at times. *Sacred Memories* embodies, in the here and now, the divine consciousness flourishing in vast realms beyond time. To read it, particularly aloud, is to be touched, perchance imbued, with this consciousness.

Albeit the following chronicle may seem incredible, I lend solemn testimony and witness to it, since I accompanied Aurial. I pray thou mayest suspend thy beliefs so long as to consider his account, perchance to allow his journey to become thine own. Aurial describes a deeply profound experience to be savored and absorbed. It offers a gentle prod to remembrance of what is already known and knowable to thee.

Sacred Memories is a literary song of the Soul, sung with love to and for all the peoples of Earth. Aurial inspires hope and the understanding that none are so blind as those who will not see. His is a story of *seeing* the light of Love and of Love's effort to survive in a world that becomes blind to its own suffering, forgetting Love's presence. Aurial embodies courage in the face of grave danger. He exemplifies heroism and what it takes to "...be in the world but not of the world."

Sacred Memories has traversed time and space to rest miraculously in thy hands. Temperance to thee; gird thyself upon *thy* part in seeing, as Aurial writes, "Surprises waiting to be seen" beyond this third dimensional world.

Many blessings,
Armaton

Sacred Memories

Part 1 ~ Earth Time

Chapter 1: The Awakening

A Gift for Someone...

For all who love our Mother Earth

I bring sweet tidings in Her stead.

Why me? I pray to know as well

For I am but a peasant low.

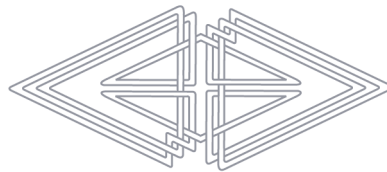
Perchance it is my simple way. For this I count myself most blessed. With heart untied and Soul on high, I live a life unknown to most. Yet I would pale and faint away if what is writ be found a lie. Albeit most remarkable, not all have seen what is to see. And for this wise, most will not know that this account may dare exist, of

sacred mem'ries booked and saved, at last itself to be a gift for someone other than myself who will protect it from whose eyes would burn it at the stake with me and never tell the others why.

This vouchsafement doth girdle me: my place is not to wane in fear, but soar anon where falcons fly and document what I have seen. Unto this end will I be true though ignorance is rife with pride and demonstrates with fortitude its own shortsighted point of view.

Now as for fear and its disease: it chokes the heart and dulls the mind to rule a soul wherein it dwells with darkness bleak and sorrowful. Alas, these tyrants feign their reign. The people fear in ignorance, are weak and huddle in the night around their fire too small for warmth.

'Tis for this grief my dreams commenced, so wondrous as to challenge me to meet and strike mine enemies and know how feels sweet victory.



The Common Wars...

Yea, night on night the dreamer, I, would stand upon a plane of stars—a polished onyx battlefield that mirrored its celestial hosts—whilst wicked foes: first ignorance, then clutching fear—its armored kin—would flank me left as well as right to cause me dread by mass alone.

But lift my sword to them, would they let fly their arrows lit with flame and cast their spears of coldest steel into the air to rain defeat. All warriors? Nay, nary one in all the thousands of their ranks, these marksmen of the common wars, how savored they uneven odds.

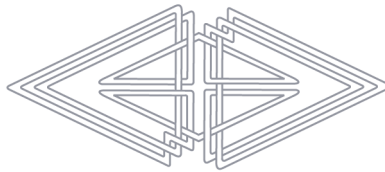
And should I tremble, I would fall to lose my fight, then die and wake. Most

stunned, I longed for real death, but I would not the coward's way.

What madness slipped into my sleep to trick my head night into night?

“Enough of this, enough!” I roared, then dreamt I held a dripping sword. As I, unscathed, surveyed the field, imagine my complete surprise whilst these foes—mine—were cut by half, my being doubled twice in size!

When I awoke, I bolted up and stood as stone in deepest thought. This dream, a magic for my heart, had touched my mind with thunder's crack and jolted me out of myself long tied in knots that kept me bound and drunk with old passivity so I would never learn this truth: it matters not how slight the Will; if used at all, the Infinite will open up Its doors of change wherein doth dwell Remembering.



The Beauteous Star...

When came the night, I dreamt once more to see the odds fair equalized: surrounded—yea—by half my foes, yet I was greater than all they. Hence ignorance held not its sway, as well the more for fear and doubt. But for the nuisance of their sting they verily had disappeared.

Yet, of what remnant did remain, the hosts celestial over me commenced to swell with great increase, exploding in a grand display. A light-fall of ten thousand stars, that healed my wounds most instantly, did burn away all vestiges of every foe I ever fought.

I staggered back in breathless awe and then fell prone onto the field where I could see reflected there, the brilliant light of Someone's might.

“Oh wondrous Star, Who couldst Thou be?” mine inner feelings ventured

forth as rapt in some familiar feel was I, before this glowing One Who spake to me within my mind this melody of thrilling words:

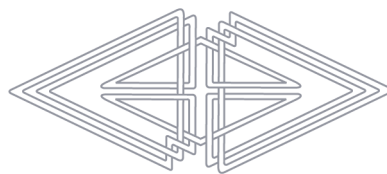
“Dear one, thou art most privileged. Thou hast secured thy Destiny.”

As I awoke thereon my bed, my body laying still face down, I felt as though this One of Light was yet beside me in my room. But as I turned I was alone, so sought I solace from my dream. And staying still, my memory enchanted me with what I’d learnt. When suddenly, whilst fast awake, I was surprised from musing’s thrall, for there before me in my room, materialized the beauteous Star.

My heart did quicken in my breast for this was more than just a dream. I bound from bed and bent to bow, then saw my body still in bed!

“By what is right, I am undone! I must entreat of Thee, fair Light: what magic separated me that I should find myself in twain?”

“Oh, Aural, dear Aural. One can not leave behind their shell without a knowledge of this gift for which thou labored to receive so long ago thou hast forgot. And more than this, thine industry of day to day intense intent doth keep thee from sweet comfort’s Prize. But for My tap upon thy chest thou wouldst remain a prisoner locked deeply in thy jail of bones, now resting yon in youthful sleep.”



A Mystery...

In vain I tried to make it sense: that I was now outside myself, in converse strange, whilst not so strange, before and with this One of Light.

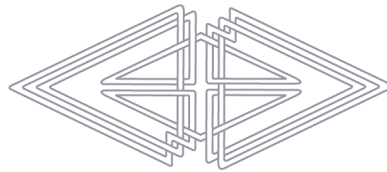
“What sayest Thou, ‘tis lost on me. My wits have fled and are forespent. Such ignorance betrays my Soul. I beg of Thee, awaken me!”

“Dear Aurial, be not afraid. I bring thee greetings and pure Love. Remain this while with Me in calm and deeply drink from Wisdom’s grail:

“Thou hast fought long and art most brave. Thy demons thou hast overcome, hast proved thyself a conqueror, most strong as brave and soon awake. But time is nigh and thou art ripe to now recall thy Destiny: remember, oh rememb’rest thou that I would ask a task of thee? And for this wise, have I been sent, an Envoy of the Folk of yore, Whom thou hast known from childhood years when thou didst hear Their story told.”

Astonished, I confessed this truth, “But I did never think of Them as more than in a fairy tale! Thou sayest here They do exist?”

“They do indeed, for centuries, but herein lies a mystery: their multitudes will disappear forthwith at dawn in three days hence.”



To Soothe Thy Heart...

This discourse brought a leveling that shot me down into my frame. I sat erect and looked about but could not see my Visitor.

“Me thinks this slipping in and out a portent of some malady: a mind found caught in waverings betwixt the real and mostly not!”

“Behold! Thou art amongst those blessed. Take hold! The demon, doubt, returns. Take up thy sword and finish it! It gains in strength thou dost allow.”

“Mine ears do hear but eyes are blind. Why hast Thou plainly disappeared? But for some distant recollect, my judgment seems most compromised.”

“Thy malcontent will pass away. ‘Tis but the thickness of a veil. Return to calm and hearest now what thoughts do flow to soothe thy heart.”

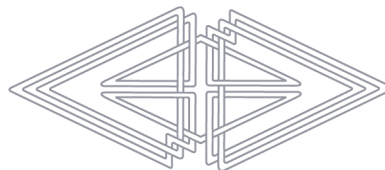
So came they as a gentle rain to spit and hiss upon my brow and cool the molten matter there, “Pray tell: what task, what Destiny?”

Then, more than rain, a waterfall dissolved what slightrness might perplex and drenched my mind with holy peace. My vessel filled, I was content. Herein this state of Peace and Calm did Wisdom, Providence, and Truth descend as well, when suddenly I felt a tapping on my chest. There was an instant flood of light, a cautery of white-hot heat that pulled me through, from base to crown, and out beyond my counterpart. My body faded out of view, as did beloved Mother Earth, whilst I did arc Infinity, wherein I found Remembering.

A voice so sweet then called to me across the vast expanse of space. I longed to see my Visitor, to tell Him what I understood. In moment’s flash, my body found, I stood before His blazing light.

“Beloved Master Armaton, dear Friend, Thou art ‘sweet comfort’s Prize.’”

His smile and tender gaze of joy revealed again His humbleness, for herein dwelled magnificence: my Guardian of many lives.

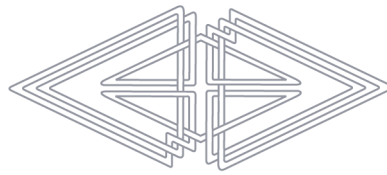


Brave Great Change...

Deft clarity caused me to gasp, “This life is of mine own design!” In one inhale I understood the purpose of its crucible: I chose a birth into this time when darkness was but everywhere, to challenge me to overcome the stagnant thinking of the day. This I achieved, but at a price: I shared my deepest thoughts with few and recognized that solitude was much preferred to fitting in.

Yet I would have this gentle prod—a knowing in the deepest sense—that I, if worthy of a cause, could lend my heart straight into it. This end did so depend

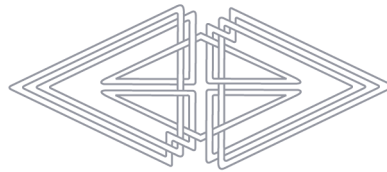
upon my tolerance to brave great change, both those within as well without, that I would merit this surprise: my Master Armaton, Himself, would come to herald unto me what course and possibilities my chosen cause might manifest.



This Special Task...

“The Folk will show Themselves to thee. Thou hast been summoned by Their Queen to meet within a secret place where She will give to thee alone an ancient treasure, very rare, the ‘Book of Symbols,’ which includes the history and mysteries of the Society of Folk. It is a Gift ordained to be a sacred treasure for someone whose Destiny, aligned with thine, is to decipher what it means. This more the Queen requests of thee: record thy three day odyssey, and call it ‘Sacred Memories.’ What say thee to this special task?”

“A fervid yea do I declare. ‘Tis not the common life I seek. My heart throbs its intent with thrills. Could I depart from this entreat and feel the right for such a choice? Not so, not even so to live as sov’ reign over all those born to thrones and crowns of privilege. I recollect to meet the Queen, to answer yea to Her request, to document Their waning hours: ‘tis Destiny, my Destiny!”



Friend or Foe...

“So be it, blessed Aural. Now, I would caution thee aside: let no one nigh in confidence for treachery makes easy meat of hands that take their pay in coin and tongues that tell a fear filled tale. Raw fodder for their master’s dogs will be their

fate for seeing thee. Hence, be thou wary for a time. Prepare thyself. An omen dark may cast its shadow over thee to settle who is friend or foe, for where is light the moth is drawn, and some that have, want even more. Not knowing what the more they seek, they plunder all with equal greed.

“‘Tis no mistake thou livest here, away and up into these hills. Within this forest and its kind, the mystic Folk watch over thee. And watching Them, as well as thee, are Guardians most powerful. They are at hand, should need arise, but still be cunning for thy life for through thy journey to the Queen, thou wilt endure what few could bear: great fears and joys and sorrows deep. Use temperance with each extreme. Pray, change thy rigors not the least, but keep thy doings secret safe. Thy forenoon walk begins thy task. I am with thee, a thought away.”

Sacred Memories

Part 1 ~ Earth Time

Chapter 2: The Omen

A Specter Dark...

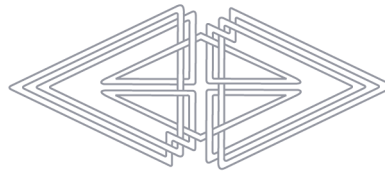
The moment next, my Friend was gone,
And just as quick, I was assailed
By what I thought I had destroyed,
Those demons dark called fear and doubt.

They came upon me like the eve: relentless as the Sun's descent, too gradual to recognize what instant day is turned to night. So thusly steeped and caught off guard, imagine my complete surprise to find my thoughts went wandering into a place I loathed to go: a specter dark that never failed to bring my spirit to its knees,

although it would not condescend to honor me with its full truth.

Like images by firelight that cast strange shadows on a wall, the vision faded in and out and taunted me with looming dread. My heart did quicken in my breast to shove short-winded breaths from me, as something black and wild with rage came charging towards me in the dark.

I toppled backwards in my fright, and as I hit the cold hard floor, the vision vanished into naught to leave me heaving gasps of air. ‘Twas there I stayed upon my back to watch the room turn ‘round and ‘round. Too full of stars where’er I looked; I seemed displaced out of my mind.



Disguised as Damsels...

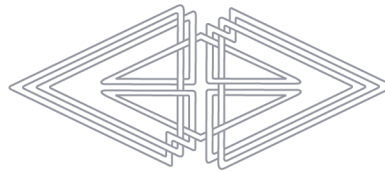
How could I thusly come to this? Did Master show Himself or not, or did I but to dream it all? One thought too clear: I was confused! And in this state, I felt despair. Then, as if called, fear, doubt and shame drew quickly nigh, and chirped with glee to prove the depth to which I fell.

They came disguised as damsels fair and called my name alluringly, then pressed their wiles against my mind imploring me to follow them. But I would not, for were they real? I must confess I could not tell, when suddenly their beauty waned, reducing them to wrinkled hags who could not wait to taste my flesh and shrieked to bare their sharp black teeth. But they were powerless since I denied them entrance into me.

Their frenzy melted into one gigantic, raging entity with blazing eyes, a tail and horns. It roared at me its dark intent, “I am thy Lord called Sesavah and thou shalt meet thy destiny, but not as Armaton declares for I am ruler of thy fate!”

These words hung heavy in the air, now thickly fouled by this thing's breath and shook my mind out of its state into a sharpened depth of worth. I would not dignify this claim by arguing for honor's sake, nor enter into an exchange as I, in haste, jumped to my feet.

I felt a flood of cold disdain well up in me as I stepped forth and, with a wave from my left hand, dismissed the beast. It disappeared!



In Danger's Eye...

I walked outside for fresher air and marveled at what just took place: a battle more of wits than brawn within the kingdom of my mind. It had been waged with dark intent to frighten me into self doubt, to cripple and to maim my will, and bend it to embrace defeat. But I have fought this war before, and though defeat hath sniffed my heels, I cannot be deceived for long for I believe in Destiny.

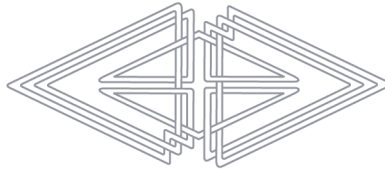
And mine hath been retold to me by One Who is a beauteous Star, named even by the Sesavah, my Master teacher, Armaton, whose name alone doth yield a gift that scarce can go unrecognized: an inner sense of deepest peace that comforts me when naught else can.

The air about commenced to chill and quickened through the forest leaves. They moved to yield a soothing sound that beckoned me to come and play as I had done as oft I could—these were my solitary friends—but day was darkening to night and caught me in this reverie:

“I love thee, trees of Darluse Wood, and dare believe thou lovest me. Thou taughtest me to heal the sick whom I embraced in danger's eye. I asked protection from no one, but lived two lives as thou dost know: made parchment leaves for

sacred books and helped the ailing when I could. Now I am changed since with thee last. Pray, givest me a farewell kiss.”

I thought to linger with my friends that all the more now called to me to float upon the gentle breeze just like the leaves that had let go, but I refused temptation’s call and turned to face my Destiny.

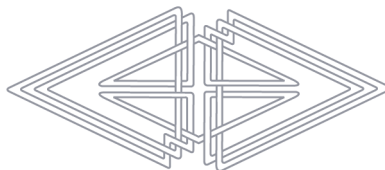


A Fervent Prayer...

Into my sheltery I walked, then closed the door to end my day. I placed a log to last the night upon the fire’s remaining coals. Then in the silence of my room, with arms outstretched and shoulder high, I slowly turned around, about whilst uttering this fervent prayer:

“I trust that Thou art near, dear Friend. I end this day with Thee in mind. Come forth with Warrior Guardians that I be granted deepest sleep. And quicken, in all righteousness, the morrow and its mystery that soars upon the Sun’s ascent when I will take a forenoon walk.”

By firelight I took my leave to lay me down upon my bed and heard the pounding of my heart up in mine ears begin to slow. As though a golden magic cloth, endowed with peace was laid o’er me, I seemed afloat upon a lake and drifted off to shores of sleep.



Why Open It?

Without, the night was deepening. There came a fog as thick as cream that

swallowed up my sheltery without a hint that I was there. Or so I thought, but verily, there came a knock too quick and loud to be delivered by a friend, except for one most desperate.

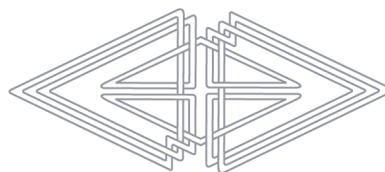
“Who would need now to summons me with this approach, at this dark hour?” There came no voice but pounding more, too strong for one with any wound. Not either would an enemy announce their entrance or reveal an ill intent far better served behind surprise, without a sound.

At thrice the knock protested me to challenge all my reasoning, for what, pray tell, didst keep whom out? I kept no lock upon my door.

I asked myself, “Why open it?”

“Because thou must,” came my reply as there before me stood a man beneath an execution hood. He seemed resigned and did not move. I pulled the hood down off his head. It slowly fell whilst time stood still: his face was mine! I saw myself!

What breath remained escaped from me but left me standing whilst transfixed, as gleaming streams of brilliant beams commenced to exit out of him. He stared through me, quite unaware, that I was fair in front of him. Then closed his eyes and disappeared releasing me to breathe anon. Whilst in my hand was still the hood, so tightly clutched as I could hold, that spread its blackness up mine arm to take me over like cold death.



Dark With Rage...

I fell aback but did not hit the floor or any surface hard, yet tumbled, fumbled, stumbled in an old familiar feel of dread.

The air grew thick with demon stench. That specter known to me was nigh. Out of the dark there loomed its eyes ablaze with hatred's wickedness. And in its mouth, now drooling blood, I saw the shadow of a man too dark with rage to recognize, confined behind its jagged teeth.

The demon beast commenced to roar, and as it did, the man escaped to fly towards me on hatred's thrust, but still I could not see his face.

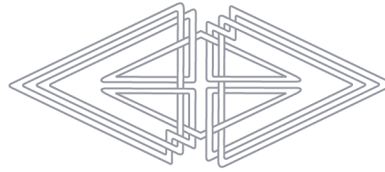
This time I made my fears obey and fashioned them into a sword. Commanding it to turn to light, I held it up and out and straight. His body charged onto my blade. It was impaled, then covered me. I felt its weight and smelt his fear whilst in mine ear he whispered words like hissings from a dying snake that can no longer strike with fangs, "The Sesavah will give to me the thrill of taking life from thee."

I struggled 'neath his heaviness and tried to see mine enemy but saw instead a cruel chain wound tightly 'round about his neck. This much was seen, but fleetingly, as suddenly the chain was pulled. I heard a snap, the body rose, releasing me to take deep breaths.

The demon standing over me devoured the man, the chain, my sword! It licked the air with its red tongue to taste what fear I'd yield to it when lo, I found this wonderment: nigh half my sword had broken off. 'Twas floating to me in the dark still glowing with my conquered fear.

I stood on guard to fight the beast, which stared at me and mocked my stance. I held my ground and watched my sword restore itself to its full length.

At this the demon seemed amused and roared with laughter uncontrolled; then closed its eyes, whilst laughing still, to take its wretched leave from me.



The Sacred Vision...

I seemed alone and in the dark, save for the comfort of my sword that shone as brightly as a star amidst the blackness of that place. With blade in hand, I scored the air as though to slit some opening. To my surprise, a shaft of light came streaming through the cut I made. And more remarkable than that, a golden hand reached down to me to pull me up into the light, or so it seemed from where I stood. But looking down upon the ground, I saw I stood inside a sack! Now went and gathered 'round my feet, 'twas large enough to cover me.

I could not see my savior strong, but for his hand still holding mine. Albeit from the grip I felt, he seemed a kinsman known to me. As hoped, he did not let me go but waited for my heart to ease, my breath to slow, mine eyes to see the sacred vision gifted me: I was consumed within a light that lifted like a golden fog where stood a glowing sea of men, all dressed in mail of gleaming gold.

They were the Warrior Guardians that I had summoned in my prayer, disguised within my glowing sword, Who came to fight the Sesavah. Their power is unspeakable, yet They were gone within a flash to leave me standing hand in hand before my Master Armaton. He pulled me to Him like a son, embracing me within His Love that settled me into His strength and filled me with a sense of peace.



A Holy Gift...

He held mine arm as I stepped forth out of the sack around my feet, then with a thought did raise it up in front of me so I could see that it, indeed, was meant for me.

I dared to speak, “But, Master, why?”

“This is a sign of thy demise, the price retained to see the Queen. Thou must decide which path to tread betwixt this end, thy Destiny, or life in sweet forgetfulness of all that hath been shown to thee.”

“My Master, Thou dost ask me twice when I did answer first with ‘yea’?”

He gazed at me so lovingly as I revealed my full resolve:

“I choose to stand against my fears, against a safe and common life, against what baleful, dark events mine enemies will die to bear. My death, the price foreseen this hour, hath been revealed a holy gift. I take it, Master, for the Queen, Who asks of me a sacred task. I swear on bended knee, my Lord, my solemn oath to champion the Queen’s request—my Destiny—without regret or weak intent.”

“So be it, dearest Aurial. Now rest into the morrow’s dawn. Thy Guardians, as well as I, will keep the Sesavah at bay.”

I felt my being melt again beneath the golden magic cloth that blessed me with a lullaby and deep, abiding, peaceful sleep.

Sacred Memories

Part 2 ~ Day One

Chapter 3: The Prophecy

A Distant Sound...

The night turned slowly into dawn
And brought its coolness to the air.

Fog wrapped my rustic shelter
Within a tender, sweet embrace.

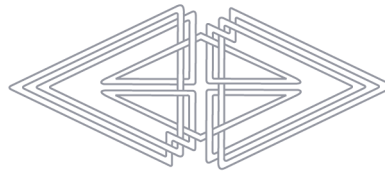
I slept in peaceful, dreamless sleep as embers dimmed and turned to ash, whilst dawn did glow and turned to day, and life outside commenced to stir.

There came a drumming from afar, a distant hint of quiet sound that grew to full intensity when pierced its way into my rest. I lay awake, still, with closed eyes

and listened to the soothing sound that quickened as I realized it was the beating of my heart, astir with bleatings of my mind: a fickle friend out of control that begged of me, “Forget thy dream. Forget what hast been shown and live!”

I jolted up and out of bed. How swiftly came my dream’s repass, that awful portent of my cost: my life, without a ransom chance.

The air grew thin and hard to breathe. My thoughts raced off ahead of me. First out the door, then down the path that led straight into Darluse Wood. I took a breath to snap my mind out of excited waywardness. Then pulled it back into my head wherein it stayed by my command.



A Wondrous Sight...

The air outside called unto me. I ventured forth into the fog and took a walk down to the stream, as was my wont to do most days. It was my way to place my clothes upon a rock nigh to a pool of water clear, and deep, and cold, then meet the challenge to jump in.

As oft as I refresh this way, it seemed—this time—an offering. A feeling indescribable commenced to fill me up with joy. It stayed with me, as would a friend, whilst I put on my coverings, whilst walking back to mine abode, wherein I knelt in silent prayer.

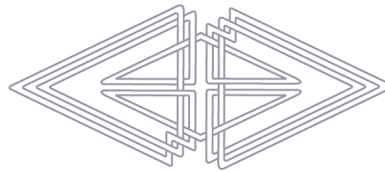
I seemed transfixed and could not move. Remaining calm, I realized that I could see through my closed eyes into the room wherein I knelt, then through its walls into Darluse whence came the splendor of this sight: fair everything appeared as Light as far as what was there to see! The fog, the rocks, the soil and plants all sparkled like rare diamonds. I held my breath and could not speak as I was

overcome with awe.

Out of the Light, from everywhere, there came what seemed a maiden's voice so gentle and ethereal. It asked of me a mystery, "*Fine Sir, be thou the Prince We seek?*"

I tried to answer, "Nay, fair maid," but I was still too stunned for words and heard her laughter fill the air.

As light will glisten diff'rent rays, so seemed this sound a quiver rare. It gave me shivers up my spine and blessed me with the thrill of bliss. I could not move to try to stand, as felt this bliss then overflow. It lifted me out of my shell and high above my sheltery. As I looked down, I could see all: my body kneeling in my room, the forest all aglow in Light, and three dark shadows at my door.



A Liquid Cold...

I floated down to stand with them for I, to them, was hoped inside. They seemed to be deciding who would be the one to speak to me. The chosen thought to roust me out by knocking with his boldest hand. Did not, as I failed to comply because I was beside myself! He, not deterred, called out my name. I willed to forthwith enter me, but he was faster than my will as placed his hand upon my latch.

They caught me still upon my knees and seemed annoyed I was at prayer. I scarce had time to find myself before the Chosen pulled mine arm. This helped me more to settle in, to stand as best upon my feet. The Chosen, with well-chosen words, did ask of me some remedy to give his fellow feigning faint.

I answered, "Sir, why art thou here? My trade is but to parchment make. I

know not how to soothe your man.”

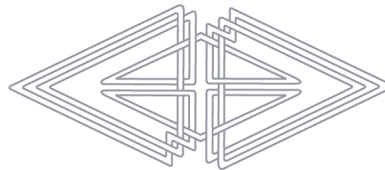
At this he said, “Then give him drink. If not good wine, then water cold.”
Upon my table he could see what choice I had and could not hide.

I served his man the liquid cold. Forthwith I saw him stand up straight and heard him boast his strength return to either of the other men. The Chosen thanked me for my time and said his Lord would be most pleased to see his weakened servant strong. I could expect a just reward.

I felt a wickedness about: a kindness trapped within some plot disguised beneath their gratitude, behind their warm, deceitful smiles.

They thought themselves a clever lot. How could they know my cleverness? “Pray tell, good men, what Lord is this who humbles me with his good deed?” But they, alas, would not to say. Instead they claimed his pious ways, how he would feel more satisfied if I would give my thanks to God.

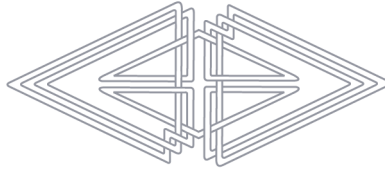
They were well schooled for this discourse and bowed to take their leave forthwith whilst I stood silent, wondering: had Death just come to visit me?



A Greater Danger...

Forsooth! I felt mine end was nigh. It seemed to matter to my heart. This feeling stole into my head, and gave me pause to think on it: what Lord doth mock me with a ruse to find me but a simple man? He could not know my Destiny, for I but now have found it out. How did these three come forth prepared to ask from me what few receive? How did they know to seek it here, to call my name that none would tell—unless coerced to break a trust—that I may steep an herb or more, may know a way to quiet pain as learned from flowers in the fields?

If such as these could raise offense, as well the hair on someone's neck, enough to watch me from afar, I sensed a greater danger nigh. Oh, not for me—my fate was fast—but for the Queen and Her request. How safe from eyes be anything? Where could I keep Her Gift to me?



I Could Not Leave...

I felt the burden of these cares. They had me bound by hand and foot before I recognized once more, the demon, fear, had captured me. Again I called upon my will to save me from mine ignorance that kept me oft preoccupied with worry thoughts not worth the time.

“Oh Destiny, my Destiny! May faith in thee preserve my path. I follow what uncommon thoughts are gifts to me by vigilance. And this I know be one such gift: I do not walk this path alone, for I have seen with mine own eyes a sea of men in gleaming gold; and gentle lights, all diamonds rare, surrounding me with sacred Love.”

Whilst this be true, I realized my way of life was compromised. I could not leave to meet the Queen without alerting any eye. Therefore 'twas clear: I would remain within my quiet shelter.



A Wonderful Disguise...

I felt a presence fill my room as Master Armaton appeared.

“Good morrow to thee, Aural. I come with tidings from the Queen. She asks

that I remain at hand, as guide and closest confidant, through what events now wait their time to manifest as prophecy.

“‘Tis written that an innocent will fall suspect of sorcery. He will be watched to prove the crime for which the punishment is death. That ‘innocent’ is thee, fair one, now well ensnared within a trap set by an evil hypocrite who would believe he serves the Church, but doth—instead—the Sesavah. It knows this Lord Viliho well: he acts as executioner from time to time to feel the thrill.

“Fear not, for We shall foil his plot which has commenced. Three are without: the same whom thou didst meet this morn, who watch to seize thee on the dawn. Thou wilt be found, presumed quite dead. ‘Tis but a wonderful disguise! Thou art not dead—instead ‘asleep’—for part of thee is with the Queen.

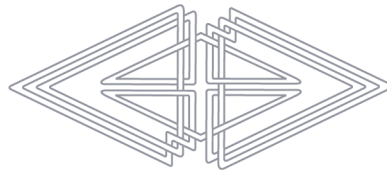
“Unable to revive thy corpse, it shall be left as where it lay to be retrieved unto their Lord, but death hath spoilt the need to rush.

“Nor where thou art, will thee rush back for herein hides a paradox: whilst seeming dead—here only hours—thou wilt be gone nigh to a year for reasons thou art soon to know, whereat thou wilt reclaim thy life, fulfilling thine own Destiny upon the dawn in two days hence.

“The Chosen, nigh, as well his men will see thee walking Darluse Wood and turn most pale: thou art not dead! Aghast—for what they see thee do—as thou retrievest in their sight two treasures, one made visible, which thou didst place within an oak upon returning from the Queen. Two sacred books, both not to keep as timing yields to Destiny: one passed to Me for future’s sake, the other hidden to be found.

“Thy watchers, paralyzed with fear from seeing grand displays of light, will see thee prove what they suspect, thou art a sorcerer indeed. And they will flee to fetch their Lord, will overlook and leave behind the object of thy Destiny: enchanted, indestructible.

“Forsooth, this Lord, his minions three, will never know the reason why thou waitest in thy sheltery for them to take thee easily.”



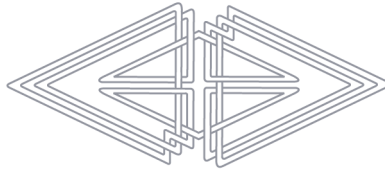
A Distant Memory...

With these last words mine ears closed up, both knees turned weak, my tongue went dry. It seemed my head became as stone, went sinking fast without a stop. My Master rushed unto my side. We fell together to the floor. He held me tightly in His arms as I could hear Him softly say, “Mine Aural, dear Aural! We meant to spare thee this dismay.”

He stroked my forehead lovingly as I could feel my strength return.

He picked me up as if a child. This stirred a distant memory that took me quickly to my past when I was last in Mother’s arms. I could not see her loving face but sensed a sadness in her heart. I seemed a small and bundled babe now looking into Master’s eyes.

