

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE SPHERES

An Ascension Fable



By

David and Yvonne Brittain

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Preface

We have written this light-hearted fable in the hope that our readers' enjoyment may equal or surpass our own enjoyment gained whilst we wrote it. To learn should be fun for folks of any age group. We should never be too young, or too old, or too fixed to learn something new. Or to learn new ways to regard things that we thought we already knew. We the authors feel that our experience of life is similar to that of most people. Our conscious intake of spiritual knowledge ended in our teen years. It was then replaced as irrelevant to our youthful pursuits of education, career, and pleasure. Only many years later did circumstances give us the time and the reasons to truly comprehend what was missing from our lives. What we had missed was the ongoing relevance to our lives, of logical, common sense spiritual knowledge. It is for this reason that we have placed in their late teens the two heroines of our fable.

Most human beings seem to always take life much too seriously. In a beautiful, bountiful world such as Planet Earth, surely our lives should be full of child-like, eager curiosity and joy about our present and our future? Instead everyone around us in our familiar world appears to face his or her life, today, with caution. They mostly face their tomorrows, with uncertainty or trepidation.

Each of us is born into this safe but negative approach to life. It appears to be integral to our familiar world and so just like our beloved and trusted elders did before us we conform. We then lovingly teach our children to conform to this same approach. For each new generation it becomes the unconscious, elder-approved approach to life. Unfortunately it also becomes our own life-long unconscious approach to what we have been taught by our respected elders to regard as death.

We have deliberately used the word 'unconscious' to lay stress upon the insidious way in which negativity enters our lives and then rules our thought processes. The main by-product of negativity is the misuse of fear. Kept in its correct place fear is positive in that it compels the one who feels fear to do something about it, for example, to quickly remove self from the cause of fear, or to courageously face and remove the cause of fear. Either way the fear has achieved something positive for the one who at that time felt fear.

Fear only becomes negative when it is felt continuously even when there is no definite reason or cause to fear. When we allow fear to rule our thoughts fear then takes on different forms. These may range from the adult ongoing dread of nuclear war, to the ongoing doubt of self, felt by a nervous, inexperienced adolescent. From birth onwards always by example we are taught to judge, to judge each person as better or worse than us. When we do this we really devalue ourselves because we have failed to comprehend the priceless, incomparable uniqueness of ourselves and of every individual human being without exception. So no matter where you are or who you are or what you or others think of you, our fable will show you that you truly are unique. It will also show you why you were created and the ultimate destination and purpose for your existence. Not as an insignificant part of a crowd, but as unique and special YOU!

Chapter One. The French Connection

With no bridge, how would they cross the river? The Luc sur Aude road-sign pointed directly at the River Aude that flows alongside the main road. As they passed the road-sign, the girls realised that it actually pointed to a hidden slip road, not the river. By now, very little could make the girls nervous after their bumpy flight from Gatwick, England, to Toulouse airport in France.

Their arrival was greeted with hugs of welcome from Grand Yvonne and Granddad Dave. The tiny French car -- like the girls, also in its late teenage years -- bulged with the four of them and the girls' luggage.

Soon they were headed away from the airport with Granddad at the wheel. He frequently and disconcertingly paid little attention to what other nearby hurried traffic was doing at that moment. But this only slightly marred their enjoyment of his enthusiastic descriptions of France and the French people of Languedoc-Roussillon.

Their nerves had somewhat relaxed after they had left the high-speed motorway at the beautiful, medieval, walled city of Carcassonne. There, they headed south on a lesser main road. This road was shaded from the hot July sunshine for kilometre after kilometre by tall, majestic Plane trees. These were planted at regular intervals on both sides of the road. It was like a drive through an endless Gothic cathedral filled with green light. The road took them past several very old, stone-built villages each separated by fields of grapevines. The vines appeared to march in strictly regimented lines into the distance and beyond the horizon.

The girls realised that they were now deep in wine producing country and each village proudly advertised its own version of the French national product. Soon they had approached and then passed through the small town of Limoux. Granddad explained that Limoux is, and always has been, a staging post for travellers between Carcassonne to the north and the Pyrenees Mountains to the south, also, to the Mediterranean Sea just a few miles away to the east. Limoux is also a market town. As they followed the traffic along the busy main road, they noticed several hotels, shops and cafes. The cafes had tables to the edge of the pavement, or sidewalk, each crowded with people. All enjoyed their food, wine and lively conversations while shaded from the hot sunshine by gaily-coloured parasols.

Granddad aimed the ancient car into the narrowing gap between a line of parked cars and a colossal timber haulage vehicle. As they squeezed through the gap, they saw an open space alongside the road. There, shaded by ancient chestnut trees, a crowd of men, young and old, with lots of laughter and friendly argument played the national game, Boules.

Beyond the outskirts of Limoux, the countryside ahead looked far more rugged and steep. Grand Yvonne explained that they were about to enter the eastern foothills of the Pyrenees. Now, between the steep slopes of tree-covered hills, the road closely followed the sinuous route of the River Aude. Below the road the river twisted and turned, tumbled and curved its way along its shallow, rock-strewn bed.

Next they passed the ancient, fortified village of Alet les Bains and caught a glimpse of its ruined abbey.

In many places the road had been blasted and carved out of the living rock to be able to follow the river. There, high cliffs of pink or grey rock loomed above them on their left while, on their right, a sheer drop to the river.

As the old car safely crossed the main road at Luc sur Aude junction, the girls noticed a picnic area, a nougat factory and a restaurant. The car then climbed the road that led to the tiny rural village of Luc sur Aude.

To the left, fields of green grapevines clung to the high, steep slopes of a mount named Peche de Luc. To the right, more vines sloped away down to the nearby stream. The stream drained from the valley into the River Aude. The road led them along the floor of a long, rising valley. Ahead, they could see where nestled the cluster of stone cottages, maisons, and the stone church of the tiny, high village. Beyond the village the valley continued to climb, penned in by the tree-clad, rounded ridges several hundred feet high.

Even up there, made tiny by height and distance, more vineyards that resembled a patchwork of green stitches amid the rocky, wild terrain. They drove passed a tiny cemetery, a school for infants, and the Mairie, that proudly displayed its French tri-coloured flag. They entered the narrow high street of Luc sur Aude. This led between two and three storied cottages to the Plaz, a tiny community square. There, leafy chestnut trees shaded benches where some of the village pensioners relaxed to chat before they retired for their evening meal. They recognised Grand and Granddad, and they all waved as the car turned left off the Plaz to climb Rue de Angles. The girls had arrived. Chez Brittain, Rue de Angles, was aptly named because no room in the ancient maison made any pretence of being square.

These rooms left visitors with the odd sensation that their eyes played tricks upon them. The exterior of the three-storied maison had a vaguely ancient Egyptian look about it and was built into the side of a hill. Its front door faced the Plaz and led through a studio-workshop to a cellar dug out of the hillside rock. Polished wooden stairs led up to the tiny living room and kitchen. More stairs led up to two bedrooms with low-ceilings.

Normally quiet and peaceful, this all changed as the Grands and the girls unloaded the car and entered the back door into the kitchen. Quickly, Chez Brittain was filled with suitcases, hold-alls, coats and laughter. Then, whilst Grand Yvonne took the girls on the grand tour of the rooms, Granddad made the tea.

Both in their late-teens, granddaughter Danielle and great-niece Emma had looked forward to their holiday in France. The girls were pleased when the Grands suggested that they all use first names now they were young ladies and no longer children. Later, David called up to them, "Are you ready, Ladies?"

"We are on our way", they replied.

They had been upstairs to settle into their room, and shared much hilarity with Yvonne over its size and shape. Now they descended the stairs and looked very elegant and in their cool, summer garments.

"To where will you take us?" Emma asked.

Yvonne replied, "As a treat we will take you out for an evening meal at La Pierre Lys. It is a good restaurant, just a few miles from here at a small town named Quillan." The beautifully prepared food was served in a typically French, friendly, comfortable atmosphere. Coupled with the rich red wine of the district, this soon dispelled for Emma and Danielle any shyness. Both had talked of their lives in England.

The last time the two girls had met each other was as young children at the wedding of David and Yvonne several years previously. Since then, their families had lost touch. Both girls were around 19 years of age. Recently, they had begun to write to each other and so, when they met again to fly to France, they felt less like strangers to each other. Also they discovered they had similar interests and shared a similar sense of humour.

David, in his letters to them, had often mentioned the strange history of this mysterious area of France, and so the girls had many questions to ask. To answer them, David described a drama that was both political and religious. The drama began in Jerusalem nearly two thousand years ago when the Roman Empire was at the height of its power. At that time, the Jewish nation existed under the cruel yoke of Roman domination, as did many countries, most of Europe and part of France included.

Rome had many religions but only permitted those to exist that taught their followers that the priests should be the ones to dictate how the followers were to live their lives. To teach them that only the priesthood could talk directly to God. Also that it was the will of God that the people were subservient to their Roman masters. So the followers, the common people had to be obedient to the Romans whilst alive. Also obedient to the priests to have any chance with God after the follower was dead.

They were all taught to believe this from early childhood. Around the same time, Jesus Christ began to teach those same people the very opposite to what the priests taught. Priests and Romans together tried to rule and control the common people of their conquered countries by the use of fear. The fear of life and fear of death, the relief from fear could only be gained through strict obedience to all authority.

Jesus taught those people that God made each one of them for a very special purpose that could not begin until each person had mastered self.

Each person must master their fears, master their tempers, and master their hate, greed and lusts, their grief and apprehensions. In fact it could only begin when each had mastered complete self-control. The reason for this need for self-control and self-mastery was because vast creative powers awaited each human being to enable each to achieve the purpose God had in mind for them.

Jesus taught them not to worry if they failed to learn wisdom, compassion, generosity and love for all creation in their lifetime. They could choose to be born again later with a clean sheet to try again. Jesus taught them that they were not abject sinners and were not born to be slaves because each one, king or slave, was unique and equally very special to the heart of the Creator.

Jesus didn't simply ask people to believe what He told them, He also taught them all how to test the truth inside them by using a technique now known as meditation.

When he or she learnt how to meditate, each person, no matter whom they were, could link in to what is called a greater reality, of which our physical existence is only a tiny part. Imagine if you can the sense of freedom that this gave to the enslaved people. It gave them a pride in life, however harsh their lives. It removed the priest's main weapon, fear of death. For this reason, the priests wanted Jesus dead.

The priesthood feared his popularity with the common people so they accused him of a political instead of a religious crime. This meant that the Romans would punish Jesus. But, to crucify Jesus would not be enough because Jesus and His disciples had already planted the idea of this freedom into the minds of many people. The Romans had to crush the idea wherever anyone tried to spread it. This is why the early Christians were persecuted and sent to their deaths. The main target would have been the family of Jesus, but because they were prosperous they were able to escape to other lands not completely controlled by the Romans.

All of this happened after Jesus, it is said, had ascended, filled with light, in front of many witnesses. The believers who could not escape had a choice. Either they had to give up their beliefs or hide from the Romans and to teach in secret what previously Jesus had openly taught. But those early Christian believers wanted to share the belief with everyone; the Romans included. The only way was to dilute and distort what Jesus originally taught, to make it acceptable to the Romans. Christianity had to merge with other religions of the empire.

Gradually, as time went by, this is what happened, so the method to test the truth with meditation was dropped from the belief. Later also dropped was the part about rebirth or, as it is called, Reincarnation. Reincarnation gives you another chance, or chances, to make the grade. Very soon, Christianity became just like all the other religions that were permitted by the Romans, obedience to the priest, and all the rest of it.

More time passed and then a Caesar was persuaded by his wife to become a Christian. When this happened, the diluted version of Christianity became the official religion of the vast Roman Empire. It became the immensely powerful Church of Rome with many priests sent to teach the diluted word of Jesus in all the conquered lands of the Empire. Later, the Roman Empire was crushed by the Visigoth hordes from the North.

The Holy Roman Church, because it was so widespread, remained more powerful than did the many petty warlords who tried to take pieces of the fallen Roman Empire. This enabled the Church to make or break kings. In this way it controlled the many subjects of the kings. The Church did not intend to lose this power and control over the common people.

But what happened to the family of Jesus? There are many versions as to where they escaped. Some say England, some say India.

We believe the legend that tells us they were brought, in a merchant ship of a relative of Jesus, named Joseph of Aramethia, all the way along the Mediterranean Sea to the south coast of France at Marseilles. That is where the legend comes from.

It goes on to tell us that the family was made very welcome and was treated as nobility, some of them then married into the nobility of that part of France. Together they began a line of kings with the blood of the House of David in their veins. The descendants of these were later known as the red-haired healer kings, or the Merovingian Dynasty of Kings.

The family of Jesus, once safely in France, would have taught the undistorted message of Jesus to all who would listen. Now we move through time to around a thousand years later when, into the same area of France moved another race of people called the Albigeois or the Cathars. The beliefs they brought with them from Bosnia Herzegovina were very similar to those they found here, that had been passed on from generation to generation from the family of Jesus.

With no difficulty, the Cathars made those beliefs their own, with only slight variations. Though the Cathars were tolerant about the religious beliefs of all people, even of those of the Church of Rome, they had no interest in what the priests from Rome taught. The priests objected and complained to the then Pope. All of the countries controlled by the Pope, via the kings that he appointed, had existed for several centuries in the Dark Ages. This was a period of ignorance, helpless poverty, superstition and serfdom. Even some kings could not write their own names. All knowledge of religion and science was kept, and tightly controlled in the hands of the Church of Rome.

The existence of a whole race of people not under the influence and control of Rome could not be tolerated. The Pope could not allow two contradictory versions, of what Jesus had taught, to exist. The Cathar version had to be destroyed. To achieve this, the Pope used his power over his kings. He ordered them all to organise huge armies into a holy crusade against the Cathar heretics. He told them that God would instantly forgive all sins committed on the crusade and all plunder was to be theirs.

The Cathars were hard workers, and they were prosperous, educated people who enjoyed art, music and the quest for knowledge. They had no wish to be fighters, or to conquer any other race or country. The crusaders, sent by the pope, were not interested in a religious war they were envious of the prosperous Cathars and were only interested in destruction and plunder.

The crusade arrived from the north of France and quickly swept southwards through Beziers, Carcassonne, and Toulouse,. Everywhere in their path they destroyed, burned, massacred and plundered. Cathars believers or not, the crusaders didn't care. Gangs of bandits and looters followed in the trail of destruction that had been left by the crusaders.

The Cathar noblemen had built several fortified strongholds and castles on inaccessible crags and mountaintops. They knew that one-day the Pope would persecute them for their beliefs. When the crusade finally swept through the Languedoc, the nobles retreated to these last bastions of the Cathar faith. There they offered sanctuary to the resistance movements that had sprung up to defend the Cathar beliefs. One of these impregnable strongholds to fall was Montsegur, built on a narrow mountaintop nearly 4,000 feet above sea level.

It took the crusaders two years and ten thousand men at least were involved in the siege of Montsegur and its occupants.

After a fortnight's truce, the Cathars had to choose to renounce their faith or to be burnt alive. More than two hundred men and women, teachers of the Cathar faith, refused to recant.

They all perished in the flames at the foot of this sacred mountain at the hands of the Holy Roman Inquisition. For forty years the crusades dragged on but it took the Holy Inquisition, with its cruel, merciless methods, a whole century more to stamp out this forbidden belief. David paused and then said; "I think we have had enough history for tonight."

Yvonne said, "Yes, its rather late and there's a lot to see tomorrow."

Emma replied, " Thank you. I'm glad you told us that very sad, cruel story."

Danielle added, "Yes, it certainly helps us to understand this area. We've had a lovely meal and an evening full of interest, and now we are ready for some sleep."

As they left the restaurant and piled into the car, the warm, dry air seemed to crackle with electricity. The sky was clear and star-filled but, in the mountains nearby, could be heard the rumble of thunder. A quarter of an hour later, they turned off the main route at Luc sur Aude junction. By then it was obvious that the storm was much nearer.

David said, "I know you've had a long day but I would like to show you both a sight that we have only seen once since we arrived in France. We thought it was normal for this area but the local people had never seen it before either. Many storms get trapped between the mountains around here and can be heard all day, but this storm is different, purely electrical with no rain in it."

"We're not that tired," said the girls, "we'd love to see it."

The tiny village was silent, the narrow streets deserted, and every window shuttered. They drove past Chez Brittain, turned left, and then headed quietly up the long, steep hill that took them high above the village.

David stopped the car and said, "This upper road overlooks the length of the valley so we will have a fine view of the sky". Yvonne said, "We believe that this type of storm is caused by the very high concentration of energies in this area but, storm or not, it is worth it to stand up here just to see the stars and the full moon".

As the girls got out of the car, Danielle cried, "Oh, look at that sky, it's beautiful".

Low on the horizon hung a huge, full moon, its size magnified by the angle they viewed it from through the atmosphere. Below, the slopes of the long valley and the sides of the high ridge opposite were a strange contrast of eerie, silver moonlight and long, black, mysterious shadows. The girls turned away from the moon to shield their eyes from its brightness, to gaze up at the deep-blue bowl of the night. The rim of the bowl was the rocky, craggy horizon.

The contents of the bowl, countless trillions of brilliant stars, each one like a priceless diamond that flashed and shimmered as if each star demanded their attention. Suddenly everyone gasped as, high above them, they counted the incandescent tracks of three shooting stars, followed by another three, and another three; seven times three and then they were gone. The nearness of the storm drew their attention to the sky above the few streetlights of Luc sur Aude village far below them.

There, in an otherwise completely clear, starry sky hung a huge solitary cloud. In the still air, it appeared to be stationary as it slowly revolved, but the strangest sight of all was the lightning that surrounded it. The cloud was filled with light that seared the eye. Vivid discharges of lightning were sent to writhe out of the cloud to then loop back into its edges. The storm reminded them of a set piece firework display. In the sudden floods of light, the girls noticed two smaller clouds near the large one. Both clouds were targeted and linked to the larger cloud by a continuous lacework of discharges that crashed and crackled as they lit up the hills for miles around.

Emma said, "What a weird sight, none of the lightning, strikes the ground, it is horizontal and there is no rain". David replied, "It's on the move this way so I think we'd better get home before it arrives over the village".

Yvonne replied, "Yes, I agree. We are rather exposed up here and it's quite late enough".

The streetlights switched off as they entered the village.

"Don't worry, that often happens here during storms, I've got a torch," said Yvonne. "A hot drink and then bed: how does that sound folks?"

All chorused, "Good idea".

Chapter one ends

Chapter Two. The journey begins.

“Good-nights” had been said and now the tiny maison was dark and silent except for the display of pyrotechnics that, as David had joked, Mother Nature had put on for the girls' benefit. The storm had now drifted with its centre right over the village. The fine net fly-screen, that covered the open, floor-level, tiny window, flashed whitely to fill the darkness with reflected light each time the bolts of lightning leapt from cloud to cloud.

As they tossed and turned, the heat of the night was too much. The summer quilt slid to the foot of the ancient double bed as Emma spoke. "Tonight I only had one glass of wine so I'm not drunk. Danielle can you see what I can see on the ceiling?"

Danielle murmured, "Yes, I can. I'm glad you can see it, I thought It was my imagination."

The low ceiling, invisible in the darkness, gradually became covered with a wispy mist that writhed, and softly glowed with golden light. Fascinated, that they watched as the edge of the mist began to revolve anti-clockwise while silently it descended to the floor. The bedroom had disappeared and they were inside the whirly dome of golden mist. For a few rare moments astonishment left the girls speechless. Wide-eyed they gazed as the low dome of mist, its centre spun clockwise, higher and higher, to form itself into a wide vortex. Far above them, the vortex opened out to become a tunnel of golden light that reached up into the night sky. Limplly, they lay on the big old bed, and stared up at the brilliant stars and the storm that raged directly overhead.

Emma gasped, "Where's the ceiling gone?" but, before Danielle could think of a reply, they both heard the same voice in their heads. "Come on, we've been waiting for you."

Emma managed a "Huh?" and Danielle quavered, "Who are you?"

The voice sounded amused as it replied, "I'm so sorry, I always forget that star people lose the memory of their past when they live in the physical universe. My name is Ho-Lee-Gose, it's my job to ensure that all the atoms continue spin in your universe." Emma struggled with the unreality of this conversation, then asked faintly, "Is that a difficult job?" Ho replied, "It would be if atoms were solid but, as they are all made of energy, I can spread myself around and spin them all at the same time. Why did you ask, don't you want to know why I'm here?"

Emma silently asked herself why she had asked, then replied, "Because I'm not greatly into atoms and I thought that you'd know. But, yes, we would like to know why you are here."

"You've both been invited to the Centre of Creation," said Ho, "and it's my job to guide you out of the physical universe. Don't worry, we'll have you back in time for breakfast. Are you ready?" Too bewildered to ask themselves if they even wanted to visit the Centre of Creation, the girls whispered, "What do you want us to do?"

"Do?" Ho replied. "You don't do anything, this time we do it all for you. When you feel the pull go with it, don't resist it. There is no limit to what can be done with thought power except when you use thought power to build doubts."

You can use thought like a car engine, to pull you along, or as brakes, to stop you going anywhere, it's up to you. Just relax and look forward to an enjoyable trip."

With excitement and anticipation, the girls snuggled down on the cosy old bed. As they breathed slowly and quietly, they heard the hoot of an owl in the next garden and, in the distance, a dog barked at the storm. First, in every cell of their bodies they felt a ghostly, wave of acceleration that became a sensation of being pulled. They felt a faint resistance to the upward pull and they were free, slowly to ascend into the tunnel of golden light that stretched away between the stars to infinity.

Now they began to move at the speed of an express lift and, as they looked down, they could see a circle of golden light on the undisturbed roof tiles of Chez Brittain. Suddenly, in the safety of the tunnel, they passed between the blaze of the three storm clouds. The girls clung to each other and nervously gazed around. Vivid, blue-green-tinged white bolts of lightning leapt from cloud to cloud, to form around the girls a triangle. A farewell salute, that quivered, sizzled, and crackled, and dazzled their eyes. Again they felt the ghostly acceleration, then they gazed down at the night-side of a beautiful planet that glowed with a breath-taking blue.

"There it is," Ho said, "your home-planet, Mother Earth. You think of it as home but really it is simply a nursery and classroom for the human race. Once they have all learned their lessons, their real home await them. The idea of this journey tonight is to show you that home. It is not in your solar system or your galaxy or even in the physical universe. The universe, huge though it is, is only a tiny, temporary part of your real home. What do you think of that?" asked Ho.

Emma, completely baffled, replied, "It sounds very nice, I'm sure." Then she muttered to Danielle, "What's he talking about?" Danielle, equally baffled, whispered, "I haven't a clue but I'm sure we're going to find out eventually."

At once their heads were filled with Ho's merry laughter and he said, "Of course you haven't a clue, I wouldn't expect it. All this is new to you. Trust me when I tell you that you are about to travel to the birthplace of what you think of as magic, where a warm welcome awaits you. Have no fear, just enjoy the experience." There was a pause. Then Ho added, "Unless, of course, you prefer it, you don't have to travel backward. Simply think front and you will face the way we are headed."

The girls were helpless with laughter. Fascinated as they watched the Earth rapidly recede. Confused by Ho's talk of real homes and then embarrassed to realise that Ho could read their thoughts, they had forgotten which way they faced. They thought front, and then they faced front. Then their eyes were filled with the glorious panorama of brilliant stars of every hue and colour of the rainbow.

Even as they gazed, they again felt the ghostly acceleration and saw those stars rapidly move towards them. A blur of light and those same stars receded behind them while, ahead of them, the tunnel of light continued. Straight as an arrow, the tunnel blazed a trail in the spaces between yet more and more stars.

For a moment there was an awe-struck silence and then Danielle demanded, "How did you do that, Ho?" Ho asked, "Do what?" Danielle said accusingly, "What do you mean, do what? You read our thoughts."

Ho sounded surprised and said, "Of course I read your thoughts, I read everyone's thoughts, I have no choice that's part of my job."

Emma said, "You told us your job is to make atoms spin, what's that got to do with Telepathy?"

Patently, Ho replied, "Don't you see, your schoolteacher taught you both that atoms are not solid, they are made of energy that spins. The Creator "thinks" that energy to me. My job is to make the energy spin itself into electrons etc. These then combine in different ways to become single atoms of all the different elements and chemicals that make up everything in the physical universe. That everything includes all human brains. If I cease to control the spin even for a moment, all the atoms everywhere would become unravelled and the universe would disappear in that moment. It's a full-time job and I have to be everywhere at once to do it. That includes all the atoms that are used for life to live in. So I overhear all thoughts and, I have to tell you, some of them aren't very pleasant."

There were a few moments of thoughtful silence while the girls recalled some of their own outbursts of temper in the past.

Then Emma said, "If people knew their thoughts are overheard, they would be more careful how and what they think, wouldn't they?"

Ho replied, "They might, but the idea isn't to improve their thoughts just because they know they can be overheard. The idea is to improve them because they want to, because they have realised that it is the best way. That's why it's a classroom and they are their own teachers. If a teacher tells pupils all the answers to the sums, the pupils don't learn how to work the sums out for themselves"

Emma said, "Yes, I suppose that's true, but how can you be everywhere at once?" Ho replied, "That's easy. I'm an energy that has intelligence. If I alter the focus of my intelligence, I can be everywhere and, at the same time, concentrate part of the focus just where you are. It's just a knack, really."

There were far fewer stars ahead of them and the tunnel now pointed their way to the outer darkness of inter-galactic space.

They glanced back at the way they had come and they could see the galaxy, shaped like a huge lens. As it receded into the rapid growth of distance behind them the lens glowed with brilliant light. It was the combined light of countless trillions of stars. Many more stars also made up the arms that spiralled out from the lens as it slowly revolved. In one of those arms, the girls knew, was the Solar system and planet Earth. Ahead of them, total blackness relieved only by the faint, golden glow of the tunnel and a few widely spaced dots of light.

Emma said, "Ah, there are some more stars in the distance." Ho said, "Well, sort of. Those dots are galaxies of stars as big, or bigger, than the one we just left. We will soon reach them and beyond them because, to be able to leave the physical universe our speed must be faster than the speed of the energy at the centres of atoms."

Danielle groaned and said, "Oh dear, I don't intend even to try to work that out. Hey! Why does Emma glow and seem to be transparent?"

Emma exclaimed, "Ho, what has happened to us? Are we radioactive or something?"

Ho laughed and said, "Of course not, what you see now is the real you. What you think of, as your body, on Earth, is not you any more than your bicycle on Earth is you or your coat is you. Your body is simply a garment and a vehicle to use for your physical lifetime on earth. Don't worry, we left your bodies fast asleep on your bed, you will wake up in them tomorrow.

Relieved but thoughtful, the girls travelled in silence for a while. Ahead the tunnel led them towards another huge, luminous galaxy of stars that rapidly filled their vision. Again they accelerated and plunged through its star-packed centre and out of the other side. Ahead, in the black emptiness of deep space, yet another of the dots of light visibly grew larger.

Danielle in a puzzled voice asked, "If you are a kind of energy that is every-where, Ho, and the real me is not my body, why am I still shaped like me? Emma still looks like Emma even though we are not in our bodies, whereas you haven't got a shape that we can see."

They laughed as Ho replied, "Was that a question or a lecture? Listen, I'll try to explain. Your Bible tells you that your Creator, who you think of as God, created you. God hasn't got a bag of tools to make anything or anyone. God has a mind. Just like any playwright or author, anything or anyone created first has to be imagined or visualised in the creator's mind. The Creator doesn't want to create robots or puppets because, even if you own a million puppets, you would still be on your own. All the time you remain in God's mind, you are just like the character in the author's story. Your decisions and actions would really be God's or the author's decisions and imagined actions, not yours.

"What God does want, " continued Ho, "is to create people who are individuals in their own right, who one day, however long it takes, will have the right to regard God, not only as their parent, but also as their friend and equal. To be able to do that, God has to create those people and place them where God does not control their thoughts. Then their choices and actions are their own, not God's. Each person God creates is unique and perfect. God then places them in what we call a free will zone. There they are free to choose what they will do with their uniqueness and perfection. God doesn't tell them why they are there but lets them figure it out for themselves and places me with them to keep an eye on their progress.

"The people live on many planets in the universe, not just on Earth, they are everywhere and so am I. Because I am an invisible energy that holds the very atoms of their bodies and their universe together, they forget that I exist. That is why I have no shape. Really, you two are just like me, an intelligent energy. For your own safety, the power-level of your energy has to be reduced and contained in your body of atoms until, like me you have learned complete self-control. I mean, imagine the effect on atoms, if I lost my temper even for a moment.

Your shapes were moulded first by your parents' energies and then adapted and altered by yours. So when out of your body, you keep to its familiar shape. Does that answer your question, Danielle?"

She grinned, "Yes thank you, but was that an answer or a lecture?" Again they all laughed.

Now there were no more dots of light ahead of them. During Ho's explanation, their continuous acceleration had taken them to the outer-most fringes of the physical universe. Ahead of them, total, unbroken darkness. The tunnel of light now curved gently downwards and now they travelled around instead of away from the universe.

"What does it remind you of, ladies?" Ho asked.

Danielle said, "Well, from this distance, it looks like a huge ball of bright sparks, doesn't it, Emma?"

Emma replied, "Yes, it reminds me of a photo of one of those fireworks that explodes in mid-air."

"Good girl", Ho said, "that's exactly what it is, an explosion that started in the centre. We can leave the universe anywhere but I brought you here to show you that what you thought was permanent really is temporary, an explosion. First you see it, then you don't."

Emma said, "Yes, I think I understand now what you meant when you said that it's only a temporary nursery and classroom."

"That's correct," said Ho. "If we stayed stationary for long enough, the exploding-universe would expand until it reached and passed us. Before the explosion began, the Creator thought energy to me, and I made it curve and wind itself into balls of energy, like balls of wool, countless numbers of them. The energy wound the outer layers first then had to spiral inward. When the energy reached the centre of each ball, it had nowhere to go. But the energy continued to be pushed by the flow of energy behind it. It couldn't stay on that level, so it could only drop into the sub-atomic level. Throughout the newly created sub-atomic level, a flow of tiny sparks of energy appeared, each a double spark that spun around itself, an endless cloud of sparks. Then I used my intelligent energy to control them. I made the sparks combine with each other to form electrons and protons. These together then built up to form the structure of atoms. The flow of energy through the structure is your atomic level.

Next I allowed the force of gravity to draw the whole cloud of atoms in on itself. All the created atoms rapidly pulled each other into one huge ball in the centre of space. There its great mass generated internal heat and pressure that overcame its vast gravity. In a matter of moments, just as I intended, the ball blew up with the result you can see.

So now you know how and why the physical universe was created."

Emma said thoughtfully, "Do you mean that all this vast universe was created simply for life to appear and evolve? At school we were taught that life appeared by accident or by chance"

Ho replied, "All life force shall by it's own efforts eventually evolve aware intelligence, and it was planted by the Creator. Compare the physical universe to a huge field of rich, deep soil that a farmer plants with tiny seeds. One-day the seeds will grow to become beautiful plants. The size of the field isn't relevant to the size and beauty of the plants wanted by the farmer."

They laughed as Danielle groaned, "I think I've got pains in my head again."

Ho replied, "If your head feels twisted now, that's nothing to the next part of our journey. To leave the physical universe, we shall enter the middle of one of those 'ball of wool' energy vortexes that I told you about. Then we will follow the energy all the way from its centre to the outside of the ball onto the next level.

Ahead the tunnel had narrowed down to a tiny point and they now raced into that point in space. As they neared it, from nowhere two balls of brilliant light that rapidly spun around each other suddenly appeared. Then as the pair moved away, from nowhere another pair replaced them. As the second pair moved away to circle the first pair, yet more and more spinning pairs arrived. Emma asked, "What are they, Ho?"

Ho replied, "Those are the pairs of Creator thought energy sparks that, via the astral vortex, arrive in the sub-atomic level from the non-physical levels. It's a continuous process to create atoms and space. It begins on the sub-atomic level that underlies three-dimensional space. You may not have noticed that I had to shrink you both down to enable you to see it. You may feel a bit dizzy in a moment because, when the next pair of sparks arrive, we will enter the threshold and leave this physical level."

Emma joked, "Oh dear, has anyone got an aspirin?"

The next pair of sparks of brilliant energy flickered into existence. In that same moment the girls guided by the tunnel, shot into the empty space contained in the orbit of the sparks. For a timeless moment, both girls felt a sensation that was simultaneously of hugeness and tininess. The physical universe and sub-atomic level had gone, now replaced ahead by a barrier that rippled, shimmered, and flowed. It reminded them of sunlight reflected off the surface of a lake. Where the tunnel touched the barrier, circular waves moved away from the point of contact. Suddenly they plunged through, and now the barrier rippled behind them.

Ho had previously asked them to imagine the very centre of a ball of wool and, in that centre, the very end of the wool that had been wound. Now the need to imagine was gone and here they hovered in that centre, slightly to one side of the barrier.

They were completely surrounded, above and below, by windings, but not of a twisted, inert strand of wool. These were double strands of energy, like beads that stayed in line whilst they whirled around each other. The difference in this ball of wool was that the wool pushed itself along like a train. As the girls watched the end of the strand, the lead pair of orbiting beads, or balls of light, came almost to a halt.

Then, driven on by the strand, the pair still whirled around each other, as they plunged through the barrier to enter the sub-atomic level that the girls had just left.

Ho said, "Now we follow this strand all the way to the outside of the ball. Just like Mum's ball of wool, it is wound in layers, tight in the middle and loosely wound on the outer layers."

Ho paused and then continued, "Your familiar physical universe is built from atoms, and those atoms are built on the sub-atomic level. The sub-atomic level is built on this level we have just entered. There is not just this one ball that we are in. There are countless numbers of these balls above and below and all around us, all with their centres packed closely together throughout the universe. This means that, for each single strand of energy to be able to wind itself to the centre of its ball, it has to continuously weave in and out of the balls that are also being wound that surround it. So all of these balls are tightly enmeshed together."

Emma asked, "Ho, why do you have to make them wind into balls, why not just drop each spinning pair through the barrier?" Ho said, "A very good question. It is to do with the vast difference in power-levels between the physical universe power-level that you live in, and the much higher power-levels of the non-physical levels." Danielle said, "It seems strange to talk about higher power-levels because when we think of non-physical we think of unreal misty things such as ghosts."

Ho laughed and replied, "Ah! But remember your priests teach you that God created everything, and they also teach you that God is non-physical. Logically if you think physical is real, then the energy that creates physical must also be just as real and far more powerful. Now try to imagine the vast amounts of very real energy it took, and continues to take, to create and continuously recreate a physical universe. With a familiar example let me help you to understand why the energy must wind itself into interlocked balls.

If you tried to run your battery-operated little radio off of your house mains-electricity, the current would too high and would damage your radio. Instead you would buy a small transformer to reduce the mains current power-level enough to safely run your radio. If you looked inside the transformer you would see very, very long, fine wires wound into coils that reduce the power of the current in several stages. To power your radio the mains electricity would first have to travel the entire length of the coiled wires. In doing so its power-level would be greatly reduced.

In a way, the windings of the coil of wire would remind you of the windings of a ball of wool, or of the windings of this ball of energy we have now entered. The principle is much the same. First I compel the high power-level flows of energy from the Creator to curve inwards to wind the outer layers of the balls. Then as more energy flows into the outer layers of each ball the energy that wound the outer layers is forced inwards to wind more layers inside the ball.

To wind these inner layers the energy is forced to work against itself as it curves inwards more and more tightly. In this way the energy flow loses more and more of its power-level with each layer that it winds.

The high power-level outer layers of each ball are far wider in diameter than the entire physical universe. But the centre of each ball is the tiny entrance for the reduced power-level energy to enter the sub-atomic level. You may recall that I told you that the centres of all of the balls are packed closely together. I also told you that to achieve that closeness each ball is interwoven into the balls that surround it. This means that the ball we are in also has stages, like the transformer.

We are to travel outwards along the energy flow, instead of inwards, Because of this at each next stage the power level increases. The stages are created where the layers of all the balls intersect.

Ho went on, "When we were in the physical universe, we were in what is called the third dimension. There you saw the Creator's thought energy pairs enter with their power reduced to the very lowest power-level to then combine to become atoms. When we reach the outside of this ball, we will be in the fifth dimension. There everything and everyone exists by using Creator thought energy that has not been reduced in power-level.

Danielle said, "I think I understand about that but where is the fourth dimension, if there is one?"

Ho replied, "We are in it now. Some call it the Astral Vortex or the Astral Levels."

Emma asked, "Do you mean the place where people go when they die?"

Ho replied, "It's the place where all life in physical matter goes when the physical body dies. Really you could say that the classroom we talked about is in two parts. You, the students, move from one part to the other, backwards and forwards.

This continues until you have learned your lessons, sometimes to exist in a physical body, and sometimes without the body, on the astral levels, but always to learn more, wherever you are."

Emma asked, "What are we supposed to learn?"

Ho laughed and replied, "You'll learn all about that in the fifth dimension but, briefly, complete self control and how to exist using unreduced Creator thought energy."

Emma gasped. "Good heavens! Really?"

"Of course," said Ho, "That's what the classroom is for, so that when you are in a physical body you learn a little more about self-control and to care about the feelings of others. Then on the astral each time you would have strengthened yourself to move to a higher energy power-level. Eventually, your progress allows you to re-enter your real home above the fifth dimension. "

All the time they had listened to Ho, the tunnel had followed the same double strand of light-filled beads that whirled over the horizon. It had guided them around and around the ball. Sometimes parallel and sometimes across the previous windings they had already travelled.

Always towards a horizon with a sky of pairs that whirled above them and a floor of pairs that whirled below them and that filled their gaze with brilliant light. Danielle and Emma quickly realised that indeed it did resemble a ball of wool that wound itself from the outside inwards. Ahead, the girls could see a change in the horizon.