He lay me down in comfort’s keep upon the softness of my bed. Then placed a chair up close to sit, commencing once again to speak, “Thy parents, Aural, were rare, a loving couple, very wise. Thy mother’s name was Eschena, thy father’s, Brondin of Darluse. They knew the Folk, Who came to them to ask if they would bear a son. They felt most blessed to give thee life for they were told thy Destiny. But theirs was not to stay with thee. A pestilence would take their lives. They made arrangements with the Church and gave them thee and all they had. The brothers taught thee how to read, to write, and how to parchment make; and when of age to live alone, they gave thee back this sheltery.”



A Respite...

As Master spoke, the day drew on and inner peace collected me. We took a respite from our cause to share a simple meal of fruit. It seemed more sweet than e'er before and didst commence to glow with light that streamed forth beams of perfumed rays into the room, out through its walls, then back again from out of doors like endless diamond necklaces.

They swirled around Us joyously inviting Us to twirl with Them. As Master smiled, He said with joy, "The Folk are here for thee to see, have come to dance the night away to bless thee with sweet ecstasy."

Outside the air was thick with fog and dripped great liquid jewels of dew that fell like rain all through the eve whilst all the forest glowed with Light. But not for those with ill intent, those keeping watch and waiting nigh. For them, the Chosen and his men, the night was long and miserable.

Sacred Memories

Part 3 ~ Day Two

Chapter 4: Our Forenoon Walk

The Dawn is Nigh...

My Master stayed with me the night,

Then whispered softly in mine ear:

“Awake, my son, the dawn is nigh.

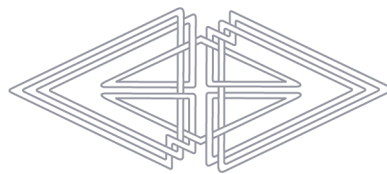
Come forth in life and leave thy shell.”

I was across the Infinite astance upon an onyx field, engrossed completely in a sound that thundered like a waterfall. Within this sound came Master’s voice that brought me back to wakefulness.

I felt my body’s weight and warmth whilst I prepared to leave from it. I

prayed my will to honor me, to slow my breathing to a stop. Then as my heart beat its last throb, I left my body out its crown. This feat, this time, would be found out, misunderstood and greatly feared. I was aware this sealed my fate with those to see my body's state.

Whilst Master watched my streaming forth, He placed His hand upon His heart and closed His eyes to hold His tears, then bowed to me, as I to Him. He knew the cross I was to bear. I felt His caring for my cost, which changed from sadness to pure joy as He expressed these words to me, "Thou art most loved, dear Aural. How much, by Whom, thou soon wilt know. I am most humbled and fair blessed for having seen thee to this day."



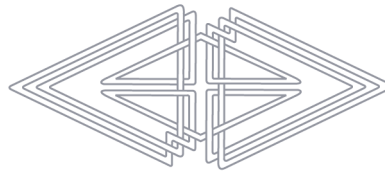
The Golden Cage...

His depth of loving swept me o'er and sent my spirit soaring high whence I saw clearly Lights of Love aglow within most everything. And then I saw this wonderment: a golden light revealed itself whilst opening a guarded path from my front door into Darluse, wherein the woods well nigh this path were shadows three, seen easily in contrast to the light-filled night. I settled down to take a look.

On this intent I heard my name. 'Twas Master calling me to Him. When by His side, He spake these words, "Observe, the prophecy unfolds."

And when I looked, both He and I drew nigh the shadows in the dark. They were the Chosen and his men at bay within a golden cage that kept these where it captured them and lulled each into deepest sleep. Well drenched by dew and shivering, they lay at rest, a huddled heap. At Master's nod, like bars of sand, the golden cage came falling down. No longer held beneath its spell, the henchmen

each commenced to stir. The Chosen, dazed, jumped to his feet and rudely kicked the other men. Their grumblings grew into a fight o'er who was last on watch, but slept. Not taking one another's blame, their argument was called a draw, which left them with the task at hand: to seize me whilst I lay asleep. But Destiny would play with these and take their minds into their fears to face events unthinkable by anyone whom they would tell.



A Warrior Magnificent...

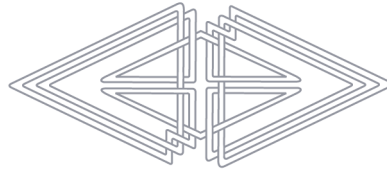
They could not see nor any feel the sea of golden Warriors Who broke Their guard and stepped aside to let them pass unto my door. And whilst they slowly entered there to find me lying white and cold, within the woods and out of sight I stood with Master, side by side.

He asked of me to, “Pray, observe,” and whilst I looked to my front door, a golden star commenced to glow. It burst with rays of brilliant light. Whilst out my quiet shelter and through the scintillating star, there rushed the Chosen and his men appearing stunned and mystified. Their hurried walk broke to a run, like rats released out of a maze, as dawn came peeking o'er the rise and glistened through the sleeping trees.

Within the star materialized a Warrior magnificent Who stood as stone before my door to bar untimely entrances. Yet instantly at Master's thought, appeared—as well—before us both whilst still remaining at His post!

He bowed to us most graciously. A friend of Master's by a smile, the Warrior then turned to me, and when I looked into His eyes, I sensed He was my friend as well.

He wore a headband of pure gold adorned with gleaming golden wings. I wondered who He was and knew I had much more to realize. He would not speak, nor could I hear one thought betray His silence deep. He seemed intent to wait for me to seize some thread of memory. I saw devotion fill His eyes. It overflowed for me to see upon its wave a vision strange of thousands bowing down to me.



A Small Clear Ball...

This vision swirled above my head, as would a whirlpool, deep and wild. I felt it spin within my mind, slip down to blur mine inner sight. Then Master called to stop my muse, “Behold what Truth is thine to know!”

I held my head betwixt my hands and willed my mind to clearly see. Then from mine eyes I pulled a veil that rested softly in my hand. It changed into a small clear ball wherein appeared a face I knew. It was the Queen I recognized, but how I knew eluded me. Her eyes embraced me in Her Love. Surprised, I said, “The Queen loves me!”

“Indeed,” was Master’s warm reply.

Then spoke at last the Warrior, “The Queen is nigh. I take my leave. Farewell ‘til when We meet again.”

He faded slowly out of view, as did the ball still in my hand, then waved to Us from my front door as We commenced Our forenoon walk.



A Greater Gift...

Before Us and on either side stood thousands side by side in rows, Who bowed to Us, each one by one, as We passed by in front of Them. It was an overwhelming sight: the living vision I had seen. They bowed as quickly as each saw the man in front of him do so. As this continued all Our way, it seemed this wondrous golden sea did ripple out to either side, then rippled in as each one stood. In awe of these Magnificents, All loyal, brave and powerful, I felt amazed, but humbled more, that such as These protected Us.

“Not ‘Us,’ fair one, but only thee. Thou art Their joy to love and serve for thou hast proven thyself brave, most loyal and more powerful.

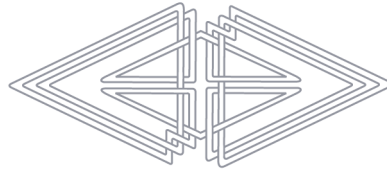
“The Queen awaits to give to thee a greater gift, not mine to give: what sacred Truth kept secret safe, is locked within thy knowing Self.”

A sense of joy swept over me. I let it take its wonted course. Mine astral self seemed to explode, then changed into a ring of light. I felt myself expand anon as Master quickly called to me, “Take hold and guard thy zealous joy! Go not beyond these Warriors!”

Whilst in mid-flight, I stopped at once, well sobered by my Master’s words, and drew my parts back into me to see that I had gone too far. For all was dark as blackest night, save for what band of Warriors came through with me into a realm that reeked an odor I knew well.

My Guardians took hold of me and sealed me up within a spear, the shape They made collectively, now speeding back into the Light. We stabbed out through some thick membrane. I had been in a demon’s thigh! Its angry roar alarmed that realm as We escaped its wickedness.

Still in the spear, safe in its head, We glided o’er the sea of men Who roared Their loudest battle cry as Master stopped us with one hand. He turned our valiant spear head’s up, then thrust its base into the ground, releasing all the Warriors and me to stand in front of Him.



What Now is Done...

He thanked my Saviors; as did I. Dismissing Them, He turned to me, then touched my forehead with His hand to take me back two days before. I heard and saw Him warning me, "...are Guardians most powerful. They are at hand should need arise, but still be cunning for thy life.... Thou wilt endure what few could bear: great fears and joys and sorrows deep. Use temperance with each extreme." These words now meant much more to me.

He tapped my forehead once again, "'Tis best you see what now is done."

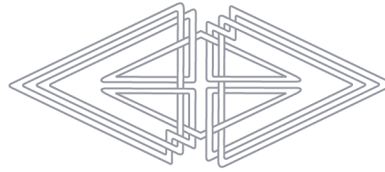
We stepped into a bubble clear and left Our astral forms behind. Now thoughts, We were invisible and floated o'er the golden sea, then through some barrier of Light into that realm I just escaped! And looking back whence We emerged, the barrier—all light inside—appeared outside to be a wall of dark gray stone that seemed to weep.

"'Tis not a wall, instead a dome, keeps all Our actions hidden well from these intent on tormenting each other and those like their kind."

Then Master added solemnly, "Behold what is agreed most sad. Be warned once more, choose temperance. Thou must control thy choice to flee."

I saw a sudden ring of light flash through and out beyond the dome. It vaporized those it passed through and blinded others too close by. As this ring stopped in front of me, I recognized it as mine own! This was my rescue in review, the toll for mine unbridled joy.

A frenzied battle had been fought securing me within the spear. Alas, so many more succumbed than those few Who returned with me.



Upon a Precipice...

“But more than this,” did Master say, “the Sesavah is now awake, hast felt the stings of thine own light, and tasted Our lost Warriors.”

These facts, more powerful as thoughts, shot through my head and then my heart. I seemed upon a precipice where fought Abandon with Control. My Master watched my silent fight.

To hold my shame was agony, to hold my sorrow, even worse, but I would use restraint or fall! For did These brave Their fall in vain? Not so, if I could keep my wits from cutting Wisdom’s vital throat, allowing guilt to ooze its lies.

I understood the irony that all emotions are the same, are but a means unto this end: great misery, if not controlled. As I embraced the pain I felt, my Master pulled it out of me. It took a single serpent’s shape and sank into the realm below.

Then as Our bubble wended back in secret through the massive dome, I felt a sense of grave relief that settled into gratitude. This, Master pulled from me as well. Its shape: a pale blue butterfly. It fluttered onto Master’s hand then out beyond Our bubble clear.

“It matters not that feelings come, that they are felt as good or bad. The matter is: art thou proclaimed a magistrate or slave to them? If not controlled, then habits rule. When habits rule, there is no Peace. Without the saving grace of Peace, a soul of Destiny is lost.”



A Gravity of Purpose...

I saw Us standing still below. Upon intent, We settled in. I realized that Peace was mine as Master turned to me to say, “With Temperance comes Mastery, o’er all events and thine own self. Thou didst choose well and have survived for greater tests yet to unfold. We knew a battle would ensue upon Our walk to meet the Queen. Those lost might have included thee allowing for thine own free will. Therefore, Our grief made manifest is given succor by thy life. We bow to Our lost Warriors as well to thee, Our champion.”

He firmly held my hand in His and raised it up for All to see. A hail was sounded from the ranks that filled me with humility.

That moment, out another veil came floating from mine opened eyes. I realized a gravity of purpose I had never known. I knew that Master sensed my change. The transformation had been quick. It still was dawning into day, and yet it seemed lifetimes had passed.



Sacred Memories

Part 3 ~ Day Two

Chapter 5: The Cave of Trees

A Blinding Light...

My Master held me in His arms

Before We started out anew.

Each golden Warrior Guardian

Commenced intoning solemnly.

The sound surrounded Us anon. ‘Twas low and slowly drawn and drawn. I felt a thrill pass up my spine that called me into ecstasy. But this was not the time nor place to lose myself within this sound. I kept my fervor in my heart as Master took my hand and smiled. This seemed to help me stay composed throughout a series of

events that took me through transition's thrill into a realm beyond this world.

As I looked now to either side, I noticed tiny glints of light that disappeared, then reappeared with other lights that did the same. They spread like fire throughout Darluse, intensified as We drew nigh that place I call the Cave of Trees, where stands a circle of five oaks.

These lights were quickly everywhere and flooded everyone and thing. It was impossible to see one shape that I could recognize. Whilst beautiful, 'twas—all the same—unsettling, to say the least! Still, Master held me by the hand reminding me to keep my calm.

“What dost thou see, dear Aorial?”

“Naught, Master, but a blinding light that came upon me suddenly as We approached the Cave of Trees.”

He, hearing my reply, explained, “We are betwixt two different worlds, transforming as We leave the Earth to meet Her Majesty, the Queen. She waits beyond this finite realm and far beyond these astral lights that seem to blind thy changing eyes adjusting now to thy new state.”

'Twas aft these words I sensed this truth, that struck me like a thunderbolt: it was Reality I saw, the Lights of Life in everything. But “everything” behind Earth life, whilst astral, still far more dense than the causal realm of lucent thought to which my Master guided me.



Friends of Mine...

As We stood still outside the Cave, where I imagined it to be, I heard once more that quiver rare: the Maiden's voice, ethereal, “*Our Love to thee, fair Aorial.*”

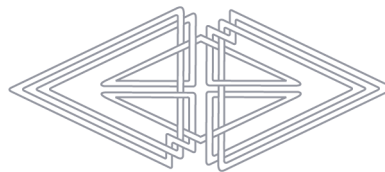
Thou hast done well to come this far. It will be centuries before another comes this way again."

Upon these words embracing me within a sense of knowingness, some glints of light commenced to wane revealing others still to see. These, diff'rent from the Lights of Life, I recognized as Friends of mine, Who danced with me all through last night and blessed me with Their gift of Love.

The more the streaming astral beams gave way for me to see the Folk, the more I realized that light doth vary by its subtleness. 'Twas then I understood still more, the nature of the Folk: They are akin to thought, more subtle than the astral lights of finite shapes.

As quickly as this clarity was mine to grasp, I recognized this knowing was a memory now coming back to know again. More came in waves and flooded me, as though to drown me in my past. Wild images sped by mine eyes, now fixed on Master's gaze at me. I held my stare, I knew this fray came to distract me from my course, as every life I ever lived broke o'er my head it's history.

Would I feel wrath or laugh again, applaud past efforts with more cheers or ruminate on things not done and mourn with tears each time I died? Nay! Choices I did not repeat yet sensed their value in this Truth: my past hath made me what I am, the destined one to meet the Queen.



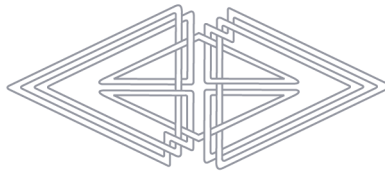
The Time is Come...

At last the torrent ebbed away to leave me to my present now. I felt my Teacher free my hand as He stepped back away from me to slowly bow and close His eyes whilst placing one hand on His chest. I bowed to Him and knew that I had

one more test to pass alone.

This I do mostly say in jest, for I was never all alone: my Master was e'er nigh to me, as were the Warrior Guardians, Who still intoned the wondrous sound that seemed as soothing as divine; as were my loving Friends, the Folk, most comforting as beautiful, Who drenched the woods with liquid jewels aglow with Love's own radiance.

Amidst These all, the Maiden's voice called out to me from everywhere,
*"Fair Aurial, the time is come to meet Her Majesty, the Queen. Prepare thyself.
Come hitherward, the Cave of Trees, thy Destiny."*



My Hardest Test...

Of all the words I've ever heard, these had the most profound effect. Could I hear them and be so moved to tears of joy and gratitude, yet not fall prone beneath their weight before a Queen not of this world; nor wonder at my worthiness or doubt what confidence is mine? Could I hear them and feel in awe, but keep my peace, remaining poised, then bear Her presence honoring, in humbleness, mine own esteem?

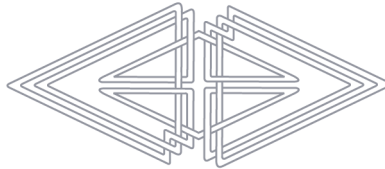
'Twas feeling-wise, my hardest test, but knowing this, my saving grace. I knew that I could answer yea to every question I had asked.

In wonderment, I understood a newfound sense of self-control: 'twas strangely facile whilst the more infused me with tremendous pow'r. I realized that I could be in many places all at once, aware of what each part could see, remaining still at Master's side.

One part went to my sheltery to see the Warrior on guard, one more behind

the Cave of Trees to wave to all the Guardians. One flew into the Cave to find it empty, save one Warrior, the very One at my front door now visiting with part of me!

This too perplexing to ignore, I brought my selves back into me and turned to Master to report, “It seems the Queen hath changed Her mind.”



More to See...

He was disturbed—not in the least—by mine account and calmly said, “If this be true, We are but fools and Thou hast parchment more to make.”

He said this so convincingly, without a hint of mirth or smile, I almost took His words to heart but for the fact they were absurd.

I looked at Him. He smiled at me. We both laughed heartily out loud. The Maiden, then the Warriors, commenced to laugh along with Us.

Then Master said most graciously, “Come, Aural, the Queen awaits.”

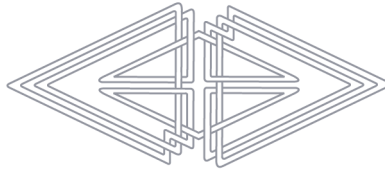
“But, Master, where? Not in the Cave. I saw Her not, with mine own eyes.”

“I doubt thee not,” was His reply, “but do insist, more can be seen. What seems to be invisible remains unseen to astral eyes. Thou art transformed, but partially: can see the Folk and then can not. To hold Their image, most refined, thou must be one with Them in thought. Therefore, remove thine astral form—it keeps thee from what more exists—and gird thyself to what is nigh, for what is more is known to thee.”

“I am prepared as I can be and sense some knowing by Thy words. Still this, fair Sir, I beg of Thee: what say I when I meet the Queen?”

He stroked my cheek most tenderly and seemed to choke upon His words,

“Fair Aural, didst not thou say this very morn, ‘the Queen Loves me?’ This is the Truth, a precious gift, a knowing meant for thee to keep. I pray thee, put away concern and trust what more is thine to see.”



A Special Gift...

Into the Cave of Trees We went wherein the single Warrior stood. He looked Our way and then approached. I felt an awkwardness in me.

“Good morrow to Ye, gentle Ones.”

“And unto Thee,” my Master gave. “We leave Our Selves into Thy care and thank Thee for attending Us.”

“The privilege is mine, my Lords. It is what I am pleased to do. I shall remain before Ye here until Ye both return within.”

Then Master reached across to me and took my left hand in His right. I felt His depth of peacefulness consume me in these loving words, “Thy Destiny, It comes at last to rush upon thee images long kept behind a thinnest veil that nevermore can keep thee blind. Thy memory is like a rose still tightly wrapped inside a bud. Use temperance to carefully unfurl its petals one by one. This flower, ‘tis thy special gift that only thou canst give the Queen. I have thee firmly by the hand. Behold! Step forth into pure thought.”



A Silver Haze...

It only took a jot in time to move outside Our astral forms into a realm—

whilst still on Earth—appeared not so! ‘Twas fair and bright; I recognized the Cave, its trees, their shapes as placed within its space, albeit everything now glowed with diff’rent shades of colored light. The sight bedazzled me with awe. Where e’er I looked, light coursed its way and seemed to me to be alive with beauty most magnificent. When suddenly, before mine eyes, I saw a wonder taking shape: it seemed a cloud of silver haze commenced to fill the Cave of Trees.

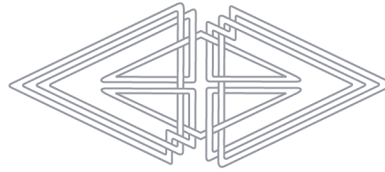
And in this haze were shining lights that seemed to make soft tinkling sounds like tiny silver pealing bells that soothed what part of me was dazed. The haze turned thick, then quickly changed into a mist and then a fog. It sparkled with as many lights as there were droplets in the air. It shimmered as if blown by wind whilst it commenced to turn, then spin, first slow, then fast to faster still, until its shape appeared as round.

This orb arced rays of silver light that cast off swirling, sparkling stars, each singing it’s own humming sound, becoming one whole melody. Its music passed straight through my form, as did the twirling, dancing stars to touch me deeply as my rose commenced to open finally.

These sights and sounds, so beautiful, were almost more than I could bear, save for the comfort I received as Master squeezed my hand in His.

A whirling ball of light now shined as brightly as a silver sun, ceased throwing arcs of singing lights. It slowed, then turned once more to stop. Now stationary, I could see ‘twas not a sun at all, but this: an iridescent pearl-like globe that floated lightly off the ground.

I gasped and looked at Master’s face, now radiant and filled with stars. Remembering, I said aloud, “This Mystery is not of Earth!”



A Portal into Time...

He nodded saying, “Slowly now.”

We let each other’s hand go free. I slowly moved nigh to the orb now looming thrice my height in size. It seemed to be a bubble clear, but since completely filled with fog, I could not see beyond the swirls that kept its contents secret safe.

Whilst peering in, I placed my hands upon its surface, hard and smooth, and felt a wave of knowingness prompt me to say, without a doubt, “This is a portal into time that passes through realities. A transport from what lies beyond to anywhere in time and space.”

“It is indeed!” the Sage confirmed.

“And is this not the very means by which one sees the Onyx Field, that place to which I’ve been in dreams?”

“‘The very means,’ dear Aural.”

I whispered mumblings to myself, “‘A transport from what lies beyond.... What lies beyond....’ What lies beyond?”

Above me came a strong reply. I knew the voice, but saw no one. Then slowly from the orb emerged a figure, pure, that startled me.

“‘What lies beyond,’ fair Aural, is ‘anywhere in time and space.’”

What shocked me more: to hear the Truth or see another Armaton?

Sacred Memories

Part 3 ~ Day Two

Chapter 6: The Transformation

Two of Him...

He wore resplendent finery:

A long white robe of flowing silk

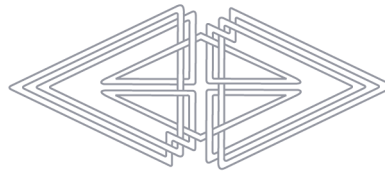
Held fast beneath a golden belt

That matched a pair of jeweled shoes.

And over all, a full-length vest did billow most enchantingly, of white brocade adorned with stars; they twinkled with His every move. He held a scepter made of gold. It radiated out its crown great beams of light akin to flames, belike a torch more than a staff.

I must confess I was dismayed and mystified at seeing Him. He floated down to where I stood. Now flanking me, I could not speak, but only stare in disbelief: this Master came from somewhere else! Oh, why was I upset by this? I saw this feat performed before and even I had tried it once as recently as this same morn. Alas! This fact could not console what part of me felt insecure.

I turned to face the other sage now standing nigh beyond my reach. His clothing rustic as mine own did prove there were now two of Him. I knew not why this bothered me, but since it did, I realized I could not see the Queen before my feelings strange were reconciled.



His Loving Eyes...

As quickly as betwixt these thoughts, whilst in mid-glance at Master's face, another one of Him appeared and then another after Him! A hundredfold increased anon to stand around me, everywhere! Each One looked diff'rent from the next except for these: His loving eyes.

"The more there are of Thee to see, the more of Thee I fear to lose. Forgive me, Lord, for I seem lost. How come these fears so easily? If I were now the stuff of flesh, this pain I feel could be no worse. Why have I come this far to this? Pray tell! What do these feelings mean? "

In unison came this reply from every Teacher in the throng, "Good morrow to thee, Aural. I am but One, the same in all, no more or less when nigh to thee or with the Queen, as I have been. Where e'er I am in time or space, 'tis simultaneously so.

"The problem is, thou dost believe that if there are more parts of Me, you

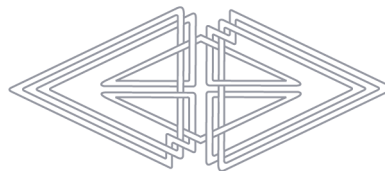
reap whate'er from just the part with thee, but not from all the rest. This causes thee to feel some loss, then jealousy can intervene. You think fear thoughts and feel deprived. 'Tis all delusion at its height: thought habits brought with thee from Earth, reflections of its consciousness which thou hast learnt to call thine own; delusion's darkest, cruel result.

“Behold! The more of Me I Am, I give completely unto thee. Each part with thee is all of Me. I Am the many in the One.”

Upon these words I saw this sight: each part of Master looked at me, commenced to fade, then disappeared until They all were only One. They had each stepped, One at a time, into the image next to fade and on and on through every One, as though to make it clear to me that He Who stood before me now, with long white hair and flowing beard, resplendent in silk finery, was He Who brought me to the Cave.

“Thou art so beautiful, dear Lord!”

He held me in His arms to say, “Thou dost have Me forevermore. I am thine own as thou art mine.”



One Final Veil...

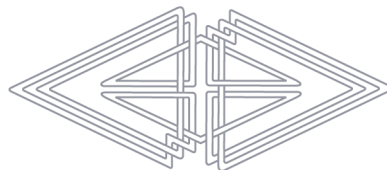
“Thou must remove one final veil still o'er thy rose meant for the Queen.” He, stepping back, then raised His arms and held His scepter high in hand to circle it in front of me whilst saying with a forceful voice, “Rise up from thoughts as limiting as to inspire thee but to pain. They are but habits to remove as easily as were put on thy coverings of rustic charm. Embrace thy true identity.”

Then, with a snap, His scepter glowed from which great arcs of lightning

flashed. These struck the ground whereon I stood to enter me up through my shoes. As it surged up and out my crown, it pushed a long thin veil from me that floated up and spiraled down to rest upon mine opened hands. Each moment it was held, its weight increased by half to feel like clay. I worked the veil into a ball, then tossed it high away from me.

It burst into a grand display: a light-fall of ten thousand stars that burned away all vestiges of every covering I bore, composed of thoughts perceived by me: “This is my self—outside and in—the plain to see and not so plain, mine earthly body’s counterpart of only twenty and six years, fair skinned and blond, as sinewy as tall, as rustic as my clothes, befitting one of humble means.”

These coverings, all false, were gone. I, vanquished by the holy light, became transfigured and emerged as Master whispered in mine ear, “Thou art so beautiful, fair one, a glowing, scintillating star.” I gasped to realize this truth as upwards I commenced to float!



Two Vast Realities...

I saw reflected in the globe the image of my transformed self, now glowing from mine inside-out, beclothed in finery of white beneath a coat of pale blue silk adorned with pearls and diamonds.

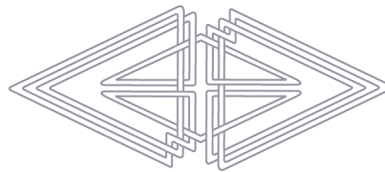
Some sense of recognition swelled as Master offered more to me, “What subtleties of thought remain are fair and pure. These do not bind as did each veil thou hast removed that kept thee long a prisoner. They were as masks that had no eyes, no openings through which to see, that thou art more than thought to be. ‘Tis how delusion holds the soul.”

A power thundered through my form that shook some ancient knowing loose: I seemed to stand upon an edge betwixt two vast realities.

“What thou dost sense, ‘tis verily a sacred truth once known to thee. ‘Twas lost in time, again is thine, a gift returned thee by the Queen.”

Upon the hearing of these words, so fair and spoken lovingly, I realized that I had been somehow “away” from my true home.

“Thy memory doth serve thee well yet comes upon thee sparingly, remaining partly incomplete until thou art before the Queen. Therefore, prepare. She waits for thee beyond the bound’ry of this orb, beyond the bound’ry of this realm. Behold the deed: We are no more!”



Behold the Deed...

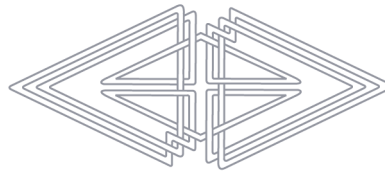
“Oh, Master! How does one prepare? What ‘deed’ is nigh for me to see that Thou and I will be ‘no more?’ What weight is shared with these small words?”

“To be ‘no more’ is relative. We leave behind a world that was, for one within another realm beyond thy mortal memories.” As Master spoke, I sensed no change save for me feeling greatest joy. He smiled and seemed preoccupied, whilst whispering, “Behold the deed!”

I heard a humming sound commence that emanated from the orb. Its iridescent surface glowed as strings of lights streamed forth from it. They circled ‘round Us merrily. I recognized These as the Folk. Anon the orb seemed light-alive as Master proudly shared with me, “Some Folk have come to welcome thee into Their realm of Love and Light with Their effulgent String Display seen rarely, only by a few. It is a celebration dance to honor thee, thy victory o’er all that has

now passed away, yet lingers like a faithful dog. The Folk are joyful thou art here to see Them clearly in display and wonder whether thou hast seen a diff'rence since the 'deed' is done?"

"'Tis done, They say. The 'deed' is done? What 'deed,' pray say? Their String Display? Oh Master, tell Them I confess: I am, alas, too drunk with love, have missed the 'deed,' regrettably. I pray I've not offended These held in my breast as close as kin and loved as purely as my Queen. 'My' Queen? I mean Her Majesty! Oh Master, what is happening? It seems that whilst what 'deed' was done, then camest me to be undone.



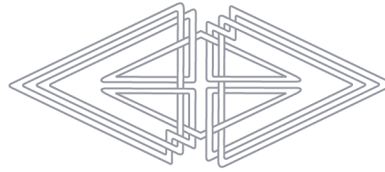
A Paradox...

"Be this some riddle I must solve to gain a pass into this orb? I seem outwitted in this game and feel so odd. Is this a game?"

"It is indeed and yet is not. All life is such a paradox. Reality's duality: delusion sires forgetfulness. That thou shouldst think that thou must earn to 'gain' thy pass into this orb, what is already owned by thee, 'tis proof of this realm's treachery.

"Observe, My son. Do calm thyself. Fear came, again, most cleverly—one more attempt to capture thee—disguised within self-consciousness."

Anon I felt a sweet release from any sense of seriousness. As I embraced abiding Trust, all fear commenced to melt away. Then came a twitter from the Folk. Their gentle laughter coaxed out mine. Pure joy and love moved me to know that all was well and wonderful.

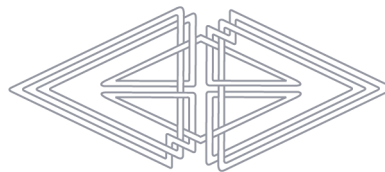


Strings of Lights...

When Master floated to my side We were nigh one third up the orb. Fair countless thousands, strings of lights, streamed out its surface, spiraling. Once out completely, every string then split into its single parts to twirl on individu'l paths in large and larger circles still. I watched These lights then reconnect to form new strings that intertwined in graceful, hypnotizing moves with other strings all 'round the orb. I felt the swaying to and fro and listed sideways peacefully not noticing the depth to which I was distracted by the dance.

And then I heard my Master ask, “Dear Aurial, what seest thou?”

“Oh Master, 'tis this String Display, a sight so beautiful and pure. It challenges my highest thoughts to come forth from their hiding place and share with Thee, that all I see—fair everything—still seems unchanged, albeit how I feel is not! For I have been inspired to awe. The Folk do overwhelm my soul to sense that I am nigh complete.”



We Are No More...

“So be it!” I heard Master say. The moment next, the strings were gone.
“Behold the deed. We are no more! Now, Aurial, what seest thou?”

Amid my daze, I answered Him, “They all have disappeared. But why?”

“Not ‘all’,” said He mysteriously, “and ‘why’ is yet for thee to know.”

I held most still to concentrate upon the depth of silence heard. It deepened

and my clarity observed these thoughts I then expressed, “One string of seven Lights of Love has not retired into the orb. It seems These want to give to me a gift for me to give the Queen.”

A brightness glowed behind the orb that slowly dawned to Our far right. Four flowing strings came spiraling around a fifth with seven lights. The four performed as long escorts unto the fifth and shorter string, then swirled away, each one by one, to circle back into the orb. Onward the silent seven came surprising me how bright They were, how large and beautiful They seemed, as They drew ever close to Us.

Then suddenly I realized I could see colors in these lights, then shapes of Beings—seven Folk—all smiling sweetly, holding hands. “My God!” thought I, “These are my Friends! How can it be that I know Them? What miracle is this that These have now become as large as I?”

“Dear one,” said Master lovingly, “behold the deed. We are no more!”

I gasped to realize—at last—what truth was mine to now embrace.

“Fair Aurial, what seest thou?”

“I see ‘to be’ is relative: the Folk are not ‘as large as I,’ I have become as small as They!”

Sacred Memories

Part 3 ~ Day Two

Chapter 7: The Truth

The Wide Expanse...

All things are relative to things

Within the same reality.

To cross betwixt realities

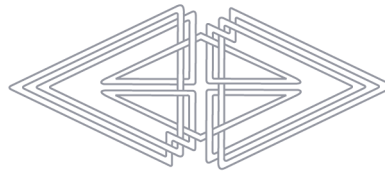
Unlock perceptions of learned thoughts.

If done, I could have recognized what had already taken place when Master had first asked of me, then twice and thrice, what I could see.

Since unprepared within my thoughts to neither hear nor see a Truth that was—for me—unthinkable, I was kept blind by mine own mind and stayed

deceived until, at last, I leaped across the wide expanse betwixt belief and disbelief to bridge the two realities.

‘Twas then I saw what seemed unreal: the faces of my seven Friends. ‘Twas when I grasped Them as then real that I let go “to be” no more. *This* state of being stunned my mind, which realized the magnitude of all no longer lost to me: outside the flesh, *I am a Folk!*



A Sight So Magical...

“Hold fast!” was Master’s quick advice, “And gird thyself for there is more. Thou art transformed but still adrift within the Cave, outside Our realm.”

I slowly turned around from Him, my seven Friends, as well the orb, to see a sight so magical it shook my sensibilities. “This is the Cave? Where are the trees? What yonder moving lights are these?” I was propelled through open space as though I were an agile bird that knew instinctively to stop outside a wall of glowing blocks, which I saw through to giant halls where liquid flowed alive with light.

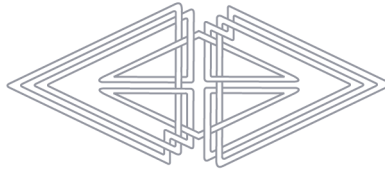
Entranced by everything to see: the constant shifting of the blocks, their lights that changed from bright to dim, the fascinating winding halls, I innocently wondered where the liquid goes: it rushed me forth! ‘Twas then I realized that I was not with Master, nor my Friends. I called to Him and asked my fate as I went sloshing wildly on.

“Thou couldst remain within this oak and ride each whim that comes to thee.”

“This is an oak? How can this be?” My Master ne’er would lie to me. “To

live my days within a tree? What have I done to earn this fate?”

“Thou mused upon the yonder lights, the glowing blocks, the giant halls and wondered where the liquid goes that even now keeps showing thee. Thou art suspended by thy will betwixt two realms that manifest what e’er is thought, fair instantly. ‘Hold fast!’ I warned, to what? Thy thoughts.”



The Choice...

“My thoughts?”

Our discourse seemed surreal whilst I was jostled on my way upon a liquid rushing me away from Master and my Friends. Surreal or not, I understood my state was not imposed on me: ‘twas I who manifested it and I who could be free of it. The choice was solely mine to make, not Master’s, nor none of my Friends.’ Could I undo what I had thought? To know, I only had to try.

Amid this thought I suddenly was flowing, swiftly, not alone. I called to Master, “Who are these?”

“Pray, do ask them,” was His reply.

I asked, their answer startled me: they said they could not speak too long since they were trying desp’rately to find a way out of the hall!

“This hall—this one—in which I flow? How long?” I asked nigh terrified.

“Oh, we don’t know. Leave us alone!”

I was in shock as I called out, “Dear Master, Master—pray—help me!”

I thought I heard a faint reply. Then someone of the lost ones said, “There is no one named ‘Master’ here.” I thought of Master anyway.

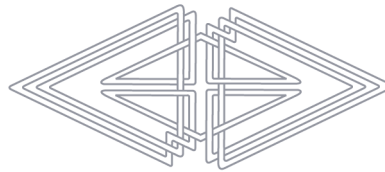
A sudden peace came over me. I heard His wisdom fill my head as I recalled

these calming words, "...thou wilt endure what few could bear: great fears and joys and sorrows deep. Use temperance with each extreme."

Despite my plight, hope came to me. 'Twas then I realized this truth: when Master warned, "Hold fast...thy thoughts!" He meant to choose them consciously and not just try—intend—then do.

"I do! I choose to leave this place, to be with Thee and meet the Queen. But what of these I leave behind? What chance have they to change their thoughts?"

My Master lovingly replied, "These, contacted repeatedly, are offered choices and the means in which to leave at any time. Grieve not for them, they often choose to stay entrapped by hollow fears. Eventually they learn to leave, to brave the change they will to wrought."



An Ancient Vow...

I willed a thought to not look back upon those left within the tree, then flew unto my Master's arms outstretched, anticipating me.

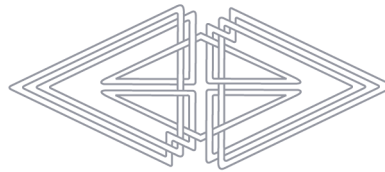
"I have thee, blessed Aural, but for this reason: thou hast Me."

I could not bear to let Him go until He tenderly assured, "Our Love and Trust is sealed within an ancient vow forevermore: '*Where e're Thou art, so shall I be.*' 'Tis mutually Our covenant. What this doth mean be simply this: I was with thee within the tree when thou wast troubled by the lost and threatened by their lack of trust. But for thy courage and thy will to choose to overcome thy fears, We would be—still—amongst those lost instead of free to meet the Queen."

As Master and my seven Friends encircled me, I heard Him say, "Beloved one, thou art returned. Rejoice! We are so proud of thee. The Gift thou bringest for

the Queen, thy memory of whom thou art, these seven asked to give to thee that it be less a shock from Them. Their task now done, behold thy Rose: unfurled the more than e'er before. I do forespeak, the Queen shall take thy Gift to give thee even more."

Upon the hearing of these words, my loving Friends joined hands anon then danced around Us joyfully whilst saying softly Their farewell. "Thou wilt see These another time," was Master's answer to my thoughts. We watched Them slowly disappear into the humming, glowing orb.



An Entrance Mark...

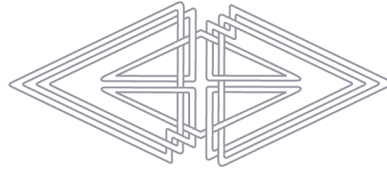
All motion stilled, the humming ceased, my human mem'ries faded fast and slipped completely from my thoughts as Master spake these words to me, "Beloved, ready up thy will, attend thine actions carefully. Stay closely with Me by intent until We are within the orb."

I placed myself in front of Him and pressed in close betwixt His arms. His left arm folded o'er my chest, His right still held His golden staff. My right arm rested o'er His right as I then heard my Master say, "Take up My scepter, Aerial. It yields to thee by My command."

I did what I knew not to doubt and felt a power surge through me as Master placed His guiding hand upon mine own, now arcing light. Amazed, I watched great radiant beams flow from my hand into the staff, then up and out its golden crown now pointing forward toward the orb.

The moment next, in soundlessness, the surface of the portal changed: infused with golden streams of light, outlines emerged out of the glow. Now

setting quickly into gold, the lines transformed into design: immensely high, triangular, an entrance mark magnificent. It opened to a long hallway, which was triangular as well. Both walls and floor appeared to be white polished stone inlaid with gold.



If Not for Thee...

As Master moved to my left side great tears of bliss fell from mine eyes. They floated out in front of me all shimmering as perfect jewels. Upon my thought, I gathered these and placed them all in Master's hand where they transformed into a Rose, which He then handed back to me.

"I love Thee, Master Armaton. Thou art my deepest, truest Friend. This precious Gift meant for the Queen would not be here if not for Thee."

"And I, beloved Aural, am sanctified by thine own strides—thy gift to Me—for surely I would not be here if not for thee."

I bowed before Him on one knee whilst giving back His golden staff. He placed His hand upon my head then I, in awe, looked up at Him. I watched Him disappear to Light, pure white, aglow with golden stars. When He returned, He pulled me up to stand together, side by side.



The Heart of Truth...

Upon my heart I placed my Rose embracing it with both my hands as Master spake most solemnly, "Behold, beloved champion!" And as I looked ahead of Us,

a wide crevasse commenced to spread a separation in front of the entrance grand, triangular.

“What dost thou see, fair Aural?”

This question not an idle one, was asked of me to understand that something else was happening. I analyzed mine every thought to realize I secretly was harboring, “Our crossing o’er will be more difficult than not!”

Releasing this assumptive view, my Master, smiling, released me from telling Him in stark detail what I had wrought but then reversed.

“Well done!” said He, “Pray, yield to this: another test now comes to thee. It will require acuity of everything which thou hast learnt.”

He gestured towards the entrance yon, “This be the portal’s Wisdom Hall. What thou dost see be verily akin to all thou mightest hear. It may request of thee thy cause for calling it to manifest out of the light passed through My staff. Speak wisely from the heart of Truth.”

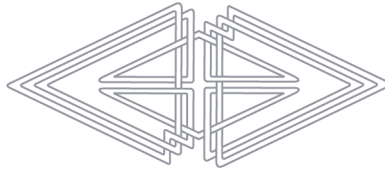
Too quick, it came. Too loud and clear and yet unclear! I paused to think. What would I say? What was the Truth? Each answer seemed inadequate. As agitation tried its best to smother me beneath its weight, I wrestled it ‘til suddenly, amid the fray, came temperance. But surely not by accident! I recognized the battle plan. ‘Twas one fought hard so many times. My shield of silence steadied me.

Then lo! I heard a Truth within that rushed a clearing wind through me. It filled me up with loving peace and wisdom’s grace, purely profound. I said to Master, waiting nigh, “Beloved, this is what I know: We are not yet within the orb and therefore subject to this realm. It cannot represent the Truth but manifests the less extent one can perceive to see and hear, which is, at best, quite limited. ‘Tis why I do believe that I have only seen a Wisdom Hall I mostly wanted me to see, and mostly wanted me to hear.”

As Master smiled, confirmingly, I realized I had the Truth: the orb’s request

did not exist, no answer was wisdom's response.

The moment next, still side by side, We slipped across realities and closed the door to everything that suddenly seemed all a dream.



Stars and Distant Galaxies...

A stunning sight pleased me to ask, "Oh Master, pray! What be this place?"

"This be the portal's Wisdom Hall, as wond'rous as 'tis beautiful."

Once told, said I, "Of course it is! I now remember where We are." Still, I was deeply moved to tears as I observed what I could see: exquisitely triangular, enormous in its scale to me, both walls, full windowed, framed vast scenes of stars and distant galaxies reflected like pure diamonds upon a highly polished floor that had the hue of midnight blue, as mystical as beautiful.

"Behold, beloved Aural, the Queen awaits thee patiently through yonder crystal inner gate. Well done, My son. I am with thee."

He blessed me with a tender look and touched my forehead saying this: "We'll meet upon the other side," then slowly disappeared from view.

Sacred Memories

Part 4 ~ Suspended Time

Chapter 8: The Task

In Wisdom Hall...

A sacred silence filled the Hall

As I embraced my solitude;

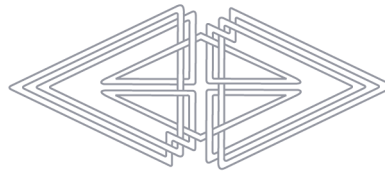
I closed mine eyes in reverence

To honor Master's act of Love.

It touched me deeply to my soul. I knew He had afforded me the special opportunity to meet Her Majesty alone. This prospect was a joyous one, misgivings had withdrawn from me: in fact, I strangely felt at ease for one about to meet his Queen.

I looked around to realize fair everything within the Hall was magically mysterious: all known to me, except for why.

Proceeding towards the crystal gate, the stars, reflecting on the floor, responded to mine every step with music soft and beautiful. I glanced again upon my Gift to be assured 'twas still with me and was amazed; its pungent scent had filled the Hall's capacity. I then observed this wonderment, which I took calmly with each stride: the closer I walked towards the gate, its size became more close to mine. When I stood fair in front of it 'twas one length higher than myself; somehow the whole of Wisdom Hall shrank with the gate without a sound.

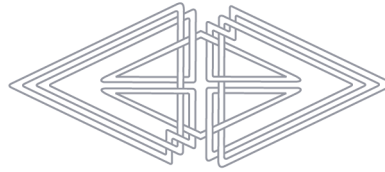


A Necessary Key...

Whilst fascinating, to be sure, it seemed the less unusual: I rather wondered why the gate would not respond by opening. Just then, a mem'ry came to me: I saw a vision of myself with arms outstretched and shoulder high, surrendering the whole of me. I seemed before this very gate. Within its shape, a symbol blazed—a star within a ring of gold—which I then touched and disappeared.

This memory, whilst giving me a necessary key to use, was still a puzzlement since I could not recall when it took place. Resigned, I bowed in gratitude. Then, whilst before the crystal gate, called out to it, "Reveal thy star encircled in a golden ring."

As it complied, a wave of Love flowed out the symbol into me. I was within the golden ring when I reached forth and touched the star. The moment next, the star was gone, the ring was gone, the crystal: clear! The gate, which opened at the star, closed quickly after I stepped through.



A Sparkling Globe...

A silence permeated space of thickest fog, suffused with light, kept secret safe the Queen from me within a cloud of mystery. It was as though I had been spared from seeing Her too soon, too fast, when suddenly I realized mine only Gift to give was gone! I gasped as I then whirled around, distracted in forgetfulness, to search myself as well the floor. Alas, my Rose had disappeared!

Now mystified as what to do, I stood in silence in the fog and watched it swirl, mischievously, inviting me to grabble more. This I knew better not to do since standing still reminded me of where I was and why I came: the Queen of Folk had summoned me.

Upon the thinking of this thought a large and sparkling globe emerged out of the fog in front of me whence came a plaintive melody. I knew it was beloved Earth, but in what time was not revealed, as then its slowly turning mass receded back into the fog.

This seemed too oddly out of place, yet I had learnt such mysteries were better valued than dismissed. Why briefly show the Earth to me? No answer came to understand. The vision deeply puzzled me, but more than learning what it meant I wondered why I had been called. Why me? Why had the Queen called me? I was a willing servant—but—what difference could *my* presence make? Where *was* Her Majesty, the Queen?



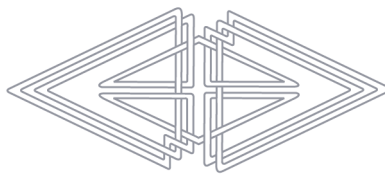
The Beauty of a Rose...

A voice so softly beautiful slipped hauntingly out through the fog to stir an ancient memory upon the hearing of its sound. Like music I had heard before, the lovely voice awakened me: I dared believe that it belonged to someone I knew very well. It floated ‘round me, comforting, and playfully removed some mask that seemingly was keeping me from seeing something wonderful.

A wave of Love enveloped me. ‘Twas overwhelming in its depth. I scarce believed what thoughts were mine as I remembered everything. I must admit, I came undone and staggered back in utter shock as I embraced what seemed the truth: “This Queen is more than Queen to me!”

I heard the slightness of a gasp come from a light not far from me. Intensifying in the fog, it sparkled brightly, coming nigh. The fragrance of a rose in bloom came wafting overwhelmingly. I could not move, then heard my name called out to me repeatedly. When lo! Out from the fog emerged my loved One softly whispering, “Oh, Aurial, My lovely son. Thou hast the beauty of a rose.”

Our destined meeting, now fulfilled, I rushed unto Her waiting arms and sobbed my feelings in relief, “Beloved Mother, I am Thine!”



My Proclivity...

No sooner stunned by this event, another came to capture me before I realized the part I played to make it possible. Whilst still within my Mother’s arms, a wave of ancient history came from behind its hiding place and swept me back in time and space.

The lives I lived on Earth sped back, reducing time into a blur, until returning to the scene when I descended from Our realm: I was preparing to ascend

into the seventh tower's light, which is the only way a Folk may leave Our realm's society. This single moment's motion slowed. I watched as simultaneously, I left Folk space and entered Earth's a hundred centuries before.

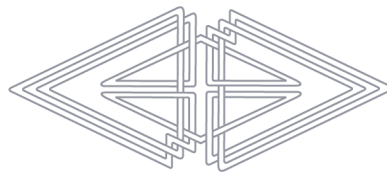
Jarred from this scene as Mother called, "Fair Aural, come back to me," I realized I left Her twice!

"I just relived Our sweet 'Good-bye.' How could I have forgotten Thee back when, but then—just now—again? Forgive me my proclivity."

She gently placed Her hands in mine. "My son, now that thou hast returned, away thy will to seek the past. 'Tis but a habit to replace with all that presently is real. Do concentrate upon *this* now and what it brings in truth to thee, so when thy future comes to pass, 'twill be a song of victory."

"Thy will," said I, "'tis mine to do."

The fog dispersed fair instantly revealing Our environment: a largely cavernous round hall complete with columns—all around—of purple, red veined marble—smooth—so highly polished I could see mine image mirrored on the walls, save where grand velvet draperies in midnight blue and purple hung o'er open windows offering the beauty of the Infinite. A gold and crystal chandelier suspended 'neath the ceiling's vault, shone softly down a gentle light as Mother sweetly kissed my cheek.



Diligently Vigilant...

She freed one hand whilst turning 'round, and waved it high into the air, then called to Master Armaton, "Come out, dear Teacher, whence Thou art."

As Master's blessed form took shape, He bowed to Mother graciously and

then to me as I reached out to share a sweet embrace with Him.

“We meet again, beloved Prince. All that thou art, hath brought thee here. Still I would share what must be said. Pray humor Me as I remind, thou hast been summoned to a task, to write of sacred memories: events deemed worthy to recall and those still waiting thee to see.

“This I would caution thee, be wise; be diligently vigilant. Go slowly, noting step by step each moment’s reason to be saved. Be mostly wary of the past, and any future shown to thee. Watch each event from in *this* now to keep from being lost in them.”

“Thy will ‘tis mine to do,” said I, “I thank Thee for Thine insight shared. To write this work I must be this: observer not participant.”

“Indeed, My Prince, this is the key, a pivotal necessity to keep thine objectivity. On this the task at hand depends.”

“So be it, Sir. I understand and will my Destiny fulfilled. I pray for courage in the face of all that I am bound to see. Whate’er it be, I am most blessed to write this writ whilst in Folk space, where time moves slower than on Earth, affording me a leisured year.”

“And dost thou realize this fact: that all three days must be described including every last event which happens after thy return?”

“I do,” said I, now wise to this. “These will be shown as prophecy.”

“Indeed they will, affording thee one final choice of thy free will.”



A Dark Abyss...

I squeezed my loving Mother’s hand. She held me momentarily as I then

stepped away from Her to ask of Master solemnly, “What is the purpose of this task?”

“To document...” I stopped His words.

“Forgive me, Sir, but this I know. Pray tell me what remains unsaid.”

I saw a light flash overhead, the chandelier dissolved away. Loud thunder rolled around the hall now steeped within a dark abyss. Out from the darkness came the Earth, which, briefly, I had seen before. As large, She labored every turn and sparkled less as though near death. Her plaintive melody had stopped, replaced by weeping that increased into a wail of woe that was disturbing Her soliloquy. This strangely I could clearly hear amid the gross cacophony: a hopeless whisper in the dark, “*Please help Me! Help Me! Please, help Me!*”

“Oh, Master, pray! Whose voice is this? It seems to come from Earth, Herself. I recognize its quality though compromised and indisposed.”

The darkness yielded His reply. “As thou request, so shall thee know.”

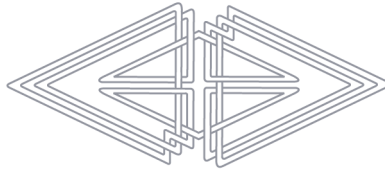
I heard sweet laughter echoing that recently I grew to love. I kept composed as came these words, now bittersweet to hear once more, “*Fine sir, be thou the Prince We seek?*”

“Oh no! ‘Tis not the Maiden’s voice!”

“The very one, ethereal, the quiver rare of Nature’s own. She speaks for Earth’s pure innocents—all those that never take, but give; the many voices in the one—which thou art blessed to hear for this: a time will come when what Earth says will not be heard by anyone save thee, My Prince. Save only thee.”

“Oh, Master, why? Why only me?”

“In this beginning of that end, thou art, in deed, the only one.



Earth's Futures...

“In time the reason this is so shall be quite obvious to thee. Let it suffice for now to know the partial purpose of thy task: ‘tis given not as idle sport; ‘tis for the sake of Mother Earth. What thou wilt write doth speak for Her and to another yet to come.

“This specter is of future Earth some fourteen centuries from when thou dost return into thy time to manifest what must be done. Thy writ is for that future time, and for that one who learns from it much more than an awakening: to know what fates Earth's futures hold.”

Whilst hearing this, the vision dimmed, the hall turned light as it had been.

I said, “My Lord, it doth suffice!”

Said He, “Thou asked.”

I said, “I did.”

Then thrice He tapped His golden staff upon the purple marble floor. He turned to Mother, then to me and said at last, “Let Us depart.”

Sacred Memories

Part 4 ~ Suspended Time

Chapter 9: The Great Plane

Suspended Time...

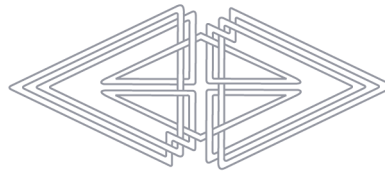
The hall commenced to fade away
Save for its purple marble floor,
Which seemed afloat within a sea
Of undulating waves of stars.

I stood in awe of all that was and realized that everywhere was everything I always hoped existed somewhere to be seen. Now seeing it, I wondered if those hopes were born from memories that lingered from a long lost past or dreams I just made manifest.

“It is whate’er thou dost believe,” was Mother’s gift of Truth to me.

‘Twas staggering to understand the implications of Her words: I recognized that where We were, was paradoxic’ly profound, where everything I learned on Earth could not apply in any way. What mattered most was knowing this.

Then Master smiled at me to say, “My Prince, hold fast to this precept for where We are be challenging. So much to see, to comprehend, to know again as once before: from here to where Folk Space begins, We are within suspended time. Therefore prepare as best thou canst, for what thou seest which seems strange. Our journey homeward will reveal surprises waiting to be seen.”



The Passageway...

These words no sooner said, I saw a mystery take form up through the center of the marble floor: an open, gilded passageway. ‘Twas twice as high as I am tall, trimmed ‘round in glowing golden light. Its inner space, a light blue haze, was full of tiny, sparkling stars. They seemed to tinkle joyously, etheric sounds like little bells.

“How beautiful!” I said in awe as then the corridor turned clear. It had three thresholds of pure gold that sectioned off the way in twain revealing, at the third, a door that looked into the Infinite.

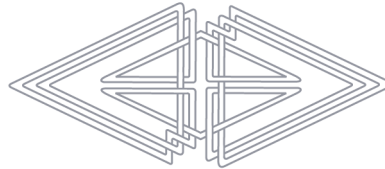
‘Twas when I glanced around behind, that common logic was defied as Master quickly volunteered, “It can be entered from both sides. This is the passageway that leads time travelers to one vast place which hath been called by many names, by thee in dreams: the Onyx Field.

“But it is more than what it seems, far more than what thy dreams revealed.

It represents all time and space, 'tis evermore all consciousness, a most efficient means through time; the single, most significant created complex mystery: has always been, will ever be."

"Pray, Who or What created it?" I asked since I could not recall.

My Master's answer silenced me, "The Mind of all Infinity."



An Unseen Force...

Whilst I stood wond'ring on these words, an unseen force rushed unto me. I felt it circle 'round like wind, and quickly grow into a gale. I seemed entrapped within its strength now buffeting relentlessly. In vain I tried to gird my stance to keep from being blown aback.

I solely was disturbed this way. No gust nor slighness of a breeze caused Mother's nor my Master's robes to move one jot, confounding me.

The force slid me across the floor and blew me towards the passageway. I caught hold of its threshold's rim as I heard Master's words within, "Watch each event from in *this* now to keep from being lost in them."

Why was I hearing this again? I thought I understood the point!

Not so, not then, 'twas widely missed whilst struggling to stand aright. The more I fought, the force increased. I lost my footing, but hung on.

My loved Ones nigh seemed unperturbed. I wondered how and why 'twas so whilst I, so deeply vexed, could feel my fingers' grip about to slip! With only moments left to think, before I would be pulled away and down, then out the passageway, I felt a need to share my plight, "What be this force that pulls at me? I feel at risk of being lost."

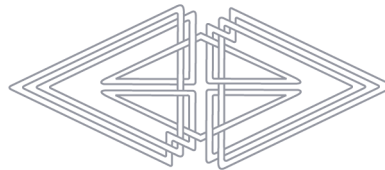
“Indeed, My Prince, so shall it be by thine insistence to be so.”

“By *mine* ‘insistence,’ it will be? No, Master! Help me to hold fast!”

“My son, thy fear need not exist. ‘Tis but a habit brought from Earth. Thou art still dreaming mortal thoughts. Awaken, fair Prince Aural. No harm can come, lest thee forget what We remind thee once again: watch from *this* now, remaining calm.”

Anon I heard from mine own mind, “To write this work, I must be this: observer not participant.”

Of course, just watch, but I had not. I had become involved again within a fear of what *might* be instead of staying in *this* now. I laughed out loud, then just let go. The pulling force let go of me. Apparently, I had learned Trust and wondrously, that I could fly!



The Knowing...

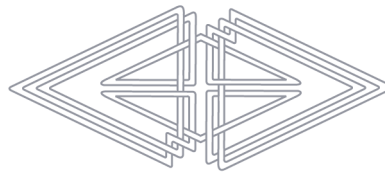
As quickly as my plight had changed, a sudden knowing flooded me: my sojourn into life on Earth was losing its intensity. Whilst I awakened from a sleep that kept me dreaming memories of what ‘tis like to be of flesh that lives and dies too many times, imagine my complete relief to comprehend: I am not flesh.

If I would fall, no bones could break to give me pain but to endure. If I chose ne’er to eat nor drink, I would not starve nor suffer thirst. I need not worry that disease could ever come to ravage me. I am not flesh, I can not die, nor can my cherished Friends and Loves. I am immortal, blissfully. More than awake, I am aware.

This was the knowing lost to me until the moment I let go. Whilst floating

safely in this muse I thrilled to say, “Oh sacred joy!” I felt myself dissolve to light whilst never losing consciousness, and heard my loved Ones calling me out of the gilded passageway.

We spoke together without words. Their laughter echoed after me when, like a brilliant shooting star, I arced across Infinity. This time ‘twas done without the help of Master’s tap upon my chest. All three of Us now realized how much I was remembering.



The Onyx Field...

The moment next, when I returned, I still was feeling freedom’s joy. My Mother smiled when Master asked, “Who wants to see the Onyx Field?”

“I do!” said I without concern.

“Thou art so sure of what to see?”

I thought I was, but then was not as I pressed Master, “Pray explain.”

He touched my brow. Immediately We three were standing side by side observing me, within a dream that I had dreamt repeatedly: I stood upon a battlefield, too vast to comprehend it all. It seemed to be as black as pitch as well as flat and polished smooth. Beleaguered, battered and alone, I held a dripping sword in hand. No enemies of mine were left. I had defeated every foe.

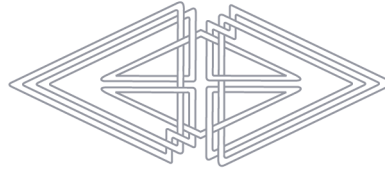
“Why are We here? ” I asked my Friend.

His answer left me mystified, “Thou broughtest Us unto this place. This is the Onyx Field to thee.”

I was confused but dared to ask, “And not to Thee? ‘Tis not to Ye?”

“It is, My Prince, and yet is not. The mischief lies within thy thoughts. ‘It is’

because this is the name which means, to thee, this battlefield. If it meant somewhere else to thee, We would be there, instead of here. And yet ‘is not’ because thy thoughts, observing in thy dreams—this plane—concluded, quite erroneously: all that was seen is everything.”



A Vision State...

Upon these words, a change occurred. We were no longer in my dream, but stood upon another plane I thought was still the Onyx Field. It looked the same in every way, when suddenly I realized this plane was not a static field as I had thought by what I dreamt.

‘Twas ever in a state of flux, could change from black to solid white, displaying four strange attitudes disturbingly anomalous: an undetermined lot of lines not only were in parallel, all side by side beneath my feet, but paired in widths of white and black. These slowly changed, progressively, in intervals, sequentially, from thin white lines with wide black bands, through wide white bands with thin black lines.

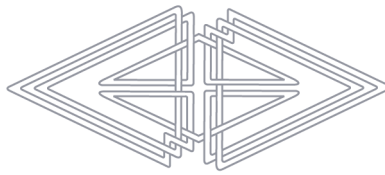
‘Twas when I looked in front of me, I saw these pairs of lines converge at one far off horizon point, or so it seemingly appeared. Then as I turned completely ‘round to see what I could see behind, the pairs of lines did not converge, but shockingly diverged instead.

“Pray, Master, Mother, where are We? I know ‘tis not the Onyx Field. What more must I endure to see? This place doth test my sanity.”

My Mother kissed me tenderly as Master answered what I asked, “We are within a vision state still standing nigh the passageway, affording thee by Our

control, the opportunity to view an area uniquely vast in concept and profundities.

“Since thou art still awakening and still adjusting to this realm, We knew We needed to assist thee in thy process to prepare.”



The Great Plane...

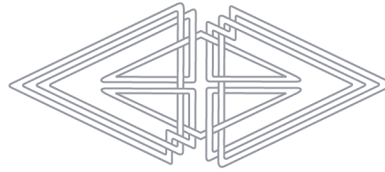
“‘Tis the Great Plane of Knowledge, this.” My Master gestured sweepingly. “Herein are sealed all histories and futures shown by consciousness: the pairs of lines, combined, suggest what ratio the white of bliss is to the black of ignorance within each second throughout time.

“Observe this sequence now ascend. The thick black lines will thin away, give sway to only bands of white. This is the White Sea attitude.”

We watched the sequence then descend, as thin black lines of ignorance grew wider squeezing white bands thin. What once was white was black again.

We stood in silence in the dark upon this new, smooth, pitch black plane when suddenly a gasp filled me as I commenced remembering, “I recognize this attitude! ‘Tis known as the Black Mystery; ‘twas what I saw in many dreams, not understanding what I saw. But I do now! It represents in part, the consciousness and time on Earth, six twenty-six A.D., wherein my body waits for me. ‘In part,’ because ‘tis just one year amid long suffered centuries, so dark with abject ignorance, the Lights of Love cannot be seen.