Ho explained, " Ahead of us, down through the sky of energy beads, you can see the windings of a nearby ball. To wind itself it has to enter and leave our ball just as we have to enter and leave it for the same reason. You will feel a tiny increase of power level that you will think of as acceleration. For a brief moment, you will pass through a level where very primitive life force exists when it's not able to exist in the physical universe."

Ahead, the vertical windings like bars that blocked their way hurtled towards them. It seemed they must smash into the bars. Suddenly they sped through darkness, broken only by clouds made up from tiny spots of dull yellow light. Then it was gone and then, as before, ahead stretched a vista of light-filled strands of beads.

Ho explained, "The specks of dull light you saw are probably forms of bacteria when they are in the physical state. The specks are the life force that inhabits the bacteria. When the life force evolves above the bacteria level, it will progress into some other more advanced type of body. In this way, it will slowly but surely evolve intelligence. To do this, it will have to evolve all the way up through the animal kingdom. One day as its intelligence blossoms this will allow it to evolve into a human being. But you will see this for yourself as we pass up through the different levels."

Emma said, "I was taught that God created human beings, not that they come from bacteria."

Ho replied, "Oh no, I didn't say that. If you remember earlier, I said that God doesn't have a bag of tools, God uses the power and the energy of thought to create. This is another way to say that God has intelligence and uses it, just as you use it to get things done. Think of it this way. You may have a pet cat, or if you have studied the behaviour of an elephant. Though totally different size to each other, both appear to be far more intelligent than, for example, a cow.

So, in these power-levels that we move through, the life force of the cat or the elephant would have evolved to higher levels than that of the cow. The cow higher than the life force of bacteria, but all, at their own speed of learning, will evolve upwards to the human intelligence level. At that level a human body, designed by the mind of God, would await them. The life force in a cat's physical body can handle the role of a cat but is not yet evolved enough to handle the role of a human being, although one day it will be. Can you understand that now, Emma?"

Emma laughed and said, "Well yes, with a struggle, but this time I think you'd better speak to my vicar."

They all laughed, then turned their attention to the next set of bars that hurtled towards them. Again they were sped through darkness but here the specks of light were a little brighter and moved individually, some hovered like flying insects, others crawled or swam, as they had done previously in their physical bodies.

During their spiral journey through the fourth dimension, the girls were able to glimpse briefly into countless levels of existence. Each glimpse showed them that the life force had progressed, evolved, and increased its power-level a little bit more. Each speck of light was bigger and brighter as it evolved towards intelligence. The ball of light-filled wool that they travelled around was now much larger and the horizon much further away. Now their circular route frequently took them into and out of all of the balls that surrounded their ball. Each large intersection created a level that was a higher energy power-level than the last one.

Danielle said, "Unless I'm mistaken, I think the strings of beads we have followed are much brighter now. Why is that, Ho?"

Ho replied, "Remember that we must travel in the opposite direction to the beads. As the beads of energy pass through each lower stage, they are reduced in power-level. This is just like the mains electric is reduced in stages by your little transformer to run your battery-powered radio. To us, they are brighter because we are to move through the transformer, always towards the point where the mains electric enters it."

Ho added, "Ahead of us lies a very important intersection. You will feel a sudden surge of power as we pass through it. Afterwards, I want you to tell me what you saw."

Emma asked, "Why is it important, Ho?"

Ho replied, "Because it is the astral power level where life force in the universe evolves to the level of human intelligence. Here we go, we are nearly there."

Ahead, from every direction, strings of brilliant beads blazed with light to form a tight gridwork across their route. As they plunged into the blaze of light, the beads merged and became a screen of light that formed itself into the shape of a beautiful woman's face. The woman's eyes were closed and the girls could see that she was asleep. The lovely face was in the centre of a sphere of golden light; its haziness flowed across her features. While they watched, clouds of golden points of light moved outwards away from the sphere's surface. Then the vision was gone and ahead once more the strands of light-filled beads whirled.

Danielle said, "What a beautiful woman, who is she and why does she sleep?"

Ho replied, "You've seen how vast is the universe and I've explained that there is lots of life that evolves in it. Throughout your universe, you have islands of life that try to evolve intelligence, just like on Planet Earth. On your planet you call her Mother Earth but wherever there is an island of life force, there is also the woman who sleeps, to guide it. In other words, the physical universe is the physical body or metabolism of the woman that sleeps "

Emma asked, "But why asleep, Ho?"

Ho replied, "Because she is a very special women from the angelic levels. She volunteered to take on the task to guide life force until it has the intelligence to guide itself.

Until it has that intelligence, it must be guided to know when to sleep when to find food and to eat and when to find a mate to breed with.

Also it must be guided to know when to run for safety or when to stand and fight to protect its young, but it must never know that it is guided. If it did know," Ho continued, "it would never evolve towards individual intelligence. Already humans would want to worship Mother Nature because of her godlike powers and vast intelligence, which all the angels possess.

If you asked Mother Nature, she would describe herself as a servant of the Creator. Because of her vast powers and intelligence, she has to leave her powers outside of the ball of wool vortex and then has more of her power reduced as she follows the energy strand to the centre of the ball. Only when asleep can she guide that life force. If she stayed awake, then the life force would be swamped by her intelligence, as would human intelligence."

Ho went on, "Mother Earth awake would always know the very best way of doing everything. All life force, intelligent or not, would fail to become self-reliant. It would rely upon her to think for it.

Asleep, she works through her dreams to guide life force to and from the astral levels into and out of physical bodies to learn what it can. When the body is too old, ill or badly injured, the life force returns to her in the astral to await for another physical body in which to re-enter physical existence. But always life force learns and evolves. To guide the life force, "Mother Nature sends special energies in her dreams, a very sensitive child would see these energies as fairies and elves. An adult might see the energy, as a blur and they would decide that their eyes played tricks.

These energies would trigger what are called animal instincts. When food was scarce, they would guide a species to have less young ones that year, and so on. The Creator created that life force for a special reason and purpose and then made it a temporary part of that volunteer angel. In a way, all the life force on your planet is part of Mother Nature. When it evolves to the level of individual human intelligence, its relationship with Mother Earth also evolves."

Ho paused and then continued, "You Emma, and you Danielle will be able to understand this because you both are in your teens. For all of your years of childhood, your parents mostly thought for you. Now you wish to think for yourselves. Soon you both will be young women in your own right. You will wish to live a life independent of parental guidance. This is exactly the same as when life force evolves its own individual human intelligence. It can then decide for itself when it will sleep, eat, work or play. Mother Nature still feeds and clothes it but no longer controls or guides it by triggered instincts.

Its intelligence takes over control from the intelligence of Mother Nature. That is the inter-section we just passed and those golden points of light you saw had just evolved their own intelligence. For the first time in their lives, just like when you finally leave your parents and home, the individual, intelligent, humans will realise that they are on their own. What will they do with their newly blossomed intelligence?"

There was silence whilst the girls thought about Mother Nature.

Their speed had increased and now the strand of brilliant beads they followed had blurred into a bar of light that shimmered as it curved away into the distance. The windings were looser now and, between the windings, they could see the shapes of the balls that surrounded them. Also they could now see the intersections of definite layers, or levels, that stretched away into the distance in all directions.

Emma asked, "Ho, are these the astral levels that humans go to?"

Ho replied, "Yes, that's right, Emma. When you have a body and live on earth, it feels quite natural, doesn't it? When you return to the astral level to which you have evolved, that feels just as natural. After your body dies and when you get to your astral level, you realise that your relations at your funeral will see you again one day. All their grief and tears are unnecessary, although they don't realise that at the time."

At last they had reached the outer layer of the huge, light-filled, self-wound ball. The strand they had followed was no longer curved. Now it headed on a straight route away from the ball, as were the strands from all the other balls, all headed in the same direction. But the individual strands were not straight because each strand was tightly filled with many waves along its length and each wavy strand was alive and pulsed with energy.

Ho said, "This is where you must leave me, girls. From here, you journey on alone. You have left your house, your country, your planet and your galaxy. You have left your exploding universe and you have left the third dimension. You have travelled up the energy vortex, fourth dimension, called the astral levels.

Now you have arrived in the fifth dimension, and this, functions on full, unreduced power-level Creator energy. What, with my help, you have done, every human being will do one day when they choose to enter this dimension. When they do, we'll hold a great, big party to celebrate. You will love it where you are going and won't want to leave but remember you both have your lives to live and many people on Earth who love you. For their sakes, you must return because one day they each will make this journey alone. But, before they do, you will be able to help them face it without fear. You must journey on now until your speed of existence matches the speed of the Sphere of the Youngest Angels."

Danielle said, "I wish you were coming with us, it all looks rather lonely out there."

Ho laughed and replied, "You don't have to worry, you won't be lonely, Danielle. You can see that we don't use rocket ships up here; we travel on a carrier wave that reaches from our Creator to everything created. It sounds difficult to understand but really it's very simple. The Creator deeply loves every creation and this includes you two. Every creation was created to be loved and to learn how to love. The carrier wave is rather like a two-way radio a direct link to each of you. It is a mixture of thought power and love. These two together cannot ever be broken. They are stronger than anything else is that you could possibly imagine.

Try to remember now, and also when you return to your busy Earth life. Even in the darkest, most frightful place and when you are most afraid, this linkage is always there with you. You are still loved and never alone. Enjoy yourselves, goodbye for now."

Chapter two ends

Chapter Three. The Sphere of the Youngest Angels

Before the girls could say goodbye, Ho's voice had faded and alone they hurtled outwards. With a glance behind them, they were able to see exactly what Ho had described; a huge cluster of self-wound balls of energy tightly packed and enmeshed. These seemed to grow smaller as the girls travelled away from them. From all directions, strands of Creator energy flowed into the whole glowing, whirling mass.

Emma said, "Look at that, Danielle. It all seemed so huge before we left it but up here it looks quite small." Danielle replied, "You're right and at the very centre of it is the whole physical universe. It makes you wonder just how big the Creator is, doesn't it?"

Between the wavy strands of energy, their now familiar tunnel of light pointed their direction. They journeyed on for a while in silence, and felt reassured by Ho's description of their carrier waves. They were too fascinated to feel lonely; soon they would meet real angels. Their speed now was so great that the wavy strands that surrounded them had become a blur of light, they had no sensation of time or distance, their only point of reference, the long, square tunnel of light, but even this changed, to grow wider and higher.

Emma said, "Danielle, I do feel strange, I feel as if I travel forwards and backwards, up and down and to both sides all at the same time." Danielle replied, "I'm glad you do, now I know it's not just me that feels it. But what's that sound? Can you hear it?"

The girls heard them before they saw them, faintly at first, such lovely sounds. Not exactly music, more like musical voices they could hear in their thoughts, and then, ahead of them, such a glorious blaze of light. A sphere that was just like a huge bubble of light that didn't dazzle, for all of its brightness. As they sped towards it, they could see into the transparent sphere and noticed that, inside was another sphere and, inside that, another and yet another. There were several spheres and, in the very centre, was a huge, rainbow-coloured sun, the colours always moved and beamed outwards in all directions.

Their field of vision was suddenly filled with the crystal-clear, curved wall of the outer bubble. A slight crackle of ghostly energy and then they were inside. Their eyes looked everywhere, their heads filled with the musical voices. Above, below, and all around them, they could see that people moved about, all busily made sounds, some by themselves, some in groups, but they all made time to wave cheerily to the girls.

They heard their names called and, as they turned, they saw a woman who flew down to join them. Like Emma and Danielle, her body glowed. They could see right through her, and her glow was brilliant, like a ball-gown made of beautiful shimmery light. The woman looked like a queen but a kindly queen with a lovely smile. She looked so pleased to see them that they forgot to feel awkward. Quickly, after she joyfully hugged them both, they all laughed and talked to each other as if they had always known her.

"This is the Sphere of the Youngest Angels and I am your guide to the next sphere. My name is Erania and if you have any questions, I will be delighted to try to answer them."

Emma said, "I have a question. If you are all angels here, why haven't you got wings?" Erania laughed and said, "Yes, we are all angels but really we are no different to you. What we are now, you will be one day when you have learned how. The idea that angels must have wings greatly amuses us. It all began hundreds of years ago on Earth at the place called Rome in the country called Italy. There, some very rich men built a huge church for a man who they thought should be the most important priest or vicar in the world. He was called the Pope and he was placed in charge of all the other priests in the world who had to teach people about God. The Pope was expected to know more about the Bible than any one else and to always be able to answer any priest's questions. Popes are just like everyone else. They have lots of other things to do that sometimes make them neglect their Bible study.

Busy though this pope was, he was still expected to know the answers. He called his cleverest priests and told them to find the answers for him. He said, "The first question they always ask me is if I am Pope and I cannot fly how are angels able to fly? The second question: How many angels can stand on the head of a pin? It took the clever priests a long time because they had never seen an angel and they knew nothing about the mechanics of flight. Finally, they decided that as birds can fly and have feathery wings, it must be the same for angels. This is why all the churches have paintings and statues of angels with birdlike wings. The truth is that we float on our own carrier wave just like you are able to whilst you are away from your physical body."

Danielle asked, "What about the Pope's second question?" Erania shook her head doubtfully, and replied, "Oh, the last I heard they are still at work upon that one."

Both girls eyed Erania with suspicion until Erania grinned impishly. Then they realised that it was her joke, and together they all laughed. Then Emma asked why the other angels made those beautiful sounds and Danielle added, "Everyone on Earth is amused to think that angels play harps. Do they?"

Erania laughed and said, "No, they don't play harps and they do not try to make music in the way you think of it. What we use, in this sphere, is vibration to help things to happen. What you hear in your head is the thought sound the vibrations make as they do their work.

Danielle said "I don't understand what you mean, Erania."

The angel smiled and replied "It is rather complicated but I'll try to make it simple. At school, your science teachers taught you that everything is made up of countless millions of atoms. Your bodies, a whale, a rock, a planet, a star, all made up of atoms. Ho has shown you that atoms are not solid, they are simply energy that Ho controls to form those atoms. Atoms would just aimlessly drift around like clouds of dust. We know that to form all those things I listed, they don't just drift around, each atom remains exactly where it is supposed to be. The atoms are kept in position by the use of vibration, or "thought sound". At the girls blank expressions, Erania laughed and said "Look, let me show you in a very simple way. Erania led them to a violin that had just blinked into existence.

With its strings uppermost, it hung unsupported. Emma and Danielle walked round it, and tried to work out what supported it. Before they could ask Erania, a violin bow appeared above it and began to play a beautiful melody.

When the melody ended, Erania said, "You would think of it as music but also it is a series of vibration. With this violin, I will show you how vibrations control atoms, watch the violin. Suddenly, a small, square, flat metal plate gleamed as it appeared under the strings. Erania sprinkled an even layer of white dust on the plate, and said, "The bow will play a series of long, single notes. Watch the dust as each note is played."

The bow gently touched the strings, then played a long, single note. As they listened, they saw the dust quiver on the plate and then a pattern formed itself in the dust. As the note ended and a different note sounded, the pattern changed. With each different note, a different pattern was formed.

Emma said, "I think I understand now. All the angels use different vibrations to make different patterns with the atoms, and to make the atoms remain in the correct positions." Erania looked pleased and said, "You've got the idea, but also now you know why everyone is different. We always use a different set of vibrations for each person, each tree, each fish, each planet, and so on." With a wave of her hand, the violin and bow flickered and was gone. "That is where all the confusion came in about if angels play harps," Erania told the girls. Then she added, "Ah, here we are, nearly at the Sphere of the Soul Colours."

Danielle said, "Good heavens, we've travelled all of the time we've talked together."

Ahead of them, now very close, the iridescent wall of the next sphere shimmered. The lovely angel hugged the girls again and said, "It has been great fun to talk to you, Danielle, and to you, Emma, but now I must leave you to journey on alone. I shall fade from your sight as you speed up. To you, it will seem as if you have travelled great distances when really you haven't moved at all. It is your speed of existence that accelerates as the energy that you are made of moves faster inside you. It will speed up until you reach the fastest speed of existence. This is at the Creator's level, at the centre. Don't worry, it will always feel quite natural to you."

The girls' new friend, in all of her gorgeous colours, gaily waved and smiled, then faded away just as they plunged through into the next sphere.

Chapter three ends.

Chapter Four. The Sphere of the Soul Colours

Emma and Danielle shot through the beautiful colours of the sphere wall and, to their disappointment; it was empty not a soul in sight. They could feel themselves as they speeded up. Faster and faster they flew, then they knew what Erania had meant when she explained about acceleration. The emptiness all around them was gradually filled with a very faint glow of people, thousands of them. At first, the girls could only see their pale outlines but the faster the girls flew, the brighter the people glowed.

All around them, angels talked and laughed as they all worked together. Because of their speed, it was difficult to see what the angels were all doing, but they seemed to work with coloured light.

A group of angels that they passed fascinated Emma. "Look at that, Danielle, what do you think they're doing?" Danielle replied, "I don't know, maybe someone will tell us."

The group of angels stood around the edges of a huge whirlpool, not of water but of white light that whirled. Each angel held a ball of coloured light that shimmered and pulsed, each a different colour. One angel knelt and closely watched the whirlpool. When he pointed to one or more of the angels, from the globe each one held a beam of light of that colour blazed from the globe into the pool. Instantly the swirl of white light was filled with the colour or colours. It all looked so beautiful and strange, then the girls had left the sight behind them.

Ahead of them, in the distance, they could see a man who waved to them as he waited for them to reach him. Danielle whispered to Emma, "He looks a bit of a mess, Emma. His nice, white glow is splashed with different coloured paints" Emma replied, "Maybe he is an artist, but don't say anything, we mustn't hurt his feelings."

When they reached him, they realised it wasn't paint splashed on him. It was gorgeous coloured lights, all different and that whirled and spun deep inside him. Inside his head whirled two of these colours and, where they touched, they mixed and made a third colour that also whirled.

Yet more colours whirled inside his body. Both girls felt quite dizzy as they looked at them but also the colours reminded them of the whirlpool they had just passed. The man gave them a great, big smile and said, "Hello, girls. My name is Joseph. They told me you are to journey to the centre and said that I may guide you as far as the next sphere."

Emma and Danielle said, "Hello, Joseph. How do you do?" They didn't feel at all shy because he was such a happy, relaxed man; he made them feel happy and relaxed as well. Danielle asked what the whirlpool of light was for and what the angels around it were doing.

Joseph replied, "That is one of millions of whirlpools all over this sphere and it is called a "Soul Vortex". Each vortex is linked to a soul and is tended by a similar group of angels.

I should explain that there are countless millions of souls, all either exist in physical bodies or exist on the astral levels between physical lives. They live on planets of different shapes and sizes and they eat and drink whatever their planet provides. Often they may look rather different to Earth's mankind whose own races have many differences. This is just on one planet, but if you look deep into the body, each soul is the same. A blend and mixture created from the Creator's imagination. "What makes each soul so very different and unique is the way the Creator chooses to blend each soul.

The first thing you must learn is to never confuse the beauty of the soul with the state or shape of the body that the soul wears at the time. On Earth, for example, this is why people of your grandfather 's age look so old. His body was once young, strong and upright just like yours.

But to remain upright from childhood to old age his body has since birth had to fight the force of gravity that has always pulled at his muscles and joints,. This is a fight that every body loses in the end. Then the soul is glad to have a rest for a while, on the astral levels, until it is time to try again."

Emma asked, "Are they very different shapes on other planets, Joseph?"

Joseph said, "Oh yes, Emma. I even know of one planet that has no land, it is entirely covered by ocean. The souls there exist in bodies very similar to those beautiful dolphins that swim in the blue-green oceans of Planet Earth."

"How lovely," they cried. "We adore dolphins."

"So you should," Joseph replied. "The dolphins always long to be the friends of men because they dearly love mankind. When men forget to believe in their Creator because they are too busy, it saddens the dolphins. Dolphins deeply love their Creator and they know that the human race has lost so much love because they often forget who created them."

" Does that mean the Creator no longer loves mankind?" Emma asked. The unfamiliar thought somehow appalled her.

"No, no," explained Joseph. "Never think that. The Creator loves every single one of those souls we have talked about and with a very special love for mankind on earth, a very special planet. Your Creator is made of love and so, for the Creator to think is to love. But it is one thing to give love and quite a different thing to accept love, isn't it, girls?"

Danielle looked puzzled, and Emma said, "I'm not quite sure what you mean."

Joseph replied, "If someone deeply loves you but you refuse to speak to them or even believe they exist, then you, not they, have shut off that flow of love. The Creator made you all to love and be loved, but not like puppets or robots. The Creator gave you free will to choose to love or not. The word soul is simply a name for what each person thinks of as "me". Emma doesn't think of herself as a soul or as Emma, she thinks of herself as "me". The same applies for you, Danielle.

Me is the part of your intelligence we call the focus. It is the focus that chooses to make choices, to love and be loved, or not. When the “me” remembers and loves the Creator, the Creator can and does fill the “me” to overflow with love. Then, because “me” loves the Creator, “me” wants to share that love with other “me's”.

Each “me” may then pour love on to other people who need it. As “me” empties of love, the Creator refills “me”, so “me” is always filled with fresh love no matter how much is poured on to others. If “me” forgets the Creator, it is as if ‘me’ put a lid onto a jar. No love can be poured on to others, no fresh love can be poured into the jar, the unused love in the jar turns sour and then dries up.

But the Creator will patiently wait, and knows that one day mankind will realise that busy-ness is silliness, just like a silly dream. Then each human will wake up and remove the lid from his or her jar. But no more sadness." Joseph roared with laughter at their serious faces, and they laughed with him.

Then Danielle asked, "I remember that I read about a Joseph of the Coat of Many Colours, in my Bible."

Joseph looked pleased and said, "Yes, that was me when I lived on Earth, long before the Bible was written. It wasn't a coat; it was all the colours that you can see inside me. I had a physical body then just like you have, and I lived with my parents and lots of elder brothers. Ordinary people could not see the colours through my flesh but one day a very wise old man visited us. He had a very special gift: his eyes could see into the depths of all men's souls to see if they were good or bad. When he looked into my soul, he saw all the colours that you can see inside me now. He knew then that I had the same special gift as him.

"The old man was delighted and told my family what he had seen. Secretly this worried my brothers who tended to be rather wicked and who had thought they could hide their wickedness. As you know, they hid me in a deep hole where the men of Pharaoh, the Ruler of Egypt, found me. Later, I was able to tell Pharaoh what his dreams meant. You both know the rest of the story. "The man who wrote about me in the Bible, many, many years later, did not have my gift so had never seen soul colours. He thought I had a coat of many colours."

Emma thanked Joseph for telling them his story, and he replied, "You are welcome. I love stories, but soon I will have to leave you so, if you would like me to, I will explain about the soul vortex."

The girls replied, "Yes, please do. We mustn't leave before you tell us about that."

"All right then," Joseph said. "Ho has explained how energies are controlled to create atoms, and Erania has shown you how vibrations are used to control and guide those atoms into their appointed places. In this sphere, we don't work with atoms we work with souls. A tiny bit of the Creator's mind is used in the creation of each “me”. For the sake of example, we could pretend that each “me” is like a small cloud of sparkly, magical dust. The Creator then plays a different magical melody of vibrations for every “me” ever created.

The magical powder dances to the melody and forms patterns of the melody's vibrations just like the dust on the violin plate. Each melody is different, so each soul is different, but all are made from the same magical dust. The soul is the real you, not your body that gets tired, not your mind that gets angry, bored, jealous, frightened or happy, as depends upon its mood. The soul is the part you mean when you say "Me". "Me" can stand back and look into "Me's" own mind.

When it feels anger at someone, it can think, " I am angry but I still love this person." The Creator will continue to play your special melody for ever if necessary, but the whole idea really is for each "me" to learn how to play that melody for itself." Joseph paused and said, "I try not to be tedious. Have you both understood so far, girls?" They replied, "You're not, and we have. Do go on." Joseph smiled and nodded. "The next part is more difficult to understand, but I'll try to keep it simple

Every creation is made of love, from the Creator's mind, but love is made up from several parts and each part must be in perfect balance with all the other parts. Just like when you make a perfect cake, all the ingredients must balance or the cake is not perfect. The parts of love are qualities, like generosity, wisdom, compassion, kindness, and to long to bring joy and understanding into the lives of other people.

The love that the Creator pours into your jar has all these qualities in perfect balance. But the lid of your jar, though not completely closed, sometimes prevents the overflow of some of these qualities on to other people. The result is confusion. A person may be wise but not very kind.

Or generous, but unwisely, to people who don't need their generosity. There are people that are generous and kind but don't know how to laugh and enjoy life. Such a mixture of confusion and unhappiness caused simply by the inability to understand the energy called love. Really, all of these qualities are gifts from the Creator to each "me" that each "me" has to learn how to use.

The angels at each soul vortex are there to help each soul to learn, but when, and only when, that soul chooses to start to learn. The soul must learn to use the gifts at all times, not just when everything is easy in life, but also when life is difficult. Not just with people who are easy to like, but also with people who are hard to like.

The colours you can see in myself total up to completely balanced love. Each colour that whirls represents a quality that pours into and through me from the Creator. It is as if each part of love has its own tap inside me that fills my jar. My colours are brilliant because all of my taps are wide open. This means that all the parts of love can pour in and overflow but, even as they overflow, it is my intelligence that mixes and blends those parts. Some people call those taps chakras. Each colour has a meaning and the meaning is more important than its colour. Every created me has these taps, or chakras, and this includes you young ladies.

"To learn to use those gifts is really to learn how to open all of those taps as wide as possible. At the vortex, when an angel observes the whiteness take on a very pale coloured tint, he or she knows that the soul has tried to understand the gift that that colour represents. Just like at school, the teacher can't learn for the pupil, only the pupil can learn what is taught. But the teacher can help the pupil to understand.

It is the same with the vortex angel and the soul. Simply because a soul has not fully opened all the taps, there is no balance in his or her life, and this because the soul doesn't realise what is missing. Then the soul begins to search inside.

The angel sees the coloured tint, and then signals for a little of that colour and quality to be beamed into the vortex, directly into the soul's jar. The soul then realises what was missing from the mixture, and starts to seek inside to find and open that tap. This can only take place at the speed that the soul is able to learn, and the speed is very different for every soul. The Creator has been so generous with the gifts; the soul cannot possibly learn them all at once.

Instead it slowly learns one or two gifts at a time, and it's a long series of lessons, as you can imagine. So now you know. When we see your vortex tint, we know what you have tried to learn, and we are always ready to help you. I have talked enough and soon must leave you to your journey. We will speed up now to match the speed of the next sphere."

Joseph shot ahead and the two girls quickly followed him, as they raced towards the not so distant sphere. Everywhere they looked were whirlpools, each with its group of angelic observers, all gave friendly waves as the girls hurtled past them. The wall of this next sphere looked very different to the first two. As they drew nearer, they could see that it was encrusted with huge, gorgeous gems. Some of the gems were as huge as mountains, all different colours, flashed and shone with an inner brilliance. From inside the sphere bands and rays of light, of purple, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. Everywhere coloured rays of light so brilliant that the girls gasped as the rays streamed outwards past them in all directions. Joseph turned backwards to face Emma and Danielle as they all hurtled towards the huge gems.

"Time for me to go. See you both again one day. Good luck, you two." With a broad smile, he waved and faded before the girls could answer. Once more they were alone as they hurtled at fantastic speed toward the biggest, bluest diamond that could ever have existed anywhere.

Chapter four ends.

Chapter Five. The Sphere of the Hidden Gems

Danielle and Emma couldn't stop or swerve and by now the huge cliff of blue diamond glittered and towered over them. All they could do was close their eyes, and wait for the collision. The girls waited but nothing happened. After a nervous pause, they both cautiously opened an eye, then gasped, their eyes wide open, as they stared at the scene in front of them.

They had arrived in a huge cavern, that was so long, high and wide, they couldn't see the walls or roof. The cavern was filled with the coloured light that is normally only produced by sunlight through stained glass windows, but this was far more beautiful.

The floor of the cavern was clear crystal, smooth, like a vast, endless ice-rink, its mysterious depths a deep green. The greatest shock stood in front of them. Their way was barred by an ominous, hooded figure. The figure was twice their height, wrapped in a long cloak of deep violet light, its length was covered with tiny, star-like sparks, and its hem reached the floor. Both girls continued to shudder whilst they slowly realised they hadn't crashed, this while they took in the scene that included the tall, silent, ominous figure. When they looked up to see its face, it was hidden. Instead, they saw a bird's head with a huge, long beak that glowed with a golden colour. Then a deep, solemn, powerful voice boomed and echoed in the cavern.

"Never travel to the Centre with your eyes closed, you might crash into a great, big blue diamond. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Hee! Hee! Hee!" The tall figure laughed so hard that the girls thought it would fall over. Fascinated, they watched the bottom of its cloak crumple into folds as if its legs had given way and it had sunk to its knees weak with helpless laughter. Next as the figure walked towards the girls, it dragged the lower half of its ludicrously long cloak along the floor behind it. Only then did they realise that it had hovered. Really it was not much taller than they were.

When the strange figure finally managed to stifle its laughter and was able to speak, it said, "Hello, Emma. Hello, Danielle, I'm known here as Sanat Kumara. On Earth, I was known as Melchizadek, but you may call me Mel." After the shocks and his laughter, neither Danielle nor Emma felt very amused. With chilly politeness, they replied, "How do you do, Mel."

Whilst he continued to try to stifle his mirth, Mel said, "Please don't be annoyed, ladies, I love jokes and the expressions on your faces would have made a cat laugh."

The girls saw the funny side of it and forgave him as they laughed at themselves. Then Emma asked, "Why do you wear that huge bird's head, it must be very heavy?"

They both had to quickly duck as Mel swung his beak around as if he searched for something. Then he asked, "Bird's head, bird's head, what bird's head?"

Astonished, Danielle said, "The bird's head that you have on your head, of course!"

In a surprised tone Mel replied, "Oh, you mean this bird's head?" They all laughed again. Then, in a sombre tone, Mel said, "I wear this bird's head because no one must know my face."

Danielle asked, "Why not? Are you in trouble?"

"Me! In trouble?" Mel retorted. "Certainly not! I wear it because I am the Lord of Karma."

Danielle looked puzzled and asked, "Where is Karma, is this it here?" She waved vaguely at the vast cavern.

Mel replied, "What this place? No, this is just the passageway from my front door. You should see my lounge, now that is really big." Again Mel roared with helpless laughter and so did the girls, until they had to wipe their eyes. Mostly their amusement was at the ludicrous sight of Mel convulsed with mirth at his own jokes.

Then a serious Mel solemnly explained, "Karma is not a place, Karma is an Indian word for a progress report rather like those you get at school at the end of term. As I said, I am the Lord of Karma and I sit in judgement. That is my job, to judge each soul's progress as he or she learns to use the Creator's many gifts. Since I judge all souls equally, no soul may see my face. Well, young ladies, what do you think of that?"

Emma said, "It all sounds a bit grim. Do you send people to hell if they get low marks?"

Mel sounded truly shocked as he said, "Hell? No one is sent to hell. Each soul makes his or her hell simply by the closure of the lid on that jar that Joseph told you about. They do that when they forget the love of their Creator. God made all of the souls and gave them all of the gifts to help them. All that God longs for in return is their love offered willingly. You know that already. I know that on Earth, many people believe that God will judge sinners, and then some will be sent to eternal hellfire and brimstone. But that doesn't even make sense because, to send one soul to be punished, God would then have to send another soul to apply the punishments. As God loves all souls equally, this would be cruel and unfair to both souls.

One of those gifts is a crystal-clear self-honesty. The more you use this gift, the more progress you will make as you look inside yourself. Yes, you will see your faults and will try to do something about them. But always remind yourself that self-honesty works both ways so you will also see how very special you are. I promise you that you are special. Only one Danielle and only one Emma exist in the whole of Creation because only one of each was created. God never makes duplicates every soul is unique.

To sin, or to be a sinner, is to forget your own very special uniqueness. You are a god because you are made from God. Really, to sin is simply to use what you are made of for purposes different from those of your Creator. Your Creator has given you that gift of self-honesty, and trusts and relies on you to be your own judge. You see, the opinions and judgements made of you by other people are unreliable. They can never really know what goes on in your mind, why you thought this, why you said that, why you did or didn't do something. They can never know your full story the same as you can never know their full story. Only you know your own thoughts, hopes and fears. Only you are qualified to judge your own behaviour.

Afterwards, when you have learned more about people and about life, you may wish you had behaved in a different way. This is when you must use the gift of self-honesty as you judge that past behaviour. You remind yourself that what you know now you didn't know then.

If you had known then, you would have behaved more reasonably. In this way, instead of a life wasted with self-blame or regrets, you use what you have learned in your past to avoid the same mistakes in your future. You will save yourself a lot of hurt, bitter, or guilty memories. Just remember that all of those ordinary-looking, unique souls around you have to live with themselves, the same, as you have to live with yourself. Everyone has to live from moment to moment and can only hope that what he or she does or doesn't do at the time is right.

You look rather puzzled, Emma. Did my explanation make sense?" Emma said, "Yes, I can understand what you said about self-honesty and uniqueness, but if each soul is meant to be his or her own judge, where do you come in as a judge of souls?"

With a low bow Mel replied cheerfully, "Now that is a good question and, to answer it, we must go to my office. Let's go, there's lots to see and talk about before I guide you to the next sphere."

Mel took a fast run and then slid along the crystal floor, just like a boy on an icy pond. He slid faster and faster, whilst his overly-long, sparkly cloak of violet light billowed and flapped behind him and while his huge bird-head bobbed up and down. The girls had to hurry to keep up with him. Mel obviously enjoyed life because he chuckled loudly as his feet skimmed the crystal floor.

Meanwhile, dramatic changes began to take place in the depths below the floor. The mysterious green was now completely filled with tiny dots of light. Different coloured dots swiftly ascended and expanded. As they rose they formed huge bubbles of light that finally burst under the transparent floor to then be continuously replaced by others.

Emma and Danielle gasped with delight at the gorgeous coloured light display that now took place beneath their feet. In every direction that they looked, the whole, gigantic cavern was filled with effervescent movement, a kaleidoscope of brilliantly coloured lights.

As she raced along beside Mel, Emma asked, "The under-floor light-show is gorgeous, but why does it bubble like that?"

Mel answered, "Do you remember those coloured rays and bands of light you saw that streamed past you when Joseph left you?" Danielle said, "Yes, they were beautiful." Mel continued, "Joseph explained that, in Irania's example of magic powder; really it is magic light. What you can now see is the magic light that the Creator sends continuously from the Centre. Under this crystal floor, the light sorts itself out into the different gift colours. It then beams all the separate colours to the angels at each Soul Vortex. Now look ahead into the distance, and you will see my office door." Far ahead, shimmered, and wavered, a blurred portal that blazed with green turquoise and electric blue radiance.

Shaped like a normal doorway, it had suddenly appeared in the distance. It stood on its own surrounded in every direction by bubble-illuminated floor. As they approached it, the doorway constantly quivered as though it was there but not quite there. The girls were rather disconcerted because as they gazed, the greens and blues quivered in and out of focus.

Instead of a door, the doorway was filled with billows of sparkly, rose pink-tinted mist. The doorway was also almost completely filled by a very large, slim, funnily shaped dog. Its long ears pointed upwards and brushed the doorway lintel even though the dog was sat upon its haunches.

Around its shoulders it wore a short cloak, and the dog leaned on one shoulder against the doorframe. Its front legs were folded across its chest. The dog's colour seemed to vary from moment to moment, now silver, now black. Its large, golden eyes gazed vaguely into the remote distance, whilst it completely ignored the three of them, just as if they didn't exist.

Politely, Mel said, "Excuse me, please, but you have blocked the doorway."

The huge dog continued to ignore them whilst, in mid-air, in letters of fire, appeared the words, "Please Ring."

"This is ridiculous," Mel complained. "Every time I enter my office, I have this performance to go through. Ring what?" he demanded of the dog.

The dog yawned widely and loudly with obvious boredom as it handed Mel a small silver bell then, as it refolded its forepaws across its chest the dog continued to ignore them. With an air of infinite patience, Mel tinkled the bell twice and then looked expectantly at the dog. The dog continued to gaze at the roof as again more letters of fire appeared to state, "You have missed one ring"

Loudly Mel "tutted" then he tinkled the bell once more and muttered, "Come on, come on, we're in a hurry."

Solemnly, the dog held out its paw for the bell to be returned. Mel plonked the bell on to the dog's paw and impatiently tapped his foot on the floor. Slowly, as if completely exhausted, the dog replaced the bell in its hidden place under the cloak. Then with hoots of lunatic mirth that echoed round the cavern, the dog slowly faded away.

Danielle laughed, and asked, "What sort of dog is that, Mel?"

Cheerfully, Mel replied, "Oh, that isn't a dog, that's Anubis, the jackal. The Ancient Egyptians used to adore him."

Emma asked, "Why did they do that, he seems to enjoy being awkward?"

Mel laughed and said, "Oh no, not really. Anubis knows that I love jokes and laughter so he uses them to remind all of us up here about the path to our Creator. You will hear more about that later but, as we walk up the corridor to my office, I will explain why they adored Anubis."

The girls followed Mel through the brilliantly lit, blurred doorway and the billows of pink mist to find they now moved along a white, crystal-walled passageway.

"The Ancient Egyptians", Mel said, "lived by the River Nile on the edge of a huge desert of sand. The desert was baked oven-hot each day by the sun. Because the wind continuously moved the sands, there were no roads and very few water holes. The Egyptians had to cross the desert to be able to trade with other countries. Their camels could only carry goods to trade or enough water for the whole journey.

They couldn't carry both so the Egyptians had to always try to find the few water holes en route. They only carried enough water to reach the next oasis. If they failed to find it, they knew they would die of thirst. Jackals hunt at night and can see in the dark so are always able to find a water hole. If next day a lost traveller was lucky enough to cross a jackal's tracks, he knew that if he followed the tracks, they would lead him safely to water.