“I also recognize the Past, that attitude unchangeable. Its lines converge, oddly enough, upon one nonexistent point, whereas the future doth display its endless possibilities as it suggests the Rays of Hope and ways to cope more consciously.”



Our Home...

“Behold Thy son, beloved Queen!” My Master stated with great pomp,
“Well done, My Prince, thou hast reclaimed this memory, as We had hoped. Still, there is more thou must discern regarding this most wondrous plane: these attitudes, thou hast described, apply to life on Earth alone.

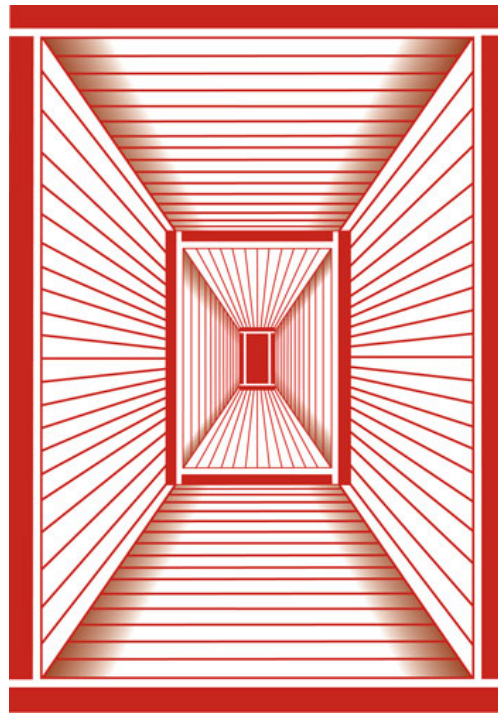
“The Plane, however, doth display all time, all space, all consciousness of everything, and everyone, fair everywhere, forevermore. Not simultaneously though, but in response to who seeks it: where they are from, their consciousness. No one may see more than they know.”

I nodded that I understood. Our vision state dissolved away. I stood in awe to realize how much I had misunderstood. The sky, in which We were afloat, reflected on the marble floor the beauty of a nebula ablaze in gold and turquoise hues.

I smiled as Master asked again, “Who wants to see the Onyx Field?”

“Not I!” said I decidedly.

Said He, “Then onward, to Our home!”



Sacred Memories

Part 4 ~ Suspended Time

Chapter 10: The Passageway

The Way...

How could I know what it would take,

And make of me, to get Us home?

I yielded to what sense was mine:

My loved Ones—better—knew the way.

“Not so, My son.” replied the Queen. “Thy thoughts betray what deeper sense doth languish in perpetual forgetfulness thou dost accept. Be wary of this ill intent. It serves thee not to think on it. Why bother so to bind and gag what is already dumbled by sleep? Awaken it, thy memory: of home, the way, of loved

Ones left. Cast off what yoke convinces thee that Someone else should take the lead.”

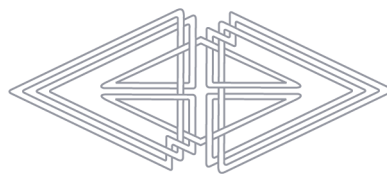
My Mother’s voice had startled me. It seemed more forceful than before. Her tenor shook me to the quick and out of my complacency. My feeble inkling, challenged now, was given strength I called upon, enough to prove my Mother’s words were right: somehow I knew the way.

I felt the more in awe of Her. She stroked my face whilst saying this, “No, son, We are but One, the same. Thou art what thou dost see in Me.”

Her words sent through me waves of love. I said, “I know, but still Thou art my treasure in Whom I am blessed to stand before as Thine own son.”

A sudden tingle flooded me as though some inner rusted gate flung open—wide—to fill me up with knowing long since locked away. “I know the way! It comes by trust I manifest in mine own self, as well by Thy pure trust in me which I uphold within my heart.”

My Master, waiting nigh to Us, disclosed this further unto me: “Indeed by trust, as well by will. Success is sure, if so inclined. Thou farest well on this account whereby We follow thee with ease. Therefore, lead on, Prince Aural. Our journey beckons Us: proceed.”



Down the Stairs...

Out of the passageway there came a noise reminding me of snakes: a hissing and brisk rattling which seemed to come up from the floor. And when I looked, I realized the floor was not as solid seemed but rather stairs, descending ones, that I knew not to follow down. Alas, my musing took me there, though not against mine

ample will, whilst I and Master and the Queen stood frozen, waiting my return.

Herein this place of timelessness, my trip was instantaneous: just down the stairs, beneath the hall, into a darker passageway. My knowing sought to see it all: two other thresholds, not of gold, but glowing red that led instead to feeling drawn and then repelled.

It was my curiosity that had me now, as well my will. I wondered if my knowing knew the depth of trouble I was in.

“Or am I?” was my second thought. I mused, “Have I learned anything?”

Then heard within, “Control thy thoughts. Success is sure, if so inclined.”

The hissing sound commenced to fade, as did the rattle, menacing.

Perchance I had created it as if to warn, “Go not down there....” Since part of me went anyway, I found myself where I was now: someplace I did not want to be and so I willed to turn about.

What joy was mine that I could turn. I learned ‘twas not by will alone, for as I bounded up the stairs both trust and faith assisted me.



The Strangest Truth...

I saw my frozen self ahead. It stood betwixt my loved Ones whilst I wondered at what part of me had wandered from my causal form. I also wondered on this fact: all action, other than mine own, seemed locked in some suspended state that made me think, “This is a dream.”

‘Twas not a dream—pray, give me this—but verily the strangest truth that did not settle fair in me as it commenced to stretch my mind. I know not why, but I recalled a detail of excluded sound: I had not heard my scampering of running

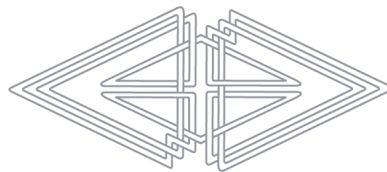
footscrapes on the stairs. Yet every word I realized, resounded clearly in my head as if to mock me—in my voice—repeating all my thoughts not said.

Bemused, I longed to be my self, but missed the opportunity: when first I tried to enter me, I passed straight through my frozen form! The shock of this was frightening. I heard my will scream out at me, “Hold fast thy thoughts, choose consciously. Do not just ‘try,’ *intend*, then do!”

How many times would I hear this from Master, Mother or myself? I grasped the simple truth required: first will, then think to enter in.

This done, I was at once my self—save for the fact I felt disturbed—whilst Master gestured me to lead us now into the passageway. But then He stopped me to inquire, “What say thee of what just transpired? ‘Tis best We speak of it before it takes thee by surprise again.”

Wide eyed, I could not comprehend how He did know where I had been. The paradox was obvious: no time had passed whilst I was gone.

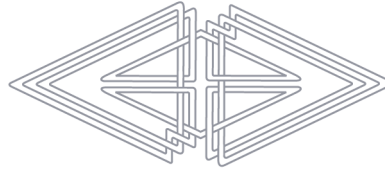


The Enigma...

My mind, too stunned to answer Him, revealed to Me it was undone. I waited long for it to speak. The silence seemed interminable. Then came my Mother’s words within, “Thy thoughts betray what deeper sense doth languish in perpetual forgetfulness thou dost accept.”

I closed mine eyes and willed the truth of the enigma to unfold. It came to me within a flash of insight summoned from my depths: I had been warned, intuitively, “Go not down there where danger dwells.” Still off I went, that part of me, that thought of me, that willed to go.

If still on Earth in human flesh this thought could not—as quickly—pose the same effect since I would be contained within my body’s mass. But here—wherein I am pure thought—a thinker *is* the thought one thinks. Immediately becoming that, I had both stayed *and* left my self.



Danger’s Keep...

Since being only mine own thought, I was, in fact, invisible—as Master was, perceiving me—when I took soundlessly the stairs.

“Indeed, My Prince. Pray tell Me more. What lies beneath this passageway and calls thee down to danger’s keep by singing but a serpent’s song?”

As soon as Master asked me this, I heard the hissing sound again. This time I sensed its subtle force that tried to pull me down the stairs. I realized the choice was mine: succumb or claim my sov’rignty.

“Enough!” I yelled. “Take leave of me!”

‘Twas so. Quite so, as all at once I learned that I could overcome whate’er might seek to capture me. Then suddenly I felt—anew—a feeling very old and rank: the heaviness of ignorance that levels from its gross domain what lurid, selfish, loveless thoughts it conjures up to keep souls down.

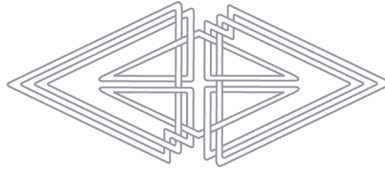
My look to Master, then my Queen, displayed my recognition’s shock, “This is the underhall which leads the way to the Black Mystery, that plane I have had dreams about more often than I care to say.”

“Quite so, dear love,” my Mother said. “‘Tis also one more way, Our home.”

I reasoned, “Yea, ‘tis ‘one more way’ but only *one* of many routes. Methinks I know a better way, much brighter and far more direct.”

Relieved I knew this inner truth, my Mother shared, “Well done, My son.”

Both loved Ones held me tenderly then kissed me each on either cheek. How wonderful They made me feel. I knew These dear Ones honored me enough to boldly follow aft into the very mouth of hell.



The Proof...

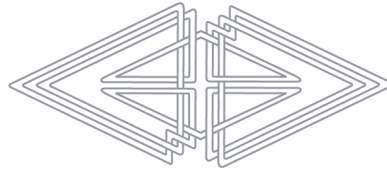
I dropped at once on bended knee to bow my head before my Queen. She pulled me up to stand aright.

I looked into Her Soul to say, “Beloved Star, I understand how long and far I roamed from Thee. Thou plucked me out mine ignorance that hid Thy presence from my sight. Now I remember everything! Mine inner eye—awake and wide—no longer needs for me to choose a ‘way’ since traveled many times.

“I say this fondly, without grief, nor am I given to despair, inclined to feel regret, or fall too weary ‘neath my lessons learned. Nay! Rather, I would share my joy, which deepens as I speak of it for, verily, I understand: each ‘way’ doth yield great benefit. I am at once the proof of this, for here I stand before Thee now outside the flesh—All consciousness—to feel the Infinite in me.

“I Am returned not less but more. Made so by every life I lived. Whilst every ‘way’ didst lead me here, some were far more circuitous. For this, I further understand the wisdom of the Infinite: It neither frowns nor smiles upon how long I took to learn to Love.”

I seemed entranced, then Mother spoke, “My Son, Thy knowing serves Us all proclaiming Thy deliverance from Darkness into Light complete!”



A Single Gift...

I could not see Her causal form, She had transmuted into Light. Her beauty, indescribable, I felt as Joy and Love Divine. These passed through Master and Myself, as did Her laughter echoing, and rippled through the Infinite announcing I was coming home.

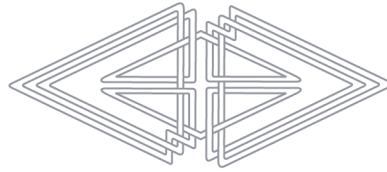
As quickly gone, She reappeared to bless Me with a single gift: a glowing stone of ruby red that sang when placed upon My palm, “Remember Me, Prince Aorial? Thou asked of Me to send this stone from Thine own crown which I have saved since Thou didst give it Me to keep. This done, it shall return to Me the precious essence of Thy Self. I wait beyond this passageway. Dear Aorial, remember Me.”

I closed My hand around the stone but just as quick, it disappeared as spread its loving sense through Me of Blieshen, My beloved Mate! My fist pulled slowly to My chest. I bowed My head and closed Mine eyes whilst I, as though in deepest prayer, commenced to whisper rev’rently, “Oh Blieshen, Blieshen, fairest One. I am Thine Own, forevermore, and send this message back to Thee, “Thou art the very Soul of Me.””

Out from the passageway I heard what sounded like a choir of bells—as lovely as Our joyful thoughts—that heralded Our happiness.

“I thank Thee, Mother, for Thy part in bringing Blieshen nearer Me. Now onward through this passageway be all the sweeter an intent.”

She smiled, then nodded to agree as Master raised the task at hand, “‘Tis homeward then. Lead on, My Prince. We follow Thee with confidence.”



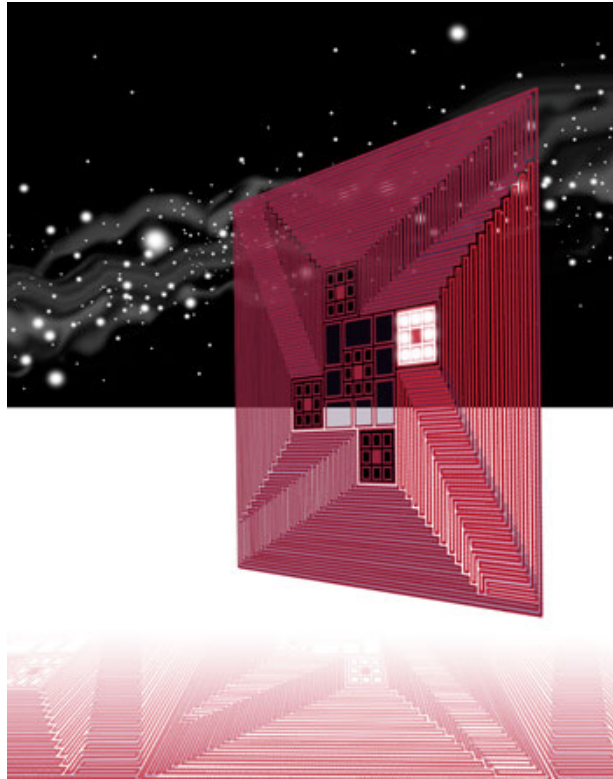
A Moment's Truth...

A moment's truth was next to come. I heard the thought, "'Tis best to fly!"

Therefore We flew, and as I did, My knowing whispered more to Me,
"Touch not one surface in this hall; each yields profound entanglements: some with the future, with the past, some with the darker underworld. If Thou wouldst seek Thy fairest home, 'tis through yon threshold just ahead. Once through, proceed straight through the next whereat Thy Blieshen waits for Thee."

I marveled at the ease with which My knowing summoned unto Me such quick and detailed guidances not drawn so for millennia. 'Twas in that moment's fleeting pass, I understood: Omniscience comes as needed—never all at once—according to each circumstance.

Propelled by Our combined intent, the middle threshold came and went as suddenly I realized I had passed through the final rim. And when I looked whence I had come, I saw My loved Ones exiting the passageway which disappeared once They had cleared its opening.



Sacred Memories

Part 4 ~ Suspended Time

Chapter 11: The Butterfly

A Small Surprise...

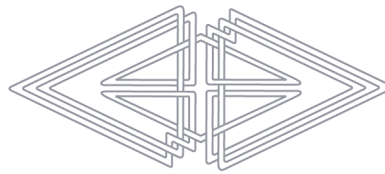
Imagine My fair sense of bliss
To find My self suspended high,
Along with both My loved Ones nigh,
Above the White Sea's purity.

'Tis the incomprehensible: a polished alabastrine plane as awe inspiring to behold as beauty is to contemplate. It spans forever and beyond what far horizon line I saw which keeps the sky above the Sea eternally in touch-less touch.

Observing this, whilst hovering, I felt what was a small surprise: a gentle

burst of wind, perfumed, caught Mine attention suddenly. It rushed to Me, whilst holding back the sense whence it had ushered forth, and bumped My cheek, delib’rately, as subtle as a tender kiss.

‘Twas curious: somehow I knew My knowingness had been secured beneath some veil of secrecy, allowing Me to be surprised. Therefore I was—delightfully—and charmed by such sweet playfulness. I learned the value of it all as Love’s own breadth brought forth this gift:



Enraptured...

A group of stars, appearing close, commenced to slowly fall and change from stars to wondrous tears of joy, from tears to—then—rose petals all. They floated down in stunning clouds, all mostly shades of pinks and reds that billowed outwardly in swirls, descending slowly, gracefully.

The petals glistened as they fell. Some seemed to be outlined in light. Of these, a few then changed again, becoming pure white butterflies. Yet, only one would flutter nigh to rest upon Mine offered hand. The others darted in and out betwixt the petals floating down.

How could I know the magnitude of Love within all that I saw? ‘Twas this that I experienced through ev’ry petal shown to Me. And there were thousands to behold, now falling ‘round Me everywhere, most passing blithely down and down to land upon the Sea below.

But others deemed I give them rest; did so upon Mine upturned face, each feeling like another kiss before dissolving into light.

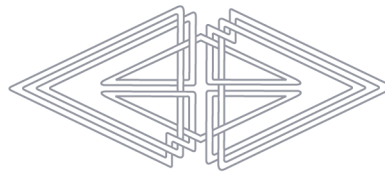
This process was now happening as rapidly as petals lit upon My hair, My

clothes and hand, whereon the butterfly remained.

The sights I saw and all I felt enraptured every part of Me enough to hear, amazingly, a whisper from My winged friend.

“What didst thou say, dear butterfly?” I asked whilst turning close Mine ear, to hear in Blieshen’s lovely voice, “I love Thee, My beloved Prince!”

I, deeply stunned by this surprise, then felt what veil of secrecy My loved Ones joyfully applied commence to slowly melt away.



Someplace Strange...

The little, pure white messenger took flight to flutter ‘round Me once, then darted downward to the Sea whilst calling out, “Pray, follow Me!”

My loved Ones both and I complied. We laughed like children, gleefully, whilst playing in rose petal rain and chasing talking butterflies. Delighted as fair mystified, I entertained a fleeting thought: most everything and everyone seemed too fantastic to be real.

‘Twas so, as suddenly I was somewhere alone and back on Earth, then not alone, not in My time, not in a body to be seen; ‘twas someplace strange, disturbingly: what sky I saw appeared quite sick—more gray and thick instead of blue—and seemed to growl and roar with noise.

This shook the towers standing tall, aligned in rows, all side by side. The more I looked, the more I felt, the more I heard, the more I knew this was a dreary, loveless place where dwelled a tribe too cleverly conditioned to accept the fact that butterflies could ever talk.

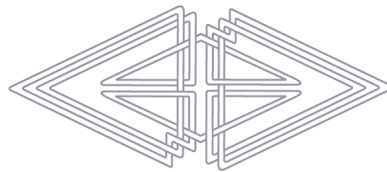
Now in the rushing, crushing crowd of disconnected, lonely souls, I heard

some people loudly talk into a box held to their ear. The others did not seem to mind what was, to me, discourteous, but then I saw this practice was amongst the least of their concerns. I heard and watched their jumbled thoughts producing wicked waves of fear that widely spread from heart to heart the darkest lie: they are but flesh.

“Oh no!” I cried.

They could not hear. They had forgotten Who they are. I tried to tell them what I knew: the consequences could be grave. The challenge is to overcome a “way” that’s ruled by fear and greed. In ignorance, most will not try, the few that do, must learn to trust. For either choice, this “way” be fraught with golden opportunities to teach through each experience the consequences of one’s thoughts.

Eventually, as Wisdom dawns, great understanding comes to prove that every choice made solely on the needs of fear and greed will fail.



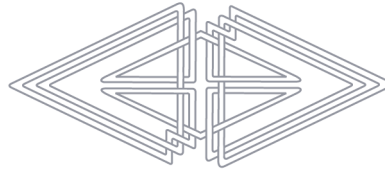
What Is or Is Not Real...

Their desperation was now Mine when finally I realized that this was their reality, which I was only visiting. This thought reminded Me of when I had detained Myself within a grand oak tree in Darluse Wood to learn the power of My will. I willed a thought to not look back on those entrapped by hollow fears as blissfully a butterfly flew by and whispered, “Follow Me!”

Delighted as fair mystified, I entertained another thought: there everything and everyone seemed too fantastic to be real.

‘Twas so, as gratefully I was back with My loved Ones once again to understand as ne’er before: I choose what is or is not real.

Herein this place of timelessness, where thought is pliable as clay, I had the opportunity to choose betwixt realities. Were I to know no other way from those I saw controlled by fear, I could not be with quill in hand describing Mine experience. Nor could I share, with certainty, the evidence of what exists within Folk Space, beyond the realms of earthly and suspended time.



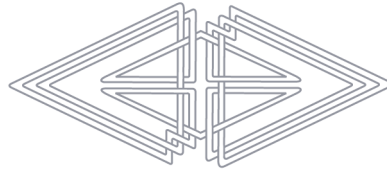
The Sea...

All seemed to be as mystical as possible to comprehend: We slowly settled down upon the myst'ry of the vast White Sea. Its surface felt, substantially, as solid as white polished stone, yet also seemed somehow alive: aware and keenly sensitive.

We had descended gracefully and lit as lightly to the touch as feathers would, as petals did, resulting—still—in bursts of light. Each step We took created prints that glowed intensely—white on white—of brilliant light that faded fast, without a trace, into the Sea.

The last of all the petals fell. I watched them partially dissolve then melt together, one by one, to yield a sparkling pool of light. This too commenced to fade away and when I took a second look, I saw the pool then shimmering beneath the surface of the Sea.

Outlines of butterflies were there, as were Our footprints, every one. I also saw the “loveless place,” and recognized the Passageway. The more I looked into the Sea, the more I saw recorded there, whate'er had been experienced, distinguished by bliss consciousness.



The Winged One...

I watched most of the images sink down and down, mysteriously, into the milky depths below beyond My sight, fair silently. Then, something moving caught Mine eye. ‘Twas coming upwards, straight to Me. In wonderment I realized it was the pure white butterfly.

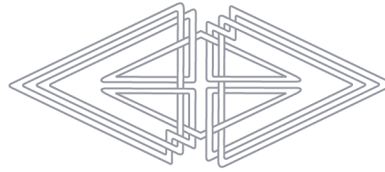
I was amazed to watch it broach the plane of stone on which I stood as if the surface, commonly, was there for Me, yet not for it.

Now seeming thrice its former size, the winged one did wend its way up to My shoulder, whence it spake this most intriguing riddling, “This plane conceals a special door now locked and hidden out of view. ‘Tis at the bottom of the Sea yet ever willing to appear. Knock thrice on what is not a door but is the key to that one place, belov’d by all, which offers rest in all of time and inner space.”

No sooner was this message said, when flew away the butterfly. It fluttered ‘round, then settled down in front of Me upon the Sea.

I gave My Queen a knowing smile then laughed aloud delightedly as Master handed Me His staff to tap three times upon the plane. I knew that when this act took place three things would happen rapidly:

A special portal would appear up from the bottom of the Sea;
The lovely pure white butterfly, its duty done, would disappear;
And Blieshen, My beloved Mate, would show Herself to Me at last.



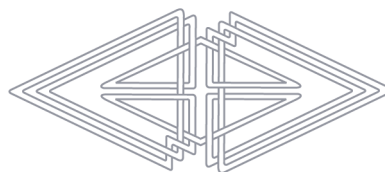
Doorway Leading Home...

A stillness settled ‘round about embracing Us in Our intent to call the doorway leading home, now up and out its hiding place. I tapped a thrice upon the Sea. Three rings of light flashed out anon soon followed by three thunderbolts that filled Our ears with rolling sound.

I looked upon the butterfly and was astonished as I watched its shape increase by half again whilst it remained in front of Me. Again it grew! I, stepping back, observed its gossamery state, when suddenly beneath its feet, a tower loomed up from the Sea. This edifice was staggering, some twenty times, or so, My height! ‘Twas slightly less from side to side hence dwarfed Us all summarily.

Its whole was one complex design: a pattern of deceiving lines that gave a sense of varying depths to sev’ral slanted surfaces. Four looked remarkably like stairs, each lay on a diagonal, from all four corners to the hub without regard to up or down. These led to what appeared to be four entrances around a fifth, each marked with an impressive grid of nine and equal openings.

Then, looking closer than before, I noticed that the patterned lines, as well as all five entrances, were sealed within some substance clear; ‘twas structure-wise a finger thick, completely smooth on either side. It seemed to Me the tower was a wonder quite mysterious.



All That Is...

A sense of awe swept over Me as wonderment gave rise to Truth; for inner knowing came again upon My call for clarity, “Thou hast called forth, collectively, this monument to evidence the All That Is, a thought away, accessible upon request. This one expresses five time gates, all portals to specific realms within the nine domains of space known, hitherto, as ‘Home’ to Thee.”

Next, something so significant commenced to quickly manifest an awesome sign so beautiful, I almost fainted ‘way in joy. One of the time gates came alive, as though awakening from sleep, exploding, brightly, beams of gold that changed stair lines to real stairs.

This light spread like voracious fire on down the stair, set to Our right. It melted ‘way the substance clear and clearly marked which steps to take.

‘Twas then I saw the butterfly in all of its magnificence, bow, waving its tremendous wings as if conveying its “good-bye.”

But lo, it was instead, “Hello!” as suddenly I realized what stood aright atop the stairs was also changing in the light. I stood enraptured in Love’s bliss as I beheld the precious gaze of Blie, no more in playful guise, as beautiful as Love Itself.

Sacred Memories

Part 4 ~ Suspended Time

Chapter 12: The All That Is

The Golden Light...

The light grew in intensity

Until it had consumed Us all.

This is to say, in moment's flash,

We melded with its purity.

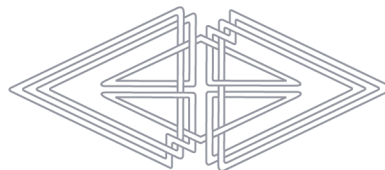
'Twas then I understood that We had all become the All That Is: now only One, the total sum, of everything We ever were. Yet whilst this change was taking place, I was aware—acutely so—of Mine own I Am consciousness within the maelstrom of the light. And in this state, I recognized the golden light as Love Itself which

permeates Us—everyone—‘tis everywhere, in everything!

Its force and power filled Me up. Somehow the surge felt comforting as it infused straight into Me its magnitude of *all* I Am: more than Myself, I understood I Am the many in the One. All essences of everyone and everything were now in Me.

I, now transformed, then realized, although I Am the All That Is, I am unique unto Myself by virtue of experience. Yea, verily, what memories are Mine alone by living them, are Mine to give by sharing them with everyone as none else can. As such, observe the gravity, the great impact of *every* life. All that is learned doth serve Us all, one memory by memory.

Experience, combined and shared, is therefore more than what it seems. It constitutes the total All and is, as That, All-powerful. We are—as That—indeed complex, are this aware, this magnified whilst ever We, collectively, remain as individuals.



The Precious Essence...

‘Twas with this knowledge—fully grasped—that joyous laughter burst from Me. It floated lightly up to Blie inviting Her to share My joy. She gathered it as if it were sweet flowers in a spring bouquet, which She then kissed and briefly held before returning it to Me. I heard Her laughter, everywhere, resounding like a lovely song. It sent a perfect thrill through Me I had not felt for centuries.

The exile o’er, I flew to Blie, unto Her loving, waiting arms whence I observed this wonderment take both of Us by sweet surprise: a myriad of bouncing orbs, all similar and half My size, commenced to exit out the gate atop the stairs

where We both stood. These pretty, bubble-like, clear spheres, seemed clear intentioned with each bounce—instead of randomly propelled—for suddenly, some came Our way. These quickly entered into Us delivering euphoria: the precious essence of pure Love, which is our *true* identity.

A fervent sound escaped My lips as overwhelming ecstasy sent waves of bliss—entrancingly—all through the breadth and depth of Me. I recognized these orbs were gifts to each of Us returning home, from loved Ones on the other side beyond this time gate, first of three.

Oh pray, fair Soul, imagine it! The sight of it! The feel of it! ‘Twas, verily, so wonderful, ‘tis thrilling now to write of it: the great time gate kept pouring forth its light and orbs straight into Us awakening, with every gift, a blissful memory of home.

A rush of orbs cascaded by, on down the steps of glowing stairs, down to the surface of the Sea whereon the Queen and Master stood. We watched as They received Their gifts. Remarkably, I realized I felt the Love that entered Them as if it had but entered Me.

‘Twas then again I understood how We, indeed, are only One: how mutually We all receive what We express of All We know. And All that is, is only Love. ‘Tis obvious, this close to home where Love abides and permeates Our thoughts and pure reality.



Whence I Had Left...

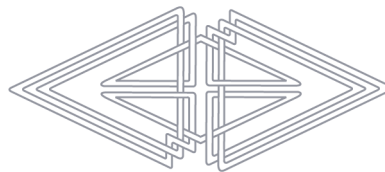
Next, I alone was back on Earth as if My knowing wanted Me to recognize how consciousness affects fair everything perceived. Of all the places I could go,

would rather see, expect to be, bear with Me as I do declare, I had returned whence I had left!

‘Twas like a dream as many scenes were shown to Me in rapid time of Me preparing parchment leaves: the last I made before I “died.” A friend of Mine delivered these. I watched him take them to the church. The brothers had a visitor who came that day to see their work.

The scene slowed down, the leaves arrived, I heard one brother humbly share how fortunate they were that I assured their books amongst the best. Upon the hearing this remark, the visitor appeared quite pleased, but for the fact of what I saw develop fair in front of Me.

The value of My vantage clear was being in My causal form affording Me, invisibly, to see a shocking astral view: a swath of deepest blood-red light lunged in a blur of vicious teeth out from the visitor’s own smile into the gentle brother’s throat. He clutched his neck, then turned away, attending to his need to cough, which stopped when stopped the quick attack no one had seen, save only I.



We All Receive...

The visitor, I followed home. There I observed the grave concern that manifested in the mind of Lord Viliho over Me. I watched it quickly escalate as his esteem of self collapsed beneath the weight of jealous rage: *the Church held Me in high regard*. How could he know that what he thought was more exalted than the truth, a concept he alone devised within his fit of jealousy.

Why was this so? Why envy Me? What had I done to anger him? Why did My knowing show Me this but leave Me empty of resolve? No answers came. I

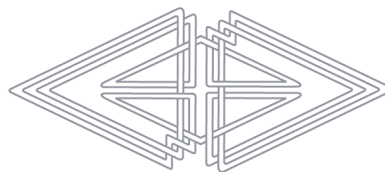
recognized disclosure of this circumstance would come to Me within Folk Space where all is well and wonderful.

The depth to which this soul is lost brought Me to tears, then temperance, then to compassion as I saw he is more Sesavah than not. For suddenly his heart cried out, “Forgive me, Father, I have sinned!”

The moment next a shaft of light pierced through his negativity. Short-lived, this holy light of Love extinguished in a meal of thoughts his dark companions fed to him, which Lord Viliho gobbled up!

I could not watch the spectacle as willingly—in ignorance—the feeding frenzy was allowed to take the place of what he craves. Though it is Peace, it will not come without a conscious choice to change the way he thinks *about himself*.

We all receive what we express. This is to say of consciousness: ‘tis one’s ability to Love that levels their capacity of how much Love they may receive.



The Mystery...

Returning to My loved One’s arms, I marveled at what just occurred. Whilst part of Me remained with Blie, another delved in earthly time.

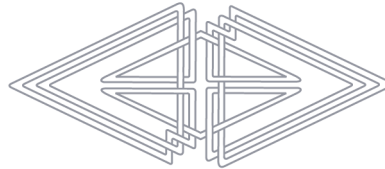
I called upon what part of Me had felt it best I see these scenes so startling as to reveal the consequences of dark thoughts. My knowing pointed out this Truth: that ignorance is dangerous. The enemy be not this man but that which rules his heart and mind. This knowledge was a gift to Me since privy to the *great unseen*.

Another concept I perceived was that the Earth had come to Me.

Oh harken now whilst I explain: I consciously experienced the vivid views of some events “*I*” never knew had taken place! How could this be? What did I

see so clearly detailed for review if not the real experience as lived by others at the time? Recorded out of their own minds, ‘twas stored into the Infinite’s, preserved e’er after it took place, reviewable upon command.