The priests of Ancient Egypt had the role of teachers that guided ordinary people. To teach them that God's gifts were there to use. The priests had to guide the thoughts of the people to help them understand how and why to use the gifts. The priests had to find an example that the people would easily understand. Now suppose a person's thoughts are always focused on the physical world around them. Busy, busy always busy; they have no time and don't feel the need to concentrate on anything else. As far as the Creator's purpose for them is concerned, all these people have, sort of, lost themselves on the way. It is not their fault because it is not easy to live a life that is both, in the physical and spiritual worlds" Mel paused and then continued.

"In the same way, it is not easy to cross the desert. It is not the purpose of the journey to search for security, comfort and pleasure in and great knowledge of, the desert. The purpose of the journey is to cross the desert to reach the other countries. It is the same purpose for the journey through a person's life. To make this point the priests compared what they taught with the life-saving tracks left by Anubis, the jackal. "Soon, the ordinary people loved Anubis.

They loved him so deeply, and believed in him so powerfully, that their combined and continuous thought power created Anubis out of thought energy here, near to the Creator. This is why it takes so long to enter my office. "Come along in and excuse the mess."

They had arrived at a large, jewel encrusted door that bore an official notice. This stated, "No Entry for Authorised Persons, By Order of the Management"

Emma asked "Shouldn't that read Unauthorised Persons?"

Mel retorted, "Certainly not. There are so many authorised persons in and out of here, I can't get on with my work, it's them I try to keep out".

Baffled by such logic, the girls tactfully nodded and followed Mel through into the office. The office was more than large; it was gigantic, with line after line of identical desks in precise rows, that stretched away into the distance in every direction. Each desk was covered with high, untidy stacks of what at first looked like papers.

In fact, they were thin sheets of white light covered with pictures that flickered. Emma and Danielle felt completely bewildered at the scene. The figures, that sat behind the desks and studied the pictures, were identical in every detail to Mel. The huge bird's head and the overly long cloak of violet light, exactly the same as Mel wore. As Mel led the girls down the long rows to his empty desk, the other Mels looked up from their work to greet him.

"Hellol Mel"

"Hellol Mel"

"Hellol Mel"

Each to which Mel replied "Hello Mel, Hello Mel, Hello Mel", and so on. Just as Mel was about to sit, one such identical figure that carried a huge stack of light sheets, stomped along to where they stood. This figure fixed Mel with a stony, bird-like gaze and announced in an officious, accusatory tone,

"You are late for work. This will not do, I shall have to report you to the head of this department."

Mel drew himself to his full height, and glared at his twin, whilst his huge, long beak quivered with outraged dignity, (a little overdone, the girls thought privately). Then Mel pointed to his own chest, and bellowed, "I am the Lord of Karma, my good fellow, and I am the head of this department." The twin, highly unimpressed, dumped the huge stack on to Mel's desk, pointed importantly to his own chest and, with equal pomposity bellowed,

"I also am the Lord of Karma and head of this department, my good fellow." Then the Mel twins, that sat at the nearby desks, bellowed, "And so am I, my good fellow." The chorus grew louder as it was taken up by a larger circle of Mel twins, and it grew even louder as the circle rippled towards the horizon of desks.

"And so am I, and so am I, and so am I."

The voices finally faded into silence, everyone leaned forward and sternly glared at Mel whilst they awaited his next words. Mel swept the entire office with his gaze, coughed with embarrassment, shuffled his feet awkwardly and then, in a subdued voice, mumbled, "Well, yes, I suppose that's true."

Again the chorus thundered, "Suppose?"

Mel shuffled and gazed at his feet then sheepishly murmured, "No not suppose. It's true."

In reply the entire chorus of Mels sternly bellowed, "Well then, get on with your work and report to me later." The other pompous Mel gave Danielle and Emma a friendly wink, then stomped off to his desk. Mel looked at the girls, helplessly shrugged his shoulders and asked, "Do you ever argue with yourself? It's hopeless, isn't it, you just can't win?"

So as not to offend nearby Mel twins, Danielle whispered, "Why don't you have angels as your office staff? At least then you would be in charge."

Mel replied, "It's a good idea but it wouldn't work, I'll explain why later but, first, let me give you both an idea of what we do here. First you must understand that each soul thinks of itself as "me". That soul may live many, physical lives, and, in between times, spend much time in the astral levels. During each of its physical lives, other souls will give that soul a different name or call it he or she. A soul is always either male or female but sometimes will choose to be born into the body of the opposite sex. No matter what other souls call that soul, it will always think of itself as "me".

Since you both arrived here in the spheres, you have a better idea of what beauty and joy awaits all of those souls. When they finally get up here no one has to exist in, and try to learn in, a clumsy, physical body.

For us in the Spheres, it would be as if to exist in a heavy divers suit at the bottom of a muddy, cloudy pool. Down there in the darkness, the diver's vision would be strictly limited to a tiny radius. This is like the soul in a physical body who can only see "Now". For the soul, the past is distorted by memory, and the future is unknown. How would this limited vision affect the diver? Fear would always be with the diver, of what will loom up next through the darkness. Will it be dangerous and hostile or beautiful and friendly? The diver doesn't know.

The soul's physical life, in a similar way, is often filled with fear; fear of the past, of now, and of the future. Usually the fears are not about anything specific. They are simply fears of the unknown. Then again, the diver must always pay attention to his divers suit because if it is damaged, the diver may drown. Again, more fear, and this fear would become stronger if the diver forgot why he or she was down there. The diver might even forget that above the pool, sunshine and fresh air awaited the diver. Because of this the diver might begin to believe that the divers suit and the diver were the same thing. The same risk is always with each soul, that of the belief that the soul, the mind and the body are all the same thing.

You young ladies now know that you are able to exist quite happily free of your physical bodies. If you can exist without a body, why do you have to live in a physical body at all? You will learn the answer to that question as you journey to the centre. I have told you all of this to help you understand what we do in this office.

But first, what we don't do is judge souls; what we do is to help each soul to judge his or her own performance after each physical life. This isn't to inflict punishment but to guide the souls towards improvement and progress during their next life.

It is very difficult for the soul because, to live that next life, he or she has to leave the astral and then move into a tiny helpless physical body. Once in the body, all plans for improvement, previously made on the astral, are forgotten. My job is to send gentle reminders during that next life, to jog the soul's memory."

Mel paused and then said, "Let's have a break for coffee, girls, and I'll tell you all about illusions."

"Coffee!" Danielle exclaimed. "Coffee up here!"

"Why not?" Mel asked. "I like coffee. Come on, I'll also tell you about my staff."

Mel grabbed the top sheet off of the stack and then led the girls to a small alcove with a sign over it that read as, "Ashtar Vending – Refreshments". Mel said, "Sit down, ladies, I'll get the coffee."

He walked between the tables to a 'something' that stood in one corner. No words could really describe it. It was chest-high to Mel and looked like a drink vending machine gone crazy. It had the usual panel of drink selection buttons on the front and, below that, the chute, where the cup is filled. Several inches below that, it had a small, shiny grill. On its left side was a mechanical arm and hand. Above the body, on a spindly, flexible neck, was an oval head with a small bulge behind it. The head had a face with round eyes and a slit mouth. The contraption was supported on one wide, round leg and balanced upon a large roller ball. The impression it gave was that of a very prim, elderly lady. The drinks-machine swayed and wobbled uneasily as Mel approached. Mel bent forward, finger poised, to press a button, then froze as an electronically simulated, lady's voice snapped,

"Don't you touch me."

Mel jerked backwards as if stung whilst his gaze searched the alcove to locate the voice. Then, as he dismissed it as a trick of his imagination, he reached out again to press the button. The vending machine shrieked in electronic alarm, and shuddered as it backed away.

There it stood and quivered defiantly. Again the voice snapped, "Don't you touch me! Don't you dare lay a finger on me! I shall call the manager! I mean it!"

In a placatory voice, Mel said, "I am the manager."

The round eyes drenched Mel with a long look of scornful disbelief, then the head replied, "I don't believe you."

Politely Mel insisted, "I assure you I am the manager and I simply wish to buy coffee."

Its eyes blazed with disdain as the machine retorted, "Then as the manager, you should know better. A machine is not safe anywhere these days. I am equipped to press my own buttons, you are simply required to speak your order into the small, silver grille."

With a weary sigh, Mel bent almost double to manoeuvre his long beak near to the low-level grille. In a strained voice he muttered, "Three white coffees with sugar."

The head glared at Mel, and snapped, "Pardon? You really must speak up."

Mel took a deep breath, then yelled, "Three white coffees with sugar, please!"

The head snapped back, and indignantly protested, "There is no need to shout."

Mel stood up and panted for breath, as he waited for the coffee.

There was a long silence whilst the machine audibly bubbled, and hissed with hidden steam. Then it broke the silence to ask,

"Are you really sure you want coffees?"

Mel tottered backwards to stare in disbelief at the machine. In an astonished tone he replied,

"Of course I want coffees. I have just this minute ordered coffees."

After another few moments silence, the head said, "Coffee is very bad for the digestion. I suggest you have instead herbal teas from my selection or my spinach flavoured soup of the day."

Mel clutched his head, and almost shrieked, I don't want spinach-flavoured soup of any day and I don't want herbal tea. Why should a drinks machine try to sell me everything but the coffee for which I asked?"

By now, Emma and Danielle had walked over to find out what caused the delay. In silence, the head and Mel glared at each other. Then the flexible hand on its jointed arm slowly swung around to waggle one metallic finger accusingly in Mel's face.

The head, in a hurt, outraged tone, gasped, "How dare you! How dare you take that tone to me! To you, I may be an old, worn out, drinks vending machine, but even I have feelings that can be hurt, you know."

In mute appeal, Mel looked at the girls to rescue him from the onset of insanity, whilst the head, which by now was racked with broken-hearted sobs, continued in a beaten voice.

"All my life I have tried to give my best to make people happy. I was never a modern, smart, drinks machine but I have, all these many hard years, kept my self-respect and have tried so very hard to give good service."

Both girls wrapped their arms protectively around the distraught old machine as it sobbed, whilst helplessly Mel patted its mechanical hand. The machine then quavered, "I know I am old and not fast to serve any more, but I care so very much for the people that I serve. You see, I was never fortunate enough to have young ones of my own, so as consolation I regard my customers as my children."

By now Emma and Danielle sobbed in sympathy.

"But do you know what?" the head paused dramatically, aghast with horror at the awful memories.

Apprehensively, Mel and the girls asked, in chorus, "Tell us. What? What?"

The head shuddered, and gasped as it sobbed, then it spluttered, "Sometimes, if I am slow to serve or get the order wrong, they ---" It gave a long, pitiful sigh whilst the tearful girls prompted "Yes? Yes? They---?"

The head continued in a heartbroken wail, "They hit me and they kick me and they call me awful names."

"Oh no, surely not?" Mel and the girls protested.

Bravely, between sobs, the head replied, "Oh yes. Yes, it's quite true, you know. Some people are absolute brutes."

Now the two girls, Mel and the poor old vending machine had their arms comfortingly around each other whilst the alcove echoed to the sounds of their combined sobs. Then the machine sniffed loudly, gulped and accepted a tea cloth from Emma to wipe its eyes, then it said comfortingly,

"There, there, this won't do. I'm a silly old fuddy-duddy who has no right to burden you with my troubles or to tell you what to order. Please sit at the table and I shall bring your order."

Mel said contritely, "I'm very sorry for being inconsiderate to you."

The head smiled shyly and replied, "Well, I realise that machines normally do not have feelings to consider."

Followed by the tottery old machine, Mel joined the girls at the table and sat down. The mechanical finger pressed the button and the machine swayed as it passed the cups of hot coffee to Mel, Emma and Danielle.

Mel took a sip, and said, "I have never seen you in here before. Where did you come from?" The wobbly old drinks-machine wedged itself comfortably against the table, and then told its tale.

"I was created by mistake on Earth. Anubis, that nice jackal, brought me here."

Mel asked, "Why did he do that?"

The machine rattled slightly and said, "Anubis took pity on me because I was created in a similar way to him but, in my case, the reasons for my creation were not so pleasant. You see Earth has so many different religions, all who claim that only they worship the true God. As a result of this the worshippers became confused and quickly lost interest. They felt that they should believe in some kind of god, but many were worried in case belief in God might affect their freedom to be selfish. So they all searched for a suitable god that would encourage selfishness and greed and they found a god called Competition.

This was a hotchpotch of all the things that they wanted. For some it had to be push-button, automatic, and computerised. For others, they must be able to bully it, whilst others would require it to think for them, yet others wanted to be able to ignore it when it wasn't needed. Because the churches only offered confusion, the people in their countless millions believed in their new god. It filled their every thought. They believed so deeply and powerfully that their combined power of thought created me, a mixture of all the different things they wanted to believe is God.

Dear Anubis found me as I wandered completely lost and confused, around Earth's part of the astral regions, so he brought me here to serve your office.”

Mel said, "What a tragic story; tragic for you and for all those misguided people." He turned to the girls and explained, "You see, your Creator has never asked for worship from anyone, only for love. The only way you can show that love is if you love others. Only misguided people tell other misguided people to worship God. They tell you to bow down and abase yourself to a sometimes cruel or sometimes kind Creator, as if you are something of which the Creator is ashamed. It is not true. The Creator is proud of all humans and looks forward to when they all become adults who will greet their parent Creator as a friend and an equal.

Mel turned to the attentive machine as it swayed, and said, in a kindly tone, "I am so delighted to know you are to work in my office. You make lovely coffee, but you must have a name. I think we will call you Auntie Cafe."

The prim head shyly glowed with pleasure and said, "Thank you for your kindness. Now I will leave you to your conversation." Auntie Cafe tottered and clanked her way back to the rear of the alcove, and began to hum a happy, though slightly off-key, tune.

Emma said, "Oh, what a sad story, but who would have guessed?"

Mel replied, "Sad indeed and in future you both will meet people just like that machine who have been cruelly treated by others. You may think that their suspicion and anger is because they don't like you. Really the harsh treatment in their past makes it very difficult for them to like or trust anyone in the present or future. It is a barrier that your love can overcome."

Danielle said, "Mel, you said you would tell us about illusions.”

Emma chipped in with, "I thought illusions were to do with magicians."

Mel laughed, then replied, "In a way you are right. First you see it, then you don't. Okay, let's look at illusions. Most people don't realise that physical life is a classroom, you two didn't either until you began this journey. Just like at school, you don't sit in a classroom to learn about classrooms because that would be silly. You are in the classroom to learn something you will use when you leave the classroom. Does that makes sense?" Emma and Danielle nodded.

Mel continued, "But if you don't realise why you are in the classroom and, if the classroom is filled with things of interest, what will happen? You will be far more interested in the classroom than in what is being taught and that you are there to learn.

That is an illusion. Another illusion is when you let other people think for you when you should think things out for yourself. You realise that you don't know it all, so it's a safe bet they don't know it all either. But for many people, it seems easier to choose to let others think for them. If what that other person thinks is incorrect, you - not they - have to live with the consequences of that choice.

I suggest that when you receive advice, however well meant, don't just follow it, think it out first and use your gift of self-honesty. Let's have an example of how illusion can replace self-honesty.

When you live in a physical body on Classroom Earth, you have two things to always consider. Both are important. One is the welfare of your body that enables you to exist on Earth. The other thing is those gifts you are there to learn the use of, to release you to come up here. Maybe you and the millions of people around you have never heard of the gifts or of your rightful place up here. Then, quite naturally you will all concentrate on the welfare and comfort of your body as if nothing else exists or matters. Then you all would be tempted to confuse what your body needs with what your mind and body desires.

In our example, a man has a long way to travel to work. He can't get a job nearer to home and there are no buses or trains, so he must buy a reliable car simply to get from Point A to Point B. He can supply the needs of his family and himself if he buys a car.

The car salesman also has a family that he must supply the needs of as well. To do this, he tells the man who just needs a car for work that the man should buy the latest, biggest and more expensive car. The salesman implies that this will make him look important, handsome and surround him, the owner of the car, with an air of magic.

He will go on to tell the man that this more expensive car will cruise along at nearly 200 miles an hour. It will be the envy of all his friends because it is the very latest car. The car buyer's intelligence knows he only needs a modest, reliable car. Only if his self-honesty is ignored, will he choose to believe the salesman's promises, because he not needs but desires the smarter car.

The car is not the illusion here. The car was once iron ore deep in the ground. The car, one day will be a pile of rust upon the ground. The illusion is in the belief that a car could make anyone handsome, surround them with magic, allow them to drive at 200 miles an hour, or be envied by friends as the owner of the latest car.

Firstly, real friends are pleased for you but never envy you. Secondly, even if the car was jet propelled, you would have to keep below the legal speed limit, so you would have speed you could never use. Thirdly, you are handsome or you are not, a face-lift or a mask might make a difference but a car couldn't.

The same applies to a look of importance. To be able to believe these illusions would also require a belief the illusion called, "The Latest" This is the illusion on which all the other illusions depend. Next year, there will be another latest car that the man will have to buy to keep up appearances.

You see it isn't wrong to want the good things of Earth. A nice car and holidays abroad, money in your pocket to spend, and so on, so long as they don't become the most important things in your life. They should be enjoyed simply as pleasures that pass on your journey through Classroom Earth."

Emma said, "You've told us about illusions but you also said you would tell us about your funny office staff."

Mel explained, "Oh it's quite simple, really. Our Creator gave me the task to observe the spiritual progress of each soul, to help each soul to progress at his or her own speed and ability to learn. To do this, I must be absolutely confident that they all receive the very best advice. I was chosen because I am the very best adviser, and so all souls have an equal right to my advice and guidance. I am advanced to the point where I am a celestial energy force. This means that I can split my focus of concentration into as many parts as I like. This is like if you, Emma, ride a bike, suck a sweet, hum a tune and work a sum out in your head, all at the same time. Ofcourse I've had more practice than you have.

From this you can see that I am able to share my role as an observer and advisor of souls, amongst a huge office staff. Each one is a Lord of Karma equal to myself, and is beyond all temptation or desire."

Dryly, Emma remarked, "Except for white coffee with sugar."

Mel laughed and said, "Well yes, I still have to work on that."

Danielle asked, "Why is this called The Sphere of the Hidden Gems, Mel?"

Mel stood up, and said, "Follow me and I will show you. Then you must continue on your journey to the centre."

As they left the alcove they turned to give the old drinks-machine a friendly wave. The machine waved its mechanical arm and called, "Tomorrow's soup of the day is again delicious spinach flavour."

Mel groaned and whispered, "Oh no, how can I break it to her that I detest spinach flavour?"

They walked out of the alcove into a light-filled cavern. The huge office had disappeared and, as they gazed in awe around the cavern, they saw that the alcove also had vanished. The cavern walls were of the deepest, most beautiful blue crystal that glowed and radiated an atmosphere of peace. There were brighter lights and they shone out of countless faceted gems, all of different shapes, sizes and colours. All separately floated in mid-air, quite unsupported. They were thrilled at the gorgeous scene that surrounded and bathed them in, multicoloured light that steadily pulsed.

Emma cried, "Oh, such beauty! But why is it hidden like this?"

Mel replied, "Because during its ordinary life on Earth, each soul -- you -- has to find these gems for itself. During childhood, it can find the smaller gems and later, when adult, the chance to find the bigger ones."

Danielle looked puzzled and said; "I'm sure I've never had the chance to find any of them."

Mel laughed and explained, "Oh yes you have, but you've forgotten. Each gem represents the solution to one of life's problems. At the Soul Vortex, Joseph told you that he couldn't help you until you ask for help.

Only when you start to look for the absent soul light, can he beam it into your vortex. Now, suppose that at my desk I looked into Emma's life sheet, at her present age, and noticed that she lacks self-confidence. I would know that Emma needed some of the Creator's magic self-trust light, but Emma wouldn't know this. She would think that other people were better than she is because otherwise they would be nervous and shy like her. Emma wouldn't realise that she has the power to change herself. But it must always be her choice, not mine.

This is what I might do to help her to help her self, First, I would take this small, blue gem and I would wrap it in a problem. Then I would send it down that special link of Creator thought power and love to Emma's future. There it would wait until Emma's "Now" and that future "Now" coincided. It would present itself as a problem that could only be solved by Emma if she chooses to trust herself and to place herself where she has to trust herself.

Maybe Emma has never learnt to swim because that takes self-trust. Before, to her, this didn't matter, she just avoided water. Now, it is the wrapper on the gem because it means all her friends go to swim but she cannot.

In the wrapper, I would include the offer from someone to teach Emma to swim. This time Emma accepts, and in spite of her fears, makes herself, work at the lessons. Emma has removed the wrapper from the gem. Not because she wants to be able to swim but because not being able to swim has become a problem if she wants to be like her friends. At the start of the first lesson, the wrapper seems thick and huge.

Later, whilst Emma swims confidently with her friends, it is the gem not the wrapper that seems to be huge. Joseph watches at the vortex, and notices that you have begun to try. With a pleased smile, he points to a vortex angel. Every problem wrapper contains a gem. The gem is the self-confidence you gain by the knowledge that you alone solved a problem. Now it is time for you to head for the Sphere of the Divas."

"Emma said, "We've had a beautiful time with you,"

Danielle added, "We wish you could come with us because you make us laugh as you teach."

Mel chuckled and replied, "To learn how to really live is supposed to be fun. On Earth or here, it should be enjoyed. You will find it more enjoyable when you help others to enjoy their lives as well. Anyway, off you go, and don't bump into any mountain-sized blue diamonds."

Mel's laughter and the beautiful cavern faded away; then they alone, sped in darkness towards the Sphere of the Divas.

Chapter five ends

Chapter Six. The Sphere of the Divas

The girls had entered the sphere before they knew it. One moment they rushed through darkness, the next they hovered in greeny-blue light as they looked up at a huge blue whale. It was a mother whale and she slowly swam whilst she also gently protected and guided with one of her huge fins her much smaller baby whale. The girls could hear the beautiful song of the mother whale. They could also hear the gentle, strange sounds of other whales in the far distance, as they sang in reply. Emma and Danielle looked at each other in astonishment and then each glanced over the other girl's shoulder and saw something different.

Emma saw a great herd of elephants that moved through a jungle, whilst Danielle gasped to see a herd of creatures that she had never seen before. Each creature was like a huge, flattened ball with at least twelve rubbery legs and each leg had a big, flat foot that rested on the surface of a steamy swamp that sluggishly bubbled. Each creature had three eyes on wavy stalks. It also a tentacle that it used to scoop from the surface of the swamp, into its hidden mouth. The entire herd was camouflaged the same mottled green colour as the swamp on which the herd grazed.

Above them a movement drew the girls' attention and made them catch their breath. As if from outer space above or below them, they were unsure which, they saw a planet that was completely covered in ice. The planet slowly revolved as it orbited around a bright star so far away that the star was too distant to bathe this planet in its heat and light. The planet looked like a crystal ball covered with wispy clouds. The view enlarged so now they could see wide ravines in the ice. These gave the planet a cracked and crazed appearance all over its entire surface. The view moved closer, and descended into one of these deep, wide fissures.

The girls could see the red glow of volcanic activity that bubbled and churned in a narrow and continuous crack that ran down the centre of the miles-deep ice ravine. Clouds of gas and steam billowed upwards. The volcanic heat had partially melted the walls of ice. This had made the ice retreat a few hundred yards to reveal, on either side, a plain of fine-ground volcanic rock soil. The hot, water vapour and steam condensed before it could rise above the planet's icy surface. Instead, it then fell back into the ravines as a continuous downpour of warm rain. In this tropical environment, plant and animal life had evolved and thrived.

The view moved even nearer to reveal strangely shaped animals. These foraged under a rainforest canopy that had thrived and spread along the planetary lacework of ravines. Nothing moved or grew, up on the inhospitable surface of the ice-locked planet. All life was contained in the ravines of ice. The scene faded and was replaced by another planet, much larger than Earth.

This planet was very near the blue-white star, around which the planet orbited. A deep ocean of a rose-pink colour covered the entire surface of the planet. This ocean swirled and heaved sluggishly as the planet slowly revolved. The girls could see a deep violet sky that was dominated by the heat and blaze of the huge, blue-white orb. No life floated on the surface of the ocean. No life swam in its depths, but still the ocean was filled with life because the entire ocean had become a single being that lived.

Previously the planet had been cooler because it then orbited the star at a greater distance. Then the planet was drawn to take up an orbit much closer to the star.

Long ago, single-celled life had evolved in the water and had multiplied rapidly and continuously. Each cell was water-filled and, as the cells increased in numbers, more and more water was removed from the ocean. So close to its sun, the planet generated enormous currents of electricity as it revolved. The cell life used this generated electricity as its food. The speed of reproduction and take-up of the ocean's water almost condemned the cells to extinction. Mother Nature had intervened and caused the cells to evolve fine external filaments so that each single cell was always in contact with the other cells around it.

Rapidly the vast planet became covered with linked single-cell life. Quickly these combined to evolve from simple, individual cells to become one vast multi-cellular self-regulating metabolism in which intelligence blossomed. It had become a planet-sized, self-regulating being that thought of itself as "Me". It now longed to make contact with what it thought of as, "Not Me". It was lonely, and so, with its enormous power of thought, it endlessly searched the far reaches of outer space. Always it hoped that it would find another intelligence to end its loneliness. Emma and Danielle felt compassion and longed to help the lonely planet.

Emma said, "It doesn't know about the folks in the spheres or it wouldn't be lonely."

Danielle replied, "You are right, let's try to contact it together. If we send our thoughts, it might work."

Both girls were silent while they focused their thoughts on the planet's image in front of them. For a few moments, nothing happened and then suddenly swirls and patterns appeared on the surface of the planet. It used its cell structure to shape the thoughts it had received and now tried to locate their source. Now, instead of its loneliness, the girls could feel its joy and its excitement at the knowledge that it was no longer alone. The ocean of pink cells swirled again and formed a perfect portrait of Emma and then of Danielle. They reeled under the power of uncontrolled mental energy as it asked, "Where are you? I can't locate you."

Before they could recover enough to answer, another mind spoke, and calmly answered for them.

"You have searched in the wrong place. Do not search in physical space, search deep inside yourself and then you will always be in contact with us. Your mind is the link to where we are in other dimensions. Please think gently because your powerful thought energy can cause pain. Thanks to Danielle and Emma, you have at last found us. Welcome to the family. Now we will leave you to seek inside to again make contact with us."

The image of the planet slowly faded whilst it sent the last tendril of thought,

"Thank you, Emma. Thank you, Danielle."

Once again they were alone in the darkness. Then suddenly they were not alone.

In every direction the darkness was filled and illuminated by a huge cloud of tiny lights that flashed and sparkled. The tiny lights whirled and danced, and dispelled the darkness, and as they approached, they grew in size as they got nearer. Then the girls were filled with wonder as they realised that they were surrounded, not by lights, but by a mass of luminous fairies of all shapes and sizes that continuously danced and whirled.

The dance was accompanied by the hauntingly beautiful, lilt of music. The music was created by all of the fairies; each hummed his or her musical note. The blended musical notes created a harmony that soared and that tugged at the girls heartstrings and filled them both with joy. With the music went the patterns and shapes that the fairies all combined to create. One moment the girls hovered in the middle of a huge ball that glowed, created by thousands of fairies with linked hands and feet.

The next moment, the ball transformed itself and the girls then hovered in the shimmer and glow of a trumpet-shaped gigantic lily. Again, a magical transformation and next they were passengers on the body of an enormous butterfly that flapped its gorgeously coloured wings of fairy light.

Quickly, the huge butterfly blurred as the quicksilver-quick fairies reformed to create with linked hands a huge ring-a-ring of roses that whirled around the girls, faster and faster.

Then, as a grand finale, in many, luminous strings one string after another. All of the fairies flew in curves to the centre of the ring. As each fairy quickly glided past very close to the enchanted girls, he or she called, "Welcome, Danielle. Welcome, Emma." Then all the fairies headed in straight lines in all directions for the darkness from which they had arrived. It was as if the girls were in the very centre of a firework that suddenly exploded as all of the brilliant sparks flew outwards and then disappeared.

Just as the last spark winked out of sight, a dot of bright green light appeared in the darkness in front of them. Rapidly the dot moved up and down, and it whirled so fast, that it resembled a green tornado. Then as it continued to whirl, tiny, bright blue flecks of light moved around inside the green spiral and these quickly took the shape of a man. In the blink of an eye the tornado was gone, to leave the man to stand there in front of the girls. The flicker of blue light still covered his robe, but now his face had normal human features.

The man was tall, stately, and he radiated kindness, yet the girls felt that his bright golden eyes could look deep into their hearts and souls. His hair was pure silvery white and shoulder-length. They found it impossible to guess his age because, simultaneously, he looked very youthful and very, very ancient. He had a gentle dignity and both girls knew he was a very special person.

Cheerfully the man smiled and said, "Hello, girls. Let me introduce myself. Through many ages I have had many names. Here, I am known as Ptah, but long ago, men of Earth called me Adam."

Emma asked, "Are you the Adam in the Bible?" Danielle added, "I'm very pleased to meet you, Adam. But as you are here you must be an angel."

We were taught that you and Eve were the first man and woman." Adam laughed and replied, "Yes, I am that Adam, and shortly you will meet Eve. Because it was long before written records were kept on Earth they got it all wrong; just as they did later with Joseph's coat of many colours.

First, I want to help you to understand a little of what you will see in the Spheres. To understand the Spheres you must first understand what the word Perfection really means. It will also help if you could try to understand that our Creator is not he or she. Our Creator is both "He" and "She", blended into a completely perfect balance. Our Creator is two halves that blended together to become far more than just the total of the two halves.

In the Spheres, when we say something is perfect, or not perfect, we mean it is complete, or it is not complete. We don't mean that it is better or worse than some other thing. The blended Creator-mind exists on what is known as the Perfection level, and so, on that level it cannot ever be less than perfect, or create anything less than perfect. For the Creator's creations to have freedom of choice, they are created in such a way that they are less than perfect, or incomplete.

This freedom of choice allows those creations to choose to strive, or choose not to strive, towards the Perfection level. Only in this way could the Creator have creations like you, Emma, and you, Danielle. You are not puppets or robots. You are able to think your own thoughts and make your own choices. If you were perfect you would exist on the Perfection level. Your thoughts would really be the Creator's thoughts, not yours. Is that too complicated, girls, do you understand?"

Danielle nodded thoughtfully, but Emma said, "The part about freedom of choice makes sense but Danielle and I aren't both he and she so how can either of us ever be in perfect balance?" Ptah Adam looked delighted and said, "Later that will be explained to you and then you'll understand."

Emma said, "I'm sorry but I still don't understand how a perfect Creator can create anything less than perfect. Surely the idea is a contradiction in terms?"

Adam smiled and replied, "Of course" it seems like that when you continue to define, "less than perfection" as, "something that is in some way marred." If you define it as "something that is incomplete" it then makes sense because something incomplete may be completed to become perfect. This means that only complete or perfect creations can exist on the Perfection level. Incomplete creations can be imagined by the Creator, but cannot exist on the Perfection level. Put simply we could say that the power-level on the Perfection level is too high for incomplete creations to tolerate. Does that make sense so far Emma?"

Thoughtfully Emma replied, "Yes I think so, but surely that means our Creator can imagine but cannot create creations that have freewill?"

Danielle protested, "It can't mean that, Emma, otherwise you and I wouldn't exist."

Adam said, "Actually ladies, both of you are correct, let me explain.

Because he and she blended into perfect balance, is perfection, the blended Creator Mind deliberately imagined and then created an image that is incomplete. It is incomplete because it is an image of only the male half of the Creator's mind.

This incomplete image, once it was created, had to exist somewhere but couldn't exist on the perfection level. Instead, as the image dropped out of the perfection level another level automatically came into existence. This incomplete image, known as God the Father, is the link between the two levels. God the Father has free will and great gifts but is incomplete and so in that sense is less than perfect. The Creator Mind then passed all imagined images created on the perfection level; over to God the Father to re-create in the less than perfect level so that they would all have free will.

The first imagined incomplete image that the blended Creator mind, passed to God the Father (the link) was the female half only of the blended Creator mind. She is known as God the Mother.

Part of her role is to communicate between the Creator mind and her equal; God the Father. To be created, first she had to pass through the God the Father level, to another level that was created for her to exist in. God, the Mother, also has free will and great gifts but only when the Father and the Mother combine energies are they able to work at their fullest creative powers.

The blended mind sends the images, and the energies to create the images, via God the Mother to God the Father. Together they recreate the images in the less than perfect level. Their very first combined creation was God the Son, both halves of the perfect Creator's mind, contained in but because not blended into one image, is able to exist in less than perfect levels. Father, Mother and Son are known as the Godhead.

Also with the creation of God the Son, the vast creative energy-flow created countless numbers of life sparks. Each spark was half, male and half female, combined but not blended. All of these, except one spark, were left dormant as if asleep. This one spark was passed through the energies of God the Father and God the Mother and, from it, I was created. Then, from inside me, was created my twin flame, and now, here she is."

Just as Adam's explanation ended, a spot of brilliant white light beamed outwards at just below chest height from the side of his robe. The light shone out of Adam. Its source emerged from Adam and hovered beside him, Then it changed and grew into a column of light the same height as Adam.

Even as the girls watched, a beautiful, graceful woman dressed in a similar robe to Adam, materialised in the column. The column disappeared and the lovely woman moved forward to embrace Emma and Danielle. "She exclaimed, "Oh it's lovely to see you both. I'm Eve, or Evam, whichever you prefer. Welcome to the Sphere of the Divas."

The girls instantly loved her and asked, "Did you just come out of the side of Adam or did we imagine it?"

Eve laughed, and answered, "Yes, but not exactly. You must always remind yourselves that everything up here in the Spheres is energy.

It isn't energy formed into solid matter. Adam and myself, just like all angels, are two halves, one male and one female, a twinned energy that can separate to work independently. Adam, you should be ashamed of yourself, You have bored these young women. You could talk the hind leg off a donkey. Adam protested feebly, "But -- but -- but --." Eve was adamant and said with finality, "No buts."

Danielle laughed and protested, "Adam hasn't bored us, Eve, but what he explained is so very different to what we were taught, that it takes an great effort to understand."

Eve smiled and said, "Don't worry, I always pull Adam's leg. I never nag him or at least not very much. Adam told you about people who got history wrong. True, they make genuine mistakes but sometimes they twist and alter the truth to make you believe something that isn't true. You were taught to believe that we were the first man and woman made by God and that we sinned.

The truth is that we were the first angels that were created by Godhead as instructed by the Creator mind. We were created before the rest of the angels, and the angels were created before mankind existed. Adam and myself as one spark, was the first twinned angel to be created by the Godhead. Our role was to teach the angels that had yet to be created. This could only happen after the Godhead had taught us all about the great plan created in the imagination of the Blended Creator Mind. I know this will sound rather odd, but our perfect Creator is part of a process that continuously creates perfect Creators"

Danielle looked puzzled and asked, "Do you mean there is more than one God?"

Eve smiled, and then gently explained, "There are no Gods, as you think of them Danielle, only independent, perfectly complete Creator-minds. These all separately and independently exist on the perfection level, all linked by love.

The next question is, do perfect Creator-minds need a God to worship? If they are perfectly complete and totally independent, the answer could only be no. In the sense that you think of God, they have all equally achieved God-hood. To the Creator-minds on the perfect level they think of themselves as adults all equal and linked by the process. Certainly not as gods to be worshipped by their creations, nor as gods to be worshipped by each other.

The religious teachers taught you that both of you were created by God and because of that you must kneel and worship God. But to worship anyone is to believe that you are of less value than the one you worship. Your relationship to your Creator is based in mutual love and respect between equals. What your Creator is now, you also will become in your own timing. These are thoughts to stretch your minds, but they become less so if you recall how you think of your parents, and also when you think of how your parents regard you.

Your parents have always regarded you as a very special person in your own right. They thought of you in that way when you were a tiny helpless baby, totally dependent on them for everything. They will always think of you in that way, even when, as an independent adult, you have left their home to live an independent life of your own.

Your parents have never required you to kneel and worship them, because they love you and hope that you will always love them. Your Creator doesn't require you to kneel and worship because your relationship with your Creator is exactly the same as you have with your parents." Eve paused and then said, " That has given you a different way to regard your Creator, and yourselves.

Later you will hear more about the vital role mankind will have in the great plan. For now we will just tell you a little about the task given by the Blended Creator Mind, via the Godhead, to Adam and myself. To make it more familiar for you let's compare the blended he and she mind of our Creator to a man of ideas on Earth. This man is happily married to a woman that he loves, trusts, and respects as his equal, and his wife feels exactly the same way about him.

They are very different to each other but they share a love for all life, so that anyone they meet feels included in their love. The husband and wife work together in perfect harmony. The brilliant ideas and imagination of the husband are perfectly balanced by the tireless and loving energy supplied by his wife, and so together they work as one complete being for the benefit of all life.

Before they were married, separately they both had experienced extremely difficult and hard lives, due to ignorance and the fear and self-doubt created by ignorance. From their lives full of difficulties the couple had learnt a great deal about themselves. Now they were together they longed to create an organisation that would enable everyone to replace ignorance and fear, with the knowledge, love, and mutual trust that they both shared. From their own hard experience they both knew that the combination of harmony and balance is the only acceptable way of life. They also knew that each individual has to be free to discover that way of life for them selves, each in his or her own timing.

The love-filled couple decided to create a college where all life could learn harmony and balance at its own speed. Just like all colleges, it needed to be like a staircase of grades that one by one, each student would climb at his or her own speed, right to the top grade. Also on each grade it would need teachers to help each student to learn the lessons of just that grade. This would ready the student to rise to the next grade, where another, more advanced teacher would build on the knowledge the student gained in the lower grade. Most importantly, the students would never be required to compete against each other.

The couple used their freewill choice to create this special college. They knew that unless everyone involved in the college, teachers and students were also endowed with freewill, the college would fail.

Freewill can only work when a student evolves to the conscious, aware level of a human being. So the beginner's grade of the college is at the human level. Below the human level grade is the nursery and infants' class, cared for by Mother Nature, of all life that has yet to evolve to the human level. Now let us look at angels. Just like all teachers, angels have a difficult job to do.

A teacher may have a great store of knowledge, but unless the student strives to learn that knowledge, the teacher has failed.

So a great part of the teacher's art is to encourage the student to always strive to learn more. The more the student learns, the sooner he or she moves up to the next grade. So it is up to both, the teacher as well as the student."

Eve laughed and said, "From your own experience of teachers, you know that to learn with some teachers is easy and fun, whilst with other teachers the same lessons are difficult and tiresome. For that reason, the beginner's grade in the College, has a team of teachers from the Sphere of the youngest angels. Their task is to make sure that the students understand how and why they are to learn the knowledge that will be taught in the higher grades." Eve paused whilst Adam continued the explanation,

"Eve has described to you, our Creator-Parents' imagined Creation as a college in which to learn harmony and balance at your own speed of knowledge intake. Eve has also compared our Blended Creator's mind to a husband and wife who together, continuously provide a brilliant idea, and all of the resources required, to convert, the imagined idea into a reality.

We could name them the founders of the college. To make the college into a reality, the founders, delegate the task to a headmaster and a headmistress who will work together to create and then organise the entire college. So now we have the founders who provide the ideas and the resources to bring the ideas into reality.

Then we have the Godhead as headmaster and headmistress who together will use the resources to create the college, and to create and teach its teachers ready for its students. Also we have their son and daughter who, together, will create all the different grade level classrooms for the teacher angels to occupy. Next the son and daughter continue to use the flow of resources from the perfect Creator Mind to create a level below the bottom grade of the college. This lower level is for those who have yet to choose to become students of the college, because everyone has the right to choose.

Below this lower level is created the nursery, where the infants are guided with instinct by Mother Nature, until they learn to think for themselves. When they can think, they leave the nursery and enter the human level. On the human level they learn to use freewill to make choices, and then they learn to live with the outcomes of those choices.

Eventually each human learns by his or her own experience to always make freewill choices with harmonious and balanced outcomes. At that stage the human is ready to leave physical existence to become an ascended master, and is ready to enter the first grade of the college. But it is very difficult for the human until that stage is reached." Adam paused, whilst Eve explained.

"You see, to become a creator requires that you also take complete responsibility for what you create. As a creator on the perfection level, as you 'think' it you instantaneously 'create' it. But if it is not what you intended to be created, whose fault is that, your creation's or yours?"

Emma answered, "It would be my fault"

Eve nodded and then continued, “True, but it would be too late then.”

For a creator to destroy a creation would contradict everything for which a creator exists. So the first lesson for a human to learn is that creations are created from thought, and thought is energy controlled by the intelligence of the one who creates the creations.

To learn this is difficult because it requires that you completely understand the enormous power and indestructible nature of your own thoughts-processes. As everyone learns at a different speed, somewhere a level had to be created where time could exist. The purpose of time is to allow a delay for reconsideration between the thought creation and the creative act. In this way all humans could observe their own thoughts even as they thought them.

Each human would gain an intimate knowledge of the power of thought simply as the observer of the effect of his or her thoughts on self and on the world. In this way each human will gradually learn to become a unique self-created creator who has completely mastered self.”

Eve paused then said, “You look troubled Emma, what is it?”

Emma shrugged and said, “It just seems rather unfair. Below the human level Mother Nature, guides all life that is unable to think, and all Ascended masters are guided by teacher/angels. But just when we humans and our thoughts need guidance we are left to muddle along on our own.”

Eve and Adam smiled sympathetically and then Adam explained, “ It just seems like that until you have more facts and then give those facts more thought. First of all, the intelligence of the blended Creator Mind has individual freewill, the freewill to choose to create, or to choose not to create.

But to be part of the process that creates creators, and then to choose not to create, this would be a contradiction. It would be like an artist who neglects and ignores his or her own creative gifts. Always we come back to freewill choice that governs the entire process. This applies to the alive, conscious intelligence of the Creator. It also applies to the alive, conscious intelligence of the creations because all are part of the same process. But when we say all, all includes those created to teach as well as those created to be taught.

Below the human level of conscious thought, all life exists in a state of unconscious harmony and balance. Below the human level, all life exists simply to be what it is created to be, and it always exists in a moment called “now”. On that level all life is guided and taught to evolve by the intelligence and drive, of Mother Nature. Life learns to exist amid and take control of, structures of atoms.

These structures range from tiny primitive life forms that consist of a few cells, to the more complex structures of larger animals. But even these are made up of smaller, alive structures that have combined and work in harmony together to co-create the larger, more versatile animal. Even when we consider the human body we again observe this same idea of smaller complete systems that combine to co-create the versatile complete human body as a vehicle.

All of these systems exist in complete harmony in a moment called “Now” under the watchful guidance of Mother Nature. Your Creator specifically designed your complete and versatile human body to be controlled and guided by your individual conscious aware intelligence. But the metabolism of your body continues to exist in the domain of Mother Nature.

Her domain ensures that the metabolism of your body continues to function smoothly so that it seldom intrudes into your thoughts. Your domain is that of individual, conscious intelligence that uses your physical-body via your mind to apply your creative thoughts in the physical. In this way you are able to observe the effect of your thoughts upon you and upon the world around you. If your thoughts cause you to neglect or cause disharmony in your body, your mind will then receive warnings from Mother Nature via your physical body.

So this is one source of unobtrusive guidance. Your other source of guidance arrives from your higher self. It is called your higher self simply because its power-level is very high and so would damage low-powered physical matter. Instead it remains above the astral vortex but always linked to you down in the physical. It is in fact a very powerful part of your own intelligence of which you are the focus. Your higher self is your servant and will wait to be asked by you for guidance.

Only when it senses harm to you its focus, will it gently intrude. Then for example, you may feel pangs of guilty conscience, which you may choose to take notice of or choose to ignore.

Eve said, "Enough for now Adam. Now, ladies, did you enjoy our welcome show." Together the girls exclaimed, "Oh yes, it was beautiful."

Then Danielle asked, "What are whales, elephants, and those funny green balls with legs, doing here?"

Eve replied, "We wanted to show you that we care for all the different forms of life that inhabit planets in the universe. Even that lonely planet to which you both sent your thoughts."

Emma asked, "Were we right to contact it that way?"

Adam replied, "Of course you were right, we are delighted that you tried. If we instead of you had contacted that planet, it would have been like a teacher who tells the pupils the answers to all the sums. When you made contact, it was more like one pupil who shows another pupil how to calculate that type of sum."

Eve added. "Yes, the only way to contact us, in the spheres, is to enter that quiet, still centre inside yourself. People can teach you how, but you have to do it: they can't do it for you."

Danielle said, "Until I saw the dance of all of those beautiful fairies, I didn't believe they existed. Why doesn't anyone ever see them on Earth?"

Adam replied, "Oh, but people do see them. Children often see them in the form of fairies and they believe what they see."

Unfortunately adults teach children not to believe their own eyes so, as the child grows older, it thinks its eyes have played tricks. It is very sad."

Eve continued, "Fairies are what we call divas. Divas are a very special form of guidance used by Mother Earth to guide and nurture all life below the level of human intelligence. This is for life that cannot choose or think things out for itself."

Emma asked, "Then why do divas allow humans to be so cruel to the animal life on earth?"

Adam replied, "Because they cannot interfere with the actions of intelligent mankind, they do not have the right. Mankind is responsible to itself for its own actions. One day, when mankind is older and wiser, it will deeply regret the thoughtless cruelty of its youth. These are some of the lessons of Classroom Earth. They are not easy lessons to learn unless love is allowed to flow through mankind's heart, love and respect for all forms of innocent life."

In a thoughtful voice, Emma said, "I have always loved all animals but I'm still not very sure of why they exist, surely not to be hunted or used for laboratory experiments?"

Adam said, "Because no one has ever taught you otherwise. When you think of animals or birds or plants, you tend to think of them as your eye sees them. You see a tree or a forest of trees, a cow or a herd of cows, a cat or a dog, or a species of cats and dogs and so on. When you have a pet dog or cat, you love it deeply and you give it a name and it, in turn, shows its love by being loyal to you. When its body can no longer do its job, the pet you have loved returns to Mother Earth and its body becomes lifeless. You always thought of and loved one furry, excitable, warm, loveable dog that was full of joy and brimmed with life. Then it turns out to be two separate things that for a while lived as one thing.

It is exactly the same with human beings, two things that seem to exist together as one thing. One is the body you see and think of by name. The other thing is full of joy, brims with life, intelligence that exists in that body until bodily illness or age can no longer support that intelligence. The alive, intelligence that you loved moves to the astral levels.

You attend the funeral of the body but, with humans and animals, both continue to exist in their life force form. The life force in the dog is no different to the life force in the human or in a plant or in a fish or a bird, it is all the same type of life force at different levels of evolution.

The life force in a mouse has not yet evolved enough to be the life force of a dog or a human but, given enough time, it could. From this, you realise that you are related to all life upon Earth.

Animals cannot think but they feel and know they are part of the life force family. Only man, who has evolved intelligence, has forgotten this because he thinks of himself as 'me'.

It isn't wrong to think of yourself as 'me' so long as you also take the next step. The next step is to expand this thought so that, when you think 'me' you include as part of 'me' the sensitivities of your family and friends. Then you expand 'me' a bit more to include all the people that you know and their sensitivities, whether you like those people or not.

If you can manage to do that, you then try to expand enough for 'me' to include and love even people you don't know and may never meet. Gradually, you learn to care so that it becomes your own way of thought, your 'me' expands more and more. 'Me' expands to include every man, woman and child, every animal, bird, reptile and fish, every tree, every plant, every form of life. Then you could truthfully say that you really, love Mother Earth.

When humans finally teach themselves to expand their 'me' in this way, all cruelty and misery on Earth will end. A person or creature or countryside suffers, on the other side of your planet to you. This will be the same to you as if one of your family, one of your pets or plant life in your garden suffered. To the fully expanded me, there is no difference."

Eve added, "Slowly this happens on Earth now. For century after century, people were fearful and would only expand the care, and love in their thoughts enough to include family and close friends. They did not even believe that slaves or servants were human. They thought of slaves the same as animals and that if animals suffered it didn't matter. Now more people understand and deeply care and they loudly protest when they see, on their television set, people or animals that suffer.

Then those who cause them to suffer have to try to justify to the world, and to themselves, their right to cause them to suffer, and of course they can't. This is the wonderful thing that has begun to happen now girls. The human race has begun to gradually evolve to become adult, expanded thinkers. They haven't got there yet but they will get there."

Doubtfully, Danielle remarked, "That sounds lovely, but there is still cruelty and there are still wars and millions forced to starve who can't help themselves."

Adam replied, "That is true, Danielle, but it won't always be like that. For all of those centuries, the ordinary people had no other information; they had to believe what the leaders told them. The leaders only told the people what the leaders wanted them to believe, whether true or not.

Remember, then there were no newspapers, radios or television sets, no planes, trains or cars, sea voyages might take months or years instead of days.

Most people didn't own a horse so had to walk. News travelled very slowly and arrived months or even years after the events in that news had happened. By that time it was far too late to affect those events in any way.

"Now it is different. Today, regardless of what your leaders want you to believe, if on your TV set, you see those who suffer, cruelty, war, or are hungry refugees, the decision is yours.

You, not your leaders, decide whether what you see is just or unjust. You could write a letter of protest. You could send some food money to help feed the hungry. You only have one voice. Never be afraid to use it, to expose injustice to the gaze of all.

Everyone who hears your solitary voice has to then ask self, "Is this right or wrong?" They, like you, have to decide for themselves and some of them would then add their solitary protest to yours. Now you have a chorus of solitary voices that will grow. At first, you only had your own voice, your courage and your belief that someone would hear you.

Cruelty and injustice need the darkness of secrecy, fear and ignorance, to be able to survive. One voice is like a tiny beam of white light that pierces that darkness. A grown chorus of voices is like a huge, brilliant searchlight that sweeps darkness away. A planet-wide chorus of voices will one day fill Earth with light, to leave nowhere for injustice and cruelty to hide."

Eve laughed and said, "Relax, you both look so serious!" Danielle replied, "Oh no, Adam's answer has made me feel more hopeful now I know that one voice can have that effect."

Adam said, "We know you have many questions and I promise you that they will be answered as you journey on." Eve added, "To leave this sphere, you have to pass a little test of courage. We know that both of you are brave and have faith so have no fears, you will not be alone. We have someone special whom we have brought up from the fifth dimension to help you. We love you and leave you now as you travel onwards to the centre."

As they looked behind them, the girls watched as Adam and Eve, blazed with golden light, and receded into the distance. Emma cried, "Look, the Divas are with them."

With the golden pair as a hub, strings of sparkly lights danced and whirled around and around, to create the effect of a huge Catherine-wheel firework. The beautiful display grew smaller and smaller, to reduce to a tiny dot.

Then the girls hurtled into total darkness relieved only by the glow of their light-bodies. They felt that they rushed forwards, faster and faster, while ahead of them a brilliant shaft of white light was pointed to their left, its source directly ahead of them. Slowly, like a huge searchlight, the brilliant beam moved towards them. Rapidly the beam cut through the darkness until they were engulfed in a tidal wave of white light. Instead of to dazzle them, the light did strange things to their minds. Now they both could see images and pictures that saddened and puzzled them.

They saw their lovely Planet Earth as if from outer space, its beautiful blueness marred by ugly, sores that festered. Next came a kaleidoscope of images. First a hauntingly beautiful, majestic, rainforest that towered like an endless green cathedral. Next they heard the cruel sounds of chainsaws and flames, amid the shrieks of tortured, felled trees and also of terrified panic stricken wildlife. They felt the bewildered fear of the remote tribes of Indians, who wandered across the square miles of ashes, the burnt remains of their rainforest home.

As this scene faded, they glimpsed the underwater tranquillity of a beautiful life-filled coral reef. They saw its myriad attendant species of multi-coloured fish, crabs, sponges and plant life. It was a balanced world in miniature where each denizen depended on the rest for its survival. As they watched, the crystal-clear water became tinged with a livid yellow, like a hideous cloud that hung in the water. It was a toxic chemical, carelessly poured into the sea from a ship.

The yellow cloud engulfed the reef to kill all that it touched. In moments it turned the riot of colour and movement into black stillness. The cloud moved on, to kill all in its path. Eventually the current of clean water that was compelled to carry this lethal chemical diluted it enough to render it harmless.

High above the sea, a beautiful white gull sweeps and soars on the air currents. Always the gull is hungry and must search the surface of the water for food. Finally, in need of rest, the gull descends in a long, gracefully controlled glide. Lower and lower descends the gull until its webbed feet sink not into water, but into thick, black, treacle-like mire. The terrified gull loses its flight control as its body and wings are held by and drawn down into the thick, black mass. The girls' view recedes and now the blackness reveals itself as a huge oil slick, many miles long and wide. It is covered with many helpless white dots that feebly struggle only to quickly turn black, an unintended side effect of man's need for oil.

Another image, this time a lovely rural scene, a cool, grey-green, sun-dappled forest glade where rabbits peacefully feed. As their sensitive ears warn them of danger, they bolt into their warrens, to quiver with alarm. A graceful stag in a state of terrified exhaustion rushes through the glade. The sound of its tortured gasps for breath fades and is replaced by the excited bays of hounds. They are distant but rapidly they get nearer on the scent of the stag.

The rabbits lie low as thirty large hounds, trained and eager for the kill to please their masters, race through the glade and have gone. The approach and clatter of hard-ridden horses and the blare of hunter's horns now replace the noises of the pack. The peace of the glade is shattered by the entry of twenty gentlemen and gentle ladies. They are mounted upon large, sweaty, breathless horses. The glade echoes with the party's shouts and merry laughter. This is their idea of sport and blithely they enjoy the chase. The sole aim of fifty hunters: the death of one harmless gentle creature.

Now the girls glimpsed dizzily high cliffs of ice from which, throughout untold ages, icebergs have always calved. But now they calve at a faster rate than ever before in mankind's long history. This is the result, and just one of the many seldom seen side effects, of man's misuse of technology.

Increased warmth on a global scale that melts the polar icecaps, to cause sea levels to rise. Each year as the average temperature for the world, rises slightly, this tiny, gradual rise manifests itself in ways that are unequal and cause great alarm. The weather pattern for the entire world has radically altered to never be the same again.

Heavy gunfire in the distance, greasy black smoke and rows of wrecked houses in flames. The girls view a heavily bomb-cratered road along which thousands of ragged, exhausted, frightened people slowly and painfully make their way.

Old men helped by heavily burdened women, mothers with strangely silent children. Bandaged men in ragged uniforms, limp along. Most struggle to carry their few possessions that remain. All are refugees that have left the cause of their terror behind with their shattered homes. All are faced with the grim future of poverty and of beggars in a world that already has more refugees than it knows how to cope with. Unwelcome where they were, unwelcome at their destination. The growth of refugee numbers threatens the comfort and prosperity of the rich nations that must feed and support them. Man is brought face to face with his own selfishness. What will he do?

Once again, the view of Earth was from outer space. As the girls watched, the Earth became transparent and they could see the whirl of huge, brilliant chakras in the depths of the globe. Then they fully realised that Earth itself is an entity that is alive and has a soul. Mother Earth's body is formed from each grain of sand, the soil, the rock, each drop of water, its minerals and metals. Each breath of air, every trace of life, and this includes intelligent human. But even as they watched, the brilliant chakras became obscured.

The transparent glow was filled with a murky grey and black cloudiness. Mother Earth has nurtured and deeply loves Mankind. Her harmony and balance will be rapidly destroyed by Mankind's dark, selfish thought power. Tragically, Mankind doesn't even realise yet that thought-power could have such a powerful effect.

Like a child, Mankind regards Earth as his toy. His childish, thoughtless behaviour has caused the body and soul of Mother Earth to be very sick. The girls could faintly hear her cries of anguish. They were desolate and near to tears, because they felt so helpless. Then their spirits lifted when they heard, from every corner of Creation, as an answer, a chorus of reassurance. The tragedy of Earth's condition was not to be ignored. Help is now on the way.

The images faded as the beam of light moved on. By now, the girls had travelled to its source; the darkness and speed now replaced by new and unfamiliar sights. They found that they now stood beside a huge amethyst crystal, three times their combined height. The base a similar width, like a faceted hill set into the centre of a vast, circular floor of iridescent mother-of-pearl. The walls, made of the same precious material, curved up and over, to form a dome high above. They looked upwards, through the many large, oval windows set around the dome. The girls could see planets that hung in space, one planet to every window. Each planet was transparent, and revealed its brilliant, many coloured, chakras. A movement in the chamber drew their eyes back to the huge amethyst. In its depths, they could see violet flames that curled leapt and danced, to bathe the white, iridescent floor with amethystine light. Now the flames fiercely surged upwards towards the apex of the crystal hill, whilst also they drew the girls' gaze upward to the unexpected source of the light beam.

On the apex of the crystal hill, stood a slim, fairly tall woman, clad in a full-length cloak of violet coloured light upon which flecks of brilliant white light quivered, danced, and swirled. Her back was to the girls, her arms outstretched. In one hand she held a globe of golden light that shimmered with vibrant life. In the other hand she held a short crystal wand. By now, the fierce flames had changed from violet to brilliant white.

Awe-struck, the girls watched the white flames surge up through the top of the crystal, to fill the woman with a white radiance. The brilliant light engulfed the colours of her robes and hair, and turned her into a statue of brilliant light, that pulsed and spiralled faster and faster. A deep, vibrant sound reminiscent of the chant of Tibetan monks filled the chamber. Her arm lifted, the wand pointed to a planet and a shaft of white light, from the wand, beamed to the planet. Now the planet was filled with the same light, and this it continued to radiate even after the beam ceased and the beautiful sound had faded.

The woman's colours returned as the radiance and flames subsided to the depths of the amethyst hill. There the violet flames curled and danced once again, whilst they awaited the next call. The wand and orb disappeared as the woman turned to face the girls, a smile of welcome on her face. She gave an exaggerated, dramatic swirl of her cloak and a proud toss of her long, chestnut-brown hair.

Then the woman floated down from the crystal apex whilst she laughed at her own theatrical gestures and at the startled, expressions of wonder on their faces. Quickly, as she drew close and hugged Emma and Danielle her laughter bubbled over at the sight of them. Both girls heroically struggled to adjust their already image-drenched, alarmed minds. First the sight of a woman, who a few moments ago had blazed with flames and internal light, and then to the fact that they now recognised the woman.

"Gran Yvonne," Danielle gasped. "Auntie Yvonne," Emma chorused. Then, together, "Why are you here?"

She smiled with delight at their puzzlement, then she replied, "The Auntie/Gran Yvonne that you both know is tucked up in her bed, just as you are.

Emma asked, "Does that mean there are two identical Yvonne's?"

Yvonne replied, "No. It means that only a tiny part of the intelligence, or soul, that you both know as Yvonne exists in a physical body. I am the main part of Yvonne and am sometimes known as her higher self. Each person on Earth is really only a tiny part of his or her higher self. Yvonne has lived many, many lives even before Earth's long, long history began. In the physical Yvonne cannot remember any of those lives but I remember them all.

Danielle asked, "I always thought we only lived one life. Why so many lives, and why can't we remember them?"

Yvonne smiled, and said, "It would be easier to understand if you are able to think of Yvonne, in her body, as an extension of me. Ho explained to you that here we all function on high power-level energy rather like his example of the mains electric in your house. Physical matter and all that exists in it, functions on the very same energy but reduced to a very low power-level, as does an electric torch or a battery radio. The power you just watched that passed through me would turn Yvonne's physical body to ash. This means that always anyone from the higher power-levels that enters your physical universe must have their power greatly reduced down to the power level of atoms. Adam told you that angels are twin male and female energies that function best together. But even if the twins work separately each twin is in fact its own higher self.

Each angelic level exists at its own speed of existence, faster than the levels below it and slower than the levels above it. The Creator's level is the instantaneous level of existence. The twinned angels were all created with equal and full powers and aware intelligence, ready to learn their tasks. First they had to descend to their appointed levels. All the higher selves were created as twins, just as were the angels, but they have a different task to the angels so have to exist at a much lower speed of existence. Then each of the higher self, twins separated to work alone. This was the only way their power-level and speed of existence could be reduced down to the required level.

Even when separated our power-level was still too high because our task required us to enter your familiar physical world. The only way I could enter physical existence was to send a tiny part of me down the power-levels of the astral vortex. In this way the part I sent gradually lost its powers on the way down until, at the lowest power-level, it was simply dormant life force. The life force then had to exist amid atoms until it could evolve intelligence. But at all times it was, and is, an extension of me. Eventually, it evolved to become the Gran/Auntie Yvonne that you know and love."

Emma looked doubtful. "That still sounds like two separate Yvonne's to me," she said.

"No, no," Yvonne replied. "I cannot rise above this power level to begin my task until my extension, Gran Yvonne, learns her gifts and climbs the vortex to rejoin me here. Later, the task will be explained to you, but for now, let me give you an example that you may be able to understand.

Let us call the task, an aeroplane that my father has given me, that will allow me to fly high above the clouds to anywhere I want to go. To fly the plane I need a key, but the key rests somewhere on the bottom of a muddy pool of water. There is only way that I can find the key. I must plunge my hand and my arm, into the murky water, to search the muddy bottom by feel, until I touch the key.

We could compare Gran Yvonne's physical body to the long, rubber glove that will keep my hand and my arm dry and clean. We could compare the bottom of the pool to physical earth. So now I realise that I have to kneel beside my plane, in lovely sunshine, where birds sing. At the same time also I know that my focus of concentration is in my fingertips. My fingertips blindly fumble in a thick rubber glove, to search the muddy bottom for the key.

First, my fingers have got to get used to the clumsy glove and the thick mud, and also to learn to search by feel. This is what Mel meant by 'to learn the gifts'. If, whilst I search, the glove tears, this is like death of the physical body. When I change the torn glove for another, to continue the search, this is to be reborn into another body.

Always the real aim is to find the key, not to remember the mud you have already searched by the use of glove after glove. In the same way, for Gran Yvonne to remember all of her lives would not help her to learn her gifts. At all times it is my hand and arm in the glove, even though the cold water numbs my fingers and makes them forget they are attached to the rest of me up here beside the pool. In the same way, Gran Yvonne has sometimes forgotten that she and I are the same being.

Whilst I kneel beside the pool, I may be a dunce or a genius with a great knowledge of many subjects. I might be a gifted brain surgeon or a professor of mathematics. Or I might be an engineer who builds bridges or dams or skyscrapers. None of this great skill and knowledge could help my fingers to find that key, only patience and care will find it. Patience because my fingers cannot see, they can only feel. Care because, if I'm not careful, my search may destroy the delicate balance of life that lives in the pool. Even more difficult is the fact that there are many people who kneel by that pool, and every one of them searches that mud for the key to their own aeroplane. So you can imagine the confusion at the bottom of that pool with all those gloved hands, often with no idea why they are down there. Does that example help you to understand?"

Emma replied, "Yes, that does help. It means that whoever you meet on Earth, they are only the tiny focused part of their real self, whether they realise it or not.

"That's right," said Yvonne, "And if you have always been taught that you are nothing special, you can imagine how hard it is to believe that you really are special."

Danielle frowned and said, "Even so, Gran Yvonne and everyone else are not like puppets or glove puppets, worked by you up here, I don't believe that."

Yvonne smiled and said, "That is because you still think of Gran and myself as two separate Yvonne's. Here I know what I'm to search for and why but, to start my search, I must accept the rules of physical matter where the key is hidden. To do that, I must be here with full power and knowledge, but also I must go there to search with very low power and no knowledge. To me, this is as if I must wear a blindfold, have my hands tied behind my back, and suffer amnesia before I can even begin the search.

So, when you meet me down there on Earth, I think and you think I am Gran Yvonne. As Gran Yvonne, amid the confusion of everyday life, I find it very difficult to remember the rest of me up here. When I do remember that me down there, is linked to me up here, I can then ask me up here for help. I have to learn to use my intuitional link."

Emma said, "I've heard of women's intuition and also that men always laugh because they don't believe in it."

"That's right, they do laugh at it, but they don't laugh when they have a hunch about something. But intuition and to have a hunch is one and the same, the difference is only in a man's mind." Yvonne paused and then said, "Though often they don't realise it, parents are far more than producers of babies that they then regard as their very own. For example, Yvonne's parents acted as a gateway or threshold, for a reduced power-level extension of myself to enter or re-enter physical matter. The purpose is to continue the search for the key. If and when they do remember the purpose, mum, dad and the baby each have their own key to find. "

Usually, man is the breadwinner. His focus of concentration has to be outside of himself in the world that surrounds him because that is where he must win the bread.

If his gaze is always outwards, man will regard what he sees, hears, tastes, smells or feels as the only reality. Since you young ladies arrived up here, you know there is far more than that to reality.

The woman, who is also wife and mother, has a different way to look at things. The husband provides the means to make a home. But it is the wife who actually uses those means to create the home in a cave, a caravan, a house or a palace. It doesn't matter where because, for her family, she will make it into a refuge of comfort, light and warmth, filled with love and safety. The babies created in her womb enter the home she has made. The world her husband and children have to face may be hard and unsympathetic. But always they have the comfort of the knowledge that their pool of love-filled light, called home, awaits them.

Father understands the world and will protect the home and family, although he seldom looks inwards to understand himself. Mother always has to look inwards to find ways to protect the sensitivities of her family members from the thoughtlessness of each other. Eventually, from Mother, they learn to be considerate and kind. Soon, as she searches, the mother finds her intuitive link, and learns from her personal experience that she can trust the link.

Both, the father and the mother understand thoughts, ideas and actions, but the mother's intuition helps her to also understand the emotions of her family and of herself. Then gently she tries to teach father to find his intuitive link, to look inside as well as outside."

Yvonne paused then said, "That was quite a long explanation and it's nearly time for that little test of courage that Eve mentioned. Don't worry, I shall be with you and, if you fail, you will simply wake up back in your bed. If you pass the test, you will enter the next sphere. Is that OK with you?"

Emma said, "Yes, that's fine with me." Danielle added, "We know we'll be safe with you." Yvonne smiled, and said, "We have a little time left if you have more questions."

Emma said, "Yes, I have a question. You said that Gran Yvonne existed before Earth's history began. What did you mean by that?"

Danielle asked, "What did you do as we arrived, it looked quite scary?"

Yvonne replied, "Good, both questions are tied in with each other. Let me explain. At school you were taught that, when you look up at the stars at night, the starlight that you see has travelled maybe billions or trillions of miles from those stars. Even at the speed of light, millions of years would pass before that light reached Planet Earth.

If that star had planets that supported intelligent life, many civilisations could rise to power and then crumble to nothing as those millions of years passed. If, from Earth, you could observe activity on that distant planet, you would know that what you observed now actually happened millions of years ago. To observe what happens today on that planet, you would have to wait further millions of years.

I have explained this because Ho told you that the real purpose for all intelligent life is to learn their gifts because that will allow them to rejoin us up here. The people on that distant planet may have learnt their gifts and ascended to this higher level millions of years before Earth's history began. Does that make sense so far, girls?"

Thoughtfully, Emma and Danielle nodded. Yvonne continued. "To ascend is to evolve, it is the same thing. I'll give you a silly example. A chicken is a chicken only and, for its own safety, must live in a chicken coop. The man, who owns the chickens, is intelligent, so is more evolved life force than the chickens. He lives in a house, a tiny part of which is the coop. The man can go where he likes, and this includes in with the chickens to feed them, but the chickens can't come into the house. For his own safety, man cannot ascend to us until his intelligence has evolved harmony and balance based in love for all as his chosen way of life. Then he can ascend to use his gifts safely and with self-control. But as Adam told you, the life force in the chicken, in the man, and in the ascended man, is the same type of life force at different levels of evolvement.

Gran Yvonne evolved and ascended millions of years ago from a distant planet similar to the one we talked about. The whole race ascended at the same time so the planetary mother's task was complete. She, the planet, had cherished and nurtured life force until, by its own efforts to learn the use of the gifts, it could ascend. Task complete, the mother could then ascend to where she came from. So at all times, everywhere in your physical universe, people and planets are able to ascend together.

When they do ascend, it is for us -- from the Creator down to the youngest angels and we higher selves-- a reason to greatly rejoice. It is also the true message in the biblical story of the Prodigal Son. After he had learnt humility through his own silly mistakes, he returned, to his home and to the love of his parents.

The word prodigal actually means to waste or to squander; it can refer to money, time, thought and effort. When you arrived, that beam of light you saw, between my wand and the planet, was a two-way signal from the planet to tell us it was about to ascend. Also from all of us to the planet, to signal our joy." Yvonne paused and then continued. "To answer your question about Gran Yvonne, who ascended millions of years ago. When she ascended, what would she do then? What would she think then? Would she think: Good, I've ascended, my happiness is complete? Or, would she think: Good, I've ascended but my happiness is not yet complete? It could not be complete whilst, on other planets, there are countless prodigal sons and daughters of our Creator, who may still make all the silly mistakes that I made before I ascended."

Emma said, "The latter, I would think." Danielle added, "Me too."

Yvonne smiled and said, "You are right. But to help those people Yvonne couldn't go down amongst them as an ascended being of light. If she had, they would have knelt down to worship and follow her. That would be another mistake to add to those they had made already. You must love God, your Creator, and you do that when you look deep inside yourself, no one else. Because the word worship has been distorted, many believe that, it means to humble yourself before God, but God wants you as a beloved friend, not as a humble servant. To truly worship is to admire. What you admire in your idea of God, is a love-filled, generous creator who forgives and understands everyone at all times. You then try to build those same virtues into yourself.

To do that will require you to throw out of yourself things like greediness, meanness, envy, and spitefulness, because these are vices. Virtues and vices are complete opposites and only you can choose which you will keep.

The only way Gran Yvonne -- me -- could help those people to ascend was by Gran Yvonne going through the whole process again. This meant she had to leave me up here with the powers and memories of many lives and ascensions from other planets. This was to enable her to be reborn time and time again on Earth. Sometimes born as a queen or a high priestess, sometimes as a slave. But always she would try, to the best of her knowledge at the time, to bring light and hope. Always to where others were almost crushed by darkness, ignorance and the selfishness of yet others."

Yvonne paused, then continued. "You see, girls, if you long to help people to find God in their selves, it is more a matter of what you have become than what you say to them. If you have drawn the God-like virtues into your heart, they are then there for others to see and draw into themselves. Their soul light sees your soul light and longs to be like it. Then there is no need for words."

Danielle said, "That was quite a story, but is Gran Yvonne the only one or are there any others doing the same work?"

Yvonne replied, "There are many ascended men and ascended women who chose to return to physical life to help and guide mankind. Because Mother Earth is nearly ready to ascend and mankind isn't ready yet, more and more return to offer their help. Now it is time for you to journey on. Come with me and don't be afraid."

She led the girls around the crystal hill to a huge, high and wide door of transparent amethyst, set into the hill. Through the closed door, they could see a furnace, filled with, violet flames that roared and raged high above them.

Yvonne said, "This is the test, ladies. When that door opens, together we walk into those flames. When I stop, you two must walk on through to the other side. There you will meet some very special souls that are to guide you through their sphere. If you allow fear or doubt to enter your minds, you will wake up in your cosy bed."

Emma and Danielle stared awe-struck and wide-eyed at the power and beauty of the huge fire. Yvonne warmly embraced them both, then stood between them with her arms around their waists.

"Are you ready, ladies?" Emma and Danielle looked at each other and gulped as the huge door swung open. The crystal doorway was suddenly entirely filled with huge billows of flame, massed tongues of violet fire. They both nodded to Yvonne.

With a confident smile, Yvonne said, "Let's go."

Then all three stepped into the blaze of the furnace. The huge flames instantly engulfed the three figures, to set them ablaze from head to foot. To the girls' astonishment, there was no trace of heat. Instead, they both experienced an intense fizzy sensation. It was like a shaken bottle of lemonade when the cap is unscrewed. The sensation poured upwards from their toes to the crowns of their heads.

After a few moments, the sensation passed, the flames drew away from them to form a fiery tunnel that arched high over their heads, whilst it bathed them in its strange, rich violet light. Meanwhile, a sound, rather like distant cheers and applause, echoed through the crystal furnace.

Joyfully, Yvonne hugged the girls and said, "All in the spheres watched you, and now you can hear how pleased they are. You passed the test with your first step into the flames. I must stay but you will walk through the flames then pass through the far door. Good luck, ladies"

Suddenly they were alone. Emma said, "Come on, Danielle, it can't be too far to walk"

Danielle laughed, then replied, "OK, Emma, but you do look funny in this light!"

Emma grinned and said, "Well, so do you! So let's get out of here"

Arm in arm, they walked until the tunnel of violet flames ended at another huge amethyst door. As they approached it, the door swung open and allowed them to leave. The door then firmly closed behind them.

"Oh," cried. Emma "So this is the next sphere."

Chapter six ends

Chapter seven. The Sphere of the Crystal Trees.

The furnace and the mother-of-pearl chamber had disappeared. Emma and Danielle had stepped on to a small jetty built from blocks of beautiful rose pink, quartz crystal. They stood in a huge cavern and the jetty ran out from the shore of a vast subterranean lake. The girls gasped at the mysterious beauty of the scene. High above them, the roof of the cavern was shrouded in mist; its whiteness shot through with many brilliant colours that continuously changed.

These caused it to glow and illuminate everything below with a spectrum that rippled, like a tide of colours that chased each other. The waters of the lake, gently lapped the shore and jetty, and were the darkest blue. In the distance could be seen where they rose sheer out of the lake, a cluster of fantastically shaped, towers that glittered and gleamed.

These quivered and shimmered with vivid, rich colours that brilliantly illuminated both, the bed of the lake in the crystal clear depths of the water, and also up to where the tower tops were hidden by the mist. Absorbed by the splendour of the towers and the rise of the colours, the girls had forgotten they were alone. Then they wandered to the end of the jetty; curious to know when their guides would appear.

Whilst they waited, they talked about their experiences in the last sphere and on a lighter note, as young ladies will, about the garments worn in the spheres.

Danielle remarked, "Did you notice how Yvonne was dressed, Emma?"

Emma replied, "Yes I did because her violet cloak was transparent and, under it, her dress was purple, all picked out with green emeralds."

Danielle said, "That's right, and with lovely, tiny pearls at her throat and ears. The entire outfit elegantly suited her tall, slim figure."

This brief session of exchanged fashion notes was interrupted when from far away over the water, they heard distant sounds. Faintly at first but swiftly the sounds got louder, a series of familiar, shrill whistles, squeaks and clicks. As they gazed in the direction of the sounds, they saw a large school of dolphins that raced towards the jetty whilst they formed many V-shaped wakes on the surface. As they leapt from the water, they twisted and somersaulted before they plunged below the dark surface again and again. Emma and Danielle stood transfixed as their eyes drank the sight in.

All dolphins are beautiful but these were more than beautiful, they were light beings in the shape of dolphins. Each one displayed the seven or more main chakras of the soul, each of which blazed with brilliant light that, lit up the dark waters in which the dolphins swam. Emma and Danielle then knew that in their heads they now received the thoughts of the delighted dolphins.

Emma called out, "Hello, dolphins. You are all beautiful." Danielle added, "Hello, you lovely creatures, have you seen our guides, please?" They both received a thought in reply; "We are your guides to the Sphere of Memories."