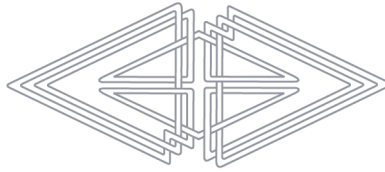
Observe, therefore, the Mystery: I had accessed a memory *not Mine*, dear Soul, *the Infinite’s* out of the Great Plane’s annals, vast.



A Multiplicity of Truths...

By then I knew both *how* and *where* the wonderment had taken place. It gave Me pause on Master’s words when recently He had advised, “So much to see, to comprehend, to know again as once before: from here to where Folk space begins, We are within suspended time. Therefore, prepare, as best thou canst, for what thou seest which seems strange. Our journey homeward will reveal surprises waiting to be seen.”

Forsooth! The scenes played with My mind for herein lay what I observed: a multiplicity of Truths had all occurred concurrently. I never *really* went to Earth, it only seemed that real to Me. Earth came to Me out of the Plane where mem’ries—all—are booked and saved. The manner in which this is done—immense in its complexity—goes far beyond the tangible, the astral, causal, time, and space. This was how I saw evidence of what takes place beyond the eye, how thought perceptions can give rise to maladies the body feels. What else I saw spanned many months yet was reviewed within a flash in which there had elapsed no time, all whilst I was in Blieshen’s arms.



Free Will...

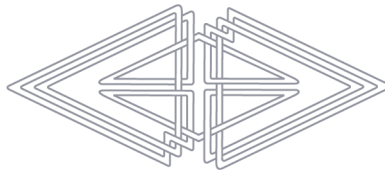
She lovingly looked in Mine eyes, then shared with Me what She could see so I might further comprehend the Truths and concepts given Me.

“Beloved, ‘tis Thy Destiny to note and share these wonderments. They do address complexities, which stimulate remembering.

“Too long on Earth, One may forget One’s masterful identity and sink beneath the state of Love to manifest duality. When one forgets One is pure Love, One can fall victim to dark thoughts. These bring to pass sheer misery, which then attracts the Sesavah. ‘Tis then a man must use his will to change thought patterns killing him and muster faith in things unseen, in wonderments most disbelieve.

“For as We know, We of Folk Space—where all that is, is only Love—there is no death and no disease save in the mind of ignorance. What one believes, one manifests. Bliss cannot come from ignorance, yet blossoms forth as one attains that consciousness which knows it can.

“Alas, this takes millennia if misdirected by ‘free will,’ that single—most misunderstood—endowment gifted every Soul.”



All In Good Time...

Compassion spilled out from Her eyes, then down the contour of Her face. I saw within Her shameless tears old memories of friends still lost. She smiled at Me, assuringly, then softly said, “All in good time.”

“Yea, lovely Blie, ‘All in good time,’” I whispered whilst I held Her near.

The Queen and Master joined Us next. We formed a circle, arm in arm, then bowed and gently touched Our heads in solemn silence, prayerfully. For somewhere in the Rays of Hope the fates of all We miss are stored. We sent Our brethren waves of Love whilst standing still atop the stairs. The more We sent, the more emerged out from the time gate’s opening. Warm golden light then circled Us, went into Us, restoring Us.

The moment next, We left behind the beauty of the vast White Sea, the myst’ry of suspended time, as We stepped through the great time gate. ‘Twas stunningly magnificent: enormous, cave-like, sparkling white. A flood of feelings swept Me o’er to realize, “We’re almost home!”

Sacred Memories

Part 5 ~ Folk Space

Chapter 13: A Certain Place

The Outer Reaches...

‘Tis critical to realize:

Once We walked through the great time gate,

We crossed a demarcation line

Betwixt two very diff’rent realms,

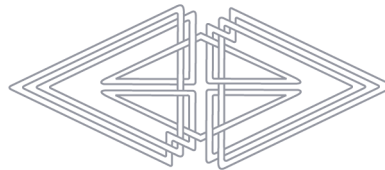
more foreign to each other than the veil We pierced—invisibly—when We accessed Infinity beyond the confines of Earth time. Now far beyond suspended time—by taking but a single step—We entered the perfection of the outer reaches of Folk Space.

‘Tis beautiful, attainable, a thought away from being known: what one perceives, one manifests according to one’s consciousness. I say this to encourage hope for, verily, what I have seen exists as pure reality within the Minds that made it so. And herein seethes the paradox that draws the thickest line of all betwixt what some perceive as real, dismissed by others as unreal:

“All things are relative to things within the same reality.

To cross betwixt realities unlock perceptions of learned thoughts.”

This is to say, from this page forth prepare thy mind to make a shift on what is matter, time and space as well as vibratory waves.



To Heights Beyond...

“Folk Space” is an anomaly. These words suggest a “certain place.” For some this certainty applies, for others, it doth not exist. This is because of consciousness, which holds the key to All That Is, remembering: what matters most be one’s capacity to Love. ‘Tis consciousness that seeks its own dimensional equivalent. Therefore, rejoice! Love raises all to heights beyond forgetfulness.

What doth Love have to do with space? What one perceives, one manifests as diverse as the diff’rences betwixt Folk Space and life on Earth.

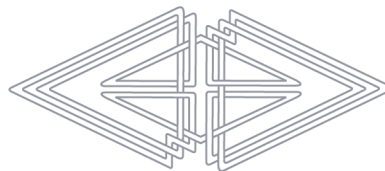
Compared and relative to Earth—where three dimensions mainly reign—Love manifests here spatially in ways not possible on Earth. This doth not mean forevermore, for Love hath the capacity to manifest what is perceived. Therefore, believe and make it so.

I too have been an Earth-bound Soul. There, I forgot that I could fly, could walk through walls as easily as I could ask a wall to yield. Now, just within this “certain place,” these natural abilities are once again a part of Me as is this vast environment.

There are nine layers to Folk Space. All of these equally express eleven pure dimensions, which include the three observed on Earth. Except, these three are not the same, albeit they appear to be. Here things so high or wide or deep can change and then, can change again.

Pray, understand: this could not be unless ‘twas first thought into place. To think such thoughts, a consciousness must comprehend the All That Is. Since All That Is be only Love, what follows is a mystery: ‘tis out of Love, dimensions flow and represent capacities.

As capabilities increase, they are supported spatially: Love spins dimensions—easily—but relative in consciousness. So for this wise, Folk Space is blessed, to this I do attest herein. Therefore observe the possible: ‘tis “Heaven,” fair, as thou wilt see.



From the Heart...

This said, imagine—if thou canst—the wonder of what happened next. I saw and heard a sight and sound astonishingly beautiful. A colored haze commenced to flow out from the heart of each of Us. It coalesced for Me to see, ‘twas lovely music, ribbon-like.

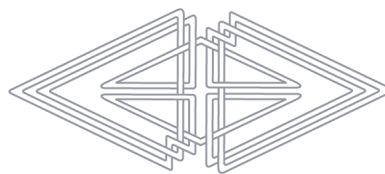
Four diff’rent iridescent hues were correlated tonal waves that billowed forth in harmonies exquisitely alive with Love. These strains commenced to undulate.

The lower tones swooped slowly down and spread out widely, side to side, whilst high ones floated up and thinned. They—color-wise—seemed organized in such a way as to display the lower sounds in bold, rich hues and higher ones as pale pastels. Surrounding Us, the waves increased to meet together in a weave of sounds as intricate to hear, as clearly beautiful to see.

But, lo! This whole amazing scene proved far more than ‘twas first perceived, for, verily, I realized that I could *understand* the tones. But not as single or grouped words; whole concepts thought and feelings felt exchanged betwixt the four of Us attending the experience.

Imagine being just from Earth! ‘Twas overwhelmingly profound. A heady thrill swept over Me, then out from Me, as purple sound. I watched it change to lavender before it blended into Blie. I had just thought how wonderful it was to be in such a place.

A melody which then unfurled, resulted from the intertwine of colored ribbons flowing out my fair Companions in reply. The music changed and shifted hue—now soothingly a concept blue—addressing, as ‘twas happening, the sacred language of the Folk: its tones do represent pure thoughts, which need not be expressed with words, but in a more exalted way, as lovely music, ribbon-like.

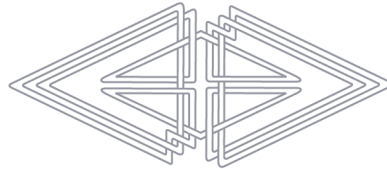


Unlimited...

Remarkable? Indeed it is. Enjoyable? Profoundly so and hardly inexplicable from this more scientific view: consider, if thou wilt, this page within a two-dimensioned world. It would be flat, could not be turned as thou canst do quite easily. Surmise then quantifiably, how much is added to thy world by one

dimension more than two. The difference is incredible. Now add eight more beyond Earth's three, extrapolate this difference to comprehend the scope expressed, comparably unlimited.

This is the wonder of Folk Space, its exponential mystery, which ultimately doth explain how music canst be heard *and* seen.



The Heritage...

Our conversation, without words, intensified and turned complex as My Companions shared much more to acclimate Me to Our realm. The music swelled, the ribbons grew, the colors changed as rapidly as I commenced remembering the heritage of every Folk.

What took place next so startled Me I staggered back, My mouth agape, as Our surroundings, suddenly, completely changed from what they were: what seemed before a huge white cave, was now a lush environment.

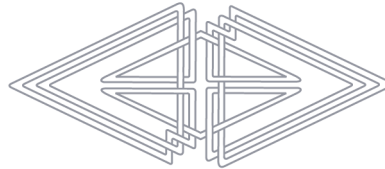
Resplendent falls rushed down and down steep mountains burgeoning with life. Majestic trees with smooth dark boles, enrobed their verdant undergrowth with rich green leaves, bedrenched and pressed against a cloudless sky on high. Sweet smelling grass, whereon We stood, spread out from Us to yonder stream in gentle flow down from a pool: the treasure of the waterfalls.

I reached for Blie, Who took My hand as Master asked with wondrous flare a question never *seen* before, “What seest Thou, Prince Aerial?”

He meant, of course, the scene *I* saw which I described *whilst* asking Him, Her Majesty, and Blieshen fair, what They could see respectively. Since Our in-depth, complex exchange reviewed what every Folk can do, I was prepared for

anything: They each described a diff'rent scene.

Amazingly, We each devised a fav'rite "certain place" in Mind whilst also choosing to remain in one another's company. This is to say, the four of Us kept Our connection as a group, except We each experienced each other in Our own thought scene.



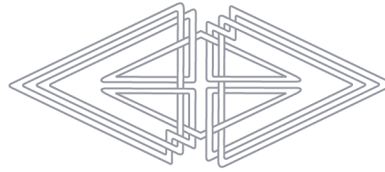
The Indescribable...

Observe how this ability doth differ from another one wherein a Folk can place Their form in multiple realities. Aware of every place They are, by virtue of Their consciousness, this capability doth prove to be more commonly expressed.

Behold! This too needs be explained before We take another step: Folk may and do—collectively—maintain vast constructs They hold dear. What is the meaning of "maintain?" Primarily, the Folk agree Their constructs do appear the same to Everyone observing them.

However, this doth not apply to Their outside environments allowing for the tendency to manifest variety. One construct thusly held be nigh: two time gates We must yet pass through. These gates, themselves, may never change. Whereon they stand, will probably. Another is what lies beyond: the city, wherein sets Our home, is like a rare and precious jewel, beloved by every Citizen.

To scribe the indescribable! My fate is far less challenging. Alas! So much remains untold, beyond the stark intent of words. And yet 'tis better writ than not, if only to impart this glimpse into the pure magnificence of Our Society of Folk.



The Stream...

The moment next, My loved Ones chose to integrate into My scene, which subtly felt more comforting though all along They had been there. We also chose to walk the grass, to feel its vigor through Our shoes. It charged Me through and through with thrills as We proceeded to the stream.

Our conversation waxed with joy. It trailed behind ‘til We arrived and saw across the water’s breadth, the second gate on yonder knoll. It looked quite diff’rent from the first, albeit just as tall in height: two alabastrine monoliths leaned in to form a massive arch.

We had decided We would fly when suddenly, out from the stream, there came a voice addressing Me, “*Beloved Prince! Thou hast returned!*”

I answered, all the more in awe, “Yea, verily, Who art Thou, Friend?”

“*Why, Sire, We are this stream and more. Pray, honor Us to service Thee.*”

The tenderness the voice expressed so deeply touched the Soul of Me, My feelings flowered out My heart in billows of exquisite strains. My loved Ones and I gathered close, surrendering to sweet surprise. Upon My nod, the water rose and lifted Us to ride its crest. This mighty wave delivered Us up to the entrance of the gate, as would a giant, tender hand, to then recede into the stream.

On bended knee, I touched the grass and asked of it to take Our thanks down to the gentle, flowing stream, which sparkled back, “*Our pleasure, Sire.*”



Invisible...

Attending then the task at hand, We turned to face the gleaming gate, which one might think were only stones placed haply in a forest scene, fair unassuming is its look. Love ne'er can be defined by worth. It proved again: appearances are hardly ever what they seem.

This much I know and gladly share about the two white monoliths: they keep the third and final gate a mystery, forevermore. That is, until one passes through—with the intent to find the third—which renders the adventurer invisible immediately!

“Indeed, My Son, Thou hast done well. What Thou dost know doth serve Us All.”

I watched Our Queen then disappear with Master as They both stepped through.

Blie smiled at Me. I took Her hand. We passed through uneventfully. I could not tell how much had changed since Our surroundings looked the same. My Master and Our precious Queen then stepped aside to introduce a sight long laid to rest in Me: the City of Nine Towers' Gate.



Sacred Memories

Part 5 ~ Folk Space

Chapter 14: The Masterwork

What Visions Stir...

A gentle slope preceded Us

Adorned with graceful, flowing grass.

Commingle long stemmed flowers swayed

And nodded in an upward breeze.

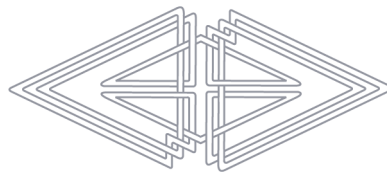
It rustled through the mighty trees which flanked, on either side, the slope whereon there set—akin a crown—magnificence: the final Gate.

Oh to outwit what words forestall! I scarce can bear what doth escape description from Mine ink filled quill, of things which do defy belief. And yet unto

this sacred task I Am committed, line by line, despite what is most difficult, and Mine alone to note and share. As such, I dare suggest to thee: these memories are merely guides that show the way, as would a map, to treasure marked with just an “X.”

Would such a map perchance exist—as doth, indeed, this sacred text—‘twould seem a promissory note which, of itself, has little worth. Once found, it would require much more than keeping it within a drawer, that is if one intends to find the object of the map’s intent. It would require a depth of faith in one’s perfected sense of Self, to leave behind all doubt and fear that it—the map—might be a fake. Determined real, ‘twould then require to heed the call that doth apply undaunted action, graced by will, until the prize to find is found.

Therefore be thou so comforted as to instruct thine inner sight to clearly see what I report despite Mine understated words. This said, imagine what thou wilt, and celebrate what visions stir for, verily, they represent a knowing re-awakening.



To Be Aware...

I heard a melody commence so movingly remarkable I longed to float upon its sound that seemed to draw Me to the Gate. It billowed fluently in gold and yellow ribbons lined with white when suddenly I realized the music was Mine own fair thoughts.

Twás Blieshen Who had reached for Me, Who grasped Mine arm delib’rately, preventing Me from drifting off before considering My course. She did not speak to Me in words but in the language of the Folk which of necessity I must, henceforth, attempt to best translate, “Yea ‘tis, indeed, magnificent,

exceedingly intelligent, responsive in unending ways therefore, My Lord, be Thou aware.”

Her thoughts embraced Mine tenderly, yet startled Me unto My quick, out some complacent dreamed of state a part of Me had so enjoyed.

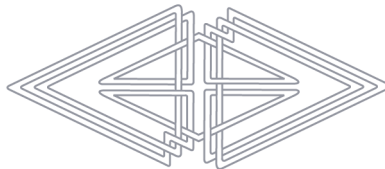
Incredulous, I issued forth, “How is it *this* I do not know?”

I meant the part, “...intelligent, responsive in unending ways.”

All music stopped and faded ‘way as Blieshen looked away from Me to glance at Master, then the Queen, then quickly back again at Me. This awkward moment suddenly erupted in a raucous burst of laughter out the three of Them as Master chortled, “Welcome back!”

Apparently what just occurred distinguished Me amongst My Peers: I somehow managed, blissfully, to fall asleep on Mine own thoughts! Thou canst, perchance, appreciate how great a shock this was for Me: to realize how Earth life—still—affected My reality.

I felt this clash of mores cease as quickly as I understood the construct being exercised: to be aware, means be awake.



The Opportunity...

My Queen addressed Me lovingly, “On Earth Thou learnt to love to sleep, for there to sleep was but to soar beyond the confines of the day. There, dreams became more real to Thee than all the harshness of Thy life, and offered what Earth—then—could not: a chance to see eternal realms.

“‘Tis no great wonder that Thou wouldst bring this, a lesser habit forth; that it is so ingrained in Thee Thou wouldst enjoy it once again.

“Alas! What served Thee best on Earth, here yields the extreme opposite: sleep takes Thee out from All That Is into a *dream* of All That Is!

“What is of value: this occurred in front of Us, affording Thee the opportunity to learn this habit will not serve Thee here.”

As Mother shared Her thoughts with Me I realized the truth of them: to fall asleep within Folk Space leads to a lesser consciousness.

“Indeed, My Son, unconsciousness! This means the part of Thee which dreamed did fall from Thine own state of Grace into confused forgetfulness. Whereat Thou asked, incredulous, ‘How is it this I do not know?’ But for Our Blieshen’s loving touch Thou couldst be partly still asleep.”

Relieved that I was not, She sighed, then held My hand against My chest. Her other hand passed by Mine eyes as to erase this tendency.

“Therefore, Mine Own beloved Son, be Thou both wary and awake and comforted by what hath passed upon Thy will to make it so.”

She touched My cheek caressingly as I expressed My gratefulness for having learnt the reason why One *never* sleeps whilst in Folk Space.

Needless to say, I understood how humorous Mine antic was. Now on the other side of it, I could not help from laughing, too. Contagious as most laughter is, My loved Ones laughed along with Me, then stopped and stood in awe with Me of all We saw ahead of Us.



A Masterwork of Art...

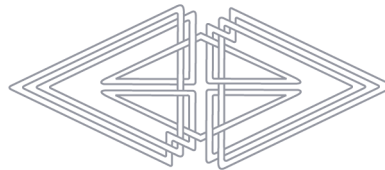
We floated slowly up the slope, up toward the splendor of the Gate whence subtle rays of sparkling light beamed forth into the forest-scape. As We

approached in quiet's wake, the Gate responded unto Us: reflecting brighter light across and through its polished surfaces. These seemed to be of seamless stone, more white than pink, with veins of gold, supernally infused with Love, which radiated out to Us.

'Tis monumental in its size, at least ten times as tall as I, and like a masterwork of art: great beauty balanced with design.

A triangle, more high than wide, stands upright pointing to the sky. 'Tis front to back three layers thick, which are exposed along two sides. There I could see its inner core, a crystal layer three feet thick betwixt the outer surfaces of polished stone a foot in depth. Along its edges, front and back, a golden rim outlines its shape accentuating all three points, all blunted round, instead of sharp. The triangle is set atop a three-tiered platform—circular—akin to steps, save for the fact each is at least one half My height.

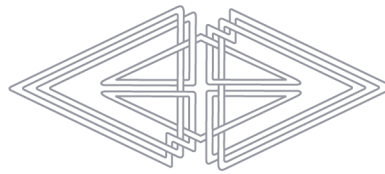
Behold! This is the final Gate, one of Our treasured mysteries, complex in its simplicity and *not* as solid as it seems.



The Oddity...

This was made clear as suddenly the front face of the triangle commenced to transform—silently—into an overwhelming sight: great shafts of light came streaking through a tiny oval opening which spread out from a center spot until it reached the golden rim. It was as though the seamless stone had melted totally away. First there, then not, then in its place: an oval hole from front to back. The oddity of this event: I was quite sure the four of Us had not initiated it. What happened soon proved this was true.

We glided up and o’er the steps, and flew once ‘round the triangle, then hovered o’er its pinnacle whence We observed the following: enormous ribbons issued forth out from the front side of the Gate, then spiraled up and circled Us imparting, prior to fading ‘way, “Oh perfect joy, Ye are returned. We welcome Ye to Thy fair home. We shall be with Ye once again before Ye reach the city’s heart. Pray! Do not wait for Us to leave, We have prepared the Gate for Ye and bid Ye, momentarily, a fond farewell. Our Love to Ye.”

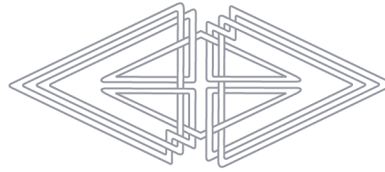


Whitherward...

I must admit, I could not bear to leave without first lingering just long enough for Us to see what I am honored now to share:

We held Our vantage—overhead—where it was possible to see straight down the front face of the Gate, as well as down the back of it. A great rush of Folk Citizens pushed out the front face opening becoming soon, a steady stream impressively too vast to count. The stream increased its forward speed. Now tens of thousands looked a blur, and channeled down the gentle hill to vanish through the second Gate. Oh whitherward do all They go? But, verily, to Mother Earth, all bearing Gifts of purest Love as They have done forevermore.

The more I saw, the more emerged out from within the triangle. I say “within” since I observed not One come through from back to front. Behold what this meant, obviously: this Gate, as with the second one, contains a deeper inner space where more than These is kept concealed. “Concealed” but not so to protect. Oh, nay! The construct is—Itself—a symbol held as sacrosanct for That which draws each Soul *within*.



The Quiet...

Still hovering above the Gate, We watched its crystal core, once clear, intensify to heatless white as outward flowed Those bearing Gifts. Great shafts and arcs of sparkling beams continued pouring out the core, and as they did, some passed through Us which I experienced as peace.

Surveying all there was to note, I realized the only sounds were lovely bird calls and the breeze that rustled through the forest leaves.

Absurd? Surreal? Yea, verily! But this was not a dream nor Earth. I scarce could dream such eminence as was displayed so gracefully. The quiet myst'ry of the Gate, the overwhelming steady stream, I recognized were only hints of greater glories yet to come.



Only That...

Yea! Unaccustomed as I was to all that dared enrapture Me, I dared surrender to it all as Blieshen slipped Her hand in Mine. She led the way, with Me in tow, on down the right side of the Gate. Down to the platform far below so I could see another sight.

Our landing was a gentle one, beside the glowing crystal core. 'Twas looking upwards, whence We came, I realized how small We seemed. Whilst in mid wonderment of this, it struck Me that We were alone. I called to Master and Our Queen but could not see Them anywhere. Then suddenly, as I looked up, I saw

Them smiling down at Us, more peeking o’er the pinnacle—as tall as giants—side by side.

Forsooth! They made Me laugh aloud. My thoughts had been so limited. I turned toward Blie to tell Her this, but She had turned gigantic too! Absurd? Surreal? Yea, verily! But this was not a dream nor Earth. The moment next, I willed Myself as tall as My beloved Blie.

Achieving this accomplishment required of Me a confidence, a sense of poise, unfailing faith, in Mine own Folk identity, which ultimately doth proclaim: I Am pure Love and only That. Therefore One’s size means little here: ‘tis consciousness that matters most.

My loved Ones gathered nigh to Me. We then assumed Our former size and saw what seemed an *endless* stream still exiting out of the Gate. We did not “wait” for Them to leave, which They had asked Us *not* to do, but circled to the other side wherein We entered, arm in arm.

Sacred Memories

Part 5 ~ Folk Space

Chapter 15: Folding Time

The Higher Truth...

“Within” the myst’ry of the Gate,

I saw what we had seen before

—Or what I thought We all had seen—

A cave-like space of sparkling white.

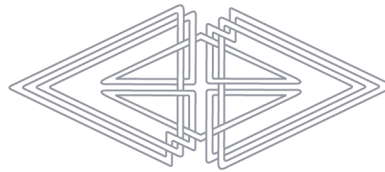
It was for Me, and Me alone, a vision I had long devised, now given Me to recognize: Mine inner cave of solitude. Albeit comforting, I knew ‘twas but a screen before Mine eyes. A habit conjured in My mind no longer needed in this place. For here *is* the epitome of what I prized in solitude: the peacefulness of All

That Is that permeates this sacred realm.

Indeed! Like sleep, Mine inner cave could only show Me what *it* is.
Wherefore I bid it fond farewell to see the higher Truth of All. Immediately, My vision cleared as Master turned to Me to say, “Beloved Prince, prepare Thyself. Thy Citizens await without.”

The preparation did require that I embrace what normally could be perceived impossible: to see Them through fair solid stone. But this was nothing to achieve! The stone is not as solid seemed, but rather living energy, a portal of pure Love and Light. As such, its construct—duly shared—presented Us an inner space quite diff’rent from its outer shape, replete with one full see-through wall.

This was the Gate as seen “within,” whence I could clearly see the crowd...fair thousands in the city’s street that ended at the Gate’s three steps.



A Protocol...

I sensed an air of great import attend the celebration scene as suddenly I realized: what I could see was in the past. This was confirmed and clarified, for I was shown a prophecy as it passed into history: the Queen’s departure from Folk Space.

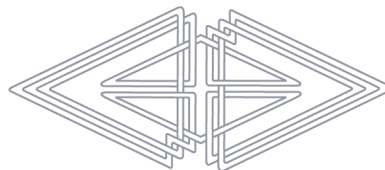
‘Twas time for Her to meet Her Son, to bring Him back from Mother Earth, and She would do this, not alone, as was observed throughout the throng. They watched as Master led the Queen up to, then o’er, the Gate’s three steps. I watched as both turned toward the crowd to wave good-bye in front of Me.

Behold this moment’s mystery that took Me slowly by surprise: ‘twas obvious, from where I stood, both were oblivious of Me. Whilst watching this

amazing scene, I stole a glance from side to side just to substantiate These two stood next to Me and saw Themselves! Their past was on the other side My present, shared with Them and Blie. To stand that close betwixt two times was curious, to say the least. But no more so than what ensued: upon time's see-through barrier appeared a golden oval rim, which meant the Gate was opening. A massive hole spread high and wide. The "outside" couple turned toward Me. I, stepping back, bumped into Blie as They came forth and disappeared!

The moment passed. What happened next is natural throughout Folk Space, a protocol performed with ease whene'er agreed expedient. This is to mean, by All involved: the festive crowd, the four of Us. We would combine Our time with Theirs to fold it into only one.

Imagine what the thousands saw when Master and the Queen emerged: no sooner gone, then They returned with Blieshen and Me close behind. Indeed! No time had passed at all and none had felt the least surprised, for They, in fact, expected this. Controlling time is what Folk do.



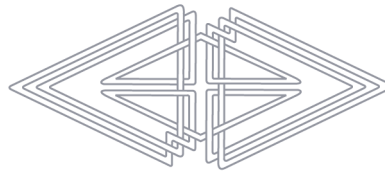
The Flash...

To know this is significant. 'Tis automatic to Our Kin as breathing is to babes on Earth. My Master looked at Me and smiled. I caught the twinkle in His eye wherein I dived into its light. The flash subsided to reveal I was aloft the four of Us. I felt Myself as light as air, no more than but a wisp of smoke, completely free and full of joy as I observed the crowd event.

It seemed the same scene I just left for there was I at Blieshen's side, as We and Master and Our Queen descended down the Gate's three steps. We chose to

stroll the thoroughfare whilst I flew low as fast I could past loving, singing Citizens; some sitting on soft clouds of joy. I circled ‘round in time to see fair tens of millions join the scene: the Bearers had returned from Earth to welcome home the four of Us.

Adoring Souls were everywhere: they filled the labyrinthine streets in all directions, far and wide, and floated in a golden sky. I saw nine towers past the throng. Upon My thought to see these close, another flash of light occurred inviting Me to dive again.



A Holy Site...

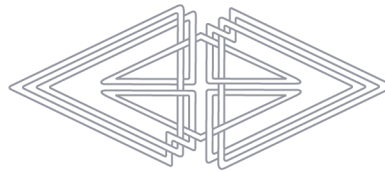
My vantage was once more aloft whence I could fair appreciate the beauty of the cityscape, the wonder of its nine namesakes. Each spire rose high upon a dome embellished with its own design outlined in gold and precious stones, unique unto the other eight. Anon and randomly, each spire commenced to glow ‘til suddenly it spewed light with volcanic force into the air without a sound.

Aft’ quickened by these silent blasts, I looked down to the streets below to see Myself just entering the chamber of a tower’s dome. Intrigued by what was plain to see: another Me in other clothes, I swooped to take a closer look at what was happening inside.

Unseen and thusly unannounced I burst upon a holy sight—the inner workings of a spire—that quickly sobered Mine intent. Remembering this was a place I called My home away from home, I noted clearly with regard, the following on thy behalf.

The grandeur of a dome’s design endures with grace into its spire: a tower of

infusive light that arcs its power silently, imbuing Love’s pure energy mysteriously, into and through great dripping liquid jewels of dew, all down its high, up-tilted walls. Descending to the spire’s base, these jewels channel into grooves inside the dome’s interior, down to their storage rooms below. Collected thusly, one by one, these be Our treasured Gifts of Love for Mother Earth from Our nine spires, all towering distilleries.



Our Trip...

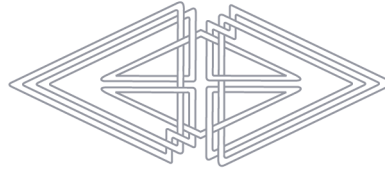
This knowing rushed Me steadily. ‘Twas like a rising river, wild; though wild, seemed warm and comforting; whilst comforting, still incomplete. These spires, this dome, the jewels of dew, I had not seen for time untold, yet knew each purpose for these things as though I’d seen them yesterday.

But *when* was I there at the dome? Had I not only just arrived? Whilst pondering this paradox, My venue changed within a flash. Abruptly then outside the dome, I overheard a Friend of Mine. ‘Twas Weysala inviting Me to join that day’s Gift Bearers’ run.

There came another flash of light. The scene completely changed again: enroute to Earth, at Weysa’s side, I watched Our trip from overhead.

The Gifts are carried easily, as though attached invisibly. Once past the Gates, each Bearer flies through diff’rent portals in the Plane. These portals access Mother Earth—Her natural environments—specific’ly Her “innocents,” all pure expressions, Nature’s own: Her ocean waters, lakes and streams; the mountains, dunes, all soil and rocks; Her trees, all leaves, all blades of grass are given Love sub-structur’ly.

I watched as Weysa chose a leaf. Into its surface cell We dived delivering two jewels of dew, which quickly spread their benefit. I saw Love's light catch up to Us, pass into Us, the other cells, its stem, beyond, as We flew out. Behold! This too is what Folk do.



Bemused...

I thought of Master, Blie, the Queen. Where were We four since I left last? The welcomed flash of light exposed a shocking truth: We had not moved. Bemused at first and then amused, I realized what I had asked—and not what I implied to mean—had been precisely shown to Me.

I had expected time to lapse whilst I was elsewhere “folding” it. Instead I saw—quite lit'rally—where We four were, since I left last.

Thou thinkest I was shocked because I was not where I hoped to be? Indeed! It seemed controlling time was not so facile as I thought.

“Oh, no?” I heard My Master ask, as He appeared in front of Me—without the hint of any flash—which I assumed was protocol.

“Prince Aural, how thinkest Thou? ‘Where’ are We four in time and space? What part of Thee is here with Me and, ‘when’ art Thou and I, right now?”

His questions felt embraceable. They reached Me simultaneously and melted warmly into one as Master smiled assuringly.



Millenniums...

He touched My hand, Our venue changed. We floated blithely overhead a scene I slowly recognized took place before I left Folk Space: ‘twas in the Great Hall of Events. We all were there, the four of Us. Essentially, We looked the same...there...in that time...so long ago. Indeed, millenniums ago. Yet with a touch, revisited.

I glanced at Master, Who advised, “Do gird Thyself with temperance.”

This warning, not an idle one, came swiftly as We both remained afloat, on high, just long enough for Me to know why We were there.

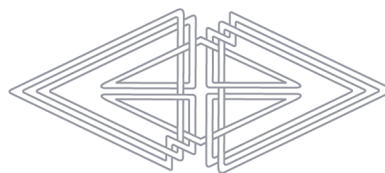
I heard My Mother say the words, “Thou art most brave and chosen well.”

The moment next, the Hall fulfilled a mystery for which it’s known: a massive portal, clear and round, appeared and filled the sanctum’s space as We four quickly disappeared then reappeared inside the orb.

Within this wide, illumined shape I clearly saw the Rays of Hope—that future aspect of the Plane—and murmured, “I remember this!”

It was the last of many times We four convened, affording Me the chance to choose what lives on Earth would bring about My Destiny.

I, deeply struck by what I saw, My Master gently called My name. We also heard a beating heart then throbbing loudly out the orb: ‘twas synced with scenes from future lives, which I have since experienced. Each quickened, slowed, then stopped, to start this cycle o’er again...until...out of the blur of previewed scenes, one stopped for Me to see at length: I, laying in My sheltery as I was left...just hours ago.



Betwixt Events...

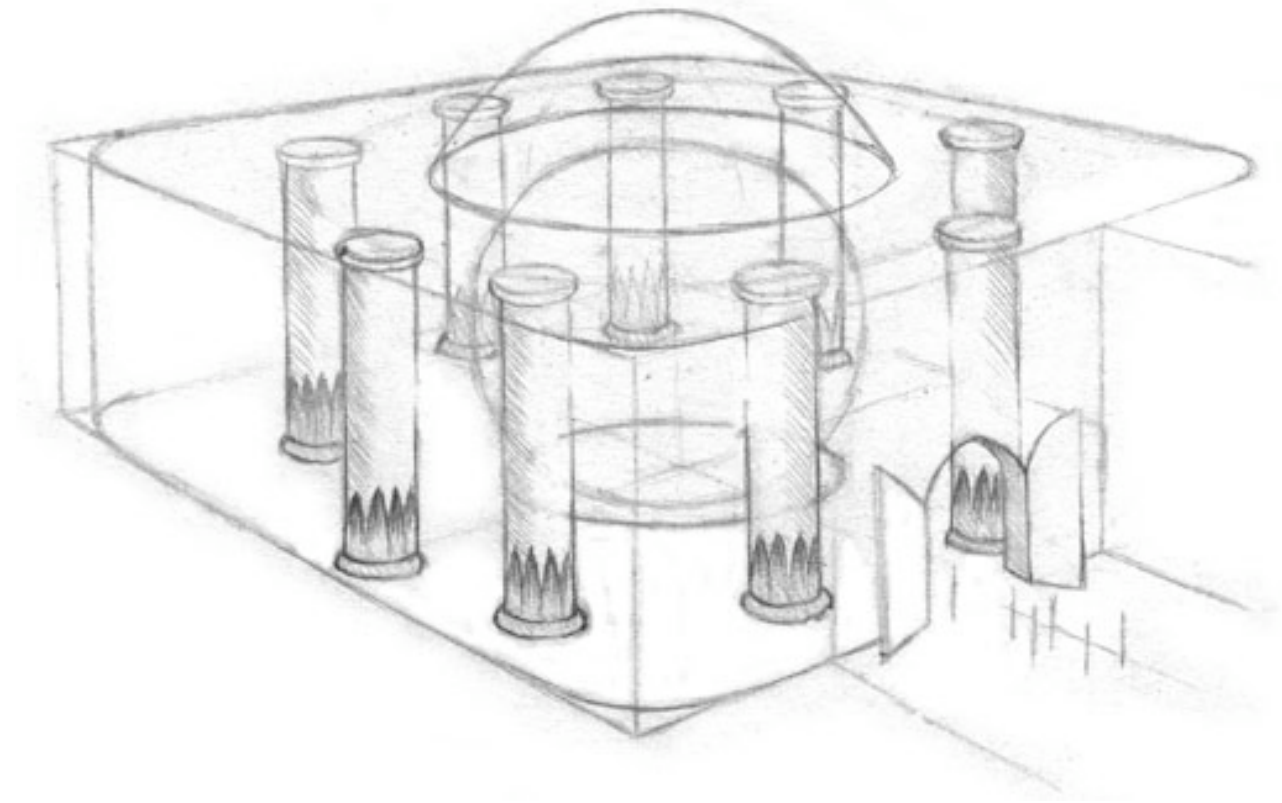
We left the Hall before the scenes within the orb caught up to Us, then settled down on Palace grounds within a garden paradise. At first intrigued by “where” We were, I soon recalled and recognized the pathway I once loved to seek that led unto My Master’s door.

He took Me up this path, then through an arch enwreathed with blooming vines, into a courtyard graced with trees wherein I saw Us four again.

Surrendering, I ascertained by all Our clothing, “when” We were: still homeward bound...but time had lapsed, and I was still outside Myself.

As such, I was betwixt events when I recalled this subtlety: to fold time I must integrate Mine essence *with* what I observe. I arced Infinity in joy, then dove straight down into Myself as Blieshen kissed My cheek and said, “The Queen and I are ready, Dear.”

The moment next, the three of Us were in My writing room at home where I just finished, “Folding Time,” and months had passed...without a flash!



Sacred Memories

Part 5 ~ Folk Space

Chapter 16: Home at Last

My Room...

A gentle breeze is wafting through
Long flowing lengths of sheerest silk,
Which softly fall in ample widths
From ceiling high, down to the floor.

Behind these lengths are marble grilles to either side a sculpted arch, which is the larger opening, graced by two marble sentinels. The sheers blow well into My room, inviting Me to peer outside. I see a spacious balcony whereon the Queen and Blie are now. They see Me at My writing desk and wave as both of Them depart

for Blieshen’s private studio set next to Mine by Our design.

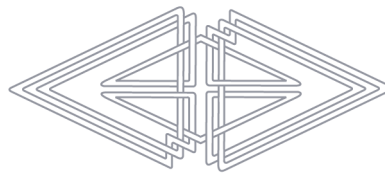
I am alone and contemplate, “So...it is true...I am now home.” Imagine the complex impact this moment has upon My thoughts.

Some pages lying on My desk move playfully upon the breeze. I run My fingers over them—they all are filled with words I wrote—and fifteen chapters are at hand, all neatly stacked off to the side. Not only am I truly home, so much is done...and in no time!

Amazingly, I just had been in Master’s courtyard—in the past—where Blieshen kissed My cheek and said, “The Queen and I are ready, Dear.” And then it happened all at once: I saw Me writing in this room, and everything I would fulfill—up to this now—*before We left*:

We reached the Palace—home at last—the City of Nine Towers’ heart. I saw all the distilleries and met with Citizens and Friends. I saw the very Ones again Who showed Me first I am a Folk: Layasah, Desral, Vasean, Mehestu, Gidram and Azeal; as well as Weysala the Brave, Who took Me many times to Earth. We even visited those “lost” still stuck within an oak by choice. And there are others, many more, still trapped within an Earthly form: Gift Bearers all, who stayed too long, then lost their will to want to leave.

The moment next, We three arrived and I remember *all* of it. What this doth mean is very clear: I folded time successfully.



Time is Fluid...

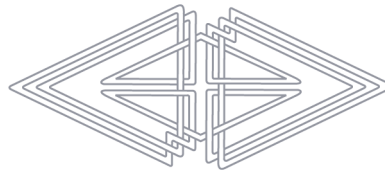
How doth it feel to travel time? Perchance thou mightest share My sense. The act, itself, be far too quick to measure anything of worth. ‘Tis in its aftermath

where roils the quintessential diff'rences betwixt how time is fair perceived on Mother Earth and in Folk Space. There, on the Earth, 'tis linear. Here, time is fluid and abstract. What makes this so? Oh, verily, eleven pure dimensions do.

As such there is this mystery: all time betwixt events can be foreshortened at will easily, as long as first it has transpired. But *how* it passes is the key to grasping just what “fluid” means: events are all reviewable *before* perceived to have occurred.

This is to say, a target time is always predetermined first. Along the way to an event are all the others to observe. “Reviewable” means instantly. That which is possible to see hath taken place sometime “before,” is therefore also foldable.

This shared, I pray to ply thy head with far less taxing thoughts to think. Still, tolerance of this discourse shall serve thee well, as time goes by.



Subtleties...

As such, I would address in part more subtleties worth mentioning, awarenesses I did observe along My way and stay thus far. Throughout the vastness of Folk Space, in all its layers, which are nine, there never, ever will be found that instrument known as a clock!

A clock constrains the time it tells, as well the one employing it. Here, where all time flows endlessly, We change it easily at will. We run it forwards, to the past; can bend it, choose it, fold it quick. No meeting ever can be missed, We simply time it best for all.

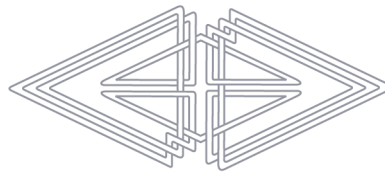
Our daytime rarely stops for night. We never speak of yesterday; tomorrows, frankly, don't exist because all time for Us is *now*. Therefore be wise, should e'er I

write of spans of time in absolutes, each is a calculated guess equivalent to time on Earth.

As nothing here is bought nor sold, there is not money to collect for anything...since *everything* is, verily, already Ours.

The Palace! 'Tis—like many homes—of marble-like material, which sparkles as though filled with stars and often changes crystal clear for reasons no far greater than We often fly but also walk...or...need not “eat” but do enjoy to nourish in each other’s light.

Beyond these scant few subtleties are far more to elucidate...just not right now, nor in this writ, but in another yet to come.



The Arbortorium...

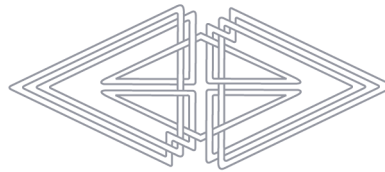
I sensed a presence at My door and welcomed Who had come to call. Appearing in My room, She spake, “Come now, My Son. He waits for Thee.”

A wave of joy splashed over Me as quickly We were out My room, down halls adorned with tapestries and lovely carpets trimmed with fringe. We passed two sets of double doors, fair twice as high as they are wide, inlaid with gold and colored glass: designs of trees and waterfalls. They seemed alive, to almost move, as light poured through them from inside where dwells a living library: the Palace Arbortorium.

Here grow all kinds of stunning trees, those presently alive on Earth. Since “presently” is relative, they change, revealing when and why to Those of Our Society whose privilege it is to track, interpret, then to correlate such vitals with Our prophecies. The moment next, two of these Folk stepped from the

Arbortorium: first Desral, then Mehestu next, to follow aft the Queen and I.

Beyond the hall was Weysala in muse beside a fountain's sound: its drips that filled a shallow pool and echoed through the atrium. He sensed to join Our company. We floated up two flights of stairs, then down another hall, which led to one last set of golden doors. They opened as We ventured forth into the Great Hall of Events wherein was Master Armaton. Now six Folk strong, We were complete.



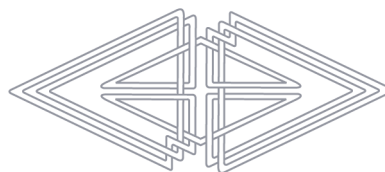
Fifteen Strides Across...

The Hall is full of mystery: a living monument to Time, an access to the vast Great Plane and activated by one's thoughts. Its central space is circular, defined by marble columns, nine, which rise from turquoise pedestals and hold an outer ceiling high. The inner, central ceiling space is dome-shaped and of crystal clear, affording light to shine upon a portal platform in the floor.

'Tis fifteen strides across, edged by a ring of gold three inches wide set level in the marble floor and so much more than it appears. Not merely stone, but *thinking* stone, it manifests out of intent a Symbol: the co-ordinates for some event, someplace, sometime.

We gathered 'round, outside the ring. The Queen spake for Her company, "Maroth in the Alarius; fifth layer in Folk Space, this now." To that She added thoughtfully, "The Sanctuary residence."

A Symbol formed fair instantly and then We stepped inside the ring.



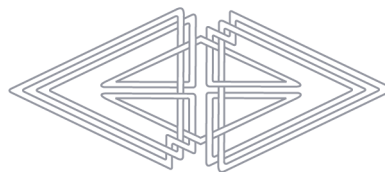
In the Distant Sky...

The Hall completely disappeared, save for its platform which remained and settled Us without a sound upon the Great Plane's vast White Sea. Once down, the platform's ring dissolved, and then its Symbol took to sink. I watched it spiral down and down whence came a tower of five gates.

We headed for the one that glowed, the highest and set to the left. I watched the Others enter first; They disappeared as each passed through. I paused to praise the miracle: 'twas not so very long ago that I made parchment leaves by hand, and now...I travel space and time!

Our destination was Maroth, the surrogate to Mother Earth: a vision of what She can be, for others...of what She *will* be. Its size much larger than the Earth's, Maroth is in Alarius, that constellation I could see behind Me in the distant sky. Once through the veil across the gate, I joined the Queen and Company. We were inside a rugged cave; not *white*, but stone for stone, a cave.

There seemed but one way out that space, made evident by subtle light, which led Us through a corridor unto its source and wonderment. We reached the cave's great anteroom. Its mouth was open wide and high allowing in the light outside which lit the whole interior. We made Our way out of the cave to find a desert everywhere. 'Tis all that anyone would see unless They knew what We did next.



The Treasure...

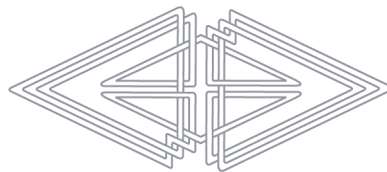
We turned around to face the cave as Mother said on Our behalf, "Come forth, beloved Oracle, reveal the treasure of Maroth."

A waterfall commenced to flow down rocks above the opening. What looked

like water was not wet but energy We each stepped through. Now drenched in blessed peacefulness, We exited the Oracle into a world that seemed to be a pristine replica of Earth. Of course I knew this was not so, it only *seemed* as beautiful with skies of blue, white clouds, a sun and gentle currents of fresh air. We were atop high rolling hills adorned with graceful flowing grass. Beyond, great purple mountains plunged into a calm lake, river-born.

I turned to face the Oracle. Where it had been, a forest grew. The sun streamed through its canopy onto a steaming floor of ferns. Out through the ancient, healthy trees, a family of gentle deer came bounding toward Us on their way down to the valley far below. As they drew nigh, each slowed to walk, then bowed to Mother lovingly. The doe then turned to Me and said, “Beloved, Thou art home at last.”

I bowed to her. She came to Me and touched her slender nose to Mine, then stepped from Me, respectfully, to dash away with graceful speed.



Sweet Emanations...

As I observed the parting deer, the vast terrain, and fertile plains, I paused on bended knee before the purity surrounding Me. ‘Twas overwhelmingly profound. Fond feelings rushed Me o’er and o’er embracing Me in waves of Love: sweet emanations from Maroth.

These came to Me from everywhere and everything I looked upon, reminding Me in gentle ways: this kingdom is one I adore...which led Me then to think of Blie. I wished She would have come along.

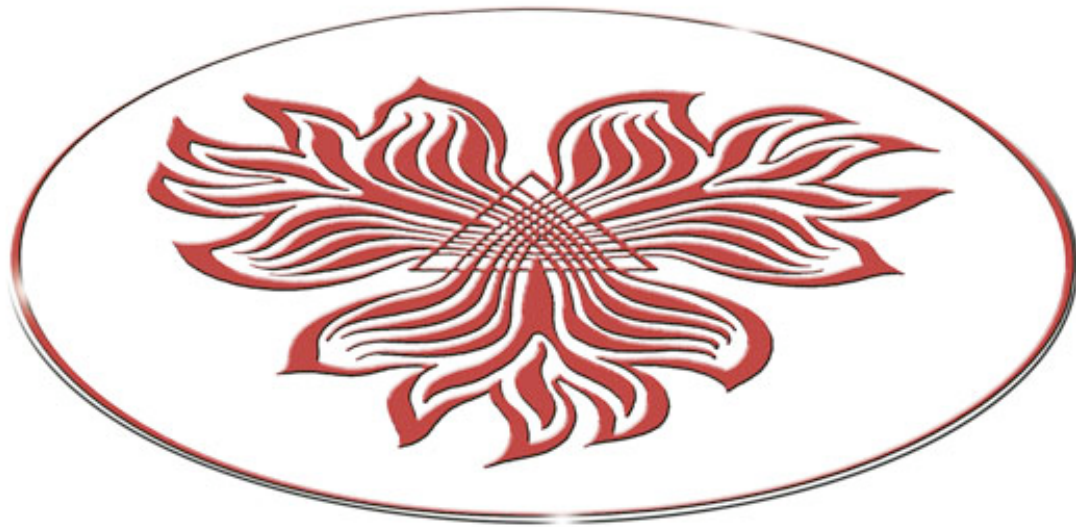
Amid this muse the Queen announced, “Dear Ones, prepare! He cometh

nigh.”

But could I ever be prepared for who came first in search of Us? A tigress in a full-stretch lope! She skidded to a skillful stop just long enough to turn around, take off, and then whilst in mid-stride call out to Someone whence she came, “They’re here! At last, They all are here!”

As quickly as she disappeared around the trees and to Our right, a figure came into Our view and by His side the tigress strode. Undaunted by her mightiness, I flew directly unto Him. He held Me firmly as I said, “Dear, Father, I am home at last!”

He laughed, then heartily replied, “Indeed, My Son, and yet...not quite! High on a mount, where waters flow, is Blieshen’s and Thine Own abode.”



Sacred Memories

Part 5 ~ Folk Space

Chapter 17: The Treasure

My Father's Words...

Oh wonder of all wonderments!

Canst thou imagine in thy heart

The sheer immensity of joy

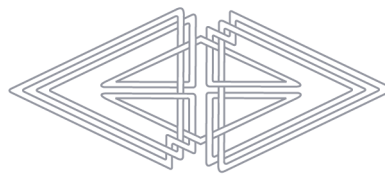
My Father's words provided Me?

They, cushioned sweetly in His laugh, were fashioned like unto a key: a perfect match forged to unlatch My deepest memories of all. These I had put away by choice within an ancient treasure chest, kept locked and buried in My Mind, 'til I returned to claim its worth.

‘Twas in the seeing of His words, which billowed lovingly in gold, I felt their depth and breadth sweep through the very breadth and depth of Me. Imagine Mine astonishment. I had forgotten: *here* is home! What other prize would be unlocked? No greater one seemed possible. And yet whilst in My Father’s arms I sensed there would be many more amid the treasure in the chest now daring Me to open it.

“Indeed, My Son,” the King consoled. “Now come away. Come all of Ye, for there is much We must discuss before this meeting is fulfilled.”

I gathered up My temperance to ready Me for what could prove the greater reason Destiny had sought and brought Me to Maroth.



A Field of Grass...

The moment next the King and Queen took Me in hand to look upon a myst’ry quickly taking place not very far from all of Us. A field of grass commenced to glow, to swirl and bend just at its quick as if a disk, invisible, had pressed its imprint onto it. But more remarkable than this, some blades of grass endured the fold, then stood a’right as they had been to form a symbol in the field.

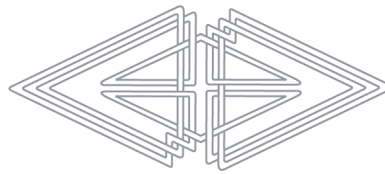
It was the same one I had seen within the Great Hall of Events which summoned Us unto Maroth and then to this experience: a massive disk turned visible, aligned above the folded grass. The symbol was now made of gold emblazed upon white polished stone circumf’renced by a ring of gold, which I had also seen before: a portal platform, to be sure, appearing now to take Us yon.

It hovered slightly off the ground and sang a low pitched humming sound, which ceased as it brought forth the form of My beloved Blieshen fair. She

gestured all of Us to Her, to step upon the floating disk.

Embracing Me, She whispered low, “My Prince, I’m here to bring Thee home.”

Surprise transformed into delight. Next, all of Us stood hand in hand as suddenly the tigress leapt into the circle We composed. Now eight Folk strong and one large cat, We focused on Our meeting place. Fair instantly We were inside the Sanctuary residence.



A Rustic Lodge...

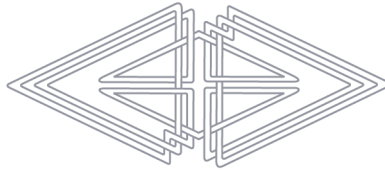
Itself a treasure to behold, ‘tis through and through a rustic lodge with high beamed ceilings that produce a sense of rugged openness. At once inviting, ‘tis enriched by walls of stone and close-grained wood; by huge light paintings honoring the silent beauty of Maroth. Great windows bring the outside in. We were upon a mountain ridge adorned with flowers, birds, and trees and far from where We just had been.

Before the portal disappeared, the tigress jumped off playfully and ran ahead the King and Queen Who motioned Us to follow Them. First Master led with Weysala; next Desral and Mehestu went; then Blieshen and I, arm in arm, brought forth the rear of Our small group.

I looked about as We came aft and must admit, I felt enthralled as something present in that home embraced the very Soul of Me. How could I know what was to come? ‘Twas meant to be a grand surprise, a gift from Blieshen unto Me, affecting as My Father’s words.

As We approached closed double doors, Our group divided left and right:

Blie pulled Me forward by the hand until before the King and Queen. They kissed Me each on either cheek then moved to either side the doors, which Blieshen gave a gentle push whilst saying, “Welcome home, My Love.”



Hopes and Dreams...

The doors swung in upon a room designed to complement its view: a gorgeous tumbling waterfall seen clearly through a wall of glass. Too stunned to fully understand the meaning of the scene I saw, I looked to Blie beseechingly Who soothed My quand'ry with Her smile.

I felt that “something” once again. Enthralled, it rushed Me as before when suddenly I recognized My hopes and dreams were everywhere. They were the ones I treasured most, that kept Me going and alive through times more challenging than not, and brought Me peace when there was none. They were more precious than pure gold, would come at once to cheer My heart, and stay with Me without complaint when life stopped making any sense.

Indeed! I dreamed of such a place with ceilings high, where I could breathe, where someone strong and beautiful was waiting lovingly for Me. I placed My hopes high on a mount where I could see forevermore the beauty of vast wilderness, the power of a waterfall.

I turned and saw Blie’s tear filled eyes. She was as radiant with joy as I imagined one would seem when all *their* hopes and dreams came true.

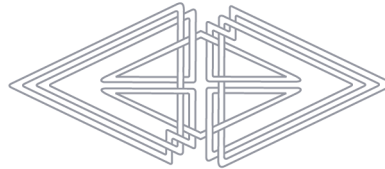
“Didst Thou do this?” I asked of Her, still overcome by Mine Own joy.

“For Thee, My Prince, but not alone. I only added, ‘Make it so.’”

In awe of Blieshen’s selfless gift, I stood in silence with closed eyes, what

seemed a swift eternity before I could say, “Thank You, Dear.”

Embracing Her, a ring of light infused with this event’s pure Love, spread out from Us, all through Our home, Maroth, Folk Space and far beyond. So fully blessed, We all resumed the reason why We had convened and entered eagerly the room in which Our meeting did take place.



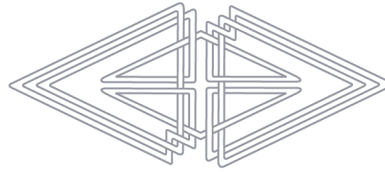
Together...

‘Tis aptly called the Converse Hall, forevermore a stately space: a pleasant den of dark, rich woods and panes of glass that peak on high. Eight chairs, one pillow were arranged about a carpet, plush and round, which seemed identical in size to that great disk which brought Us forth.

The King attended to Our Queen, escorting Her unto a chair. He took another next to Her, inviting all of Us to sit. The tigress found her pillowed place and laid her chin upon her paws, then loudly purred contentedly until the King commenced Our meet.

As He stood up, she sat up straight and studied Him, as did We all. He is as regal as profound, as humble as all powerful. He walked into Our circle’s hub and stood upon the carpet’s heart; turned once around, acknowledging the presence of each One of Us.

‘Twas sensed by Me, this gathering was not an incidental one; nor merely called to honor Me, albeit My return was key. Nay, other factors would arise, when put together, clearly prove of greater import than I sensed, or Others had first realized.



A Telling Sign...

My Father's gaze pierced through My muse. His nod was slow before He said, "My Queen, dear Ones and precious Friends, I welcome Ye unto Maroth. We are assembled on behalf of Mother Earth, Our loving charge; to look upon what future state Mankind is thinking into place."

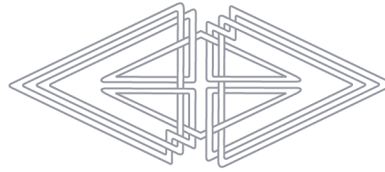
With these few words, was hist'ry made. We each became a part of it as Father beckoned Us to stand whilst He kept silent in Our midst. A beam of light came from on high, out of the myst'ry of Maroth, down through the ceiling panes of glass and into every One of Us.

Now inter-blessed, Our minds conjoined, exchanging quickly thoughts We had about the reasons We were there and why We had been thusly called: 'twas just that instantaneous. What We each knew was known by All, which I shall now recount for thee as it unfolded in My Mind.

We were informed by Our great King, this gathering had been foretold. Our "Book of Symbols" prophesied that such a meeting *might* be called. But only *if* a telling sign did first appear as evidence: a certain individual would manifest upon Maroth.

This one *had* come from future Earth, a casualty of Mankind's greed, quick-driven to, then past the brink whence fear and doubt rule undeterred. She was the tigress in Our midst. Though not the first declared extinct, was nonetheless the *chosen* "one" who caused Us all to note a trend.

Oh! Something seemed amiss on Earth. Why else would throngs of animals, whole species of them, and of plants, be leaving, each a "casualty?"



Something Worshiped...

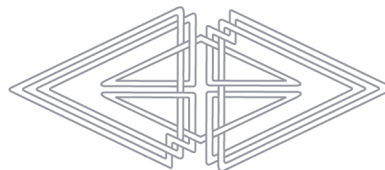
The next report seemed also dire as Desral and Mehestu shared: the Palace Arbortorium is disappearing rapidly. Of course—as palace scientists—They spatially were ref’rencing a tragic series of events all relative to future Earth, though of another time and space, were no less horrible to view. Great swaths of pristine forestry were being laid to waste by fire.

This was confirmed by Weysala, Who traveled to that time, these trees. They told Him they’d been sacrificed for something worshiped more than they. And when He asked what *that* could be, that *something* held with such regard, They told Him—as they burned to death—‘twas something called “progress’s sake.”

More instances of such events were shared at length and then compared with prophecies long recognized as worst-case possibilities.

Although Our meet seemed at an end, the King invited Us to sit. We sat in silence pondering the host of grave scenarios.

Do not presume, by these accounts, We stand against what progress yields or even ‘gainst the *way* ‘tis wrought without regard for those involved. Instead, be thou forewarned by each, for these particular reports do indicate the presence of a dangerous dichotomy.



A Loving Consciousness...

Indeed! One’s reverence for Life proclaims a loving consciousness. No

greater Gift can one retain, is more elusive if once lost. Retained or lost depends upon the choices born of one's free will: if held in peace by Love...retained, if flooded forth from fear...is lost.

According to the prophecy within Our Symbol, "The Great Shift," this schism shall be prevalent when "Sacred Mem'ries" issues forth. Scenarios will manifest directly from mass consciousness and prove to be, prepond'rantly, benign or very "dangerous."

Which way will all the choices tilt? We do not know beyond this truth: a "Shift" will touch all of Mankind effecting massive change and growth. With the advance of this "Great Shift," more pressure will be brought to bear, not just upon the Human race but also Mother Earth, Herself. Oh, She will understand, of course, will take in stride whate'er occurs. 'Tis just what loving Mothers do, providing they are capable. Ashuddering, She will attempt to equalize the forces wrought the only way She's ever known: absorbing them into Herself.

This thinking shared, We stood to leave, but Father motioned Us to stay. The round, plush carpet in Our midst commenced to glow, to rise and hum. The room turned dark and filled with stars. I heard a gasp escape from Me as Destiny brought Mother Earth to speak to Us and hence to thee.

Sacred Memories

Part 5 ~ Folk Space

Chapter 18: The Sapphirine Gem

More Than Beautiful...

I slowly sank into My chair

Which seemed afloat in outer space

Yet felt as solidly in place

As when it rested on the floor.

I watched the portal platform fade as Mother Earth commenced to change, becoming smaller by a third: a more accommodating size. She then descended thoughtfully affording all of Us to see a better view of Her great mass at only four long strides away. An air of silent mystery, as palpable as She, Herself, seemed to

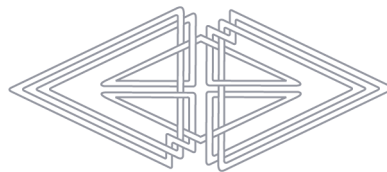
exalt and magnify Her beauty and pure innocence.

Canst thou see Her within thy mind? Her look is sapphirine in hue; indeed, a rare and precious gem of oceans, clouds and continents. But She is more than beautiful and so much more than innocent. Earth—not of flesh—is nonetheless an ancient Being, quite alive.

She’s, verily, a “sensitive” to thoughts and feelings of Mankind. To know this is to influence the way one thinks and acts through life. ‘Tis evident this Mystery will be forgotten and dismissed as merely fiction *if* the deeds We had foreseen are carried out; *or* will be taken seriously—as fact, as known by ev’ry Folk—when seen again upon this page to the great benefit of all.

The option is an open one, hath no effect upon the truth but doth upon fair Mother Earth Who *will* react in kind, in time.

This said, perchance ‘tis obvious how Mankind’s thoughts, if dark, could skew the very balance of Earth life necessitating warning thee.



Before the King...

For all who love Our Mother Earth I bring sweet tidings in Her stead. For those who rarely think of Her, She brought Herself before the King, all for the opportunity to speak to “those,” perchance through thee, oh, Citizen of future Earth, whom She doth trust to spread Her words.

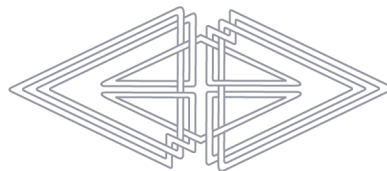
For it would seem that in thy time, forgetfulness doth spawn events that indicate all life on Earth is close to hanging by a thread. And for this wise, the Maiden spake, in quiver rare of Nature’s own, all those that never take but give, the many voices in the one:

“I am That which created Me. As That, will live forevermore for I am more than what is seen: I am the essence of pure Love. As such, I am all energy, as well We all are, equally, save for a few ‘real’ differences not as apparent in thy realm; that ‘realm’ where three dimensions reign and sep’ratism is the rule which keeps the many in the one from knowing We are all Divine; that ‘realm’ of matter where exists a construct idolized called Time which—tick to tick—relentlessly advances thoughts into beliefs. These may or may not represent the Truth nor serve in any way the highest good for all Mankind yet are believed and therefore lived.