At that moment, the big, leader dolphin swam alongside the pink jetty to where they waited. On its back was a saddle-shaped, padded box, with a windshield. All of the other dolphins surrounded the sides of the jetty, and each thrust its light-filled head up on to the walkway. All of the dolphins whistled, clicked and smiled, the way dolphins always smile. Then the girls felt their selves gently lifted and held by the dolphins' combined power of thought and love; a special love that held them safe but did not intrude. The crystal-clear thought came into their minds.

"We will lift you into the saddle. You will be quite safe and dry no matter how fast we travel. We were invited to take you to the next sphere. This has filled us with great joy because you both are very precious souls, treasured by all of us in the spheres."

By now the girls hovered over the leader. Slowly and gently they were lowered into the saddle-seats and the thought power was then withdrawn. As one unit, the dolphin school glided away from the jetty. Rapidly they gained speed as they skimmed towards the centre of the lake. Danielle and Emma felt the excitement grow. Anxious not to miss anything, their heads turned this way and that. A glance behind them at the now tiny distant jetty showed them the great speed at which they now travelled.

The leader was now at the centre of a V-formation made up from all seventy dolphins, and the girls waved joyfully to them. As if in reply, several of them leapt from the water to form graceful arcs high in the air, then to plunge with hardly a splash below the surface, to reappear exactly in position.

Now they were about to pass between two of the crystalline towers, close enough to be filled with awe at their vast size. The brilliant columns soared gracefully upwards to disappear into the shimmer of the mist clouds high above the water. As they peered downwards into the depths, they could see that the towers penetrated the lake-bed and that the glorious flood of colours ascended from below the brilliantly lit bed of the lake. Even at their great speed, it seemed to take several minutes to pass between the towers.

Fascinated, Emma asked, "What are they?" Immediately, the dolphin leader sent both girls a mind picture of the colour display under Mel's crystal floor and the shafts of rainbow light in Joseph's Sphere of the Soul Vortex.

Then they realised that they were to follow the Creator's magic gift light back to its source. The towers were left far behind. The dolphins' radiance provided the only light in the darkness that surrounded them. Above, the multi-coloured mist had gone, to reveal the arched roof and walls of the cavern. They were formed from a natural crystal of a deep rich blue that glowed but not enough to illuminate. Rapidly, they travelled near one side of the cavern.

The blue darkness was relieved, far ahead, by the light from three widely separated, huge side tunnels. Each tunnel glowed with a different blend of colours. As they passed by the first, the girls could see that it opened out to form a huge cavern of brilliant, vivid yellow crystal, that blazed with internal light that shifted, and moved. From the water, arose the largest flower imaginable, the size of a gigantic oak tree. It was in the shape of a lotus with five closed petals, and it was supported by a, tree trunk sized, stalk.

The lotus had formed as a stalagmite of white crystal of an opal-like iridescence but each petal tip was tinted yellow, like the cavern. In the centre of the lotus, stamen-like, was a slim, graceful stalagmite that towered above the lotus. It too was white crystal streaked with orange. Directly above it, grown from the roof, was a long, pointed stalactite like a transparent icicle. Drops of bright orange water ran from the roof down its sides, then dripped from its tip, to fall on the stamen directly below it. Slowly, through countless ages, this process had built the huge, beautiful, crystal flower.

The girls silently gazed their fill until the radiant glow of the cavern was left behind them.

Quickly, the dolphin school reached the next side cavern. This was larger than the last and its walls and roof were of a gorgeous flame orange. Here, the drip of stalactites had formed a huge, partly opened lotus of the same white crystal, but this beautiful creation had a hundred petals. Each crystal petal was fringed with the glow of yellow and rich violet.

Into the blue gloom again. They now fairly skimmed the water. Faintly but then louder, the girls heard the magnificent, soar of a carillon of church bells. These praised the Creator whilst also they lifted the hearts of all who heard them.

Then the third cavern revealed its magic. The walls soared upwards to form a roof shaped like the Gothic arches of a huge cathedral. Again the walls were crystal but this time of a delicate amethyst. The walls pulsed with life, whilst rich violet and flame orange streaks swirled and moved as if alive deep within the crystalline walls. Hundreds of long slender stalactites like organ pipes hung downward from the roof, and all dripped. Each droplet fell on to a lofty fully opened, lotus of a thousand petals of pure white radiance. As the drops fell and struck the huge petals, each delicate crystalline petal rang its own note, like a huge bell.

Then the vision was swept from their sight, the haunt of the chimes faded away; the silence was broken only by the swish of water. The girls were too enchanted to speak.

Then, Emma asked, "I wonder why those crystal trees were formed instead of stalagmites."

Danielle replied, "I don't know but we have learnt that all is possible up here."

At that moment, with the telepathic equivalent to a polite cough, the leader's thoughts entered the conversation.

"If I may, I will try to explain. Now you both are adults, you will know that truth is always truth. You also know that truth has many layers and that, only when you have understood the first layer, is it possible to understand the layers that follow.

For example, to a child who first tastes ice cream, truth is that ice cream is delicious. The child knows that is the truth. Previously, the child may have been told that ice cream is delicious and, though it believed it, the child didn't know it as truth until it actually tasted ice cream.

The next layer of truth the child can only know through personal experience, is that too much ice cream will make the child feel sick. All previous warnings about it the child would choose to ignore.

The next layer of truth is that ice cream costs money. The child won't understand this until the ice cream vendor demands money from the child who asks him for ice cream. Whether you talk about ice cream or spiritual truths, the same things apply. The layers of truth have to be learnt in sequence and at the speed at which the individual learns. Any other way is to believe, but not to really 'know' truth.

Now we come to the crystal trees. Actually, they are not trees: they are flowers that on Earth are known as lotuses. Always the way that spiritual truths unfold, as experienced by the individual seeker, has been compared to the way that the many layers of petals of the fully opened lotus unfold.

The petals unfold and open layer by layer, as does the ability to understand the many layers of truth when the seeker searches for the Creator. Here in the spheres, all is created from the thought power of someone, somewhere. No atoms are needed, just thought energy. The crystal lotuses are formed by souls like you, Emma, and you, Danielle, whilst you exist in physical bodies on many planets, Earth included.

Each droplet that falls upon a crystal lotus is created from a tiny drop of spiritual progress and evolvment gained by a soul somewhere in your universe. Very young inexperienced souls would water the lotus that has five petals. With progress, the soul would water the lotus that has one hundred-petals. Finally, when the soul became very experienced and, after many lives, had mastered all of its gifts, it would water the lotus that has one thousand-petals. Each chime is a signal that this soul has advanced self enough to transform into a being of light."

Danielle said, "Thank you for that explanation. I suppose that we still water the lotus that has only five petals?"

The leader replied, "Ah, wouldn't you like to know?" Both girls chorused, "Yes, we would."

With a chuckle, the leader said, "Well, I'm not supposed to tell you, but when you sit quietly on your own, listen for bells in your ears, then you'll know."

Whilst the dolphin school continued to forge ahead, the girls pondered, and then Emma asked, "If the chimes are a signal, how can the Creator hear it when the lotus is hidden in a deep cavern?"

Emma's question was followed by excited squeaks, whistles and clicks, from the dolphins, accompanied by a mental wave of amusement. Then they both received a mind picture of Emma as she looked into the wrong end of a big telescope, and this amused them.

The leader explained. "You met have Anubis the jackal, and Auntie Café, that poor old coffee machine in Mel's office. Both were created by mankind's thought-power when many individuals combined their thoughts to achieve the same goal.

Mankind does not yet realise the enormous power of thoughts. No matter whether, they are thoughts thought by the Creator or by an angel or by an old man or by a woman, or by a child. Everything that is created starts as a thought conceived by an individual. Let me give you an example.

A man may decide to start a war where people will be hurt. Or he may decide to build a hospital for people who have been hurt. Whichever thought he chooses, he will then share that thought with others who agree with it. They will then combine their thoughts and efforts with his to create that war or to create that hospital. But before any of the many millions of people who eventually may become involved with that creation, one man's thought triggered it. The man chose it, thought it, shared the thought with other people, and then it was created.

With Anubis, and with the old coffee machine and with the crystal lotuses, mankind is unaware that his combined thoughts have created them.” For a few moments there was silence, and then the old leader continued to explain.

"All creation is part of the Creator, nothing is separate even though it may think that it is. As a dolphin, I could think that I am completely separate from the water in which I swim. But I would be incorrect because the water and the dolphin are both created by the Creator from the energy stuff that forms the Creator. The water, the air, all the dolphins, you and Danielle, this cavern, all of the angels, all of the spheres, all of your stars and planets with all of their life forms. All are made from that same energy stuff. All are linked because everything is linked to everything else and is also linked to the Creator. No signals need be heard because the Creator knows your progress level already. Think of it this way. God is you, and you are God, but you have the freewill to believe it or not."

Their speed had steadily increased ever since they left the jetty. Now, the dark blue lake began to narrow as they reached its end. Overhead, the deep blue dimness now gave way to a paler blue. Then, at its end, a huge tunnel of pure whiteness, its height dwarfed the school of dolphins that swam up the centre of the wide river that flowed into the lake.

The river of darkest blue and the tunnel of white made a stark contrast to each other and seemed to stretch forever into the distance. After they had seen the gorgeous lotuses, the girls found the featureless, silent tunnel tended to unsettle them. To break the silence, Danielle asked about the help Mother Earth was to receive before the planet ascends.

There was a pause. Then the big old dolphin asked, "What sort of help would you give them, Danielle, if you could?"

Taken aback, Danielle gasped, "Who, Me? Let me think. I would try to teach some of the things I have learnt up here."

Emma chipped in to protest, "But to do that might take too long, if the Earth is ready to ascend. Until I came on this journey, I didn't know what to believe and so like most people, I pushed it out of my mind. Sort of, I'll think about that when I grow old, I'm too busy now."

The big old dolphin replied, "Now you see the problem caused when you believe the thought that you are separate when really you are not separate. The truth is that all is linked. This means that when a planet full of people, exist as though they are separate, they live with an untruth. They live in an illusion. They must first come to know from their own experience, that up to now they have believed in a false reality. Only then could they accept the idea of individual ascension."

Emma said, "That sounds impossible. How would you do that?"

The Old dolphin replied, "Because Ho brought you up through the astral vortex, you now know that there is no real difference between your life in a physical body and your life without a physical body. What you take for granted and natural today, a hundred years ago you would have thought to be the stuff of miracles or of black magic, or even of science and technology from the distant future.

But if you think about it, really what has man done? For thousands of years, man has either used his own or other peoples' or animal's, muscles and energy to put his thoughts into action or solid things. At last he has used his intelligence to direct and magnify the effects of his thoughts and muscles. He has replaced muscle energy, with machinery that uses energy generated by other machines. At last, mankind has used intelligent thought to think his way out of the bondage of physical labour. Now, whilst machines do the work, he has time to think about the path he has travelled and has yet to travel, and what it all really means.

Why haven't the majority of mankind given it thought? Simply because each human truly believes that he or she is separate, he or she has always been filled with fear of all of those other separate people, animals and things. So their thoughts, their cleverness, and their inventiveness have always been directed towards the protection of self from all of the others.

There is no trust, so all doors have locks. There is no trust, so there has to be money. There is no trust, so all fear the future and grasp more than their share to feel secure in that future. Always the strongest take the largest share from the weakest. But this is to swim against the current. Today, the strong have begun to realise that because they always took from the weak, now they always will have to feed, clothe and house the weak.

Also because the strong exploited and spoiled Earth, only the strong have the resources with which to try to repair the damage. At their peril the strong ignore the damage they caused with their clever technology. Now the same technology has warned them that Earth will be unfit for any life forms, strong or weak, but in their present lifetime, not in some distant future.

All of this, ladies, has happened in a very short period of mankind's long history. A hundred years is a very tiny fraction of many, many thousands of centuries. It has happened fast enough to force its way into the gaze of every person, weak or strong, on the planet. The strong have always been the leaders of governments, of nations, of industries and of traditional religions. Whilst the weak found it easier to always passively follow and obey in every aspect of their lives, until now. Previously, everyone trusted greed to make them strong and secure.

Now, they realise that greed has made them weak and insecure. In their hearts, they know that to share and to co-operate are the only ways to save the planet. As they begin to follow those ways, their fears and distrust begin to fade, slowly to be replaced by hope and trust in their selves as individuals. The leaders may still try to use the old methods of leadership, based in fear and greed. But these obsolete methods cannot work any more, so, the leaders that continue to use them, will no longer be trusted by their followers. Their followers ask themselves, in what sort of illusion have they all lived for so very long that has got all everyone into this mess?

You thought it to be impossible, Emma, but we began to feed mankind with ideas for technology more than three hundred years ago; then we left him to sort it out for himself. He did it to himself and has now started to look for better, fairer ways to do things. Since he has begun to look, we now gently spread the word about mankind's next big step, Ascension. You both will hear more about that as you journey onwards but very shortly you will see some of the help Earth will receive when the time arrives."

Before either of the girls could reply, the monotony of the tunnel was suddenly and violently shattered. A huge horizontal bolt of lightning seared and crackled its way along the centre of the tunnel high over their heads. It filled the whiteness of the tunnel with blue-white tinged brilliant light. The jagged shaft of power sizzled as it headed towards the lake that they recently had left. Instantly, this was followed by a crack of thunder that almost deafened them. For a few moments, the girls covered their eyes and closed them until the glare and noise had faded.

They felt the leader's thought-energy probe into the distance, "Dolphin School to Ashtar Command. I'm relieved to say that you missed us." Immediately, they received a thought reply, "Sorry, Dolphin School. We knew you would come, but didn't expect you this early. We just tested out the earthquake control for Planet Earth."

Cautiously mollified, the old dolphin replied dryly, "Apology accepted. Please, no more tests until we have passed beneath you." "Roger and Out."

Emma asked, "Does everyone up here use radio jargon from World War Two For thought transmissions?"

The leader's dry reply went unheard as Danielle gasped, "Emma, what is that up ahead?"

Emma strained her eyes, then said, "Heaven knows. It's still too far away to see clearly, but it certainly is beautiful."

The tunnel ahead had somehow blurred out of focus. Then they could see why. From up near the roof, clouds of golden vapour that glowed and shimmered as it billowed and poured downwards filled the tunnel.

The golden mist was pierced by a huge display of multi-coloured lights. These flickered, and pulsed with brilliant points of radiance that flashed high up near the roof. Swiftly, the school entered the golden mist while the tunnel echoed with the rich tones of five hauntingly familiar musical notes played over and over again.

They strained their eyes as they gazed upwards to see through the billows of mist. For a moment the clouds parted and then they saw it, and then another, and another. The girls could scarcely believe their eyes, but there they were, three giant flying saucers, that glowed whilst they hovered near the roof, their diameters slightly less than the great width of the huge tunnel.

The girls' vision blurred as if, just like Mel's office door, the crafts were there but not quite there. They silently gazed at a vision always thought to belong to the realms of science fiction. Then cheerfully the pilot's thoughts breezily, contacted the girls.

"Hello, Emma and Danielle, and welcome. It's lovely to see you here, We're sorry about the lightning shock. We will meet again on Earth, and that's a promise. Goodbye for now."

Suddenly, just as the thought message ended, the underside of each craft blazed with light, huge unbroken circles of radiance, started at the rims and moved rapidly to the centres of each craft, to be replaced and followed by others. Huge beams of golden light spotlighted the dolphin school with the girls at its centre, a salute to them as they swiftly passed beneath.

The five notes played over and over, and then suddenly ceased as the strange and beautiful vessels glided sideways to disappear through the wall of the huge tunnel. Danielle rubbed her eyes and asked, "Spacecraft! Did I see spacecraft?"

Before Emma could answer, the leader replied, "Yes, you did. They belong to Ashtar Command. They show off a bit because they guessed you both had seen the Steven Spielberg film, Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

The girls agreed they had seen it and Emma said,

"Those spaceships and the ones in the film are identical, but why do you need spaceships up here anyway?"

The leader replied, "They are identical. As so few people on Earth meditate, the only way we can contact them is through their dreams. We wouldn't try to tell them what to do so; instead, we can plant ideas in their dreams that they may choose to use or not when they awaken.

The task of Ashtar is to help mankind before and after Earth ascends, but to use no compulsion. Help will be offered and each person may choose to accept it or not. The trouble was that so many science fiction stories and films portrayed extra-terrestrial beings as awful monsters from other planets and dimensions. We had to try to alter mankind's fear-filled ideas.

Otherwise, when the Ashtar fleet does appear near Earth to help, mankind will think that they are being invaded and would head for the hills. No doubt you have guessed that we can and do enter the dreams of people, and this includes filmmakers simply because they can show everyone the truth. The truth is that no matter what they may look like most extra-terrestrials are loveable folks that deeply care about all life forms in the universe."

The old dolphin paused, then said, "To answer your other question, Emma. We don't need spaceships up here; neither does anyone who ascends need them. The people who would need spaceships are the ones who want to ascend but are not yet ready to when Earth ascends.

Just like everything else up here, the vessels of the Ashtar fleet are simply thought structures. Only when they enter your physical universe will they convert their energy into atoms to become solid matter. Now young ladies, no more questions. Ask them in the next sphere. We have a very dramatic exit prepared for you and it will take all of our concentration."

Ahead, the tunnel's whiteness was tinged with green and the river widened to become an estuary that opened out, to lead them into a strangely calm ocean. Every-where they looked was deep green ocean. Even directly overhead, like a mirror image, was ocean. As they looked back along their route, the overhead ocean curved downwards all around them to join and become the ocean they were on. Behind them, now at a distance, they could see a gigantic rock crystal in the form of a dolphin's head, its open mouth formed the vast tunnel they had just left.

The effect was as if to travel along the inside of a long, wide bottle of green glass. To the left and right, the water curved upwards. Only to the front and rear was the surface flat. But even the flatness ended where in the distance they could see an endless dark green wall. This wall rose sheer from the ocean's surface to disappear in the darkness above."

Emma was puzzled and asked; "Won't that wall stop us?"

The leader replied, "No, that's our way through. Look higher up into the darkness and then you will see your dramatic exit."

As they carefully peered up the wall of water, Emma and Danielle groaned. "Oh, I see what you mean." Then Emma added, "Actually, my idea of a dramatic exit is to slam the door behind me after my biting witty exit line." Danielle nodded vigorously in ready agreement.

The leader answered, "We're completely out of 'slammable' doors at this point in time. All we have on offer is a trip through a vertical whirlpool exit that revolves."

The girls sighed in defeat and together said, "OK. We'll take it."

Highly amused, the dolphins all squeaked and clicked as the leader replied, "I knew you would. Maybe I've become telepathic."

The wall ahead of them was several miles high and now they could see it was the ocean they were on that had folded upwards to then flow vertically. Even higher still, another fold and it was upside down, and flowed calmly above them. In the centre of the wall of water was a gigantic whirlpool with a vortex that was huge and black. The leader sent half of the dolphin school ahead to take up their positions around the vortex. Fascinated, the girls watched the advance party surge at enormous speed towards the wall, to appear tinier as they approached it.

Then Emma called, "Look, there they go." As they reached the fold in the ocean, the string of dolphins, tiny at such a distance, now swam upwards towards the whirlpool, all had to swim powerfully against the current. When they noticed this, the girls realised the whirlpool was reversed. It didn't draw water into the vortex. Instead the vortex brought water out into the ocean.

Quickly, the dolphins formed a widely spaced circle around the black maw of the pool. Meanwhile, the leader explained what was to happen.

"You've no need to feel nervous, girls. The dolphins will now form a wide circle around me. They will then thought-lift the three of us until we are exactly in line with the centre of the vortex. Then they will carry us like that, whilst they gain approach speed. As we enter the vortex, the advance party will take over control to guide us through. Is everyone ready?"

Both girls gulped nervously and managed a faint, "Yes, OK."

"Hold tight ladies. Up we go."

At first slowly and gently and then rapidly like an express lift. Whilst his two awe-struck passengers frenziedly gripped the saddle, the great light-filled dolphin shot out of the water in a steep climb. Far below them, they could see the huge circle of dolphins that supported and lifted them on a cone of powerful thought energy. The leader beamed down to the dolphins for slight adjustments then ordered, "Let's do it."

The girls gasped as the surge of acceleration pressed them both into the soft backrests. Nearer and nearer the giant whirlpool loomed over and under them. Then they were aimed like an arrow at the centre of the deep, dark, whirl of the vortex.

A moment of fear, but this was quickly and gently quelled by the radiated calmness sent by the attendant circle of dolphins. A moment of dizziness as the vortex dolphins took over control, and then they plunged at breakneck speed into a steeply conical tunnel. A side-flung glance reassured them. The sight, and the bright glow of the dolphin circle that kept them on course and bathed them in a necklace of light and serenity. The spiral of the water had now narrowed to a diameter the same as a train tunnel. It was so near that the girls felt they could touch the water if they reached out.

The leader's thoughts again gently touched the girls. "We are nearly halfway through the vortex and soon it will widen. When it does we will boost your speed, and then you both will fade from our sphere to continue your journey alone.

We must say goodbye now and then I want you both to stand up in the saddle and hold hands. I will drop into the water to swim with the school alongside you. OK?"

Emma replied, "Thank you for all that you taught us. Goodbye, you lovely dolphins."

Danielle added, "Yes, it has been a beautiful experience to travel with you all. I love you."

Their minds were then filled with all of the dolphins' tender love and joy of life.

The boost felt to the girls like a giant hand that rammed them forward faster and faster. The swirl of the water tunnel was blurred by their acceleration, but still the leader kept pace with them. As they had clasped hands, they had heard a splash behind them and together, now they waved to the leader until he faded and they were alone. Ahead, they could see a tiny point of light that grew in size as they rushed towards it. The silence of the water tunnel was broken by a faint roar that increased in volume the nearer they travelled towards the light.

Both girls felt a ghostly twisty sensation deep inside them whilst, without a change of direction, they found that they now moved upwards instead of horizontally towards the lighted opening. They had entered through one huge vortex and were now about to leave through another. Swiftly, they shot from the water tunnel up the centre of a conical hole that widened as they ascended. Its high distant rim was several miles across over which another ocean entered the vortex.

The roar of the water almost deafened them, The swirl and foam of its turbulence continuously created layers of white mist all around the lofty steep inner slope of the whirlpool. The girls were fascinated by the effect, it was as if to move upwards through a series of smoke-rings. But each ring was enhanced and beautified by rich colours set against the sombre backdrop of the green-black spiral of water. Each ring of mist, larger than the one below, formed an unbroken circular rainbow that vividly glowed with the seven different bands of colour.

Chapter seven ends

Chapter eight. The Sphere of Memories

"You're an attractive young lady, how about a date?" Startled and embarrassed, Danielle stuttered, "Thank you for the offer but I prefer not to go out with strangers."

They had gazed in awe as their vast, dramatic exit swirled around them. Then, as their rapid ascent brought them level with the highest, widest rainbow ring, the awesome scene disappeared as if it had never existed. With a suddenness that numbed the mind, they realised that they now stood under a brilliant sun on hot desert sand, just outside the entrance flap to a nomad's tent.

To the horizon, in every direction, they could only see sand dunes. From a shadowy figure a man's deep voice invitingly asked, "How about you, Emma? Would you fancy a date?" Eagerly, Emma replied, "Yes, please, I'm famished, I could eat a box full"

"Excellent." replied the hidden figure. "Enter my tent ladies and be seated."

Emma, followed by Danielle, entered into the dim coolness. A tall dignified, very old man stood before them, his hands outstretched in welcome. He had a small silver beard, rosy cheeks and large almost black eyes that were filled with kindness and laughter. As he bowed to the girls, his big, jewel-covered, silken turban nodded and bobbed. Then he ushered them over to sit upon plump silken cushions around a very low table. He placed a kettle made of ornate silver, onto a small oil burner beside the table. Then as he offered fruit and dates to the girls, he said,

"Welcome to the Sphere of Memories, Emma and Danielle. What do you think of it so far?"

Danielle replied, "Actually, we have only just arrived. Is this it, endless sand and your tent?"

The man said, "And my camel", "Don't forget my camel."

At that moment, from outside the tent, they heard a voice that had a sound reminiscent of nutmeg vigorously grated underwater. The voice grunted, "Did you call me?" The large head and neck of an ancient camel that radiated gloom parted the tent flap. The camel entered, turned its head and gazed morosely at the girls. Then, in a doom-laden, fatalistic tone it said,

"Hello. I suppose Omar wants you to hear his poetry? Oh well, if you must." The camel then began to recite, or rather, demolish a quatrain, (an ancient way of writing poetry).

Omar covered his ears and cried "Enough! Enough! It's time for you to move on, out of our earshot."

Baffled since their sudden arrival into this sphere, tactfully Emma remarked,

"I didn't know camels could speak, let alone recite poetry."

The old camel silently gave Emma a long, doleful look. Then, fixed Omar with a glance of bitter accusation, and replied, "I'm a very wise camel and I know his poetry because he wrote his verses all over me when he ran out of parchment."

Apologetically, Omar explained, "Well, yes, I did, but I did wash them off afterwards." The camel rolled its eyes upward in disdain and in silent appeal, and then muttered,

"I should think so, too. I could write better poetry than that blindfolded. Anyway, I shall go now." The camel gazed miserably at the girls. Then it grunted in a voice that brimmed with doubt, "I hope you have a good time."

The girls thanked the camel as it clumsily reversed out of the tent. Then they turned back to face Omar who had just poured black coffee into three tiny cups. His shoulders shook with laughter as he passed the cups to the girls.

"He's a lovely old thing," he said. "All that gloom is really just an act. Let me introduce myself. I am Omar Khayyam, a Persian Sufi. Many centuries ago, before I ascended, I lived in Persia, known to you now as Iran. When I was your ages, I was a student. Just like all students, this includes my two special friends at that time, I was always broke with never enough money to do, as I'd like. The three of us made a pact, that if one became rich; he would help the other two in their chosen careers. Many years later, one of the other two became a very rich, powerful merchant. He remembered his promise and paid me a pension. This gave me the freedom to follow my interests. These ranged from astrology and astronomy to science, alchemy and mathematics. Really all of this was a search for ancient secret knowledge, none of which of course would have paid the rent or would have fed me.

At first, I didn't know what It was that I sought or why, only that I must seek. I gathered and studied huge amounts of knowledge until knowledge almost poured out of my ears. But knowledge is thoughts expressed as words. What I searched for couldn't be put into words because it was a 'feeling' for which I searched; a 'feeling' that goes on and on, and so becomes a state of being."

Omar grinned as he noticed Emma's and Danielle's looks of puzzlement. Then he explained what he meant. "Let me give you an example. Imagine a young child, alone in a garden, who, for the very first time in his or her life sees and smells a beautiful rose. The child drinks in the sight and perfume of the rose and, while he or she does so the child forgets his or her own existence. The child experiences a state of 'being' with the rose. The child experiences the shape, colour and perfume of the rose as a 'feeling'. The child has no thoughts or words to describe the 'feeling'. In fact, words would destroy the fragile moment in which the child and the rose are one blended "being".

Finally I realised what it was that I sought. I wanted to be able to experience that fragile moment continuously with my Creator. I could not hope to find it in learned books, only if I searched deep inside myself. After a long time, I succeeded and here I am now. Whilst I was on Earth, I wrote poetry to try to give other seekers a hint, a flavour, an illusive idea of their goal.

It was a delicate task to not crush the hidden message under an avalanche of words. The result later became known as the, Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyamn"

Danielle said, "Yes, I think I understand about the child and the rose, but, I read my mother's copy of your Rubaiyat. Most of the verses seemed to urge the readers to drink lots of wine before each reader turns to dust".

Omar nodded and smiled broadly as he refilled their coffee cups and then explained,

"That is the secret language. Firstl let us look at dust. Everything a person has on earth is borrowed from Mother Earth and she has borrowed it for that person from the Creator. Mother Earth doesn't need anything because really she is an angel doing a job. From the moment you are born until the moment your body dies, you exist in a borrowed body.

When it dies, it turns to dust. Rich man, or penniless tramp, the body of each turns to dust just the same. Now you have visited us up here, you know which is the real you and which is just your vehicle for your life on Earth. Also, you now know that, for you, nothing ends when that body does turn to dust. In that sense the body is less important than what you learn whilst you wear it. But then what you learnt whilst you wore that body is only valuable to you if you can use what you learnt, after you have left your body.

For example, a man whilst in his Earth life may be brilliant at his work, rich, powerful and famous, but also he may be cruel and mean. He may lack kindness and generosity. He may hate everyone, and trust no one. All the things he learnt that made him rich and powerful he must leave behind. All that he takes with him is the tendency to hate, fear and distrust.

The tramp, who has had to trust life and face each day with empty pockets, also takes with him what he has learnt, to trust life, and not to fear it. Each next life is a new chance to learn those gifts from the Creator. When you have learnt to use all of the gifts, your borrowed physical body is transformed into energy by 'gifted you'. That energy then becomes your own property.

Now let's talk about wine. In the secret language of my verses, to fill your cup and drink lots of wine makes sense when you change the word wine to the word God, because you then constantly flood yourself with God. In this way you fill your whole body with light and it becomes your own self-created light to take where you wish."

Thoughtfully, Emma said, "That all makes sense. What was the poem about that your camel started to recite?" Omar replied, "Ah. That verse is about the vast power humans have to create or destroy. Not just after they ascend, but also before in their everyday lives on Earth. To interact with others in the physical you have to project your private thoughts into the physical. If you are careless you may do this with a facial expression, or use spoken words, or you might express those private thoughts with a pen and ink. Without care the way you choose to do it could in some negative way affect those who received your thoughts. But by then the damage has been done.

"Emma said, "By the sound of it, apologies are useless even as you make them."

Omar smiled and replied, "Not exactly. To apologise is to admit to your mistake that has caused some unhappiness to someone else. When you have admitted it, the lesson is to control your thoughts so that you do not repeat that mistake. Also the greater lesson is to comprehend the vast power of your thoughts to heal or to hurt. Your Creator has gifted you with the ability to create thought structures. You can create thought structures with such ease that you all devalue the power and responsibilities of that gift. I'll give you a silly example.

You will already know that if you think negative, miserable thoughts about anything or anyone or about yourself, you in turn will feel miserable or even ill. A negative thought could be of greed or envy, anger or hate. That negative thought structure would make you feel sour inside at the very least. If you then convert those negative thoughts into words or actions aimed at those people, you will have then used thought to hurt, just like bullets from a gun. Bullets have enormous power to hurt but the gun that fires them is stronger than the bullets. In the same way, you are stronger than your thoughts, but always remember that your thoughts have enormous power to hurt.

Now, let us suppose that your Creator had chosen not to trust you with free will choice to use with your ability to create thought structures. Suppose that instead your Creator had made you suffer a migraine for every negative thought you created. You can imagine just how quickly everyone would teach themselves to only think positively." The girls agreed, and laughed at the thought.

Omar continued. "So this is where free will choice comes into your lives. To think negatively or to think positively, you choose for yourself. If someone you know has good fortune, negatively you will envy them or positively you will be pleased for them. It depends on how you allow your way of thought to develop. The attitude you take to life, and to the things that happen to you in that life, is your choice, no one else's.

This is why one person always fills his or her mind with doubts and will try to also fill your mind with doubt if you allow it. Another person is always optimistic and positive because they trust life and encourage you to be positively optimistic as well. You can use thought to take you anywhere to achieve anything you wish. Equally you can use the same powerful thought energy to build walls of doubt. Those walls will stop you if you try to go anywhere or try to achieve anything. Always the choice is yours once you clearly understand that it is you, not your mind that should choose and control thought. But enough, enough, enough lectures. You're here to enjoy yourselves, so let's go on a visit."

Danielle replied, "Oh that would be great. Shall we ride on your camel?" Before Omar could reply, from outside they heard the old camel grunt,

"Not a chance, not with my back troubles. Take a bus: I'm about to take a nap."

Omar shrugged his shoulders; his eyes twinkled, as he cleared the cushions and coffee table away from the carpet. The carpet was a rich, deep blue, covered with a delicate, eastern design, made up from intricately woven, golden threads. Omar firmly grasped the corners, and dragged the carpet out of the tent to spread it flat onto the sand.

Then he sat down cross-legged at one end of the carpet. "Come on, ladies." he said, "Sit down here with me."

Puzzled, the girls sat down with Omar on the beautiful carpet.

Then Danielle laughed and said, "Oh no, Omar, not a magic carpet?"

Omar grinned modestly and replied, "But of course. Now, everyone hold tight for take-off."

"I always hold tight," grunted the camel.

Emma and Danielle whirled around in surprise. There, also sat cross-legged on the carpet, was the ancient camel, who smirked sourly at them.

"I'm really too old for all of this silliness, but Omar, the great mystic and poet, is too hopeless to be able fix magic carpets when they break down. So, in spite of my poor back, I am the mechanic." groaned the camel.

Omar said, "He's right. It is a very old magic carpet, and often breaks down. Last time, we crash-landed into the open mouth of a behemoth."

In a whisper, Emma asked the camel, "What's a behemoth?"

The camel snorted in disgust and muttered, "It's mentioned in the Bible. You would know it as a hippopotamus, sometimes called a river horse. Silly animals; muddy and messy."

Omar laughed, and said, "Be fair. You only said that because you felt insulted."

Puzzled, Danielle asked, "Why insulted?"

With a huge grin, Omar replied, "Because the behemoth had never seen a camel before, and so fainted on the spot."

The camel gave a loud disdainful sniff and asked, "Shall we be flying today? Already I've missed my nap."

Sluggishly, the carpet came to life, and then it fought valiantly to lift itself and the foursome. Then, with a joint sigh of relief, they were clear of the sand, and climbed rapidly higher and higher towards a cloudless blue sky. The edge of the carpet rippled and as they looked down they could see the tent. It was now a tiny white square in an endless sea of sand that stretched to a range of mountains on the distant horizon.

Danielle turned to the camel, and said, "I'm suspect that I will regret that I asked you, but how did you injure your back? Was it when you crash-landed?"

With a superior glance from behind half-closed eyelids, the camel drawled, "Yes, you will regret that you asked and, no, I hurt my back long, long ago."

Then, with the air of a learned professor who offered pearls of priceless knowledge to the mentally undeserving, the camel explained. "You may not know this, but a certain truth has remained unaltered throughout all the ages, to the present day. Rich people, because they have to grimly hang on to their riches, have never been renowned for their sparkly sense of humour."

Thoughtfully, Danielle replied, "Ah, no, I didn't know that. Do go on."

The camel nodded sagely and continued. "No doubt you will have read in your Bible that Jesus often spoke in parables. On one occasion he told the crowd, simply as a harmless joke, that it would be easier to push a camel through the eye of a needle than it would be for a rich man to enter heaven."

With deep suspicion Danielle eyed the camel, and said, "Don't tell me, let me guess. There were rich men in the crowd and you were chosen for the experiment?"

With a look of greatly overdone modesty, the camel replied, "It was after Jesus went home. It was long ago, you must understand, and I was the youngest, smallest camel available at the time."

It was Danielle's turn to offer a sour look at the camel, and then she asked, "Did they successfully pass you through the eye of a needle?"

The camel sighed wearily and replied, "Although they injured my back when they tried, needle-less to say, they failed."

There was a pause whilst Omar and the two girls looked accusingly at the expressionless camel. Then the camel croaked and wheezed with helpless laughter, and then gasped,

"If you believe that, you'll believe anything."

They all joined in, and laughed more at the sight of the old camel as it swayed and hooted with mirth, than at the joke. Meanwhile the carpet whisked them along at a dizzy speed towards the mountains.

Then Emma asked, "You said you are a Sufi. What is a Sufi?"

Omar was silent for a moment. Then he replied, "Once upon a time, long ago, many angels walked amongst mankind. The role of the angels was to teach men the easiest, quickest way to ascend up here to receive their great gifts and powers. Many were taught and many ascended. No humans were ever compelled to learn. Always they had freewill choice.

Earth is such a rare and beautiful place that a few of the angels wanted it very much for themselves, so they forgot why they were there. They began to teach mankind the wrong aims. Soon, the comforts and beauty of Earth seemed more real to men than their future ascension, but there are only two ways to ascend. Neither way is easy but one way is quicker than the other way. Imagine that at the very top of a high mountain was a very special gift that waits for you, Emma, or you, Danielle.

To get the gift, you would have to climb the mountain because no one else could do it for you. Now, imagine if there were guides ready to show you where and how to climb that mountain. As long as you concentrated on the mountain path that the guide showed you, by your own efforts you would reach the summit and your prize with no time and effort wasted. But suppose a few of those guides persuaded nearly everyone to stay in the valley and told them there is no prize on the mountaintop for each person. Also that the only prizes are on Earth, in the valley, and only the strongest and cleverest people could win them. You can imagine what would happen.

"Our Creator gave every human the right to choose his or her path. Mankind chose to ignore the mountain, and so the true guides decided it would be pointless for them to wait around whilst mankind chose to stay in the valley. Obviously whilst men tried to win prizes that cannot ever leave Earth the longer they had to stay on Earth, and without guidance. Without guidance, men made many mistakes. If you make a mistake, then it is only fair that in that or some later life, you choose to correct your mistake.

So you can see that man chose to take the hardest, longest path. Painfully and slowly man learned from his own mistakes. Eventually, after much self-inflicted pain, grief and sorrow, it would dawn upon him that there must be something better to aim for. Only then would there be any point in the true guides' return, to Earth. This has begun to happen now. But those true guides didn't just desert Earth, because they loved mankind too much to do that. Instead, they trained special people to be priests and priestesses.

The priestesses had psychic gifts and could link their thoughts with those of the true guides who now dwelt in the non-physical dimensions. Always the priestesses could and did intuitively receive fresh help and guidance from the guides. The priestess would pass the guidance on to the priest. The role of the priest was to teach this true guidance to the rest of mankind so that all people knew that the mountain existed and waited to be climbed.

Just as the true guides knew they would, the false guides that wanted Earth soon persuaded the priests that the guidance wasn't true. Also they suggested that the priests, who were seen and listened to by everyone, were far more important than were the priestesses. Because they enjoyed the glamour and the power of their public positions, the priests ignored the priestesses and made them into temple servants. They then taught men to believe that all women are less than men are.

Because they knew this would happen, the true guides had another plan up their sleeves, and this was to leave signs upon Earth. These were signs that only the true guides whom had volunteered to stay with Earth, would recognise. "These true guides, in their love for mankind, chose to share his self-inflicted, miserable fate of existence life after life in a series of physical human bodies, always to start again and again, mistake after mistake.

But always the true guides were reborn with the ability to recognise these signs. The original true guides, who had great powers, created those signs. A sign might be in the shape of a five or six-pointed star. Each point a special, sacred site and the star would be laid out over many miles of countryside.

This included mountains, lakes, villages and farms. There it would remain, unseen but not hidden. Other signs were placed in the shape of giant rock formations and so on. Hundreds of thousands of people, through many generations, might see those signs, but not really see them. Then one day, a reincarnated guide, a Sufi, would see them.

In that life, the guide might be a king or a queen, a tramp or a poor old 'bag-lady' or any level in between. This person wouldn't regard him or her self as a Sufi or as a guide. But, for he or she, it would be like the child's first experience of oneness with a rose. It would be as if the sign acted as a key that unlocked a secret memory of the mountain and of the prize. This is the same mountain that all men will one day choose to climb, after they have tried all else.

The Sufi would then have to find ways to make men's rigid thought processes flexible enough to believe that the mountain exists. Many people have followed the teachings handed down by the Sufi masters, but very few are reincarnated true guides. Well Emma. Now you have an idea of what is a Sufi."

Before Emma could answer, Danielle, behind them, protested,

"Wake up, Mr Camel. I don't mind you asleep on my shoulder but you nearly fell off the carpet three times during Omar's explanation!"

Startled, the sleepy camel muttered, "What? What? What? Oh, sorry, Danielle, but I've heard it all before and, would you believe, that was the shortened version?"

Omar roared with laughter. "We are nearly to our destination where you will meet some very special people."

The magic carpet now swooped onwards over the ice-covered peaks of the mountain range. They headed directly towards a mountain that towered above the rest. It had three sides, like a very narrow, high pyramid made entirely of transparent crystal that glowed with an inner golden light. Near the apex, set in each side, was a huge eye that shimmered. Straight as an arrow, the carpet hurtled, aimed directly at the pupil of the eye that faced them. Then as the carpet dived straight into the huge pupil, the girls realised it was a tunnel, that led to the centre of the strange mountain.

The long tunnel opened out into a huge cavern, filled with the same golden glow. Gently, the carpet slowed, hovered, then settled on the crystal floor. Omar and the camel remained seated.

Omar said, "We must leave you here. When we have gone, your guide will appear and will lead you to a very special person. It has been lovely to talk with you. One day we will meet again."

Emma and Danielle thanked Omar for his kindness and all that he had taught them. The camel sat, and, oafishly, grinned, whilst the girls were undecided whether to pat its head or shake its hoof. They were saved the decision when the camel encircled them both with its front legs, hugged them tightly, and planted a sloppy, loud kiss on the cheeks of both girls. This left them to totter and to gasp for breath as the carpet sped away down the tunnel.

Now they were alone, the girls stared in wonder at the strangely shaped cavern. Like the mountain, it had three sides that rose and narrowed to a high apex. In the depths of the crystal sides a golden mist swirled, and was on the move, upward to the apex.

As they gazed up at the apex, they seemed to travel backwards along a tunnel of light. Now the apex blurred, clouded by billows of white mist that rapidly descended to fill the cavern.

Through the vapour could be seen the outline of a huge bird of prey, its powerful wings whirred, flapped and rustled as it too descended to hover in the haze just above their heads.

"I am Horus, and I am your guide." The powerful announcement, in thought form, made both girls feel giddy. More gently the thought came, "Lie on the couches, you will be more comfortable. With a glance around them, the girls noticed that two couch-shaped blocks of silver light had appeared beside them. As they gazed into the silver light, they could see golden flecks that swirled and streamed through the blocks. Gratefully, they reclined on the magical light couches and gazed up into the mist. The huge bird was gone, now replaced by a huge pair of golden eyes, filled with humour, kindness and compassion, but also filled with enormous courage and strength.

Again, the thoughts of Horus poured into their minds. "What a trip you've had, ladies, and its not finished yet. This crystal mountain is built of memories and is like a vast library. It contains the memory of every life that has been lived by every soul that exists and has yet to exist. All are here as a record, in crystal. When it is helpful to a soul's present life, sometimes that soul is brought here, in his or her sleep-dream time, to gain knowledge and experience of past lives. You have been brought here as part of your journey to the Centre because Ptah Adam and Evam feel it is important for you both to know what you have been in the past.

This will help you to help others in this life. It will take courage but you've proved you have courage in the amethyst furnace. As always, you must choose to experience this or not but, before you decide, I will explain that in each of those many, many lives, there were people you loved, family and friends, also people you feared or hated. Now those lives mean nothing to you, as if they were lived by a stranger instead of you. But each of those lives had an effect on how you regard yourself now.

All that you felt for all those people in those past lives, you no longer feel now. But at the time, those lives were as real to you as your present life is to you now, and those people as real to you then as your family and friends are to you now.

If you both can try to understand this, it will help you realise that the very same must apply to your present life. In future lives, this present life will mean nothing to you, as if it too had been lived by a stranger instead of you. When you look back, you can see that, in each life, you learnt a little more about how to love, how to give, how to be kind and generous and so on.

Also you learnt what happened to you when you were not kind or generous, when you were cruel or others were cruel or unkind to you.

What you learnt in each life, you took with you to use in the next life.

Not the day to day details of people, places and things because those details were only meaningful in that existence. What is meaningful is what you learn in a life about your gifts from the Creator, whether you learn them in this lifetime or during any of your past lives. Do you understand this, girls?"

Danielle replied, "Yes, we understand, but it all sounds a bit heartless and cold to me, rather like a game of pretend."

"Exactly! Clever girl!" beamed Horus. "That is until you remind yourself that during each of those many lives, all of those people that you loved, or didn't love, were and are there to travel their own paths, to learn their gifts, just like you. Try to think of physical life as a theatre play that goes on and on. You could call the play The History of Mankind. When your body dies, the character you played leaves the stage. The play goes on whilst, backstage, you ponder on how you performed and how you will improve during your next appearance on stage. This applies not just to you but to all those others who were on stage at the same time as you. When their part ends, they also will leave the stage."

Horus paused and then continued, "To be able to give their very best performance, an actress or an actor must put every thought of their real life offstage out of their mind as they walk onstage. They couldn't act convincingly if they thought about other plays they had appeared in, or the party they were invited to after the play. These would be distractions. Offstage, the entire cast shares a deep, warm love for each other. They love and care about their huge family who, onstage sometimes plays villains or victims, heroes or heroines. They each choose the part that onstage will teach them something valuable to use offstage. Does that make it sound less heartless, Danielle?"

Danielle thoughtfully agreed that it did. Emma asked, "How can we re-experience a life that we have lived through and then died already, Horus?"

Horus replied, "Good question, Emma. All we do, with your permission of course, is to choose which part of which past life you will experience, and then switch off all memory of your existence since that time so, whilst you experience a record, you will be who you were in that life. You will be your familiar me, but you'll forget you are Emma until after it is over. You will be quite safe in my care. Will you do it?" As one the girls said, "We'll do it."

Suddenly, both girls were in their own homes. Now they discussed with their mothers what garments they should pack for their holiday in France. Both girls felt this had happened before. A swirly dizzy sensation and Emma thought, "What's happened to me?" for Emma had gone and knows that she is now a very old lady named Pamela. She also knows her family has grown up, left home and they have homes and families of their own. A few years ago, her lovely, gentle husband died.

This left her alone and very lonely in their big, empty family home amid the River Thames dock lands of London. Often she thinks lovingly of her sons in the Army. Her sons were called to fight overseas in this, the Second World War against Hitler's Nazi controlled Germany. Pamela knows that tonight, the same as every night, German planes will target the vital docks by the River Thames. There, battle-scarred merchant ships are moored and vulnerable.

Already these ships have fought their way through Atlantic storms and attacks by German submarines to keep Great Britain supplied with food and arms. These ships contained cargoes more precious than diamonds or gold to this tiny country in its fight to gain freedom for a war-crushed Europe. The United Kingdom against the vast and terrible German war machine that Adolph Hitler has created to conquer the world. As Pamela sits lost in her memories, she hears the urgent undulation and wail of the sirens that warn of the approach of an air raid.

She knows that her neighbours will now clutch warm blankets, to rush through unlit streets between shabby houses with blacked-out windows. They all will head for the concrete, unlit air raid shelters, to sleep on hard wooden bunks amid unpleasant smells of dampness.

For everyone in London, the frequent air raids had almost become a way of life. Many were terrified at first but then life must go on, in spite of Hitler, and so terror is swiftly replaced by cheerful fatalism. There is nowhere to run so you trust in God.

Slowly and painfully, Pamela stands, and ignores the protests and ache of her arthritic joints. She gathers her things together, her shawl, her thermos flask of tea, and her knitting. Then, she leans heavily upon her stick to make her way down to the cellar, to an old, comfortable armchair by an oil heater. An air raid warden breaks the silence in the street; he loudly warns a neighbour that light can be seen from their window. This is a danger to all and a guide for German bombers. Sometimes the raids lasted for hours each night, wave after wave of huge, huge bombers. Very young men, who have beloved families back in Germany, piloted these huge planes. Their instructions: to destroy the docks and the shipping.

In her cellar, Pamela mutters, "Here they come," as in the distance, faintly at first, then louder, the ominous, low-pitched growl as the armada of German bombers approaches. Pamela knows that London is defended. Even now, searchlights sweep the night skies to pinpoint targets for the anti-aircraft guns ringed around the capital. Meanwhile, Pamela and every other Londoner can only endure the onslaught and patiently wait for the dawn.

As her family faded from Danielle's sight, they also faded from her memory as if they had yet to exist. Me knew nothing of a future existence as Danielle. Me, shaken from a kind of dreamy reverie, now knows himself as Carl. Carl is a pleasant, very sensitive young German of 18 years with little experience of life and even less of warfare. From birth, he had been taught that he belonged to the master race and that it was his duty and honour to serve that race.

Carl had been taught to believe this by the people that he respects and loves. Before this terrible war began, his parents brought him with them on a holiday visit to England. There he had met and liked many friendly and kind British people. They all seemed very similar to his German friends at home. Now, for reasons he didn't clearly understand, here he is, after a training course of a brief few weeks. This youth is the pilot of a huge German bomber that now flies over enemy territory. Carl's orders are to bomb the ships in London Docks on the River Thames, in the very heart of London. Earlier, before take-off, his senior officers had assured him of a clear, moonlit night.

The aerial armada would need moonlight to be able to accurately target the docks and the helpless ships. Meanwhile, British dockyard workers frantically unloaded the cargoes throughout the night. They risked air raids and their lives to get the desperately needed supplies to safety.

Carl is not alone, He, and his crew, man just one bomber in a huge squadron of bombers. All are guided by the gleam of moonlight reflected by the River Thames. It leads them unerringly from the Thames Estuary, between Kent and Essex, right into the heart of the capital.

With only seconds to go before the release of the huge bombs, thick clouds hide the moon. Utter darkness below, the Londoners have concealed every glimmer of light that might guide the enemy pilots to their targets.

British searchlights ceaselessly pierce and sweep the protective darkness to pinpoint individual bombers for the anti-aircraft guns to target and to fire upon. Carl fought against his confusion and terror to gamely fly on. His slow, heavy aircraft was targeted and suddenly surrounded by aerial explosions that shook the bomber and dazzled and seared Carl's eyes with their brightness. The seconds ticked away as Carl and his crew, the hunters, also became the hunted. But now, as the bomb release signal light flashes, Carl, with a forlorn hope that he is on target, presses the bomb-release button.

The ungainly aircraft bucks as the huge weight of bombs drops from the bomb bay. At that moment, a searchlight catches and holds the bomber in its powerful beam. It fills the cockpit with white light that blinds the crew of the bomber. Quickly, the British guns accurately pinpoint Carl's position and then shell after shell tears through the bomber's flimsy fuselage. Suddenly everywhere is explosion and fire, too fast to feel pain. Then Carl fades from me's memory. Me is Danielle again and Carl now seems like the memory of someone else, not her.

Several of the bombs fall harmlessly into the river, or explode on the edges of the docks. But one bomb has overshot the dock area and now falls in the darkness over a street of large shabby houses. Faster than sound the bomb falls, its rounded nosecone, passes through roof slates, ceiling plaster and floorboards as if they were tissue paper. Down through the roof and bedroom ceiling and floor, down through the living room ceiling and floor. All of this in an eye-blink, to finally and violently explode as it smashes into the concrete floor of the cellar.

All pain has left Pamela. She can see a brilliant glow ahead of her and a familiar figure that glows with light, his arms outstretched in welcome. Pamela effortlessly moves towards the figure. She feels young again, and is filled with joy as she recognises her beloved husband who has come to meet her.

"Come along, boy! Move yourself, if you know what's good for you." As the voice snarled, all memory of Emma faded. Me knew he was Tom and that he was racked by a cough that he cannot stop.

Ten years ago, the mother he never knew had been employed as a kitchen skivvy in a big house owned by a rich merchant.

Tom's mother in her early teens and was a sensitive, beautiful girl. The merchant took advantage of her innocence and helpless position to satisfy his lusts. When she became pregnant with Thomas, the heartless merchant cast her out, in mid-winter, to fend for herself. Finally, half-dead with cold and hunger, the poor girl threw herself upon the grudging mercy of a parish council. This was in 1789 when the grind of poverty was the lot of most people, other than the rich. At the same moment as Thomas entered this harsh world, his young, mother left it and also left her abused, exhausted, lifeless body.

Thomas had never known childhood. Even as a toddler, he had been expected to work to earn his daily food. The all-powerful harsh Beadle and his bitter, greedy wife together were in charge of the parish workhouse. They fed the orphans, of which there were many, on just enough of the cheapest food to keep them alive. For this, these helpless children worked from dawn to dusk and never received any education. Until six months ago this had been Thomas's existence and somehow he had survived.

On Thomas's tenth birthday, the Beadle had paid a small amount of money to a chimney sweep to employ Thomas as a sweep's apprentice. For Thomas, who had no choice this change brought no improvement. Now, his loveless, comfortless existence was even harder to bear. Sensitive and delicate like his mother he feared both heights and darkness. Now, to avoid the endless cruel beatings each day, he had to face both fears in the rabbit-warren-like chimney flues that his master made him climb.

In London coal fires heated the large houses of the prosperous. They had large rooms and large fireplaces to heat them. Each house had several floors, many rooms and many fireplaces. Each fireplace had its flue to lead the acrid, sulphurous fumes and smoke up and out of the chimneys above the roofs. There it merged with the poisonous cloud that, in winter, always hung over London.

This cloud was the sum total of all the smoke from the city's fireplaces and factory chimneys. The cloud blended with morning and evening mist to create the well-known pea-soup fog that caused so many to die from fatal chest conditions. Its greenish tinge gave it that name. The flues were too wide for a sweep's brush but too narrow for the adult sweep to climb. Instead, the sweep's apprentices were sent to climb and sweep the dark, soot-caked brick-lined flues.

For Thomas, today was no different. Last night after work, in the sweep's squalid home, he had wolfed a small plate of cold meat scraps. Then as usual he collapsed, exhausted, into a dreamless, deep sleep on his bed of rags under the stairs. At dawn, he was bullied from his bed. Then unwashed and without breakfast, he was made to follow his master through the frozen, icy streets to the first job of that day. Thomas, who had only ever known hunger, neglect and beatings, again had to face his daily terrors.

The huge fireplace had been cleared of its metal fire-basket and a short ladder leaned against its back wall. This little, undernourished boy, who shook with fear, cold, and illness, drew his ragged, filthy garment around him. Under his master's fierce gaze he climbed the ladder up into the darkness until, at its top, he felt the first big iron rung. This was set into the brickwork of the huge flue. Above it was another rung, and then yet another. Tightly he clung as he climbed higher and higher.

Thomas was covered and almost blinded by clouds of waxy, greasy, black soot. Up and up to the top rung, fifty feet above the fireplace flagstones. Then he gripped the rusty, soot-covered rung with one hand. With his other hand he reached out into the darkness, he had to lean outwards to sweep the ledges and corners clear of soot with his little brush.

Suddenly, a new terror drenched his mind. With a sound that grated, the rung he gripped pulled out of the ancient, crumbled brickwork and Thomas fell, down, down, and down in the darkness. But, for Thomas, the darkness became filled with warmth and light as he felt himself enfolded in the arms of a young, sensitive and beautiful woman. For the first time ever, he knew what it felt like to be loved, and somehow he knew this was his mother. For a timeless instant, Thomas and Emma felt this joy as the same me. Then Thomas faded to become part of Emma's memory.

"What has happened to me?" The bomber Carl had piloted had disappeared and Carl was now part of Danielle's memory but even now, once again Danielle and Carl faded and she knows that she is Ruth and she is in darkness amid the echoes of water that constantly drips and falls.

Ruth shook her head as if to dispel a momentary daydream. She gripped the cold, wet, wooden sleeper with her bare feet. Next she pushed and strained with her thin legs against the thick rope tied around her waist. It took all of her young, wiry strength to make the wooden truck roll along the track. The truck was filled with shiny, black lumps of coal, freshly dug by her father at the coalface. It was her task to drag it to the mineshaft. There it had to be hoisted above ground, emptied, and then back again to be refilled, hour after hour until the twelve-hour shift ended.

Ruth has never had the chance to go to school. But she knows she is nearly fourteen. This is the sixth year she has slaved with her father and brothers down the master's mine. Ruth is a small, under-nourished girl. She has the thin, drawn features and pale complexion of someone who seldom spends time in the sunlight. Ruth has a sunny, loving nature; she has never had toys or played like a child.

Her young, bleak life is divided between the endless toil in the mine, and then the fight against her own exhaustion. Their mother died of fever, seven years ago. Now there is only Ruth to tend the needs of her father and brothers. The squalid hovel they know as home, is provided by the master but only whilst he employs her father.

Ever since her mother's death, Ruth has tried her best to act as a mother figure to her men folk. Ruth's home life was to wash coal-blackened clothes, and to cook meals, if there was any food to cook. To make and mend garments, and to knit and darn socks. Ruth had to nurse her men folk when they were ill or injured. She had to comfort them when they were depressed. Her role was peacemaker when the frustrated hopelessness of their desolate lives became more than they could bear.

Often a remark taken the wrong way would drive the brothers to rage and fight each other. Then as Ruth avoided their fists as best she could, she would move between them. Gently her sunny, love-filled warmth would reawaken their love for her and for each other. Everywhere else in the modern world, the power of the steam engine promised to replace the muscle-power of horses, sails and men.

To keep this promise, an endless supply of cheap coal was required to generate that steam. The vast seams of coal lay deep under the land owned by rich men in the North of England, Wales and parts of Scotland. Quickly, these men realised that under their farmlands and moors was a huge fortune if they could bring it to the surface.

For the coal to be sold cheaply, the wages of the men employed to mine it had to be kept as low as possible. The miners and their families became the modern slaves of society, the mine-owners banded together to maintain absolute control over those they employed. If a miner complained at the low wages or at the owner's total disregard of safety in the mine, the miner would lose his job. The miner and his family would also become homeless, cast out on to the street. No other mine owner would employ him and so the miner and his family were deliberately left to starve as an example to deter other protesters. The mine owner only paid for the coal that was mined. The miner, out of his meagre pay packet, had to pay for candles or for oil for his lamp, for the light needed to see the coalface to be dug.

Their plight ignored by society, the slaves of this steam age the coal miners, were shackled by chains that were not made of steel. They were forged from of a lack of education coupled with poverty that ground down and humiliated the human spirit. Forced to work from early childhood to help their fathers earn a survival-only wage, they were trapped, without hope of escape. Only many years later would desperation finally drive their grandsons to band together to fight for rights that had yet to be heard of, let alone to be granted.

Those rights were finally and grudgingly granted. But only after the powerful mine owners had thrown at the miners, threats of mass dismissals and evictions. When this failed the mine owners used their mighty influence with the government. The miners then had to face the combined power of British police and armed soldiers, ready to shoot the miners. Also the miners faced the mighty power of the British legal system, used once again to prove that "Might is right".

Ruth knows nothing of these battles because they are all set in the distant future. Her thoughts are on the condition of her father. He is continually racked by a cough as, amid the clouds of dust, he pick-axes at the black, glitter of the coalface. Slowly and painfully, Ruth drags the coal truck away from the little pool of lamplight. Once again into the darkness of the tunnel with its rotted, waterlogged pit props and rotted beams that the mine owner refuses to have replaced.

Dust and then small stones began to fall. Ruth glanced up into the gloom to see the greenish glow of soaked and rotted timber that slowly bends. Loudly the roof support beams crack under the enormous weight of rock. Horrified, Ruth knows there is no escape. Her last unselfish thought as the roof crushed her frail body, "Oh, my father and brothers, without me what will you do?" Then Danielle saw herself as Ruth, move forward into a pearly white haze and into her mother's arms. Danielle then realised that once more she was on the couch of light with Emma alongside of her.

Overhead, in the mist, the golden eyes of Horus, filled with sympathy and compassion, silently gazed down at them. For what seemed like several minutes, there was silence. This continued until Emma and Danielle, deep in their own thoughts, recovered from an emotional intensity they had never before experienced in this life.

Then Emma asked, “OK, Horus, what now?” Danielle collected herself and said, “Yes, sorry about that, Horus. All that was a bit strong and sudden. We both were taken unawares by it.”

Admiringly, Horus asked, “Is that all you have to say? No tears, no sobs of sadness at what you suffered in the past?”

Danielle nodded in agreement as Emma replied, “We seemed to have survived, Horus.” Danielle added, “In any case, now it would seem as if we cried for someone we once knew who suffered long ago.”

Horus replied, “That’s why we up here admire the human race on Earth. After each life that you experience has nearly crushed you, you climb to your feet and demand your right to try again. Now both of you can speak from your own personal experiences of past lives that you have lived. Now you may choose to walk through a doorway to meet that special person. Alternatively you can meet him after the experience of one more life that you both shared long ago.”

Emma and Danielle looked at each other and nodded. Then Emma said, “We know we will be safe with you, Horus. Show us that life.” Horus replied, “Very well, girls. Follow me into the mist.”

”Melusine! Giselle! Are you both in a daydream? Quickly, awaken the children.” With a start, both women shook off the unreal memory of a pair of huge golden eyes. Two, dear friends, both in their mid-forties. Both are widows, and both wear the hooded, dark blue woollen robes with silver-chain girdles, of *parfaites*, teachers of the Cathar faith. Both women for the last time gazed upon a beloved⁴, magical scene, as together they had stood up here on the ramparts in silence.

The cloudless night sky was made luminous with the light of countless stars. Below them, the shattered walls of Montsegur Castle seemed to float upon an ocean of white mist that billowed away to meet the stars at every horizon. The two women know that, at daybreak, all of their hopes and plans will be crushed. For now, they have calmly sent their highly tuned, trained psychic senses to range to the Creator’s spheres. Then they were shown a distant future when their present defeat will be transformed into triumph for all of mankind. Whilst in the silence of this deeply meditative state, both women received the same vision and a different name.

The vision was the huge pair of golden eyes that radiated power and compassion to help them to tap their hidden reserves of courage and inner strength. As these reserves flooded through them to fill them with renewed hope and trust, they both received, as a tendril of thought, a name. Melusine sensed the name Emma; Giselle faintly sensed the name Danielle.

At the urgent call of the ancient *parfaite* both women snap out of their reverie. Melusine replied, “It’s all right, Anne. We’ll see to the children right now.” Melusine turned to Giselle and said, “You tend the wounded and I’ll awaken the children.” Carefully, they descended the rough-hewn steps cut into the raw rock that led down to the debris-strewn courtyard.

Giselle, tall, fair-haired and slim carried a pitcher of water over to where a dozen mercenary soldiers lay mortally wounded on blanket-covered straw. Each brave knight receives a drink of water and words of comfort from Giselle, compassion flows through her for these courageous defenders. Most have terrible injuries inflicted by the falls of masonry when huge boulders were flung at the castle walls by the Crusader's rock-hurling machine. As she knelt beside a youth of fifteen years, Giselle knew he was about to die.

Gently, she held his hand and confidently talked of the afterlife until calmness replaced his terror and dread. A few moments later, with a sigh, he slipped away. Giselle gently closed his eyes and folded his arms across his chest to give dignity to his lifeless body before it was removed. The lad was almost a stranger to Giselle but he had seemed so familiar to her. Only many centuries later, in another life, would it dawn on her why. Then she would know that she and her younger brother had cherished each other in many previous lives. Then Giselle and Melusine hastily dressed the four sleepy children.

For several years, the two women had worked together. They were well known and loved throughout the foothills of the Pyrenees Mountains. Together on foot, they had visited the peaceful folk in hamlets, villages, farms and towns, to offer knowledge and wisdom.

What they taught was very ancient long before it became the true, undiluted, undistorted message of Jesus Christ. Together the two friends had taught farmers, weavers, tradesmen, doctors and their wives, lords and their ladies. They had taught all that wished to listen, how to find their Creator by their own efforts in meditation. They had taught people how to seek inside themselves alone. They had taught that no one else could seek for them, no pope, no priest, and no parfait. Only they could do it, once they had been taught by the parfaits how to seek. Many people who could accept what the Cathars taught learnt to become Spiritually independent.

The uncertainty of hope and faith offered by others was replaced by the knowledge and of the 'knowing' that they gained psychically during the silence of their meditations. Cathar beliefs began to spread throughout Southern France and far beyond. Soon a Pope in faraway Rome sensed them to be a dangerous threat to the power of his church.

As was the Cathar custom, both women had married in their teens, had raised families and now had young grandchildren. Only then with their husbands did Melusine and Giselle swear the Cathar sacred oath, the Consolatum that allowed them to become parfaits, for the men, and \square arfaits, for the women. Their time of happiness and tranquillity was shattered suddenly and brutally.

Without warning, like a merciless whirlwind, tens of thousands of men had swept down from the North into this mysterious and beautiful mountainous area of France. The crusaders were given the instructions and blessings of a Pope, to crush, burn, slaughter, and plunder anything and anyone in their path. This began in the year 1209 and now, over 30 years later, the Holy Crusade had nearly achieved its purpose. It had reduced Languedoc/ Roussillon to rubble and ashes, and it had massacred most of the population.

Tens of thousands of Cathars, Catholics or Jews, all were put to the sword, to the Inquisitor's rack or to the flames of the heretic's fire. This fair land once had been a beacon of freedom, culture, and religious tolerance for all. Now, terror and the dark cruelty of religious bigotry ruled this same land.

The crusade was led by Northern lords and barons, eager for plunder and with little interest in religion. They led huge armies made up of professional knights and soldiers, as well as their farm labourers, tenants, bondsmen and serfs. Also gangs of thieves, murderers and renegades swelled the ranks of the crusade. The Pope declared that every past and future sin and crime would be forgiven for anyone who joined the crusade to crush the Cathar heretics.

Raimon de Pereille was a Cathar nobleman who owned Montsegur Castle. The castle was perched on top of a pinnacle of rock that towered high above the countryside around it. As far as possible, he had made the castle impregnable. Then he had offered refuge in the castle to all Cathars to make a final stand against the persecution of the Holy Crusade.

Soon enough, the onslaught had begun. Ten thousand men had surrounded Montsegur Mountain in an attempt to starve the defenders into submission. For the last ten months of the siege, against colossal odds, the defenders had resisted the ferocity of the Crusaders' attacks. Finally, the Cathars were forced to capitulate. But only after a machine that hurled rocks was dragged up the sheer mountainside and erected within range of the castle. It was then used in an attempt to demolish the castle walls. This maimed and killed many of the defenders.

The Crusade leaders demanded that all parfaits, men and women, be chained together and led down to the Crusader's camp in the valley. There the inquisitors would demand that they deny their Cathar beliefs. Afterwards, the garrison of soldiers, mercenaries included, that had defended Montsegur Castle, would be allowed to go free with their wives, children, and belongings. The defenders asked for, and received, two weeks to consider the terms of surrender. The Crusaders held as hostages several parfaits. These to be executed if anyone in the castle tried to escape.

The Cathars had planned well in advance. They knew they couldn't win against such vast numbers of men. They also knew they could never deny their beliefs, even if death was the only alternative. Everything of value had been taken from the castle to safety long ago, documents, books and treasure. Yesterday was the last full day of the fortnight they had asked for. Also, yesterday was Spring Solstice. All Cathar believers celebrated this every year as a very special festival. For all in the castle it had been a very special day indeed.

Montsegur is a very sacred place for all Cathars. Back in the mists of time, earlier races of men had built their altars upon its lofty and remote narrow summit to worship their gods. There as near to the stars as possible, God energy and Mother Earth energy could meet and blend in men. When the castle was built, the remains of these sacred stone structures became part of its walls and foundations. This is a holy place where God never seems far away. The celebrations began a few days ago, and on the last day had started at sunrise and ended with a service that began as the sun was setting. Everyone who could had attended these last celebrations.

Even many of the battalion of war-hardened, cynical, mercenary soldiers and their wives sat with the parfaits and ordinary Cathar believers. These men had always fought for money, not for religious faith or out of loyalty. But, during the long bitter siege, even their hard hearts had warmed and melted towards these gentle, kindly people. The mercenaries felt admiration for the Cathars who defied the enormous power of the Pope to defend their strange and simple way to make contact with God.

The castle walls formed an oddly shaped box around the courtyard, long and wider at one end than at the other. Dear old Bertrand and beloved Anne de Bezu, both were parfaits, both very elderly, and both deeply loved and respected by countless numbers of people. Over several decades this ancient couple had helped and guided many seekers on to the path to God. In this courtyard these two blue-robed, revered, frail figures stood a little apart from each other in the centre. A crowded circle of parfaits, believers and non-believers surrounded them.

Together, Bernard and Anne had led the circle in a favourite prayer whilst all faced the sun set. As it sank below the horizon, it filled the blue sky with its orange and golden afterglow.

Then as it faded and twilight fell, and the first stars peeped through, Bertrand spoke, "Anne will say a few words, my friends, and then we will enter the silence." After a few moments, the entire company had settled into positions of comfort and was silent and attentive. In her clear voice, Anne explained the inner silence.

"Tonight, we welcome many gallant friends who may not understand our beliefs but have chosen to sit with us. For them, I realise that silence might be a form of torment unless we first explain the need for that silence. We do not mean the silence of a congregation that listens to a priest as he intones a prayer on their behalf. Ours is a constructive silence that you soldiers will easily understand. Imagine this if you will. Your bowstring is tightly drawn, your arrow is notched and poised ready to fly to its mark, and now you must aim it. No king, no pope, no commander, no one else in the world can aim it for you. Only you can aim it. All fears, worries, battle noises and distractions you must ignore in the silence as you aim that arrow.

Your eye and your brain gauge the range, and sense the tension of the bow, the weight of the arrow. You sense the wind's strength. Really, you don't think any thoughts because you simply and silently feel and sense until you know the moment and your aim is right.

The inner silence is just the same, not to hope or to fear or even to think. Instead we simply feel and sense and wait for the moment when we know we are on target. Tonight, because your aim is to be inwards, you will use what we call your inner eye. Your bow is your mind and your arrow is the one that each of you thinks of as me. Your target is through a doorway deep inside you. The doorway leads to your Creator, who loves and forgives, and who knows every secret thing about you. Your Creator loves you and longs only for your love in return.

Your doorway has no door, only a flimsy, gossamer veil that seems like a locked door meant to lock you out. The veil is hung there not by God but by the doubts in your mind. In the silence, you will only aim. God will know the right moment.

Then you will feel the strength of God's love flow through you, to fill you, to overflow out from you to others around you. Try to imagine that invisible flow of love as a visible flow of light. Then you will understand how each person who seeks that inner silence becomes a beacon of love and light. You will become a beacon for others who stumble in fear and in darkness."

Anne paused for a moment and then continued, "A soldier also learns self-defence and, in a strange country, he would seek to protect himself. In the silence, your armour is made from the high quality of your thoughts. Your shield is the light that you can only draw down from the highest, purest levels. Below those highest levels, you would be defenceless, so always keep your aim high." Anne paused again, then said, "Please relax. Listen to your breath and, in your own time, gently enter the silence."

Anne had trained Giselle and Melusine in the use and control of their psychic gifts. She had taught them that even a fool might have the gift of 'seeing' the future. Wisdom is needed to know when and when not to reveal that future to others. At times, their gifts had helped avert some misfortune for a person. Sometimes they were able to act as a psychic link between the grief-stricken relative of a departed one. The departed one would know best how to ease the pain of that grief.

The two women used their trained sensitivity to place themselves in the circle. In this way they were where they sensed that people who had just experienced their very first meditation would need them.

In the silence, strange things seemed to happen to time. Often an hour has passed that seems more like a quarter of an hour. In the distance a faint bark of a dog. From the crusader camps far below them in the valley, the faint jingle of harness and the neigh and whinny of nervous horses carried on the clear air. But here the crowded courtyard was silent.

Faintly at first, Melusine became aware of the perfume of roses and, as it got stronger, everyone noticed it. At the same time, they could all sense a new, vibrant energy that poured into the large circle of people. Each person who entered their own inner silence had become a link that allowed spiritual energy to flow through them into physical existence. The flow through all the human links had combined to create a very powerful and intense focus of energy in this special sacred place. Many could feel this energy as a cold, prickly sensation on exposed skin. Then everyone in the inward-faced circle felt their attention irresistibly drawn to the empty space between where Bertrand and Anne knelt.

Something strange and wonderful was about to take place. Many fell to their knees, not through humility, but overcome by the powerful psychic energy that poured through to them from that empty space. Dimly visible at first and in perfect silence, blurred by its speed, it whirled and spiralled upwards. A huge, golden flame cast soft shadows of the awe-stricken circle onto the ancient stone walls. Quickly, the flame grew brighter and more distinct.

Above, below and all around, from some unknown source, brilliant white sparks poured into the flame to add to its power, and its brilliant shimmer.

The heady perfume of roses was now even stronger on the night air. Many who watched had previously felt that they could cry no more as they had suffered and lost so much. But now tears of joy ran down their faces as visible waves of love energy poured from the flame to engulf them all. The energy filled them with strength and certainty in their Cathar belief.

Even as they all gazed at the wondrous sight, the brilliance whirled and began to form the unmistakable shape of a lovely woman. Quickly, she became clearly defined. Although created from pure light, she looked natural, warmly human and perfectly relaxed. In her arms was a large sheaf of beautiful red roses, the source of the perfume. But the source of that radiated strength and unconditional, pure love was her delicately refined face, her mouth warmly smiled and her large, long-lashed golden eyes glowed with love.

She wore a beautiful gown of dark blue, rich red and white light that shimmered. Long, graceful, auburn tresses covered her finely shaped head. She wore a delicate golden crown set with gems that glowed and flashed with brilliant colours. Slowly, this being of light turned. Her gaze touched each individual to make them feel personally greeted. Then she began to speak. The courtyard was silent but each person heard her gentle voice inside his or her head.

”My dearest friends, my name is Mary Magdalene. I stand before you as I have so many times in the past. Countless times, you all individually have faced and defied the powerful darkness of fear and ignorance. Always it has tried to crush you and smother your light of knowledge. Your memories are now clouded and limited to this life so I must remind you about your past. Long ago, you all volunteered to carry the torch of truth and of light to mankind and since then, you have lived many, many lives. Always you have been watched over by us ascended beings in the higher levels. Tonight, I bring your our love and strength to add to your own. Once again the darkness in mankind offers you the choice between your acceptance of a life of darkness or to choose to die for the light.

Whichever you choose tomorrow will be the right choice for you. Your Creator gave you free will and the right to be the only judge of your own thoughts and actions. Tomorrow, unseen, we will be nearby, with outstretched arms, we will wait to welcome you to our hearts and this before your pain becomes too great to bear.

You are not beaten, your light will not be extinguished because your sacrifice tomorrow will be etched into history and you must always think in the long-term. The Cathar race may disappear but their sacrifice will be remembered. The darkness that man has chosen he must now live with for the next several hundred years. This until his eyes begins to clear. Then he will see the darkness for the yoke that it really is upon his neck. It is a yoke that has made him a crippled prisoner of his own fears.

At that future time, only each man or woman can choose for their selves to throw off that cruel yoke. Many will seek a path out of that darkness of fear. Seekers with widely opened eyes from all over the world will be curious to know why an intelligent and educated, cultured race of Cathars made that sacrifice. What could it have been that you all treasured even more than physical life itself? They will want to know and they will need to know because they will have nothing that they treasure that much.

They will only have things that are temporary and beliefs that they realise are false and distorted. I promise you, my friends, at that special future time of awakening, all of you Cathars will be reborn. All of you will be there with your light to help guide those seekers out of that darkness.

Do not ever think you have been defeated. The dreadful fate you all have chosen to face tomorrow will be the trigger that awakens your awareness in those future times of darkness.

Before I leave your celebration, I must tell you this. Many of those beings that you regard with reverence have always existed in the higher levels of light. They wish me to tell you that they, in turn, look upon you volunteers with awe and admiration. Those beings have great creative gifts, power and knowledge. But, unlike you, they have never been asked to enter darkness without the light and power of their gifts. Unlike you, they have never had to fight for control of a physical body that has its own appetites, weaknesses and desires.

They have never had to fight their own or other people's ignorance. They have never had to try to bring the light of truth to people who don't want it, fear it, scorn and deride it. They then follow others who misunderstand and distort it. Unlike you, they have never lived in a world of complete illusion, surrounded and taught in childhood by confused, aimless people. This you all have faced, and more, so never underestimate your value: you are the Cathar treasure.