“And therein thrusts delusion’s sting which keeps thy Race upon its knees, still gripped around the neck by fear as ye endeavor to survive.

“Thou art That which created Me. As That, will live forevermore, for thou art more than what is seen: thou art the essence of pure Love. Would that thou couldst stand up to fear and feel that thrill of victory, which yields a good life lived with Love, beyond a hard one squeezed by fear.

“The way one thinks will evidence one’s triumph o’er a life of fear. When one decides on temperance, one, only then, begins to live.



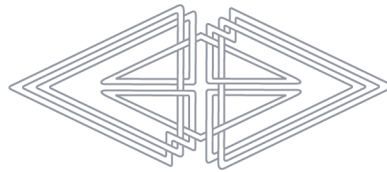
Misunderstood...

“Life is, for most, misunderstood—referring to thy present day—for it is thought its twists and turns are out of thy direct control, when, verily, it is thy thoughts—and consequently this belief—which act as catalysts to cause the very twists and turns themselves.

This is proliferated by not knowing thoughts are energy, that it is charged magnetic’ly and seeks to find its perfect match; not understanding ye are gods who

have the power to create; not recognizing that ye do with ev'ry single thought ye think. This means whate'er ye think upon, not once but many times a day; for weeks, for months, perchance for years; will find a way to come to pass. If even thought unconsciously, this sets in motion energy much like a ripple on a pond responding to a fun-tossed stone.

“The ‘pond,’ itself, is energy, an endless, neutral medium. The rippling thought tossed into it is self-propelled by thine intent. If it is Loving, all is well as it proceeds to be fulfilled, for it is equal to My state and to My children's: Nature's own. Compatible, it passes through like air through gauze material. If full of fear, is almost dense and hath a clogging-like effect. This is no problem with one thought, but is when fear goes on the rise, can fill the very air you breathe, oh, Citizen of future Earth.



The Origin of Fear...

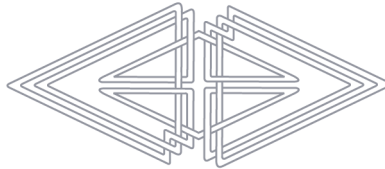
“Perchance thou see'st how it is, fear can become that dangerous, to have the power to effect a compromised environment.

“‘Tis ruefully I dare relume the Mystery behind that Truth by urging thee, first realize the origin of fear, itself. It did not come from All That Is—although now amply part of It—but from an early consciousness created by the All That Is: to be exact and more direct, ‘twas born within a human mind when how to think made critical the chance to live another day.

“But this first representative, so full of doubt and abject dread, had help in thinking just such thoughts: it came out of the Sesavah. ‘These’ rule the lower astral realms—still prey upon humanity—in search of negativity wherein they sow

seeds of despair.

“Fear thusly is as primitive as ‘tis deceptive, brilliantly; doth kiss thy cheek, as would a friend, infecting thee with its disease. And that would be forgetfulness, which hides thy Light beneath a shroud reducing ye to think a lie: ye are not Light, but only flesh.



A Two-Edged Sword...

“Look ‘round, oh, future Citizen. If there be billions thinking thus, though fear would seize thy jugular, stand thou apart and shine thy Light. If done, an unseen miracle will be fulfilled as prophesied, and use thy courage like a match to set aflame the wicks of minds.

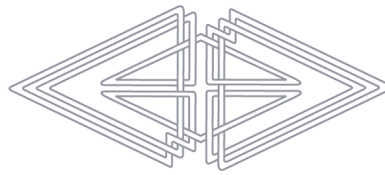
“These, one by one, by twos and threes, will feel the ‘Shift’ to fearlessness which indicates their consciousness no longer hears the Sesavah: that ye are frail, with brittle bones; are ‘old’ at only forty-five; that ye can die a million ways; are ugly, short, or overweight; that greed is just; that hate is right; ‘tis chic to lie, to cheat and steal; to win, another has to lose; etcetera...etcetera.

“But wait! Such thoughts are common ones, are prevalent in thine own time. The trick is as each is perceived, is it believed, upheld, or not? What makes one mind susceptible, another one impervious? It has to do with consciousness, which represents ‘remembering.’

“To those who would say otherwise, be thou so bold as to declare: ‘I Am more powerful than fear, will use my power, lovingly.’ Embrace thy true Identity amongst the many who dare not, and shine thy Light, exposing fear as Mankind’s blessing in disguise. As such, it is a two-edged sword: can run ye through, if

unaware; or tap each shoulder in salute if recognized and overcome.

“What makes that ‘edge’ worth striving for? If not to live a peaceful life, perchance to set thy Presence free to venture forth in deathlessness.



Repercussions...

“Oh, what a lofty goal it is, yet thought not so by everyone; for ‘freedom’ comes, but in degrees of its perceiver’s consciousness which resonates in parallel with one’s beliefs and principles; these, positive or negative, cause repercussions globally.

“In the beginning of thy Race, We co-existed peacefully; its consciousness was primitive; its thoughts benign, intuitive. Then fear brought its reality; inserted it into Mankind; and bore a child who spread a plague, which robbed the masses of their sight.

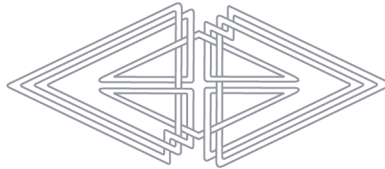
“Time passed, the people multiplied. Since they could ‘see’ through their two eyes, had no idea that they were blind: their inner eye was tightly closed. In such a state, ye seek to serve the body and its endless needs; creating fine machinery to do for it what it cannot. That is, ‘cannot,’ not any more, believing that to be the truth; content on making more machines far more aligned with fear than Love.

“This indicates a consciousness so unaware and arrogant as to believe that might is right when Love doth prove the opposite.

“That is the reason I am here before this Council of the King; to state as clearly as I can, such ignorance leads not to bliss but to an ancient prophecy set down in Symbols to be seen in fields of grass, impossible to miss; but worse, to

chance ignore.

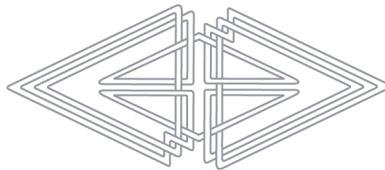
“If fear should swell, then I must quell its overwhelming energy and bring that dawn when ye must choose ‘twixt empathy and apathy. This understood, be thou forewarned for there could come dawn after dawn when Nature’s needs will be ignored and I am forced to turn on thee.



The Principle...

“To comprehend this dire event, a ‘normal’ one must be reviewed. The subject matter matters not as solely doth the principle: thought, as a potent energy, aligns with Mine, or it doth not. It doth if it be positive; cannot whenever negative. If negative, is stabilized as I lead fear into Myself preventing it from entering the coffers of the Sesavah.

“The process can prove volatile and cause a spectrum of effects of equaling severity first dealt to Me and hence to ye as shifting continental plates, volcanic blasts, as hurricanes, as thunderstorms, as lightning strikes, as droughts, to only name a few. ‘Tis daily what I’m poised to do, which may explain one such event: how falling rain doth manifest with gentleness or flooding force.



The Great Unknown...

“Will I be ‘forced’ to turn on thee due to imbalanced energies? Wilt thou be victimized by fear as is predicted to occur, or wilt thou shine thy Light of Love and feel the ‘Shift’ to fearlessness, affording thee to soar on high reclaiming thy

Divinity?

“The great unknown is what will be. Perchance thou dost fair represent My future hope for Humankind that in the end, Love shall prevail.”

As Mother Earth commenced to fade, concluding Her soliloquy, a solemn silence quickened Me to bow My head in reverence. Then looking up, I gasped again. Her oceans, clouds and continents slipped slowly down, then dropped from Her as though they were a silken robe. The astral view revealed was quick, but what I saw brought Me to tears. These, shamelessly, I share with thee, oh, Citizen of future Earth.

Sacred Memories

Part 5 ~ Folk Space

Chapter 19: The Warning

Out of Control...

Awe struck the very Soul of Me

As I was thrown out of My chair.

I tumbled downward like a leaf

Pulled from its branch by fall's first wind.

Try as I might to right Myself, I twisted disconcertingly, apparently out of control whilst falling, falling down to Earth.

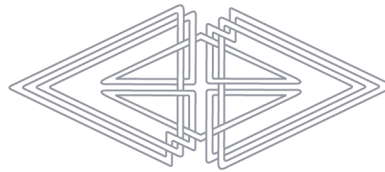
My body took on heaviness, confusing Me to say the least. It was as though the long free-fall was somehow really happening. But that was too ridiculous. And

yet I felt the wind's full force, then sensed a quickening descent, a pounding heart within My chest.

My situation turned more grave: the Earth and I would soon collide, when suddenly My falling stopped and dropped Me back into My chair. My view was of the scene I saw just after I had gasped again, but this time Blieshen rushed to Me and asked, "What is it, Aerial?"

Before I could reply to Her, My chair flipped forward, tossing Me into a downward spin again, which somehow seemed less threatening. This time I felt, though in a fall, I would not hit dear Mother Earth...just as I did with such a force, it thrust Me out Her other side.

Back in My chair, I gasped once more, felt horrified by what I saw, heard Blieshen's question asked again, and as before, fell awkwardly.



A Way of Life...

As this occurred repeatedly, I realized how occupied I had become with these events; more to the point: preoccupied. I seized the opportunity to analyze My state of Mind. 'Twas caught in what I could not stop: emotional reactions all. They soon became a dull routine and then in time, a way of life; an endless loop of four events. What more had caused the oddity?

So poised to find the mystery behind My ceaseless circumstance, I almost overlooked this fact: of four events, one made Me cry.

As I embraced the reason why, I had to face this painful truth: I did not cry for Mother Earth but out of fear of failing Her.

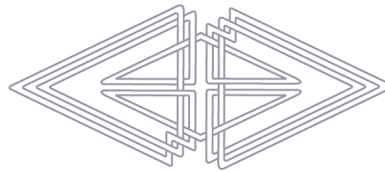
Once more I gasped, when suddenly I heard a voice cry, "*Help Me, please!*"

Fear mocked the cry, then coldly gushed, “Poor fool, Thou hast already failed.”

The other voice implored again, “*Please help Me! Help me! Please help Me!*”

Whilst in free-fall, I recognized the timbre came from Mother Earth. A shock spread through My consciousness and snapped Me from what ignorance had eased into forgetfulness of My Divinity...again.

Oh, God! What chilling treachery doth armor fear in trickery. ‘Tis merciless with anyone who dares give it a second thought.



In Control...

Once more aware and in control, I eased My fall into free-flight and soared into the Infinite whence I could hear Earth call to Me,

“Prince Aurial, Prince Aurial! At last Thou hast reclaimed Thyself. I am most blessed Thou hast returned to see Thy Destiny fulfilled. Come back to Me, beloved Prince, for I would show what none can see, save what is seen by Thine Own eyes to document most carefully.”

As I commenced to then descend, I heard Her softly whispering, “*Please help Me! Help Me! Please, help Me! Please help Me help them understand!*”

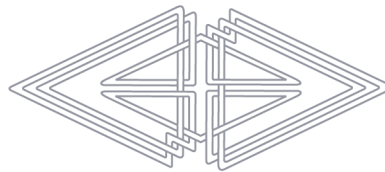
I understood She meant Mankind and felt Her evident concern for only “them,” not for Herself: indeed, for ye of future Earth. I also understood how I had made My task more difficult when little was required of Me to help Earth help thee understand.

What had made it so onerous that I would stagger ‘neath its weight; would

come undone to think of it, if not for entertaining fear? Once past its blessing in disguise, I saw what flaw I had assumed: I thought Myself responsible for how the future would unfold. ‘Tis testimony to how bold and brazen is the Sesavah; how bold and brazen *We* must be to enter into fearlessness.

Embracing My pure emptiness, I found what was My waiting chair, still floating but incapable of throwing Me off guard again. That is because I did reclaim what innocence I quickly lost when I became inordinate beyond what I set out to do.

And that is—simply—to observe, not get involved in what I see; not mastermind what is not Mine to bring about what I intend. Therefore I voluntarily prepared Myself to only see what Mother Earth would show to Me; to only hear what She would say. This was a sheer necessity for Me to fully comprehend lest I become deceived again: ‘twas something *I* could chance resolve.



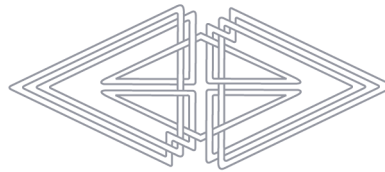
Somewhere Betwixt...

Composed and centered in My task, I waited calmly, patiently; apparently within a state that only I experienced. This is to say I seemed somewhere betwixt events when I had gasped and just before I would reply to Blieshen’s question asked of Me. She and the Council of the King were frozen in suspended time and could not see Me move about nor hear what more Earth had to say:

“I equalize the frequencies that constitute My signature. It fluctuates and complements the consciousness of Humankind. Therein is My predicament which will become more challenging if Mankind chooses to align more so with fear, than only Love.

“You see, I have a consciousness. I also have a family which lives within a part of space amongst My race of galaxies. We, in a greater cosmic sense, are all evolving into Love: ‘tis incompatible with fear, just speaking energetic’ly. And why would I be sharing this? I can retreat, but just so far, into a lower consciousness ruled not by Love but only fear.

Therefore be warned: a problem brews. It will not simply go away. I understand it will require a shift in human consciousness. But will the people understand? A day could dawn when Humankind will waken to its final hour due to imbalanced energies.



Before the End...

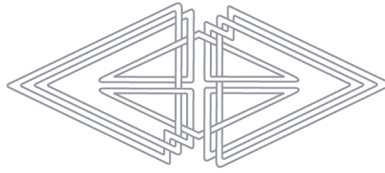
“That said, this is imperative: Thou must describe what Thou hast seen of what I would have Thee observe again...to help them understand. ‘Tis stored within the Rays of Hope, wherein all futures are contained, allowing Thee to best review what is still possible to change.

“But in that range of possibles, one outcome dauntingly suggests a time wherein enlightenment falls far behind intelligence. That will produce scenarios which cannot yield results as planned. A ship that’s rudderless cannot arrive where it sets forth to go.

“And that will serve the Sesavah; divide and conquer is its plan. Enlightenment would mean its end but who will dare resist deceit? Therefore be strong for them, for Me; and witness clearly what takes place for unless seen and shared by Thee, ‘twill not be known nor e’er believed.

“State plainly, holding nothing back: what Thou wilt see, what I will say, for

this will be Our only chance to tell the Truth before the end.”



The Travesty...

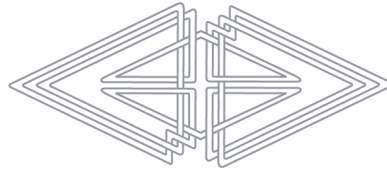
The moment next a silence filled the vision state I shared with Earth and, as I looked, I could see through the surface beauty She displayed. Her astral counterpart revealed the presence of the Lights of Love, Those Gifts We bring Her everyday in great abundance, without fail. But as I watched, these Lights turned dark as if a pail of black, thick tar was emptied over diamonds to dowse their beauty into naught.

‘Twas then I saw a miracle as Mother Earth produced a wave of clarifying energy that drew the darkness into Her. The Lights returned but not for long. A sea of slithering black snakes devoured the Light ‘til it was gone...came back...then was consumed again.

Like some outmoded ritual, Light fluctuated into dark repeatedly across Her mass, akin to breathing in and out.

“What Thou art seeing,” Earth explained, “is all out war ‘twixt Love and fear; a battle for supremacy. And for what prize? The human mind! The travesty of this affair is just how prevalent it is. It can’t be seen by Humankind steeped blisslessly in ignorance.

“They have become set in their ways: complacent and afraid to change, afraid to fly out of fear’s cage, conditioned to remain entrapped. That course can only yield more fear. If it increases, oh, beware! Behold what prophecy I bear and dare now share with Thee, dear Prince.”



One Future State...

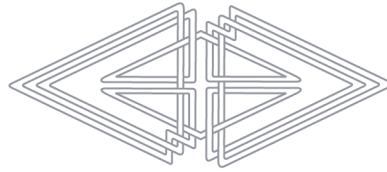
Time lapsed on toward one future state. Her surface beauty quickly waned, seemed sullied by a sooty cloud that came upon Her like a plague. ‘Twas obvious, fear ruled this place. Great suffering was in the air; ‘twas foul, unsafe to breathe for long; the acrid stench of death prevailed.

The cloud descended into Earth. It came again and then again. Each time, I watched Her continents first shudder and then turn more gray. I saw again what I had seen, what made Me gasp, had made Me cry; that astral view meant to expose the cause behind its awfulness. Large open sores, all oozing pus, defiled Her astral continents.

Compelled to take a closer look, I dove into the bowels of hell. Still locked within a vision state I entered undetectably, a scene I did remind Myself: this possibly could come to pass.

The oozing sores were energy of concentrated Sesavans, great writhing hoards that ripped and clawed at Mother Earth’s inhabitants. The masters of deceit had won. What started in each person’s heart, the chance to choose ‘twixt Love or fear, was ending in a world at war.

The sky was dry, could grieve no more; looked red, was filled with toxic dust. Soils lay destroyed for years to come, each ocean thickened from its dead. Inspired to madness, humankind made fighting its priority, which only left one last event: for Earth to roll upon Her side.



A Long, Long Time...

I heard a loud and long inhale, then nothing, then a long exhale which pulled Me out My deepened state just as I murmured low, “Oh, God!”

Mine eyes were closed, but still I sensed dear Blieshen kneeling at My side, that I was sitting on a chair in Converse Hall and Earth was gone.

I turned and looked into Her eyes, then touched Her forehead with My hand conveying how much I had changed, what I had seen, what Earth had said, that unbeknownst to anyone I had been gone a long, long time in preparation for what task was soon to call Me back to Earth.

She softly said, “I understand....”

We stood together, arm in arm. The King and I exchanged a glance; He nodded to Me lovingly. I went to Weysala the Brave, to Desral, and Mehestu next. We shared a mutual embrace; it was My last good-bye to Them.

The portal whisked My Friends away just as the tigress took Her leave by leaping through the hall’s glass wall into Her future on Maroth.

And in the silence that remained I heard the gentle voice of Earth imparting, *“Oh, Humanity! The veil of fear dissolves in Love.”*



Sacred Memories

Part 5 ~ Folk Space

Chapter 20: A New Reality

Alternatives...

Amid My loved Ones standing nigh
I closed Mine eyes in deepest thought
As I commenced to realize
That Earth had not entirely left.

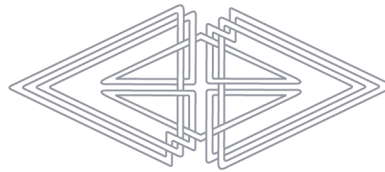
Invisible, still She communed with each of Us Who had remained: Their Majesties, the King and Queen; the Princess, Master and with Me. I sensed that independently We each were given, all at once, a diff'rent message wondrously without Her using Nature's voice. Not privy to what else She shared, I pray what follows doth

suffice; the last of which Earth felt compelled to place within My Mind for thee:

“Oh, Citizen of future Earth, be not afraid but comforted for I would have thee understand the breadth of thine alternatives. They lay within the Rays of Hope as countermeasures to each past locked into place by consciousness yet changeable upon review.

“How so? It has to do with choice: by exercising thy free will, by choosing acts aligned with Love as Life unfolds in front of thee. This is to say, the vast Great Plane of Knowledge is a leveler: can render futures to the past and vice versa in a blink.

“It means thine own raised consciousness can have the power to effect a change upon the Rays of Hope, enough to alter prophecy.



A Tender Mercy...

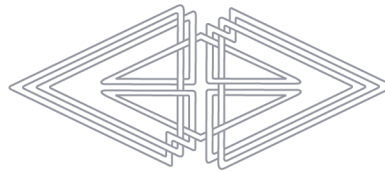
“What that portends may seem surreal. If so, perchance that is because thou hast forgotten what exists within the very depths of thee. It is thy Spark of Knowingness, thine own most perfect Light of Love, that shimmers like a lovely star in thine eternal secret place.

“Oh! To remember It exists, to seek It out delib’rately—allowing It to nurture thee—no greater Comforter will come. A tender mercy given thee by all that’s Holy and Divine, It grants thee total access to the Infinite as All That Is.

“And why? Because to find thy Spark thou must go through thy castle’s gate, must overcome the Sesavah, the ruthless keeper of thy fears. That will require tenacity and courage that’s inspired by Grace which comes whene’er It asks of thee to brave what’s next to fall away.

“And in the doing of such deeds, thou wilt remember more and more of what thy fears denied to thee: thine own sweet sacred memories.

“They ultimately must reveal the answer to each mystery which may delight thee to observe, it manifests out from Thyself, out from Thy Spark of Knowingness, empowering thine every step into a new reality which forms from thy raised consciousness.



A High Priority...

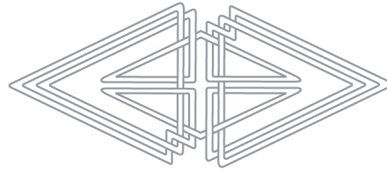
“But first there’s much for thee to do, to reason through, to understand. That will prepare thy heart and mind to not repeat past tragedies.

“‘Tis of some benefit to know that sometime in thy distant past thy Spark within the All That Is descended from that Consciousness. Of greater benefit is why. To know that detail will reveal the reason for a spider’s web and for its paralyzing sting. No such creations do exist within the higher planes of Love. There are no bodies to maintain, none subject to a range of fears. And so, though wary, thou wert trapped; wert held at length against thy will until, alas, thou didst forget that once thou wert all powerful.

“Make Faith a high priority: believe that thy dynamic will can disavow the Sesavah of its one power to deceive. For it would keep thee mystified, would turn thy rock of Faith to sand and tempt thee with its boldest lies which is the game it loves to play.

“It knows the least of thy worst fears. By conscious choice, bid it farewell. By thy decree it cannot stay nor tolerate thy Light of Love. Exert thy will, but consciously; make choices, also consciously, observe thy thinking—keep it high—

for by thy thoughts thou art well known. By Whom? Why, by the All That Is which helps thee shift to fearlessness when thou art ready to accept and own thy true Identity.



Long Ago...

“Oh! This is Thy magnificence: out of the tiniest of thoughts within the shallows of Thy Mind, Thou madest swirls of galaxies, whole universes, single stars, innately laden with pure Love, the essence of the All That Is which gave Thee such abilities.

“But that was then and long ago, the stuff of fairytales by now, a sacred past bedimmed by time and by a jaded sense of self.

“Art thou so sure that’s accurate? What if it happened hours ago; that thou art caught within a loop—a life—that only seems as real? Wouldst thou be willing to reclaim thine own lost sense of innocence, enough that thou couldst chance believe in thy magnificence, again?

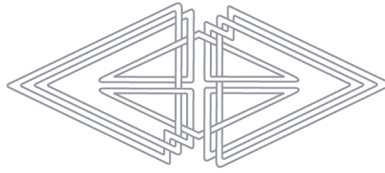
“To think that Thou, since born to flesh, couldst lose Thy way so easily—along with Thine abilities—gives reason to insanity, awareness to forgetfulness, perfection to imperfect thoughts and makes thee more compassionate, once thou dost know thou art Divine.

“As such, why wouldst thou take up arms against, in essence, thine own self, who stares a mirrored stare at thee reflecting thine insanity?

“Art thou so lost thou couldst believe that sep’ratism is the rule which supersedes ‘ye are all One,’ and glorifies forgetfulness?

“Wilt thou stay blinded by thy pain and think, by taking one more eye,

revenge will pacify thy heart? That leads to more imperfect thoughts.



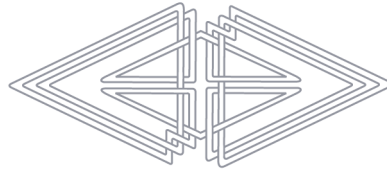
Secure in Love...

“Oh! What doth benefit the most by thusly keeping ye disturbed if not delusion’s champion, its Lord of lies, the Sesavah? Take heed! It simply never sleeps, is ever watchful for the chance to keep thee occupied in thoughts designed to rob thee of free will.

“Therefore, take hold thy heart and mind; embrace the choice to gird thyself in righteousness, in Beauty’s glow, in all that’s well and wonderful. For when that choice is clearly made, maintained and nurtured constantly, thou art enveloped by pure Love and Grace ascends in thee as Peace.

“That shared, be wise and not deceived by what will seem what it is not: Love doth not hide behind half-truths nor levy pressure to persuade; it can’t be used to further greed nor foster acts of selfishness; Love takes no pride in pedigree nor threatens the environment; it neither motivates by fear nor rests where sleeps complacency, but manifests scenarios designed to challenge staid ideals.

“Therefore, be thou secure in Love no matter what events unfold. When what is wrought produces change, prepare: it will try everyone. Though disconcerting that may be, hold fast to Love, Its gift of Peace, allowing It to prove in thee the benefits of fearlessness: to ne’er be forced against one’s will, to see beyond delusion’s blur, to soar on golden wings of Love into a higher consciousness.



The First to See...

“Oh, Citizen of future Earth! So much is locked away in thee; so many wonders great and small await thy rediscovery. Creatively, thou art a fount, albeit frozen in mid-flow. But why is that, if not because mass consciousness believes it so?”

“What that portends may seem surreal. It is and will be that until thou canst unlock perceptions learned and make a new reality. What kind of world wouldst thou create if not one more aligned with thee, with thy new loving consciousness where Truth and Beauty reign supreme?”

“Oh! Thou canst do it, Citizen: canst hold in confidence to Love for It will ne’er abandon thee nor lose Its hold upon thy heart.

“And in a single jot of time, if thou canst do this greatest feat, be not surprised to find thyself surrounded by like-minded souls. They will appear from far and wide, will bring unswerving inner strength, uncompromising fearlessness, a wisdom far beyond their years. From such as these, the Infinite will manifest great miracles establishing for all Mankind the new reality is come.

“Oh! Glory to the All That Is for ye shall be considered blessed, shall be the first to see the Folk as once before so long ago.”



Two Ways...

In exultation Earth was gone; this time imparting as She left an outflow of

Her gratitude, and streams of echoing good-byes. These filled the whole of Converse Hall and spread amongst the five of Us a mystery We recognized as history still unfulfilled.

According to Our prophecy, Her message could be shared two ways: by Her directly unto thee or indirectly unto Me. It seems She will try many times to turn thy head most stunningly by writing, as She always has, upon Her open, flowing fields. Ironicaly the more She tries, the more Her gifts will be maligned until dismissed amazingly as mostly insignificant.

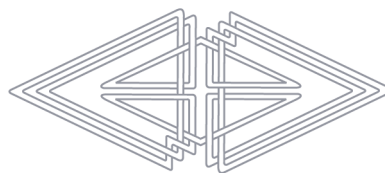
This was confirmed as Father shared that Earth had told Him with concern, *“They have forgotten how to read the messages I’ve given them.”*

‘Twas for that reason Father chose to set in motion what events are chronicled within this writ affording Earth Her say at last.

A silence followed long and deep before I sensed this wonderment: a wave of overwhelming joy engulfed Me as complete relief. It flowed from Mother Earth to Me and lifted Me into a state wherein She shared how much it meant to have Her thoughts now set in ink.

I understood, and yet I knew how much remained to be fulfilled—beyond My meeting with the Queen—before I, too, could feel relieved: She will present, to only Me, Our sacred “Book of Symbols,” rare, which I must then take back to Earth along with “Sacred Memories.”

Such thoughts were loud enough to hear and drew My loved Ones unto Me. Since We knew well what lay ahead, We folded time to make it so.



The Keepers...

The moment next, the Queen and I were standing in the Cave of Trees of Darluse Wood, recorded in the Palace Arbortorium. I recognized the Cave's five oaks, though each appeared as living jewels with trunks and branches of white quartz, supporting leaves of solid gold. They sparkled with a radiance supernally as beautiful as is the Queen, Who softly said, "My son, behold Thine ancient Friends..."

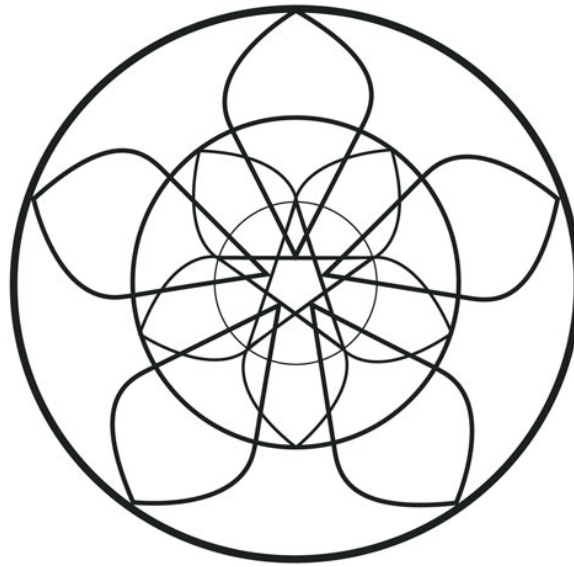
Indeed! They were the very Ones that taught Me many mysteries.

She added, "...are the splendid Ones known as the Keepers of the Truth."

She led Me slowly by the hand before the largest of Them all and then commanded lovingly, "Great One, reveal the Truth to Me."

Out from Its scintillating heart emerged the "Book of Symbols," fair, which Mother held in both Her hands as I bowed down My brow to It. I felt Its wisdom enter Me as Mother soothed, "Well done, My Son. 'Tis given Thee to give Mankind, according to Our prophecy."

I felt Its full weight pass to Me, which I accepted fearlessly: the future of the human race depends upon this holy book.



Where Mother's hair reveals this sign,
Go straightaway in search of It.

Sacred Memories

Part 5 ~ Folk Space

Chapter 21: The Night Before

The Hour...

Oh, I have seen My Destiny.
It yields far more outcomes than Mine.
I take it on quite willingly
So ye may know of Mother Earth,

of the Society of Folk, of all that These would share with ye; though saved within
this sacred writ, 'twill come to naught unless I go.

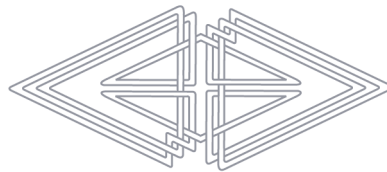
My blessed Destiny, it comes. 'Tis nigh for Me to choose at will: to leave
directly this same hour, or not until a better one. What better one is there than this,

now that I am content to leave and have completed this pure writ down to its final period?

That said, I choose: this is the hour wherein I shall return to Earth. Since I will not be gone for long, I need no long nor sad good-byes. For Those I leave, ‘twill seem as though I only have just left the room, am merely in another one, will be returning in no time. That room, whence I am soon to leave, shall be the Great Hall of Events. Those left: the King and Queen, dear Blie, will watch My journey from that place.

I do not leave in ignorance, as I was in when I left Earth. I am now fully realized and know I am far more than flesh. The part I play is only one of many in the All That Is. What happens when My task is done, I have surrendered unto God.

That said, come then along with Me unto the Great Hall of Events; back to the seventh century where I shall triumph over death.



A Tavern’s Company...

Whilst Blie and Master walked with Me, the King and Queen preceded Us up to the Palace’s Great Hall: already acting on Our thoughts. The scene displayed was curious. It seems the Chosen and his men had sought a tavern’s company aft fleeing from My sheltery. I dared to guess they had been there for many hours, that judging by the empty pints they had accrued and pushed down to their table’s end.