Those beings have never known pain but they have shared the anguish felt by you, their brothers and sisters. You have carried the light, when life after life that same darkness has beaten you to your knees, your light dimmed and almost extinguished by the souls you tried to help. Then, to the amazement of all, we have watched you stagger to your feet, shake off your disappointment and then demand to be reborn with your light for the sake of mankind.

Oh yes, my dear friends, you all are very special people. One-day all of mankind will thank you for what you suffered and your patience. Now, I leave your celebration. I love you all."

From nowhere, the clouds of brilliant white sparks reappeared to swirl around Mary's feet. Then they spiralled upward around her slight figure until only the cloud, as it whirled and shimmered, could be seen. A moment later, this too had gone to leave only the pale light of the stars by which to celebrate their newly restored confidence and joy. Gradually the magic of Mary's spell released its hold on their senses. Quickly, lighted torches were placed in wall brackets to cast pools of illumination to flicker over the excited crowd who now rejoiced. So little time left, so much to discuss, only the children slept that night. All of the parfaits, Giselle and Melusine included, became separated. Each was surrounded by groups of soldiers and villagers. All were anxious to describe and discuss what each had seen or felt in the silence before Mary appeared in the circle. As the parfaits, this was the true work of Giselle and Melusine, not to dictate to a person what they should believe but to help them seek inside themselves by their own efforts. Then to help them interpret and understand what they had received in the silence of meditation. Eight unmarried soldiers and six soldiers with their wives had crowded round Bernard and Anne.

The glorious experience they had witnessed this night was the final proof that had completed the growth of their sympathy and belief in the Cathar way to God. What had been a sympathetic belief was now a certainty, a 'knowing'. They all wanted, before dawn, to take the Cathar sacred oath that would allow them to become parfaits.

Gravely, Bernard reminded them that the dawn would bring a hideous death to all parfaits, both men and women, who refused to break that sacred oath. Also that all soldiers would be allowed to walk free with their wives and possessions if they swear allegiance to the Pope. Anne added, "My friends, it takes many years to be trained to become a parfait. At dawn, the truce ends and the gates must be opened. You have four hours until then. We ask you to use two of those hours for deep thought. If then your wish is the same, we will administer the oath, but please be very sure. Now leave us because we have much to do."

The sacred knowledge had been passed down the generations by word of mouth, from father and mother to son and daughter, from elder parfait to student parfait. Because each student was different, the elders used a different method to teach for every one. This meant that there was no fixed method that could be written in a book. All knowledge was carried in the parfait's head. The Church of Rome was determined to destroy every trace of that sacred knowledge that contradicted its own rigid dogmas.

Bernard and Anne had made special plans to protect the Cathar faith for the future. They had taught much of their knowledge to four unmarried young men who were physically strong and also had powerful psychic gifts. These four were to be hidden in the ranks of the castle garrison. There they would remain until after the other parfaits had been led down the mountainside to face the inquisition. By then the guards would be less alert. In darkness, with long ropes, a guide would take the four down the sheer mountain-drops where, at the bottom, they would separate, each would head in a different direction, to take their gifts and knowledge to distant safety, four chances of survival for the Cathar way to God.

After the two hours of deep thought, none had a change of mind. The last mercenary soldier stood before Bernard and Anne, and swore the oath that would allow him to become a parfait. The oath was sworn that would shortly condemn him to death in the flames reserved for heretics, witches and magicians.

Each person in the castle had his or her own tragic story of dear relations and friends who had cruelly died under the torture, the sword or the flames of the mindless Crusade. This included Giselle, Melusine and the four young children. Giselle, serious and intense by nature, was a tall, slim woman with long, fair hair and with bright blue eyes. Melusine, by contrast, was petite, a little plump with brunette hair cut to her shoulders. She had rosy cheeks and large, dark brown eyes filled with warmth and laughter.

Even when they all endured the blackest times of the long siege, her ability to make people laugh, frequently saved the day. With her ready smile and wry wit, Melusine had countless times uplifted the defenders' spirits when they flagged. She had made the ancient walls echo with their laughter, much to the puzzlement of the humourless Crusaders outside. Both women were deeply thankful that their families and grandchildren were in places of safety, out of the Crusade's clutches.

But both women were still torn by grief when they thought of their beloved husbands, both of whom had been murdered during the massacre of the population of Beziers.

The women had learned to use their own experience of grief to help others in the castle to cope with the pain of their losses. Giselle's husband, Francois, had been a small, slim, neat man with a quick mind and a gentle, generous heart. He had known just how to reduce serious-minded Giselle to helpless laughter. His fellow parfait, husband of Melusine, Pierre, had appeared to be his complete opposite.

Pierre was a giant of a man whose powerful muscles had bulged and strained at the stitches of his blue robe as if they would burst free. Under an unruly thatch of bright red hair, his large, powerful, freckled face wore a permanently ferocious scowl that, even with his fierce and fearless green-eyed gaze, failed to fool anyone. Behind his scowl and gruffness of manner, was a gentle, love-filled nature that made him the beloved favourite of all that knew him. This applied especially to elderly, lonely ladies and to delighted toddlers. When the news of their husbands' deaths had reached Montsegur, the two women felt as if their hearts had been torn and that all joy had left their lives. But somehow, as they comforted others, they had also dulled and soothed the jagged edges of their own grief; but it hadn't been easy.

Michelle and Renee were fair-haired, blue-eyed twins aged five years. Spanish bandits in the wake of the Crusade had murdered their Cathar parents and everyone else in their isolated farmhouse. Then the bandits had plundered it and left it ablaze. Fortunately at the time, the twins were deep in the forest. They had been sent to gather spring flowers. Cathar refugees, on their way to Montsegur, had found the children who had wandered, lost and frightened.

Reuben and Rebecca also were aged five and also were orphaned victims of the Crusade. . They too had been rescued and brought to the castle. Their well-loved and respected Jewish parents had been persecuted, arrested, tortured and then burnt alive at the stake by the fanatical Holy Inquisition Since then, these four lovely children had captured and melted even the hardest hearts in the castle.

Elderly Anne de Bezu walked across and called the children to her. Eagerly, they surrounded her, as they merrily laughed and hugged her legs. Affectionately, Anne embraced and kissed each child and said, "Now be good children. Your aunts will take you for a walk before breakfast, and I will see you later." Anne turned to face Melusine and Giselle, then she embraced them tenderly and whispered, "Be brave, my dears. The torturers of the Inquisition show no mercy for the children of Cathars or Jews. God will bless you both." Then, to hide eyes that glistened with broken-hearted tears, Anne abruptly and with fierce pride, straightened her bent, aged, tired body. Then she walked away from them, ready to face her own fate with the dignity that would also support those who were to share that fate.

In a bright voice, to hide her sadness, Giselle said, "Children, Auntie Melusine and I shall take you up on to the ramparts to see the sunrise. Come on, see who will get there first." Excitedly, the children rushed to the end wall to be first in the race. Melusine called after them,

"Be careful, children, those steps are very narrow."

High above the busy courtyard, the children and the two women moved carefully along the low stone parapet. The splendour of the view took their breath away. This wall had been built to the very edge of the mountainside. Below the wall was a cliff that fell away in a sheer drop of hundreds of metres to the jagged rocks below. The drop was hidden, as was the countryside, by an endless carpet of white cloud, only pierced by nearby mountain peaks.

To the west the star-filled night sky but to the east, the first hints of a new day. The stars paled against the retreat of darkness in the golden, pre-dawn light. Even as they all looked across the billows of whiteness, it became like a canvas filled with all the gorgeous colours and shades of an artist's palette. For the Crusaders camped far below, the same low clouds greeted them as a cold, dismal, early morning mist. Now, the uppermost rim of the sun had drenched the pure white clouds with a magical wash of sunlight that made them glow with a rose pink colour. Quickly, this changed to pale orange, and then brilliant white just as the sun's disc lifted clear of the horizon.

The children only had thoughts for the panorama. They didn't notice the sadness of their aunts who watched not the dawn but the activity below in the courtyard. The castle garrison, all unarmed, were assembled at one end, their weapons stacked in a neat pile in one corner. Stood in several, lines were over two hundred blue robed parfaits that silently prayed men and women, headed by Bernard and Anne. All stood proudly erect to await their cruel fate.

Full sunrise was greeted by the ominous sounds of horns and drums just outside the castle walls. Next someone outside loudly hammered on the main portal. Bernard gestured to the castle guard who withdrew the massive bolts, then slowly swung the reinforced portal wide open. With weapons at the ready, swiftly and suspiciously, the advance guard swept into the courtyard followed by the Crusade leaders, all alert for any kind of resistance. Orders were bellowed and more armed men arrived to arrest and confine the garrison. Others entered who carried chains and fetters. Then the parfaits sang a hymn of praise to the Lord whilst impatient men bullied them and chained them together to prevent escapes when they made the difficult, tortuous descent.

Bravely Melusine fought back her tears, smiled warmly at the children, then whispered, "Today, my loves, we are going to learn to fly." Quietly, Giselle added, "Yes, a special treat but, when we pick you up, you must all hold us tightly and keep very quiet."

They lifted the eager children, two each. Then as they held them very close the two women stepped up on to the edge of the stone parapet. At that moment, Rebecca's clear treble voice piped, "Shall we fly like eagles, Auntie Giselle?" Startled by her voice, two burly guards glanced up at them, and then clattered up the steps to demand their surrender. Giselle smiled down at the lovely, excited child, then she met Melusine's steady glance and slight nod. She replied, "Oh yes, my darlings. Just like the eagles." Together, they took one step forward just as the guards reached out. The guards were too late to drag them back, but were in time to watch horrified. The group of two unarmed women and four innocent children plunged into the thick cloud layer to their deaths on the hidden rocks far below.

The two guards, ordinarily farm-workers and family men, felt sick at heart and helpless. They felt trapped in the service of religious masters who crushed the guilty and the innocent in the name of God. Those two men learnt something about themselves they would never forget.

As the group plummeted through thick, white cloud, time appeared to stand still. There was no sensation of a downward fall, only that of weightlessness and the rush and buffet of a wind that pulled and dragged at their hair and clothes. Suddenly, the whiteness was transformed into a rich, warm, golden haze. Their precious burdens clutched to them while they fell level with each other, then both women felt a subtle change.

The rush of air became still. Their frozen terror was washed away by a presence between them which enveloped them all in waves of calmness and love. The transition from terror to calm was so sudden. A swift glimpse of the fall of themselves and the children far below, hardly registered in their relief-filled minds. The golden mist dissolved.

Still they held the children whilst Melusine and Giselle found they now stood on a lawn of green moss in a beautifully laid out garden. The trees, shrubs and flowerbeds were a gorgeous riot of coloured blooms in every shade of the rainbow. Eagerly, the children released themselves from the women and ran across the lawn to a figure that quietly waited.

He wore the parfeit's hooded robe, a chain girdle around his waist. The chain was gold and his robe brilliant white. He was tall with long, dark auburn hair and a neatly trimmed beard. His face was ageless his skin glowed like a child's. His eyes were golden, large, and radiated a special Inner Light. His firm mouth twitched in a merry smile at their facial expressions. This whilst their confused minds struggled to grasp the rapid sequence of events after they had stepped off of the castle parapet. He called, "Welcome, my friends. Please follow me. We have a lovely surprise for each of you. Then I shall go to keep Mary's promise to all of your brave and faithful friends."

Before they could reply, he turned and led the children into another area of the garden. Huge shrubs surrounded this part of the garden. These shrubs were covered with large, yellow or orange or violet blooms. The blooms filled this natural bower with their fragrance and the shimmer of their radiance. The magical effect was enhanced in the centre by a graceful crystalline structure: a circle of six crystal pillars supported a delicate, bell-shaped crystal dome. The pillars stood on a base of translucent white opal that seemed to have an iridescent life of its own. In the centre, a pond with a small fountain of crystal-clear waters that musically tinkled. Around the pond a circular seat of the same opal. Full of curiosity, the children scampered ahead to the fountain, followed by Giselle and Melusine who gazed around in wonder.

With a warm smile of reassurance, the man said, "Soon all your questions will be answered but, first, your surprise. Please sit so that each of you faces an arch."

Full of anticipation, they positioned the children and themselves around the seat and gazed outwards at the lovely garden.

Faintly at first, the delicate crystal of the dome above them began to resonate. It was a sound similar to that of Tibetan ‘singing bowls’ or a glass organ. Their views of the garden wavered and became less distinct. It was now seen through the shimmer of a golden rain. The rain slowly drifted down, only to drift upwards again before it could touch the mossy lawn. More and more golden rain drifted down.

Now a dense screen made up of points of golden light that danced and swirled filled each archway. Reuben pointed and cried, “Look! Look! Something moves in there.”

In the depths of each screen, the sparks whirled and formed a column that wavered and swayed in the golden rain. The hauntingly beautiful tones grew louder whilst the columns whirled and grew so bright that they all had to close their eyes. Then, as the sound faded, the brilliant light and the golden rain were replaced in each archway by their own dearest loved ones. Their joy-filled faces and outstretched arms eagerly waited to welcome them to the astral plane. With shrieks of recognition, the delighted children rushed to their parents.

Francois and Giselle embraced silently they needed no words.

Melusine full of laughter was engulfed in the massive arms of Pierre, whose habitual scowl was now replaced with a huge, beatific grin. For a time, the dome echoed with the sound of joyful laughter but also heartfelt sobs because a broken heart that unexpectedly heals always feels pain. The pain has certain sweetness but nevertheless is pain. Through her tears, Giselle’s thoughts returned to the beautiful man who had reunited them all. At the same moment, Melusine also thought of him. Their parfait training had taught them that no one, mighty or humble, should ever be made to feel rejected, neglected or excluded. They caught sight of him as he quickly walked away from the dome. Urgently, Giselle called, “Please, tell us who you are before you go.”

Without a break in his stride, he half-turned, waved, and his lips moved in reply. But in that moment Michelle and Renee shrieked with childish laughter and Rebecca announced proudly, “Oh yes, Mummy, we flew like eagles.”

Once more the women called to him, “Please, tell us again.” The scene quickly faded into the swirl of white mist. A huge pair of golden eyes filled with compassion gazed at them as Emma continued, “The children drowned your voice. Oh, we’re back!”

Horus said, “Yes, you are back, and now I will leave you with that special man who will guide you to the higher levels.” One golden eye closed in a friendly wink for experiences shared. Then, with a powerful rustle and whirl of wings, Horus was gone.

Another calm voice said, “Please lie quietly and collect your thoughts. Then we will talk.” In silence, Danielle and Emma lay on the couches of silver light, and stared up into the mist, their minds were awash with powerful emotions and bitter, sweet memories. The memories of lives they had lived and people they had deeply loved just as they now deeply love their families in this present life. Again, as before, their minds were enveloped by waves of calmness and love, their confusion replaced by confidence. The man who had led them to the dome and their loved ones now stood between the two couches. “You asked my name,” he said. “I have been known to man by many names. Once long, long ago I was known as Abel.

Then around two thousand years ago, I was known as Jesus. Now my name is Sananda.”

The girls sat up to see him better. They noticed that he was clean-shaven and looked very modern and smart, and he wore a sort of one-piece, pure white uniform. In a doubtful voice, Emma said, “You are not as I imagined you.”

Sananda broadly smiled and replied, “Think again, Emma. You don’t look like Melusine, the parfait, Tom, the sweep’s boy or Pamela, the old lady, do you? But, in each life, you were the one you now think of as me. Your me, is different to the me of everyone else. That is why each human is special and unique. Rich or poor, clever or stupid, kind or cruel, each is unique and each is at a different level, and learns their gifts at their own speed.

Emma replied, “It’s hard to believe because, like most people, we don’t feel special.”

”Oh, but you are.” Said Sananda. “Now, have you any questions before we continue your journey?”

Danielle said, “Yes, Sananda, I have a question. What was that lovely garden where we were all reunited?”

Sananda replied, “It is called the Garden of the Interlife Zone and it is a thought structure to ease the shock of physical death.”

Danielle continued, “I asked because we were told that a child may be a very old soul. Also that each soul, when in the astral levels, plans their next physical life even though they forget those plans when they actually live it.”

Sananda nodded. “That is correct. Go on.”

Danielle paused, then said, “We jumped to our deaths, then suddenly we were in the Garden of the Interlife Zone. The children stayed as children, they didn’t change. Those who met us hadn’t changed either, but children couldn’t plan a future life, could they?” Emma nodded in agreement. “Yes, that puzzled me.”

Sananda smiled. “A very good question, Danielle, but really you’ve answered it yourself. Let me explain first that we refer to the ongoing me, not the body that me will wear for a time. True, when a soul or a ‘me’ enters physical life, he or she will forget all astral plans and memories of past lives. Forgotten will be all past triumphs or failures, past guilts or hurts, past loves or hates, they are not relevant to that next life. Instead, with a clean, blank mind, in a timeless zone called the mother’s womb, me will gently merge with the baby that forms in that womb.

Only as birth-time approaches, does time and timing gently and then more urgently, begin to affect the ‘me’. When the baby is born, me will be re-born. Those who care will do their best to soften the shock of birth. It is difficult to live that life span with no direct knowledge of what happens after the body dies. For that reason most people’s way of thought becomes rather fixed and rigid.

This includes yours. For example: you tend to think of mum and dad as always the same people, but as they live in time, they change as each moment passes by. Each moment adds to their experience of life. Each moment adds age and wear on to their bodies. When someone you love dies, you will wish to remember as they were in physical life. Twenty years later, you will still picture that person, as he or she was when you last saw him or her. On your deathbed, with no knowledge to guide you as you face the unknown, you will hope that person will be there to meet you. But, just like you, that person has lived many different lives, and played many different parts. All of you are like actresses or actors in a theatre play that has no end until you ascend.

Of course, on your deathbed you won't realise that the character you loved was not the whole me that played that character in the theatre play. In the same way, neither of you ladies are really Danielle and Emma. You both are something much more than that.

In the garden, to ease the shock of that realisation, the one you loved would be there to meet you and would appear as the character you knew. She, or he, would then gently guide you out of the garden and into the realisation that neither you nor they are the characters played in that last physical life. In this painless way, your me's would put aside the characters called Emma and Danielle." Sananda paused and then asked, "Are you happy with that answer, Danielle?"

Danielle smiled and nodded.

"I'm glad," said Sananda, "because now we must move nearer to the centre of creation, where everything is first created in thought energy. Just as you have imagination, so does the Creator mind, so there is no difference. You have to use great effort and concentration to hold in your mind what you have imagined. Your Creator does this effortlessly. But then, of course, your Creator has had far more experience in the use of imagination than you have.

You have met Anubis, and I, the elderly drinks-machine, also you have seen the crystal lotuses. They helped you to understand the enormous power generated when many people combine and focus their thoughts. Now you must experience the power of your own thoughts. To do this, you will create a route that will allow you to approach the Creator's mind."

"How will we do that?" asked the girls, doubtfully.

"I'll explain after you've done it, but let's do it first." Laughed Sananda.

The entire cave floor was smooth, pale green crystal.

Sananda pointed to the floor and said, "What do you see?" They replied, "A rock floor."

As Sananda moved his finger in a circular motion, a white dot appeared on the floor. It then drew a large circle on the floor about ten metres across. Then Sananda said, "Let's hold hands, girls, so that we can help each other.

I want to show both of you that you can tap into and use the same power as I did when I worked miracles on Earth. You still look doubtful so let me explain.

The power I used was not mine it was the Creator's. What I did was to empty my mind of all doubts and fears of failure. This was so that I could be a clear channel for that power to travel through me on its way to where it was needed. Each gift that you learn allows more and more power to flood through you. When, like myself, your gifts and your thoughts become the same thing, then you will channel maximum power. None of this is magic or miraculous. It is more like as if you made a thin wire thicker to enable it to carry a much higher-powered current of electricity. So now, Emma, and Danielle, imagine and visualise and believe that the circle is a deep pool of crystal-clear water. Forget doubts, and believe."

There was a silence whilst both girls frowned in concentration. Nothing happened.

Gently Sananda laughed, then said, "Relax. You have tried to force your thoughts on to the circle. Instead, take the circle into your thoughts, close your eyes and imagine the sheer sides of the pool. Its edge is the white circle. Now keep the picture in your minds as you slowly open your eyes."

The girls gasped with delight. The rock floor in the circle had faded to reveal a hole with sheer sides, like a deep, circular shaft. "Excellent." Said Sananda. "Hold that picture Danielle. Emma, the sides are green. Picture them as pure white."

Slowly, the green faded to a brilliant whiteness. "Good, Emma. Good. Hold that. Now, Danielle, imagine just a few inches below floor level, the surface of our pool of clear water."

Danielle closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Then a misty, light-reflective surface hesitantly appeared, faded, then reappeared more sharply defined. The pool was now filled with the gentle movement of crystal-clear water.

With a smile at the astonished girls, Sananda said, "Ladies, you both have done very well. First, you have proved to yourself that you can tap the creative energy source. Second, by the focus of your thoughts, you have used the energy to create the pool. You can use the same source to create doubts. It is the same energy and it is your choice how you focus it. Healers are not special or divine people; they are people who have trained themselves how to ignore doubt. On Earth, you couldn't create a pool by thought alone, but you could remove a headache, a back pain or whatever, simply if you focus your doubt-free thoughts on a person in pain. If it fits with that person's soul plan you will relieve their pain. Try it when you get back."

Emma gazed in wonder at the pool she had helped to create. "I didn't know I could do that," she said. "But why can't we create in the same way on Earth?" Danielle added, "Yes, it would be so easy."

Sananda laughed, then replied, "Exactly, it would be so easy. But, ladies, did you know that you are responsible for the effect of anything you create. For example, suppose from thought you created a live, savage tiger that ran loose in the busy streets of a town.

It would be you – not the tiger – that would be responsible for the injuries caused. Now imagine how an angry man, full of hate and viciousness, would use such creative power. Until he has learnt to transform thoughts of anger and hate instantly into compassion and love, he can never gain access to that power.”

Danielle said, “I can understand that I would be responsible, just as if I opened the cage door of a tiger, but I don’t know who or what prevents my use of the power.”

Sananda looked delighted. “Each answer creates more questions, and that’s how it should be,” he said. “I will try to answer all of your questions but, first, we must enter your pool because that is the route you created. Your route will take us to where we will rendezvous with the Creator’s ‘Vehicle of Vehicles’ It is a special vehicle that can transport anything or anyone safely through all the dimensions and angelic levels. To enter your pool, I must create a ferry to carry the three of us.” Silently, Sananda gazed into the pool.

The girls realised, as they watched, that the pool was very deep. Far below them in its depths, they could see a fuzzy patch of light that rapidly rose to the surface. A moment later, the surface water domed upwards, and then quickly drained to reveal a huge, iridescent bubble. The bubble lifted clear of the surface to hover over the pool. Emma and Danielle watched spellbound as the sphere quivered and wobbled as it drifted over to the two light couches. Quickly, the couches merged to become one circular seat. Then the bubble, with movements perfectly timed, descended and enclosed the newly formed seat. “Come on, girls. This is our ferry,” said Sananda.

”A bubble!” exclaimed Emma.

”Of course. Don’t you like bubbles, Emma?” he asked.

”Yes, I do,” Emma replied, “but won’t it burst?”

Sananda laughed. “Of course not, it’s made of very strong thought-energy and love, not of soapy water. Just follow me.” He stepped through the side of the bubble and sat upon the couch. Both girls heard a faint crackle of energy that brushed their cheeks as they passed through the gossamer-thin wall. Just as they took their seats, the beautiful bubble glowed as it lifted them upwards and then drifted over their pool. Gently it descended and, in moments, they were completely submerged. The girls felt no sensation of movement. A glance upwards showed them that they had swiftly descended far below the surface of their pool. Then as that circle reduced to nothing, now there was only stillness and light.

Sananda said, “Now I can answer your question about creative power. This will help you to understand the Centre and those you will meet there. The short answer to your question is this. You are not ready. Mankind is not ready, that is why you are in the Classroom Earth.

Let me put it another way. You know that you left your bed in Luc sur Aude. You then travelled through the physical universe, then through the levels of the Astral, Ball of Wool energy vortex. You then rose above the vortex into the fifth dimension. Next you entered the spheres.

But at every level the Creator energy that is you, has increased in speed. As you passed through each sphere to the next, the angels in that last sphere faded and, in the next sphere, they have appeared only when your speed of existence matched their level. This process of acceleration will continue until you reach the Centre.

Obviously, if you travelled from the Centre to your solid old bed in Luc sur Aude, your speed of existence would have to slow down through each sphere. You would then lose more power and speed in the vortex. Why should this be necessary? Simply because your physical universe was created as a nursery and classroom, for life force to evolve and develop individual intelligence. This is what life force has done and continues to do right now.

You, Emma, and you, Danielle, are two typical examples of life force that thinks of itself as me, so your intelligence has evolved to that point. Now the Creator and all the rest of creation have the use of vast creative powers controlled entirely by thought. Just as you two controlled thought to create your route, the pool. We all have freedom of thought and choice but all have learnt to use what we call gifted thought.”

Emma asked, “What is gifted thought then?”

Sananda replied, “Gifted thought is the next step for each individual human being. On Earth, to lift a heavy weight takes strength, time and effort but, before you lift it, you think the intention to lift it and that takes no effort at all. If you didn’t think the intention first, the stone wouldn’t have been lifted. With ease, you created a thought intention and afterwards used muscles and physical energy to put thought into action.

In your physical world of clocks you always have time. You always have that moment of time between the creation of your thought intention and the conversion of that thought into action. In that moment, you can reshape your thought before you allow it to leave you. In that moment, a thoughtless or cruel, angry thought can be converted by you into a kind, gentle, compassionate thought and deed. Don’t confuse this with hypocrisy, to hide anger or dislike behind false smiles. What I mean is this, you in control of your thoughts and emotions instead of your thoughts and emotions in control of you. Omar explained to you that in each life, via your parents, the Creator loans you a body made of atoms made of Creator energy. The body may be he or she, thin or fat, tall or short, and one of several colours. Whatever it is, you exist in it whilst you try to learn your gifts, even though you may not realise that is why you are there.

This until by your own efforts and mistakes that you have learnt from, your thoughts become so guided by your gifts that they become the same things. They become gifted thought. The way you think is in complete balance and harmony with the way the rest of creation thinks. Then you will be a truly adult human being. You see no one needs vast, creative powers to learn to use gifted thought.

But, for your sake, and for the sake of everyone else, you need gifted thought before you could safely use vast creative powers. Because you are a free will creation and not a computer, none of this can be programmed into you. Instead, you need a safe place where time exists. Time to choose to learn. Time to make and learn from mistakes. Time to seek and understand those gifts.”

Danielle said, “I wanted to ask you about time, Sananda. This has been a very long journey and we have talked to many wonderful people, yet there has been no sensation that time passed. Why is that, Sananda?”

He replied, “Because the only level that is slow enough for time to exist is the physical universe level. It is the slowest of all the levels where every event happens in sequence. Even your thoughts to become actions have to trickle through a sequence of atoms in your brain.

Ho explained to you how higher power-level energies were reduced in power-level by the vortex and then compelled to convert speed into spin, like a toy top, countless toy tops that you think of as atoms. Anything that spins creates inertia that makes it more difficult to move away from its spin centre. This is the effect we have talked about.

To lift or move the weight, once you have overcome the inertia and got the mass of atoms on the move, the inertia becomes momentum. Then you need more effort to stop the momentum. So all physical life, intelligent or not, is governed by the inertia and momentum generated by the spin of atoms created from Creator energy.

But remember that the Creator and Ho used the power of intelligence to create this situation, a situation where there would always be a time delay between thought and action. To understand why, you would need to know this. That there is a direct connection between, a thin wire made thicker, so that it can carry more powerful energy, and to achieve gifted thought as I described it.

If you are that thin wire, then each gift that you learn and use strengthens your capacity as the higher energy of that gift flows through you. Gifted thought means your increased strength and capacity can allow the full, unreduced power at the top of the vortex, to flow through you. Once you can handle full power, there is no reason to remain in the lower power levels.

The Creator and Ho used intelligence to deliberately create this situation. By the focus of your intelligence you will achieve gifted thought. In this way you will have found your way out of that created situation. But far more than that once you can handle unreduced power. You could then use that power to take control of the Creator energy that forms the sub-atomic structure of your body, of flesh and blood.

No longer is that energy provided by the Creator and controlled by Ho. You control the energy. It is a gift to you from the Creator. Then you will join us here as ascended beings, filled with your own light. Of course, that sounds lovely but what does it mean? It means that when you ascend with gifted thought on unreduced power, to think it will create it with no time delay. It will be just the same as when you created the pool.”

Emma said, “So really, the key higher self Yvonne talked about is gifted thought?”

Sananda nodded. “That’s right, that is the key to your ascension.”

Danielle asked, “When Mary appeared at Montsegur, she seemed very real. Did she control the Creator energy of her atoms?”

Sananda smiled. “Exactly. With that control, you could appear or disappear as you choose. By thought-power you just speed up or slow down your speed of existence, or become an intelligent energy, like Mel. All of the angels on all the levels are teachers this is why they were created. When you ascend, they will teach you how to use creative thought. Until you ascend, you exist, safe in your body of atoms. Safe because though you can harm each other’s bodies or possessions, you can’t permanently harm the ‘me’ inside. Does that answer your questions about time and creative energy, ladies?”

Thoughtfully the girls nodded. Then Emma remarked, “Yes, that answers the questions but to achieve gifted thought would be very difficult. More difficult when those around you have never heard of it and don’t want to turn into light anyway. Most people just want a good life in a healthy body and never think very deeply about what happens afterwards. I don’t see how that can be changed.”

Sananda said, “That is a fair comment, Emma, and it is not easy, but we don’t urge you to change most people, we urge you to change you. Then the changes you have made in the way you think will begin to affect those around you.

Some will be drawn to you and some will back away. Though they like you, your Positivity, your inner strength and your crystal-clear honesty as you use your gifts will worry them. They will feel rather like shadow people instead of real people with purpose in their lives.

The ones drawn to you will feel they have missed something in their lives that you have found. They would sense that you have found something that you value and would share with them.

Those that back away didn’t realise that they are shadow people until they felt your light. Once they realise, they don’t like it and then may do something about it. All you did was change yourself, and that is all you have to do.”

The girls gazed in silence through the bubble wall and they noticed that the shaft had now become a tunnel of light that grew wider and higher as they travelled along it.

”What has happened to the shaft?” Danielle asked.

”It has become your route to the Centre. The waters that you created as your route will now enter the ocean of creative energy. Soon we will meet the Messenger of God vehicle, known on Earth as Merkabah. Merkabah will bring my vehicle up through the lower dimensions. Then we will part and Merkabah will take you to the very highest-powered energy levels of the Centre. All your questions will be answered so just relax and observe. You will be quite safe.”

Their tunnel had disappeared. Their bubble had now entered a vast ocean of creative energy that shimmered with a golden glow. Outwards in all directions from a distant, glowing centre too blurred and indistinct to define radiated fuzzy dots of brilliant golden light. These dots rapidly followed each other in wavy lines. These were similar to the lines they had seen when they first left the Ball of Wool vortex but here there were far fewer waves in the lines.

Somehow, all of the lines that approached in their direction veered away to leave a vast, clear area around their bubble. They felt like a tiny speck that moved across a huge, empty goldfish bowl completely surrounded by lines of light that were all on the move. In the depths ahead of them, the lines began to bend and swirl around one point. More and more lines were drawn into the point until it whirled and grew into a vast vortex of light.

Chapter eight ends

Chapter Nine. The Sphere of Merkabah

The passengers in the bubble were no longer passive observers of a distant event; the birth of an energy vortex. Now, as the vortex grew larger, its power began to affect the light lines that formed and contained their vast empty space. They were definitely about to be drawn into the gigantic vortex. Sananda looked so calm and relaxed that their nervousness changed to excitement. Again, the sensation of rapid acceleration as their bubble whirled around and around, over and under, nearer and nearer.

Finally, at breakneck speed, they were drawn deep into the swirl of the huge, mass of brilliant white light. Suddenly, all was peace, all was calm and still inside the vortex.

"Where are we? What has happened?" asked Emma.

Sananda smiled reassuringly. "I've already told you, Merkabah is about to arrive. Relax because it is a beautiful sight to see."

They heard a sound first, similar to the echo of a distant trumpet fanfare in a vast cathedral. Then, deep in the brilliance, something huge and ghostly began to take form. It whirled and had the blurred outline of a cone of light. Even as they watched the whirl and spin slowed enough for them to realise the cone was a gigantic, four-sided pyramid that blazed with light. Now, as it slowly revolved, each of its four sides portrayed a different face. The face of a bull, a lion, an eagle, and a human face, neither, man nor woman. Just a swift glance, then majestically the pyramid tipped over, until its apex pointed towards their bubble.

It then began to spin faster and faster so that all the faces blurred into a ring that whirled. Then the ring changed into a winged serpent like a dragon that snarled and had eyes that blazed as it chased its own tail. Quickly the dragon shattered like glass into a trillion pieces to be replaced by the vision of a gentle white dove about to take wing. But now the tilted pyramid, became two pyramids embedded inside each other, one was upside down, both with their apex projected through the base of the other.

Both girls instantly recognised the shape as the Star of David but they had never before seen it created from pyramids. No time for thought because again a transformation was about to take place. The two merged pyramids of light began to rapidly rotate in opposite directions, like wheels within wheels, their speed a blur of light that was ball-shaped and that rapidly expanded. It was like an explosion in slow motion that would soon engulf their bubble.

They were engulfed even before they could feel a qualm of worry and now they were inside a huge, empty sphere that was formed from countless, equally spaced pyramids. Each was a miniature copy of the one that had exploded. Beams of light linked them all to each other and, as they gently revolved, they glittered and sparkled like facets of cut crystal.

Quietly, Sananda said, "We have been taken inside Merkabah. Now continue to watch because next Merkabah will draw my vehicle through many dimensions and levels so that you may visit it. Afterwards, it will carry me back to my work. Merkabah will then carry you both to the Centre."

Just on the edge of audibility was a new sound. It reminded the girls of the hum of a distant beehive. The sound became louder and more insistent whilst every pyramid turned to point its apex towards the distant empty centre of the sphere. The sound changed to a deep and more powerful hum and, from each apex, lanced a beam of brilliant, coloured, light, narrow but not with the harshness of a laser. These were heavenly colours of green, of blue, of violet, of aquamarine and of magenta, a different colour from each of the countless pyramids, all blended in the centre to create a huge haze of golden light.

The bubble moved parallel with the coloured beams of light to swiftly head towards the golden haze. Anxious not to miss anything, the eyes of the girls were everywhere, whilst Sananda enjoyed their excitement.

"Look, there is something in the mist," said Danielle.

A Planet Earth-sized sphere had winked into existence, so close that Emma and Danielle thought they would crash. Their bubble halted at what seemed only an arm's length away from the sphere's strange surface. Just like a planet, this had its own horizons but the surface was alive, intelligent and radiated a joy of life and of generous love. From every direction, great tides of iridescent energies surged and then raced across the strange surface to where bubble and sphere would soon touch.

There the energies converged to form the spokes of a huge wheel ablaze with energy. The spokes reached the horizon in every direction and then marched around the central hub. Then as the vast wheel of light rapidly revolved, gently the bubble moved through the hub. As the sphere passed through the hub they realised that they had entered the stillness of a world locked into a moment of time.

Swiftly, under a sky of azure blue, their bubble flew at low level across an ocean, its dark blue waters covered with ocean waves that did not move. Ahead were cliffs and a beach of golden sand. Here the sea was covered in white foam as if the waves continuously exhausted their power against the coastline. But, even here, just like a still photograph, nothing moved. Near the coast and further inland were settlements and dwellings, not in ruins but new, that just waited for people to live in them.

Everywhere was generously supplied with fruit trees and edible plants. It was a planet of colour, beauty and plenty, but nothing moved, no tree, no plant, and no flower, swayed in a breeze. They followed a river of motionless water to the base of a high cliff. Over the cliff the upper river poured its waters to crash and foam on the rocks below. The torrent hung motionless in mid-fall, mid-splash, in mid-ripple.

"Oh, what a beautiful world. It's just like Earth Sananda. But why does nothing move?" asked Emma. "And why is there no life?" added Danielle.

"Because this world is a thought structure," replied a new voice, "and it only exists in my imagination."

Before the girls could try to locate the voice, the bubble swiftly lifted them up the sheer drop of the motionless waterfall to hover over a small island upstream. There they could see, sat upon a rock, a man who waved to them.

Gently, the bubble landed and Sananda stepped on to the island, followed by the girls.

"You arrived with perfect timing, Ashtar," said Sananda as he greeted the man. "This is Emma and this is Danielle. They are on their way to the Centre."

Ashtar was a tall man, dressed in a simple uniform similar to Sananda's. He had long, golden hair that framed an ageless face filled with laughter, kindness and light. Ashtar quickly made the girls feel very welcome. Both Emma and Danielle soon felt they had always known him.

"I can see that you are puzzled so I will try to explain. Sananda has told you about gifted thought that is then followed by ascension, and Yvonne has explained that Planet Earth, Mother Nature or Mother Earth, whichever name you prefer, is ready to ascend. The task she volunteered to do is now complete. All life below the human level will ascend as part of her being because, below that human level, all life unconsciously shares her balance and harmony.

In fact, even the human body shares her harmony and balance, but human intelligence has to find its own harmony and balance through gifted thought. Neither Mother Earth nor anyone else can do it for mankind. But meanwhile Mother Earth is almost ready to ascend.

The Creator has promised that each human must have the right to work towards their own ascension if they so choose, and this even after Mother Earth ascends. We have informed many people on Earth about the Creator's promise. As the news spreads from person to person, a certain amount of confusion creeps in, so I will tell you what is intended. Then, back on Earth, you will recognise the true picture as it emerges out of the confusion.