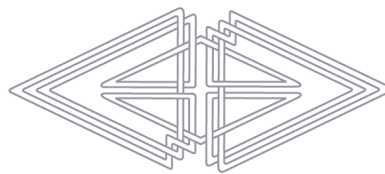
One told their dim predicament, “What could have happened since last eve? He walked the woods, then took his rest. We watched him never leave his hut. We would have snatched him at first light, instead, the Devil got him first. Now what are we to do? He’s dead! His Lordship will be furious.”

“Who’s dead?” the tavern owner asked.

“The parchment maker in the woods,” the Chosen snapped back angrily, then guzzled down another ale. Too irritated to get drunk, he loudly cursed his clarity. Upset, he seemed the more afraid of what his wicked Lord would do.

Across the room a man stood up. His sudden move tipped back his chair, and though it fell down noisily, none of the henchmen noticed him. That man is Shara, My close friend. Grief stabbed his heart repeatedly and sent him running to My home to see if I *had* truly passed.

I longed to soothe him, but could not; to tell him I would see him soon. I prayed he could withstand that shock. ‘Twas time for Me to leave Folk Space.



Left to Wait...

I watched as Master left with Me; not as a Teacher, but My Friend. Mine eyes conveyed all I could say to Those Who waved good-bye to Me. Though powerless to help Me now, ‘twas of great comfort just to know They all were watching over Me, were sending waves of Love and Light.

The portal’s Symbol for the Earth, a lovely flower to behold, soon disappeared beneath Our feet into the Great Plane’s vast White Sea. A tower rose out of the Plane revealing one of five time gates, which led us into Wisdom Hall, then out into the Cave of Trees.

‘Twas just that quick, We had traversed all of Folk Space and entered Earth’s. I recognized as this occurred, We were transforming in reverse: whilst in Our tiny causal forms, We slipped into Our astral ones, yea, those We both had left to wait before the Warrior Guardian.

Said He to Us as We returned, “Fair hail to Ye, oh gentle Ones.”

“Fair hail, indeed,” I did reply as I was struck by Who He was.

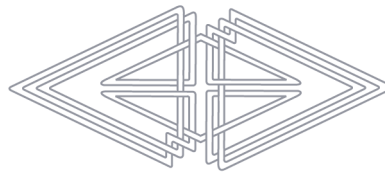
“Why, Muktilo! Couldst it be Thou?”

“It is, My Prince, Thy Warrior.”

‘Twas He Who leads the astral ranks of Golden Guards and *is* My Friend.

He smiled and wrapped Me in His arms, then saw what brought Me back to Earth,

“I see the Treasures are with Thee. We must put Them away at once.”



The Shape of It...

Already in the Cave of Trees, where dwell the Keepers of the Truth, We sought the Great One of Them all wherein both Books would stay the night.

As We approached the wonderment, I did recall a story heard which had described an ancient tree that kept a fortune in its heart. ‘Twas said the great enchanted One did guard its riches with its life: could live forever but would die if darkness ever tainted it. I knew ‘twas not coincidence that such a childhood memory, a fairytale, *had lived* in Me to prove some tales are based in truth.

We stood before Magnificence; I recognized the shape of It. Though not a jewel with golden leaves, Its astral body glowed with life.

I dropped down on My bended knee whilst offering this soulful prayer,
“Great One, I bring to Thee the Truth. Pray, open up Thy heart to Me.”

My head still bowed, I heard a sound: sweet music wafting from both Books.

At this the ancient tree inquired, “‘Tis time, My Prince?”

I whispered, “Yea.”

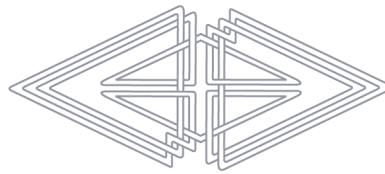
As It complied with My request, I placed both Treasures in Its care and for

the first time felt relief that They were safe in Its embrace.

I turned as Master smiled and said, “Fair Prince, ‘tis time I take My leave. Upon the dawn I shall return to meet Thee here as We have planned.”

That said, He slowly disappeared, as did the last rays of the sun, which prompted Muktilo to say, “The hour doth brood with mischief, Sire.”

Indeed! I felt the heaviness of dark intentions thought that day. We left together for My home past rows and rows of Guardians.



Not Quite...

As night descended on the woods, We came upon My sheltery still being guarded by what Friend was then beside Me: Muktilo. I watched Him step into Himself as We arrived at My closed door.

Once done, said He most lovingly, “Until the dawn, Prince Aural.”

“Not quite,” said I to His surprise. “Mine odyssey commences now. I must, by grave necessity, depart as much as I must stay.”

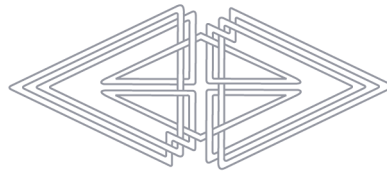
“Then We shall leave together, Sire, as even We remain behind. My place is but to stay with Thee, by order of Her Majesty.”

I, as Mine astral Self, stayed home, slipped into physicality to wait with Shara, My dear friend, as Mukti stood at guard outside.

Meanwhile We both, as purest thought, flew quickly through the sleepy woods to where the Chosen and his men had drunk enough to face their Lord.

They stumbled to their waiting steeds. We followed them into the night. Amazingly they found their way, which took them past the Guardians. Their fear increased as they arrived at Lord Viliho’s wicked lair. They could not see the

demon crowd that could not see Our causal forms.



A Treat...

It is a foul and lurid place I dimly saw by crescent moon, entangled in a web of trees appearing more like wizened claws.

Now sobered by the stinging cold, the men dismounted nervously. Their horses seemed to sense their fate and sidestepped skittishly about.

None of the henchmen realized to what extent they were defiled as many of the winged swarm took turns in riding them for sport. The fiends then forced them to the ground and made them grovel to the door just as it opened—with a jerk—to bring them face to face with fear.

“Where have ye been?” their Lordship roared. “Where is my tender virgin prize?”

He grabbed the Chosen by his throat, “What hast thou done with Aorial?”

The Chosen choked out, “Lord, he’s dead!”

Viliho threw him like a rag across the room, against a chair, which broke it into firewood.

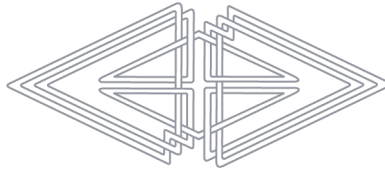
Oh, what a loathsome place it is that boasts large rooms of crooked walls grotesquely made of jagged rocks that seemed to writhe by firelight.

The melee lasted for as long as did the demons so decide that they did have enough of it...to let their human playthings rest.

We left soon after, when We heard a weary Lord Viliho say, “Bring back his body at first light. At least my dogs will have a treat.”

I recognized a chilling sight as something large and black was thrown.

“Hide it in this,” said he to them as they were tossed a single sack.



Not Dead...

By Our intent We were propelled from Lord Viliho’s wretched realm back through the dome of weeping stone wherein the Golden Guards stood poised.

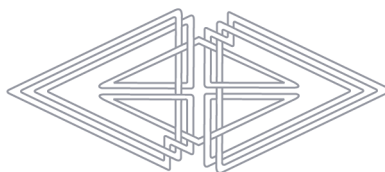
Arriving at My sheltery, friend Mukti at the door exclaimed, “They are *already* ‘ready,’ Sire,” before I could say, “Ready Them!”

He smiled. ‘Twas then I realized: although He had been left behind, He also had been with the Guards whilst also He had been with Me. ‘Twas time to let events unfold according to the prophecy. We all knew well what each must do and so I took My leave from Him.

I passed straight through My humble door, into the room wherein I found a lonely candle flickering, and Shara sitting by the bed.

My friend had cried himself to sleep. I let him rest whilst I prepared to waken Mine Own sleeping Self: I dove feet first into My crown. As I regained My consciousness, My body’s weight felt very odd. Aft being “weightless” for so long, it took some getting used to *Me*.

Whilst still in bed, I propped Myself against the back wall to sit up which caused Mine arm to slowly slide from out and under Shara’s grip. As quickly as he stirred to wake, I touched his forehead with My hand instructing him, “Pray, be at peace; I am not dead, instead alive.”



Future's Chance...

His opened eyes could only stare as he unleashed, “‘Instead alive?’ How can this be? Thou didst seem dead. What kind of miracle is this?”

“None but a holy kind, My friend. ‘Tis shared with thee for thou art blessed; as are thine own and also theirs henceforth for fourteen centuries.”

“What does *that* mean?” his caution asked.

I answered him as best I could by telling him the prophecy which was unfolding as We spoke.

“In time this all might make more sense. All that needs knowing is in thee. It will be passed down through thy line ‘til one day, one will yield to it.”

“Will yield to what I will pass down?”

“That is, in fact, what will occur.”

“But, Aural, I am afraid! Which ‘knowing’ in me do I share?”

“Oh, Shara! Pray, forgiveth Me. Too much, too quick hath smothered thee. Upon Our friendship I do swear, thy family shall know God’s Grace. As such, thy ‘knowing’ shall not fail to tell thee what is best to say—in secret—to thy children, sweet, regarding all I have revealed. Do not concern thyself with how this will become a cherished rite; just trust tradition will take hold and fully bless all those involved.

“But, lo! The night bids thee to go. To stay would jeopardize too much. My Destiny calls Me as well, therefore, a fond farewell, My friend.”

He seemed but slightly in a daze when We embraced for one last time.

‘Twas next I heard, “Safe journey, friend,” as future’s chance breezed out the door.

Sacred Memories

Part 5 ~ Folk Space

Chapter 22: The Third Dawn

Dark and Cold...

I was awakened with a start
Out of a dream that I was Home.

Not there, still in My sheltery,
I sensed the henchmen drawing nigh.

That predawn hour was dark and cold. The lonely candle had gone out, still I could clearly see My way as if where'er I looked, 'twas lit. I also could see through My door, as well the walls and far beyond. 'Twas magical and beautiful: the forest was bedrenched in Light.

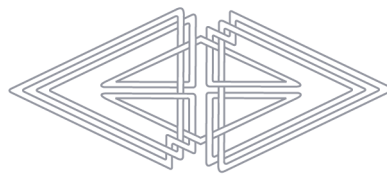
Time passed ‘til on the eastern rise the dawn came to illuminate all that was nigh to happening: just one more day in Darluse Wood.

I summoned Mukti unto Me, Who came at once straight through the wall.

“Good morrow, Sire. They have arrived.”

“Good morrow, Muktilo. Let’s go!”

No sooner had We walked outside than I was hit with waves of fear from all three of Viliho’s men, too stunned to move whilst eyeing Me. Distracted by what they could see, they didn’t seem to realize how fidgety their horses were as they stomped drifts of piled up leaves. Ignoring that, I did pretend I had no notion they were there; increasingly ‘twas difficult as they dismounted clumsily.



An Astral View...

They kept their distance following, were troubled deeply by My state, commenced to doubt amongst themselves that they had ever seen Me dead.

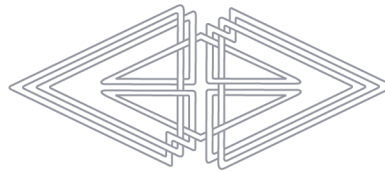
But that would prove their least concern once We arrived within the Cave, where I commenced to levitate a few feet off its hallowed ground. My floating body settled down upon a bed of fallen leaves. It rested sitting up against one of the sacred Keeper trees.

The Chosen gasped and clutched his chest wherein he felt a stinging pain as he was—temporarily—allowed to see an astral view: he watched Me exit out My crown, bow to a Keeper of the Truth, saw Me receive one of two books, then meet with Master Armaton.

He felt his body nigh to faint, reached out and grabbed both of his men. All three fell down, each on his face, since he dared not to let them go. Down on the

ground, they seemed to calm as Mother Earth absorbed their fear whilst I gave “Sacred Memories” to Master, Who then disappeared.

More than the Chosen cared to see, still, curiosity held sway o’er all his thoughts to get away as far and fast as e’er he could. And so he stayed to see a sight no other would be privy to: the bringing into Earthly form the “Book of Symbols” for Mankind.



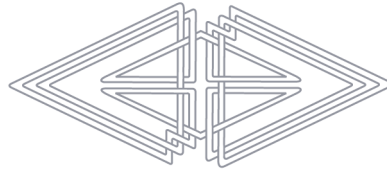
The Prize...

Still in Mine astral counterpart, I hailed the Great enchanted One to offer up Its treasured Prize according to Our prophecy.

Once done, the Book remained afloat and emanated gentle beams whilst I reclaimed My body’s shell before the Chosen’s startled eyes. All that remained for Me to do was walk back to the waiting Tome, extract It from Its astral state by pulling It into Earth’s realm. Great arcs of cracking energy exploded visibly as Light and marked that moment when the Prize became as incorruptible.

What is Perfection, was transformed: the great Unseen could then be seen. The bright display intensified which magnified the henchmen’s fear. Immersed completely in the Light, I asked the Keeper of the Truth to seal the Book into Its heart: this doused the Light and hid the Prize.

Then, satisfied that task was done, I heard a scuffle, muffled screams, and knew the spies had seen enough before I heard them ride away. They thought they had left Me alone; that irony caused Me to laugh as I walked home with Muktilo past untold Golden Warriors.



A Little Spying...

Meanwhile, My Friend and I—as thought—sped through the Woods, then out the dome, well on ahead of all three spies to do a little spying too.

The sun was yet to crest the trees at Lord Viliho’s dismal haunt when We observed his frightened men arrive on horses driven hard. They couldn’t dismount quick enough, were yelling incoherently as all three hit the door, burst in upon their shaken, waking Lord.

“What devilment? Are ye all mad?”

His words sliced deeply like a knife. For just a moment silence reigned ‘til what had made them mad gushed out.

“Lord, he’s not dead! He walks on air!”

“He made white fire that did not burn.”

Their words grew loud and overlapped.

“It hurt mine eyes. He talks to trees!”

Viliho spat, “What? Who’s not dead?”

“‘Tis, Aural! He is alive!”

“Where is he then?”

They froze in fear.

“Ye *are* all mad *and* stupid fools.”

We saw the Chosen dare not share what he reviewed within his mind lest he be labeled “fit to burn” alongside whom he would condemn. Alas! Some demons watched it, too.

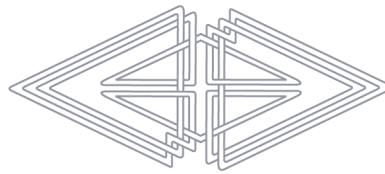
They thought it well worth mentioning, commenced to whisper in his ear,

“Go on and tell him. Tell him now.”

He told himself to *never* tell but knew not *what* still urged him to; that they—the fiends—were in control though he insisted to resist.

They played a mental tug-of-war he had no knowledge how to win. If only he had known to ask what Guardians exist to help.

Alas he lost, the demons won. They broke his will just like a stick, and made him retch repeatedly until he cried, “There’s something more!”



The Game...

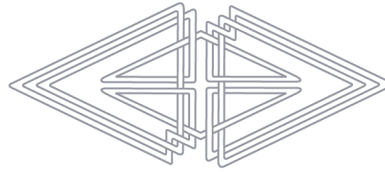
By then the evil word had spread throughout the lower astral hordes that something unbelievable was hidden within Darluse Wood. That piqued their curiosity. They came like flies to something rank. Out of those seething, frenzied fiends the Sesavah loomed towering.

All motion and commotion stopped at its demand, “Get me that Book!” which prompted Lord Viliho’s mind to hope to find more than just Me.

The game was on, he led the charge; was followed by his wary men, a growing swarm of Sesavens, as well as Muktilo and Me.

As We drew closer to the dome, Viliho and his men passed through; but not the scattered, puzzled horde that saw its humans disappear. Infuriated—caught off guard—by somehow being held at bay, the Sesavah intensified its own intent to get inside. It stomped the dome without effect, and lunged one shoulder into it expecting it to surely crack but when it didn’t, roared with rage.

‘Twas time for Muktilo and Me to leave the onslaught We observed. Like ants, the demons swarmed the dome as We passed through invisibly.



On the Hunt...

We quickly reached the Cave of Trees to see Viliho on the hunt. He had the Chosen by his nape and in his other hand a sword.

Impatiently he barked, “Which one?”

His captive pointed truthfully.

“It best be there or thou art dead!”

He shoved the Chosen toward the Tree.

We saw what all the men could not, the glowing Prize within Its heart, as I then heard the Great One say, “Farewell, My Prince. My time is come.”

At that, some Golden Guards advanced and stood threefold around Its base, but moved aside—at Mukti’s nod—to let the Chosen do his deed.

As he climbed Its protruding roots ‘twas evident, to his dismay, the Book seemed not where thought to be.

Enraged, Viliho flung his sword.

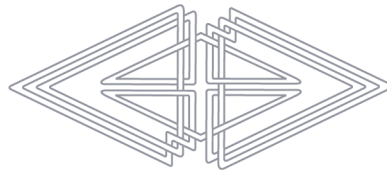
The Great One whispered, “Roll away!”

The Chosen, on impulse, complied just as the whizzing sword missed him but stabbed the Keeper through Its heart.

More stunned at this event than not, I went unto My wounded Friend, then saw Its Spirit slip away escorted by Its threefold Guards. Cut to the quick by evil’s hand, the Great One’s beauty shriveled ‘way revealing Its once hidden Prize no longer glowing as before.

I winced at what was happening. What, diff’rently, could I have done? Then, watched in utter disbelief as Lord Viliho grabbed the Book! He rummaged through

It greedily, had no idea what It was but reasoned I was sure to know, retrieved his sword and mounted up.



Bound and Gagged...

As Mukti and I went ahead We sensed four riders following. The moment next My captors came to rough Me from My sheltery. Their balking steeds could keenly sense what their marauding minds could not: the astral Golden Warriors Who stepped aside to let them pass.

They burst upon My quiet space to find Me seemingly alone. Viliho rushed to slap My face whilst someone else restrained Mine arms.

He shook his plundered Find at Me whilst hissing like a spitting snake, “What is the meaning of this Book?”

I turned My head and closed Mine eyes.

Incensed, he beat Me with Its weight then stopped in shock to realize that every blow he dealt to Me was also being felt by him. In pain and dazed, he dropped the Book. It floated slowly to the floor, but whence It touched, spewed forth live sparks that set aflame My sheltery.

He dared to fetch his Find again, cried out against what made no sense and had Me quickly bound and gagged, then sacked and heaved upon his horse.

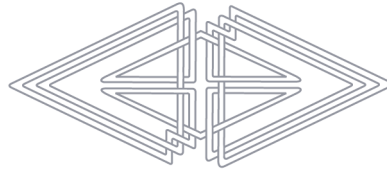
I heard the Warriors intone as Lord Viliho and his men rushed Me away, out of the dome. Then, suddenly, all toning stopped. It meant the Warriors *and* dome had disappeared once I came through, that I was utterly alone.

“Not quite, My Prince,” said Muktilo.

No sooner was I comforted than hordes of startled, upset fiends fell down

and crashed in, on themselves, precisely where the dome had been. The Sesavah, recovering, reared up enraged, then ascertained exactly what My captors had and roared, “It’s mine! Tell me Its worth.”

It sensed I knew—but would not say—and so it seized Viliho’s mind, then tempted him with evil ways to threaten Me to yield My truth.



The Pit...

I felt the sun’s warmth through the sack. Viliho’s horse slowed down, then stopped as I was shoved off to the ground. I landed hard and could not move.

Viliho ordered, “Pick him up...”

I felt two pairs of hands lift Me, “...and take him inside to the pit.”

It seemed a test of wills was nigh.

Once there, I could hear snarling dogs.

Viliho snapped, “You! Strap him up.”

That done, I labored just to breathe since in a sack, still gagged, still bound.

I saw a knife pierce through the sack. ‘Twas cut, pulled down from o’er My head, then ripped—as was My shirt—and forced down further to the wide chest strap.

By torchlight I could see a chain wound ‘round a log across a pit whilst from its other end were hung four three-foot lengths with cruel hooks.

Viliho drooled, “The hooks attach unto that strap around thy chest, and then, feet first, we lower thee...or...why not talk...and then...we won’t.”

The pit was slightly to My right, exploding with ferocious sounds of fighting, biting, starving dogs, trapped in a ghastly hole of death.

He slithered close, pulled down My gag, and nuzzled My left ear to whisp’,
“Let’s listen to how thou wilt scream,” then kicked one knave into the pit.

Perversely diabolical, he horrified his other men. But *this* time, unlike times before, the Chosen had a change of heart.

“Pull up the chain,” Viliho hissed.

The Chosen did what he was told, had even shouldered it as taught by whom he vowed to serve no more.

My mind heard Mukti say to Me, “I have him, Sire. We’re set to go.”

The moment next, Viliho’s plans were changed within a flash of Light.

Sacred Memories

Part 5 ~ Folk Space

Chapter 23: So Shall It Be

Something Threatening...

It all had quickly taken place,
Had caught Viliho by surprise
For it was he who brought about
The very means of Mine escape.

A pitiful unfortunate, he needed so much to be right that he had learned to force his will upon the weak to gain his way. And it is evil, tragic'ly, enslaves him to the Sesavah what long ago had captured him to carry out *its* wickedness.

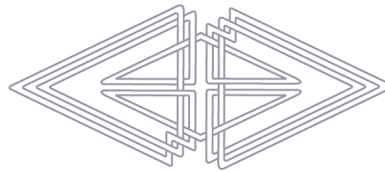
The day, he thought, was starting well, save for the problem of the Book.

Still, that was solved by finding It along with Me, the greater prize. But for the cunning Sesavah, that ruled Viliho's every thought, the Book was something threatening to its position in the world.

And so it drove Viliho wild with its own unrelenting force, "Dare not fail me! I want to know about that Book. What doth It mean?"

He didn't know and didn't care. He only cared about My life: how long he planned on taking it. The Sesavah would change his mind.

It called ten demons into him. Nine slithered down his wretched throat. The tenth then squatted on his head and wrapped its tail around his neck. How could he know how bound he was? He thought himself a righteous Lord. My sense was *he* did not exist and that My death would not be quick.



The Means...

His sense of will was not his own. He never meant to *use* the Book, nor hold It in his hands again. 'Twas clear: he was afraid of It. That hardly stopped the Sesavah. Indeed, it only used his fear to force him into doing what the fiends within him wanted done.

"Viliho! Get the Book. Get It!"

He fumbled for It in the dark. His whimper turned into a scream as It was found but quickly dropped.

The Chosen whipped a look at Me, then at his henchman, staring back. They both were terror stricken since Viliho seemed out of his mind.

The demons in him shrieked and cawed, "Fool! Pick It up, show It to him!"

Once done, his superstitious mind imagined what Its powers were.

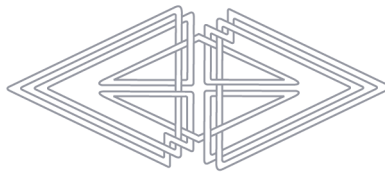
Unnerved, he dreaded holding It when suddenly the Sesavah loomed over Us and roared at him, “Find out what It doth mean...or die!”

As if awakened from a dream, he blinked and held It up at once demanding, when he opened It, “Tell me! What do these pages mean?”

I gasped. Through Them was My way out. Since every Symbol in the Book is every One a portal Home, the Book was where It had to be.

I called to Mukti through My thoughts, “Farewell, Dear Friend, My task is done.”

As I expelled My final breath said He, “A fond farewell, My Prince.”



The Impossible...

Mine essence dived into the Book. What followed was the flash of Light. It shattered, momentarily, the darkness of that gruesome place.

Viliho was oblivious of what had just changed everything: I had escaped, had cheated him by more than fainting, I had died.

‘Twas his own sense of wretchedness that ne’er allowed him to believe in anything miraculous. And so he barely saw the Light. At least not like the Chosen did, his henchman, dogs and demons did. Oh, no! He only saw Me fall and jeeringly expressed, “How quaint.”

Still unaware that I was dead, Viliho ordered Me revived. His trembling henchman nearest Me attempted the impossible.

By then, I was already Home, where from the Great Hall of Events, My Loved Ones and I could observe all that was yet to manifest.

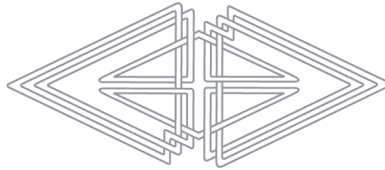
Viliho growled impatiently, “He’s faking. Get him up at once.”

To which his servant cried, “But, Sire, forgiveth me, but I can not.”

Those words inflamed Viliho’s ire to which these frantically were dared,
“He’s dead, my Lord. Somehow he’s died.”

Viliho screeched, “Then thou shalt die!”

When stuffed the Book inside his coat, he stalked his knave, as would a cat.
Then suddenly, from just behind, the Chosen yelled, “No more, vile beast!”



A Test of Wills...

Viliho, crazed beyond control, had stopped, then lunged to seize his prey, who screamed as he was being drug back to the horrifying pit. The dogs were scratching at its side, were howling woefully for more as Lord Viliho taunted them by showing them his captured rat.

The demons in Viliho sneered, spoke to the Chosen through their slave,
“The dolt! He’s useless, as art thou.”

The Chosen lashed back, “I think not.”

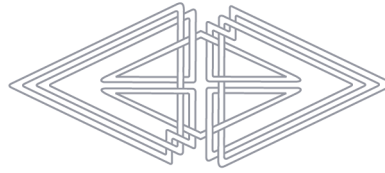
A quickening shot through his blood as he commenced to twirl the chain. Its links cut whistles through the air as he demanded, “Let him live.”

Viliho knew he was no match for his chain-wielding henchman’s might, but chose to even up his odds: gibed, “*I think not,*” and fed his dogs.

His demons relished every scream. They did not care who lived or not. To them it all was just a game, a test of wills they loved to play.

This contest they would simply watch. They would not help Viliho win. Why not? They were annoyed with him, blamed *him* for Mine untimely “death.” This was, of course, an irony: ‘twas *they* what forced him to obey, to do *their*

bidding, and for that they would—for spite—abandon him.



To the Death...

The Chosen felt his stomach lurch and wondered how it was that he felt such remorse for three lives lost when he had watched so many die. He wrestled with some inner sense that had him questioning his life: his faithful service to a man who thought more of his dogs than him...and they were starving, painfully, which he experienced as well. It wasn't food for which he craved but answers locked within himself. What had he witnessed in Darluse? Whate'er it was had made him change enough to find himself at odds with someone very dangerous.

Viliho shook the Book at him and screamed, "Thou darest insolence? This can, if thrown, destroy by fire and make a human torch of thee."

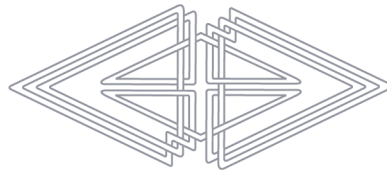
That said, the Chosen knew full well he'd struck Viliho's hornets' nest. There'd be no sparing being stung. He had been challenged to the death.

There was no way for him to know: Viliho's taunt was based upon a power he misunderstood that had destroyed My sheltery. So, following what had commenced, he loosed his whirling, whistling chain.

Its flying lengths and all four hooks caught Lord Viliho by surprise. One length wrapped 'round his neck, hooked shut, the others wound around his chest. As his prized hooks dug into him, he staggered back, tripped over Me...that is, o'er what I'd left behind, which jarred his grip upon the Book.

Instinctively he grabbed for It on Its way down into the pit. 'Twas floating just beyond his reach when suddenly, the chain ran out—as did his life and time on Earth—with one quick jerk that snapped his neck.

His demons cackled their disdain then threw him into astral chains. As he left screaming in their charge, his hanging corpse swung peacefully.



The Enigmatic Book...

Down deeper in that ghastly hole, the Book was floating into place and dogs were whining nervously, yipped on and off and on, then stopped.

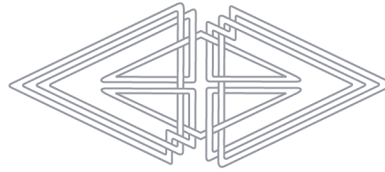
The morning's pandemonium had settled into quietude. The only sound perceptible was but a low-pitched subtle hum. It emanated from the Book, which rested on a pile of bones: all that remained of victims past including those who had just died.

One of the dogs commenced to howl its soulful, prolonged song of woe, when—suddenly—soft rays of Light enveloped it in mercy's care. As—one by one—each animal was filled with Light from inside out, it wagged its tail, barked playfully, then slowly faded out of view.

Such wonderment would not be known until discovered in this writ. Not even he, the Chosen one, was meant to *know* what had occurred. It would remain a mystery along with all that followed next.

The low-pitched hum intensified, sent forth great waves of rolling sound. Its source, the enigmatic Book, exploded forth bright flaming rays that vaporized, fair instantly, the sad remains within the pit.

But that was not the end of it. The Book would lay Itself to rest and in so doing lay to waste Viliho's legacy of pain.



Dark with Matter...

A rumble growled down in the pit, first caused its walls of dirt to cave, then spread up through the shaking ground erupting in consuming fire.

The Chosen sprinted to the door but seeing it engulfed in flame was inexplicably propelled into a corner glowing blue. He didn't know, but he had dived into the arms of Muktilo, Who kept him safe beneath His shield whilst all around Them chaos raged.

Viliho's lair commenced to groan. Its timbers crackled as they charred. The crooked walls of jagged rocks grew hot, exploded with a crash.

The Chosen, fearing death was nigh, protested fiercely for his life by screaming through the awful din, "No, no! Not yet. I must know why."

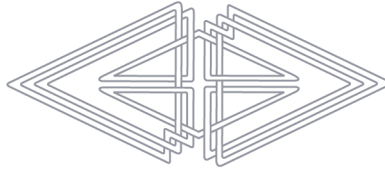
"And so thou shalt," soothed Muktilo, still guarding him invisibly, as chunks of falling, sharp debris fell close but spared him any harm.

As soon as everything was downed, the din fell silent—save the hum—then "everything" commenced to stir, to circle 'round him to his left. With every turn, it picked up speed, was dark with matter mixed with wind; did roar, as would a captured beast, as did those fiends sucked into it.

The Chosen dared to feast his eyes, was thrown beyond his means to cope, did find himself, though still unscathed, inside a funnel wide and high. He fainted into Mukti's arms Who whispered this encouragement, "I have thee, child, and shall remain 'til thou art ready to believe thou art the first—the Chosen one—charged by the Infinite's pure Love, to shift the tide toward conscious thought by routing out thine ignorance."

The funnel turned itself to naught. Its matter simply disappeared. Viliho's holdings were erased, all but four horses grazing free.

The Chosen staggered to his feet, was stunned by all he didn't see, then heard, "Go home and take the steeds. Fear not, he shan't be coming back."



My Blessed Destiny...

Meanwhile, deep down within the Earth, the "Book of Symbols" ceased Its hum, would be forgotten down through time except for one: the Sesavah.

It thinks it owns It, having It; dares not to let It out of sight; would never dream it has been tricked: to watch and keep It safely lost until one's fate, aligned with Mine, will stir to find It doth exist.

That said, My task—indeed—is done except to pen these last few lines.

Oh, I have seen My Destiny. It yields far more outcomes than Mine. I take it on quite willingly so ye may know of Mother Earth, of the Society of Folk, of all that These would share with ye; though saved within this sacred writ, 'twill come to naught unless I go.

My blessed Destiny, it comes. 'Tis nigh for Me to choose at will: to leave directly this same hour, or not until a better one. What better one is there than this, now that I am content to leave since I have finished this pure writ down to its final period?

That said, I choose: this is the hour wherein I shall return to Earth.

My Love to thee, dear one. Fare well.

So as it was, so shall it be.

Amen.