The first confusion is this. There is a vast difference between, to have the wish to achieve something, and to actually do something to put the wish to achieve into action. Omar told you about the gift that waits for each person at the top of the mountain. Now, more and more people have learnt that the gift exists for them. Many of these people honestly believe that to want to ascend is enough to achieve ascension. So they just stay in the valley and talk to each other about the gift. Instead they should seek inside for the guides who will show them which path each person must climb alone.

The next confusion is all about before and after the individual's ascension and Earth's ascension. Before a person ascends, they will always need food, drink and sleep, simply because their body is in the form of physical matter. For that reason, even after Earth ceases to be a planet made of physical matter, the person who hasn't yet ascended will still have these physical needs. Physical humans will still need somewhere safe, sheltered and comfortable to live in whilst they work towards ascension. After they ascend, that person's physical body is transformed into something wonderful that makes each person totally independent. Then they will not have any need for food, drink, sleep, shelter or a planet.

The next confusion is all to do with what happens after Earth ascends. Some people teach that everyone will live in vast spaceships until Earth is cleansed.

They believe that then they will return to live on Earth as ascended beings and that Earth will be a planet only for ascended beings. This is a contradiction. It is as if after you passed all of your exams with 'flying colours' you then remain, forever in the classroom, when instead you could leave school. Mother Earth is almost awakened from her dream state. When she is ready, she will give warning. Then she will ascend, and take with her all life below the human intelligence level. Physically, she will disappear.

When you were with the dolphin school, you saw some of our spaceships and we have vast fleets of them. All of them, just like this planet, are thought structures without physical form yet. The moment Mother Earth gives warning, the spaceship thought structures are to enter the vortex and then enter your physical universe. In this way they will take on physical form, made of atoms just like everything else in your physical universe

When this happens, each person on Earth will have to make a choice of his or her own free will. The choice will be to stay or go. To be guided to the spaceships and lifted safely away from the planet before it physically ceases to exist. Or to stay and face the turmoil of a planet that is about to ascend, and their own physical death.

Emma said, "That doesn't sound much like a choice, to me."

Ashtar nodded and smiled. "No, it doesn't, until we put it into perspective. First of all, by now, mankind should have evolved and learnt enough to Ascend. Really he should have ascended before or, at the latest, at the same moment as Mother Earth ascends. But mankind hasn't learnt. If he had, then none of this would have been needed. From distant star systems the space travellers, that exist in physical bodies like you do, will aid the Ashtar space fleet.

Together we will be there to rescue the human population of Earth from an event that will happen regardless of whether they stay or go. But each person must make the choice because that is his or her right as an intelligent being.

The moment Mother Earth ascends, this thought structure planet is to enter the vortex and take physical form in the space Earth has vacated. At this point, each human will make a second choice and they will have plenty of guidance to help him or her. The choice will be to live and work for his or her, own ascension on the new planet.

Or if they so wish they could be taken to some other suitable planet to live out their physical and astral lives in the way they choose. This until eventually they choose to aim for ascension, but always they have free will choice.

Finally, and only when the individual person has ascended, they are then asked to make a third choice. The choice is to evolve and go on to the higher levels or to return to help guide others who strive for ascension. The new planet is temporary and I designed it for humans, to live together in peace.

Not ascended humans but ordinary people who have been taught and fully understand the purpose and reason why they exist. They will want to ascend and will work to ascend. You look as though you have some doubts, Danielle."

Danielle replied, "Yes, I do. There's so much wickedness in the human race, surely they would bring it with them to the new planet."

Sananda nodded in agreement. "You are right, Danielle. Some will bring it with them but they will know they won't fit in on the new planet and will choose to go elsewhere. At one time on Earth, there was no wickedness because fear didn't exist. Wickedness is born out of fear.

As that fear began to spread throughout mankind, every person searched to find ways to hide from the fears. The physically strong tried to conquer their fears by their conquest of the weak. The weak tried to subdue their fears by the submission of their freewill to the strong.

The highly intelligent people tried to control their fears by the manipulation of the way the strong ones think. In this way, the few controlled the strong, and through the strong they also controlled the weak. At first, man used force to conquer the weak and then he would tell the weak that he would use his strength to protect them if they accepted his rule but, if they didn't, he would crush them. The weak, full of fear, would submit to his rule and then teach their children also to accept the strong man as their ruler. Naturally, the young children would trust what their parents and neighbours taught them and would grow to adulthood convinced that it's right and proper that one man should rule another man.

There were always new parts of the country, and then new countries overseas, to conquer. Each with strong men who ruled the weak, and always used fear as a weapon; fear that drove the strong men on and fear that always made the weak man submit. Eventually, the clever and the strong ruled the whole world and controlled and exploited all of its resources. If any of the weak protested, either they were crushed or ignored, or bribed to join the ranks of the strong. Always the weak were taught to believe in the rightness of the strong. To depend on the strong for work, for money, for food, for everything that enabled the weak to exist.

This became the only possible way of life and, meanwhile, in less developed parts of the world, the strong continued to exploit the people and resources that really should belong to everyone. Quickly, money became a sign of strength and the strong held most of it by the sale of resources -- that were not theirs to sell -- to the weak.

The strong found that they had to compete with the strong to gain and sell the resources. Their fears made them ruthless and made them disregard the damage that they inflicted upon the planet, the home of the strong and the weak.

The situation took many thousands of years to reach this point because always there were people and places to exploit. But, if you look at your world now, girls, there is nowhere left to exploit. The planet is badly damaged because the weak did not oppose the strong. Instead, they obeyed and so helped to exploit it. The competition between the strong drove them to find a sales method that the many weak all over the world would find hard to resist.

They found it through the invention of the television set because it has a slightly hypnotic effect on the viewer.

In each person's home, the strong could advertise their goods to the weak, but here they made a mistake. The advertisements were cleverly designed to appeal to everyone's basic instincts, especially to their fears. Obviously, no one would sit to just watch advertisements. So, between adverts, the strong had no choice but to fit entertainment, programmes about current affairs, and news from all over the world.

The commercials sold the goods but there was an unforeseen side effect. The side effect was, and is, that all of those people who submitted to the strong and believed their promises now see the true picture of what the strong have done to their world.

The strong have discredited themselves in the eyes of the weak. More and more of those countless people who submitted have now opened their eyes and their minds towards something better and fairer. Even though they are not sure of what it is yet. Your world and the way people in it think, is now in a period of rapid changes.

They will grow up and become aware of truth faster now than at any time in their history. I promise you, Danielle, a very different human race, with a new outlook, will board those spaceships. This includes the strong who now have clearly seen the results when strength is abused."

Ashtar nodded in agreement and said, "Sananda is right so you must stay very flexible. All of the old methods, based in the use of fear and selfishness, have crumbled and shall fall apart. Mankind now has no choice but to seek for a better and fairer way that will include everyone. Mankind won't be alone. Many helpers and re-born guides are ready to help man find the ascension path. But now, young ladies, you must continue your journey and we, Sananda, must return to our work."

Sananda replied, "You are right, Ashtar. I will stay with you. Emma and Danielle, you must board the bubble. It will take you to your guides in the Merkabah."

His arms linked through theirs, Sananda led Emma and Danielle to where the bubble hovered. With one finger he gently touched their foreheads, and both girls experienced a brilliant flash of light inside their heads and instantly felt relaxed and confident. They stepped aboard the bubble and, as it slowly lifted, Sananda called, "We'll meet again one day soon."

As they waved down from the clear bubble, Emma called, "Oh, I do hope so." and Danielle added, "And thank you both. You have explained so much."

Smoothly, the bubble gained height and speed. They had a brief glimpse of the silent, motionless, blue ocean. Then, like an express elevator, they sped through the brilliant, energy hub and away from Ashtar's planet.

The countless pyramids of light had altered their positions. No longer did they form a huge, hollow sphere. Now, all together, they had created an enormous funnel-shaped spiral of brilliant white light at the mouth of which floated Ashtar's planet. Again, they heard the beehive sound. Then as the planet drifted along the funnel it shimmered, faded, and was gone.

"Don't look now," said Emma, "but I think we have company."

Of course Danielle did look now, in time to see directly below them a large, flat triangle of vivid blue light. It drifted upwards until their bubble hovered just above its centre. A single dot of light appeared exactly halfway along each of the three sides. The three dots were then joined together by lines of light that formed another triangle.

The big blue triangle folded upwards along the light lines to form a three-sided pyramid that enclosed the bubble. Next, without any warning, their bubble disappeared, and they were alone in the newly formed pyramid.

Both girls had been so fascinated by the activity of their new ferry; they hadn't noticed what had happened to the spiral. All the pyramids had merged again to form a huge geometrical figure, similar to the previous Star of David but of three instead of four-sided pyramids. Their own pyramid of light ferry was now on the move. Sananda had called it the Merkabah vehicle of vehicles.

They could see that it was beautiful, powerful and mysterious, also rather ominous, as they moved between the vast points of its star shape. Merkabah hummed and quivered and, like Mel's office doorway, was there but not quite there. Suddenly, a prism of rainbow coloured energy linked their ferry to the Merkabah. Swiftly, they were drawn into its depths.

The pyramid had gone. Now they were alone in a white, circular room reminiscent of the reception area of a modern office suite. The room was brightly lit by some hidden source and, in the centre, a large round table. On the table was a sign in golden letters that stated importantly, 'Merkabah Committee'.

Set at equal spaces around the circular room were three office doors, each with more gold letters. The first announced The Bro of Melchizadek; it was closed. The second door: The Bro of Metatron; also closed. On the third door was Bro of Michael; this was partly open and the girls could overhear voices raised in lively discussion. Unsure of what to do next, they both retreated to sit on the table, but they could still hear the voices.

"You cannot appear like that when our visitors arrive," stated the first voice.

"Yes, I can," insisted another voice. "I checked Merkabah's historical records and this is what they look like."

In a patient tone, the first voice said, "Then you checked the wrong records. The task of the cyclopean race was to prepare planets, like Earth, so that life could evolve into the human race level. The Cyclopians, together as a race, ascended, and left a few of their number not yet able to ascend, to finish the task. There were so few of them left that the new human race seldom saw them. Soon they became part of human folklore and legend. If our visitors see you, they will scream and run away."

A third voice interrupted with, "I think you both are wrong. The records clearly state that the people of Earth worship and believe they are made in their Creator's image so they must look like this."

The first and second voices protested, "That is ridiculous! You've got it back to front."

Reasonably, the third voice replied, "All right, my friends. Let us all go to my office to recheck the records. Our visitors will be here soon and it is their sensitivity that we must consider."

Completely baffled by this discussion, Emma and Danielle could only wait to see if they should scream and run away. Alternatively whether they should curl up with laughter at something ridiculous. The door opened wide and a creature as large as a lion scampered across the highly polished floor towards one of the closed doors. It wasn't a lion but a great big floppy, sappy, friendly hound. It was covered all over with long, soft golden hair that touched the floor. Instantly, Emma and Danielle fell in love with it and exclaimed,

"Oh, look! Isn't it lovely."

Startled by their voices, the hound tripped over its huge front paws. It then slid as a heap of tangled limbs to be brought to a halt by the closed office door. With a struggle, it sat on its haunches. It looked highly embarrassed and muttered, "Oh dear!"

Before anyone could speak, another figure, bent double to move through the doorway, entered the room and straightened to his full height. Fortunately, it was a high room because this figure was a giant man who measured at least six metres, from head to foot.

His face was very unusual. It had a mouth, two ears and a nose but only one huge, blue eye that was set in the centre of his forehead. As this eye caught sight of the girls, he froze in mid-stride, looked very sheepish and mumbled to himself, "Wrong records. Oh dear, oh dear." He didn't at all resemble the giants and ogres of childhood dreams. In fact he looked very gentle and kind. The girls felt no urge to scream or run.

Now, after the first two, the third figure to emerge from the office looked quite normal as he entered the room and took in the astonishing scene. Normal but very old fashioned in his suit of a large black and white chequered pattern, red bow tie, white gloves and white spats over shiny black, side-buttoned boots.

A black bowler hat and a smart malacca cane completed this snazzy ensemble. He didn't walk; he tap-danced and pirouetted across the highly polished floor. He swept off his bowler hat and leaned on his cane. Then he beamed a great big smile and drawled, "Hi there, ladies."

After a frantic search of their memories, the best they could offer, as a suitable response was, "Heavens to Betsy!" gasped Danielle, whilst Emma breathed admiringly, "Well, I do declare!"

This pleased the man. He turned to his partners and said, "There you are, you see, I was right. Humans came after Cyclopians and they call their Creator God, not dog."

Cheerfully the hound said, "OK. OK. We'll go and change. See you later, ladies." The giant nodded in agreement, grinned and winked his one eye at the girls. Then, as he crouched low to enter his own office, he called over his shoulder, "Hey, Twinkle-toes, is there a volume control on that suit? It is rather loud."

The tap dancer looked anxiously down at his suit. "Did I get it wrong as well?" he asked. "It seemed to be a strange way to walk, but I thought the suit was correct. Merkabah detected TV signals from your universe and it was from something called a movie."

He looked so worried; Emma felt she had to reassure him. "It is a very nice suit and, about seventy Earth years ago, it would have been quite correct in a song and dance movie." Emma nudged Danielle, who added hastily, "Oh yes, it's a lovely suit, and that was a marvellous tap dance, but not the normal way a human walks. But please don't dress up for us, we would prefer to see the real you."

The man looked relieved and joked, "Thank goodness for that! I could feel my chakras bounce as I crossed the room."

In surprise, Emma asked, "Do people this near the Centre have chakras?"

He nodded and replied, "All creations with intelligence have chakras. You may recall that Joseph compared chakras to taps, or faucets, and that you must seek inside yourself, to fully open them. Through each chakra flows a different gift of virtue from the Creator. These are gifts to help you to understand yourself. To understand your mind and your body will also help you understand those around you. You have the gift of curiosity that will drive you to seek to know your Creator. The gift of the ability to understand that will make you long to communicate and awaken those gifts in others.

You have the gifts of love, of compassion, of generosity and unselfishness, of honesty -- that is the love of truth. Truth always shines through like a beacon in the darkness and confusion that surrounds mankind. Also, you have the gift of wisdom, to use to blend the other gifts."

Danielle said, "I remember, we could see Joseph's coloured chakras as they whirled inside his head and body, all in a line"

The man smiled and replied, "Quite correct, I Danielle, but really you could compare your chakra system to the rungs of a long ladder you are to climb to reach your Creator. The very bottom rungs you climbed to reach your human level. Some of the rungs you are on now are to do with your physical life and body. Some, from your heart upwards, will eventually lift you up out of the physical, to join us here in the spiritual levels that are your true home. But always there will be more rungs of your ladder to climb, not just for you, but for all of us."

Emma said doubtfully, "That sounds like hard work and a long climb, to men"

The man laughed and said, "I "Don't you believe it, Emma. All you have to do is trust yourself. Keep in mind mankind's confusion. Regardless of the opinion of other people, remind yourself again and again that you are special and unique. If you allow it, other people with minds full of self doubt will want you to be like them. They will try to persuade you to believe you are far less than you really are. If, instead, you treasure and revel in your uniqueness and let it shine out on to those others, they will want to be like you.

In that way they will begin to realise that they are far more than their self doubts have ever allowed them to be. Always the strength awaits you, Emma, because without you, Creation is incomplete. It will be great fun, so bring your sense of humour with you. At that moment, in the distance, a bell chimed.

"Ah. Soon we will be on our way to the Centre. I must get changed, we have a lot to do." he said.

In the blink of an eyelid, he and his loud check suit disappeared, to be instantly replaced by a man-shaped being composed of fuzzy blue light. "That's better," he said.

"Oh, you look lovely," said Emma.

"Yes, you do," agreed Danielle, "but rather blurred. Can you come into focus for us, please."

Instantly, his beautiful face became clearly defined, as if shaped from liquid crystal filled with rich blue light. The office doors opened and two beings glided over to join them at the table. They were identical to each other and to the blue being but instead of blue, one was a gorgeous deep violet and the other a beautiful emerald green.

"I hope I am less frightful now," said the green being. They all laughed when the violet being added, "Woof. Woof."

Emma said, "You are all beautiful, but we still don't know your names"

Danielle asked, " On your office doors it says Bro. What on earth is a Bro?"

The three crystal beings laughed merrily and replied, "We don't need names because we are telepathic, but you may call us by our colours."

Violet added, "Bro means brotherhood. There are countless Merkabah vehicles and, on each one, is a member from each of the three Celestial Brotherhoods, of Melchizadek who warned you about big blue diamonds, of Metatron and of Michael. The Creator specially created Merkabah as a messenger to carry knowledge of the Creator's love to all intelligence through all the dimensions; this includes your physical dimension."

Green continued the story, "You see, ladies, Creation is huge and far-flung. Always somewhere in one or more of the physical universes, life force has just reached the human intelligence level of their evolvment, but no one may be excluded from knowledge of the Creator's love, so Merkabah takes it to them."

Blue took up the explanation. "Between the three of us and Merkabah's records, we calculate the age of the intelligent race and, from this, the best method to offer that knowledge. You may recall in your Bible the Old Testament prophet, Ezekiel. He was taken aboard a vessel of whirling discs and wheels of light and was shown many wonderful things. Afterwards, from his own knowledge and experience, he was able to teach the knowledge to his people.

.But we don't always visit the planet or even the galaxy of stars of which the planet is a tiny part. Sometimes we beam special energies to several galaxies at the same time."

Emma asked, "What do the energies do to us, then?"

Violet explained, "It is not our wish or right to interfere with anyone's free will, always each must have choice. Ezekiel's people were simple, uncomplicated folk who would listen to him and would then choose to believe or not. Now you have learnt about reincarnation it may have occurred to you that Ezekiel's people then are the very same people after countless re-births that exist on Earth today.

Today those same people are far more complex because, behind them, they have a long, long history of war, of famine, of betrayal, of corruption. Their trust has been broken time and time again by their leaders, by their priests, by their friends and even by their families. Today, they are confused and completely lack trust. They don't know who or what to believe and so, if Ezekiel appeared amongst them today, no one would even listen. In a way, this is progress and the next step is for each individual to seek inside self for direct guidance. This is where the energies enter the scene.

The energies we send don't interfere with free will choice. They awaken and magnify what is there already. They magnify what each person has become. The kind and generous become more so. The greedy, cruel or selfish become more so, until each awakens and realises what they have become. You both have learnt that the one you think of as 'Me' must be allowed to expand to include and care about everything and everyone, and this needs self-trust. But if the 'Me' is not allowed to expand, it has no purpose and so, slips into an aimless dream state.

In this state, 'Me' is no longer in charge but, instead, becomes the servant of mind's fears and emotions and body's appetites, needs and desires. The focus of 'Me's' intelligence drops below the level where it is unique and special, to become trapped in the lower level of mind and body. Trapped on this lower level it is easy to believe there is nothing special or unique about 'me' and that all people are much the same. On this low level, people allow their God-given free will to be dominated by other people who are driven by their own fears. The energies do their work, then the awakened 'Me' uses its own free will to choose to change, or to not change."

Emma looked thoughtful and remarked, "No wonder there now are rapid changes on Earth, with a Merkabah spaceship that beams energies at us."

At that moment, a woman's voice filled the room. "Emma, I am not a spaceship, I am an alive, celestial love-energy intelligence."

In surprise Emma looked around the room. "Where are you?" she asked.

"Who are you?" Danielle asked.

"I am all around you. I am Merkabah." replied the voice. "Before we arrive at the Centre, we must dress you both in suitable garments to meet your Creator so no more lectures, brothers, we have to deliver Emma and Danielle wide-awake." Before the crystal brothers could offer a witty retort, the circular room began to melt.

For a moment, the girls thought their eyes played tricks but, no, first the table melted into the floor. Then the floor melted to become a whirlpool that sucked the melted walls into its maw. At that moment, the light went out and, in darkness the girls clung to each other in alarm as they were drawn down after the office. Then the whirl and the darkness were gone and they relaxed, completely surrounded by blue, green and violet light. They knew they were safe with the brothers.

There was no time to think only to feel. Emma and Danielle knew they had melted into each other and knew each other's thoughts and memories. Again, no time to think because now the blended girls expanded to blend with the three brothers. Their imagination was stretched beyond its limits as the vast knowledge, experience and confidence of the three brothers drenched the girls' thoughts. They were filled with an unknown strength and power and received a tiny glimpse of their own untapped powers. All of these as quick impressions as the five blended minds were then drawn into the vast, limitless power of a sixth, the mind of Merkabah.

Six, individual beings became one being who understood that Merkabah didn't travel. It didn't have to travel, it simply adapted its energies and shape to its intended destination, and then it was there. This being also knew that the four faces of Merkabah, seen from the bubble, had a very special meaning to the wise men of Earth's ancient times. Then, astrology and astronomy were combined as one science.

The Ancient Ones divided the night sky into equal sections, with Earth at the centre. Each section they named after an astrological sign. The face of a bull told them Merkabah entered the physical universe through a star gate in the Taurus section. The eagle meant that Merkabah searched to locate and help intelligent life to evolve. The eagle's wings referred to the spiral arm of the galaxy that contained the star Sol, Earth's sun. The ancient symbol for a solar system of planets that orbits a Sol type star is a lion. The last face is that of a human, not as on Earth but as he or she will be after ascension.

The blended being knew that the dragon-like serpent that chased its own tail referred to mankind trapped in the karmic circle of reincarnation. Also that the dove meant the circle was broken and each human could ascend. Cradled in the Merkabah mind, the blended 'all' now focused on two figures it recognised as Emma and Danielle. They stood a little apart in a vast, six-sided room that pulsed with white light.

Both figures were motionless, like a Holograph. To reassure its young guests, Merkabah reminded itself that the two figures of light were still linked to their frail Earth bodies. After their journey, the girls must return to their physical existence. Because of this, they must be shielded and protected from alteration by the perfection of those at the Centre. Otherwise after their exposure to such vast power, when they returned to the physical, their human nervous systems would be damaged,

With the deft sureness of a woman's touch, Merkabah used gorgeous fabrics woven from iridescent light to dress the figures in classical style. On each head was placed a coronet of golden light that signified nobility. Set in the gold were large gemstones that blazed with all the human chakra colours. To match the coronet, at the ears and neck, delicate jewellery and, for the feet, sandals of gold all tastefully set with similar radiant gems.

The two figures were now beautifully clothed and blazed with internal light. Gently Merkabah enfolded the two figures, then focused all of its vast thought power on the rainbow sun at the centre of the spheres. It felt itself change shape again and again as it flickered through the higher dimensions to pop into existence almost in the highest dimension of all. Blended as one in the mind of Merkabah, at last the girls had arrived.

Now, Merkabah gently released the five minds. The three brothers politely withdrew. Then the indescribable sense of vastness and oneness faded. The blended 'me' of the girls separated, but the strength and confidence continued to surge through them. They now stood a little apart, in a vast, six-sided room of white light that pulsed. Awe-struck as they gazed at each other's beautiful finery.

"Oh, Merkabah," cried Emma, "what a fantastic experience, and you've dressed us like princesses!"

Danielle glided around the room, and admired the flow of her gown. Then she said: "You have dressed us to meet our Creator. Also, you have shown me that even when we blended all together, I still was in charge of me. I felt that I guided us to the Centre and that all the thoughts, memories, knowledge and powers of Emma, the brothers and of your self, were mine.

Emma nodded. "I felt the same way as you, Danielle. I was in control, no one else.

"I'm delighted that you are pleased," replied Merkabah. "Now you both know from your own experience, how it will feel to merge with your higher selves when you ascend. All memories, knowledge, power and experience will be yours. Always remember you are beloved members of our great, love-filled family. We long for you and for all of mankind to come home.

Of course we would dress you as princesses because to be human is to be royalty and don't ever forget it. Now your guide waits for you. One day we'll meet again."

Chapter nine ends

Chapter Ten. The Spheres in the Rainbow Sun.

The six-sided room faded away to be replaced by a triangular archway of pearly light that rippled and flowed like water. Under the arch, the brothers waited to say their goodbyes and to direct the girls.

"My goodness, you do look smart. Just like a couple of top mannequins," teased Blue.

"Yes, you do indeed," said Violet, "but also your gown is your protective light. Each higher level that you pass through will cause that light to briefly flare up, so don't be alarmed when it does."

Green added, "Pass through the arch, it is your route to the Rainbow Sun."

Amid friendly backward waves, laughter and farewells, Emma and Danielle walked through the archway, then halted in amazement. They now stood on a balcony, made tiny by the gigantic exterior of Merkabah. But even Merkabah was dwarfed by the Rainbow Sun, so huge and near that wherever they looked, there were no horizons.

The surface seethed and writhed in ceaseless activity whilst, in every direction, enormous shafts of brilliant light, each a different colour and shade, pierced its surface to beam outwards into the Ocean of Creation. All of this gorgeous activity was accompanied by sounds, unlike any ever heard on Earth because this was the heavenly music of the, "Spheres of Light"

Spellbound, the girls watched and listened. As a fresh shaft of light burst out through the iridescent surface each note of music began and lasted until the surface closed over again. It was a continuous melody, backed by a rhythmical hum. The hum was made by the now familiar spin of the wavy streams of light pearls that formed the Ocean of Creative Energy. The girls now realised that the source of the energy streams is the Rainbow Sun, the wavy streams surge outwards from its surface and pass through all the angelic spheres.

The energies then enter and travel down the Ball of Wool vortexes to the vortex centres. There the energy drops into the lower level to create and re-create sub-atomic energy particles that then combine to create atoms.

As they stared in wonder, they could see and hear the source of their physical universe as it sang to them.

A gentle sigh from behind made them turn, just in time to see the archway rapidly reduce in size until it disappeared.

"Oh dear, there's no way forward or back, now," said Emma.

But Danielle replied, "You're wrong, Emma. Look."

In the moment that they looked behind them, a bridge had appeared that now linked the balcony to the surface of the Rainbow Sun.

Danielle complained, "That has got to be the oldest, weakest, most dangerous bridge anyone ever slung together. Are we expected to cross it?"

Emma laughed. "It does look rickety and dangerous. Old frayed rope and with a very wide gap of missed and broken planks and who knows what at the other end, but do we have a choice?"

As a reply, Danielle linked her arm through Emma's then, with heads held high as befits princesses, they walked towards the dubious structure that swayed and creaked. Their first challenge was to get on to the bridge. There was no handrail and too many planks were lost to simply stride across the wide gap, they would have to jump across.

They backed a few paces, held hands, then ran across the balcony and took a desperate leap. Just as their feet left the balcony, they realised the bridge was an illusion. This they realised because it suddenly disappeared before they could land upon it.

Instead, they landed upon lush, green grass in an orchard under a rainbow-coloured sky. After a journey of so many rapid changes, the girls quickly recovered from the shock. The beauty and variety of fruit trees had an effect that soothed them and soon they set out to find out where they were.

The girls entered a grove of orange trees, branches heavy with ripe fruit. Against the trunk of an orange tree with no fruit but completely covered in orange blossom, a ladder leaned. A few rungs up rested a lady's feet clad in stout work-shoes. The branches hid the rest of her. Danielle and Emma glanced upward at the sound of the lady's voice and then, in puzzlement at each other, because the voice hadn't spoken to them. It was a rich contralto with a warm and friendly tone.

The voice said, "I know you do your best and it's a lovely best, such beautiful blossoms. The only thing wrong is your timing, do you see what I mean?" There was a pause. Then her voice continued, "That's right, my dear, no fruit, but please don't worry, just fruit when you are ready."

The ladder creaked as amid a shower of orange blossom, the feet descended to reveal a woman of ageless beauty. Her hair, between silver and pale gold, fell in waves to her waist. She had large golden eyes that brimmed with laughter and warmth, and a firm mouth that readily smiled. A lovely gentleness and strength radiated from her. She moved around the ladder to the tree and wrapped her arms around the trunk in a tender embrace, opened her eyes and suddenly caught sight of the girls.

"Emma! Danielle! Oh lovely, you've arrived. You both look so beautiful and here am I in my old gardening clothes." For each, a warm hug and a firmly kissed cheek and, within moments of their meeting this stranger, both felt her to be their dearest friend. Everyone they had met on this journey had radiated similar, simple, gentle, friendly warmth to that of this woman, a generous love of life no matter what form it took. No one and nothing was ever excluded from this kind of love.

"Sorry about that old bridge," she laughed. "It's a leap of faith for anyone, I would think, but here you are, safe and sound."

Emma replied, "Hello. You seem to know who we are. Please tell us where we are?"

Danielle added, "Yes, we are on our way to the Centre. Is this it?"

The woman smiled and replied, "Don't worry, you are not lost, you have entered the spheres of the Rainbow Sun. This sphere or level, and the next are called the Godhead and you will pass through the Godhead to reach the centre of perfection. I am called God the Mother."

Astonished, Danielle demanded, "Are you God? A woman?"

Mother laughed merrily at Danielle's confusion and replied, "Not exactly in the way you mean. I hope you are not disappointed. Let me explain. Many people on Earth believe in God. Some think God is a he, others think God is a she. Many others are not sure what God is or even if God exists at all. When you meet your Creator, you will realise he or she, does not apply. The Creator is an intelligence that is formed of masculine and feminine energies blended into perfect balance. The Creator generates and provides the energy needed for the Creation to exist and to continue to exist."

Emma asked, "Do you mean like a power station?"

Mother smiled and replied, "In a way, yes, but a very love-filled, intelligent, alive power station. Those people on Earth, whatever their belief, nearly always think of God from their own point of view and of what God can do to them or for them. If instead they tried to see things from God's point of view and what they can do for God, then they would begin to understand why they exist."

Danielle shrugged and said, "I still try to work out why I exist."

Mother replied, "Oh, the answer to that is simple. You exist to be a beloved, trusted friend of God. Let's walk through my orchard and I'll try to help you understand. As you know, most people, if they have to, can get by without friends. Even so, in their secret heart of hearts, they long for someone to love and trust, who will love and trust them. They long for someone very special who will think of them as very special as well. God the Creator is no different to all of those lonely people on Earth. God the creator uses a powerful energy that can be directed by intelligence to create anything and everything. That energy is called love. The love humans have for God, or for each other, or for animals, is a tiny fraction of the full potential of that energy. That energy created all of us up here and also your physical universe and many more universes just like it. God generates that energy called love. All the people on Earth, whether they realise it or not and whether they are lonely or not, are outlets for that energy. Because they don't realise that they are outlets for love, they suffer from loneliness."

You see, the more love they give to others, the more love God is able to give to them. The lonely person has yet to realise that they are never unloved, and that the love and strength of the Creator and all of us up here, just waits to flow to them and through them. Only when they do realise do they cease to feel lonely. Instead they are able and content to stand alone, and that is a very different thing."

Emma asked, "How can I love someone who doesn't love me or may even hate me?"

Without hesitation, Mother replied, first, always remind yourself that it is not your love to give or withhold. You are an outlet for God's love and that it flows through from God, then your happiness will not depend on the love of others for you. You will have learnt to stand alone and not lean on others. Everyone on Earth must learn this lesson from his or her own experience. Then you will see a very different mankind where, when two people love each other, both give -- not trade -- love."

Danielle asked, "But you said the Creator longs to be loved. That sounds very strange."

Mother laughed and said, "Clever girl, Danielle, a question that fools many people. Why should a perfect creator need anything? The answer is in the name Creator. Anything a perfect creator creates must be perfect and, as the Creator generates love energy, the perfect creation must also be able to generate love energy. At first, that creation learns about love as love flows through it, from the Creator. But then the flow of love triggers the creation's own latent ability to generate love energy as an independent source. That creation transforms itself into a creator. That is what the Creator longs for, but how could this be achieved?"

The Creator is love, an intelligent mind that wishes and longs to be loved by other intelligent minds, your minds, my mind, everyone's minds, not because we are forced to but because we choose to. The only possible way a creator could achieve this is to do exactly the same as love-filled parents do on Earth.

The parents create the love-filled home the child will grow up in; they provide love and everything the child will need to learn how to become an adult. When the child becomes an adult, it is free to leave the family home to live its own life. At no time can the parents force the child, or the adult it becomes, to love them. They can only hope it will. It is exactly the same with your Creator. Does that make sense, girls?"

In a thoughtful voice, Danielle said, "Yes, it makes sense, but it also twists around what we all are taught. It means that regardless of the Creator's vast powers, only we humans can supply what the Creator really wants."

Mother looked delighted and replied, "Exactly. Now you understand what makes each human being so special and unique. There are now over five billion humans in physical life on Earth and yet more humans on the astral levels whom now plan their future physical lives. No matter what they are doing now, or what mistakes they make each day. Their mistakes do not matter because each human, in his or her own timing, will learn from his or her own hard-earned experience. The more you give unselfishly, the more you receive. To hear it from others is not the same as if you find the courage and trust to try it yourself. When you do try it, you will discover that it works. Then the fear that makes a person selfish disappears. You may not receive from those to whom you gave, but you will always receive from someone because life must always achieve perfect balance."

Their walk had taken them to the border of the orchard and they had seen every type of fruit tree imaginable, many not native to Earth.

Emma was puzzled and asked, "It's a beautiful orchard, Mother, but why is it here?"

Mother gazed fondly at the trees and replied, "Quite simply, the trees are master patterns that are then projected to wherever life force evolves in a universe like yours. Every physical life form has a non-physical pattern for atoms to follow and to fill.

Each pattern must be flexible enough to adapt itself to the ever-changing needs of the life force as it evolves but also to local planetary conditions. Even if the pattern's copy, made of atoms, is damaged, the pattern itself remains unharmed.

In your own body cells, you have genes, chromosomes, strands of DNA and RNA, all formed from atoms. Your scientists call these the physical patterns of life, but atoms cannot invent patterns, only intelligence can do that. Here, at the Godhead, are stored all of the patterns invented by the Creator mind.

There is another very special reason why the orchard is in my domain, but I will tell you this after you have met my twin flame, God the Father. Come on, ladies. Don't be nervous." With her arms linked through theirs, Mother led Emma and Danielle out of the orchard and up a wide, crystal staircase.

It was difficult not to be nervous because, as they climbed each stair, first the orchard and then the stair they had just climbed disappeared. Whilst ahead of them, each stair they climbed brought them nearer to an unbroken wall of energy that writhed and shimmered. Mother walked through the wall of energy, and led the girls with her. They were reassured when their beautiful garments and jewellery suddenly blazed a protective aura of light.

Then they were through, with the wall of energy behind them. They now stood in the entrance hall of what appeared to be a palace of light. A vast hall filled with circular columns of light, row after row, as far as the eye could see. There were narrow columns, no wider than a hand, columns as wide as a city block, and every width in between. The crystal-clear columns of light linked the floor to the ceiling.

"Ladies, this is the sphere, or domain, of God the Father," announced Mother. "You have already met God the Son and travelled from his domain where you live, to mine."

Danielle replied, "Pardon me, Mother, but I don't think we have met God the Son, unless you mean Sananda."

Mother shook her head and said, "No, no. The parents of the twin flame, Sananda, are Ptah Adam and Evam. They also are the first and highest twin flame angels and our dearest friends, but they are not of the Godhead."

Puzzled, Emma said, "But I thought we lived in the domain of Ho-Lee-Gose, who makes the atoms spin."

For an instant, Mother looked puzzled. Then, with a merry laugh, she explained: "That's God the Son's sense of humour. The Earth name for God the Son is Holy Ghost, not Ho-Lee-Gose. Come on, let's find Father."

As they walked along the rows of columns, Danielle asked what are the columns for.

Mother replied, "I'll show you. Every column of light contains the pattern of the complete evolution of a species of life form that exists, or will exist, somewhere, in physical matter. Close one eye, ladies, and look into the side of a column."

Emma said, "I can't see a thing. Oh, wait. Something flickered, then it was gone. Ah, now it's back. Oh, it's a lizard."

Mother said, "Whilst you look slowly move around the column."

Emma exclaimed, "Look, it's the same type of lizard but slightly different each time I move."

From another column, Danielle called, "I can see a man but he doesn't seem to be very solid. Oh, neither does the woman with him."

Mother explained, "What you can see, Danielle, are the human beings the Creator originally designed to live on Earth. It is a very long story as to why you are more solid now. Also you may find it difficult to understand the original plan for mankind simply because each person has his or her own point of view and perspective on life.

For example, the rich person with a well-fed, push button, easy, healthy life may have no wish to alter that life in any way. On the other hand, there are millions of people who have to struggle for each day's food and maybe tramp ten miles for firewood to cook that food. Very probably they would welcome any change for the better in their life. But instead, if you take the Creator's point of view, this will help you to understand.

The Creator placed life force in physical matter to evolve its own intelligence. Just as Ptah Adam explained, it evolved through the physical levels to the human intelligence level. Next, guided by the angelic team under Ptah Adam and Evam, each human would learn to control his or her own intelligence with harmony and balance. Once they had learned this there was nothing to keep them on Earth, they could ascend.

It was never the Creator's intention that mankind would need to work to survive. Nor was it intended that humans be preoccupied and diverted from the ascension path by breeding families of children. The original human body was never designed to have children.

The physical body was only intended to be a vehicle for individual intelligence. To enable each 'Me' to learn to live separate from the guidance of Mother Earth but still to live in harmony with her, with others and with self. All life forms, including humans, existed quite happily, fed by the radiation of the sun and water vapour in the air. No life forms fed off of each other."

While Mother explained, she had led the girls through the pattern store. The myriad life forms they had glimpsed filled them with a sense of wonder. Now they had arrived at a doorway. Actually, the doorway arrived at them because it suddenly appeared between the light columns. The door opened as they approached.

"Come on, ladies," said Mother, "it's teatime."

Emma and Danielle felt a mixture of sensations as they passed through the doorway. Their minds still tried to absorb the many patterns they had seen, whilst now they also tried to accept the idea of teatime with God. Added to this, their hearts almost leapt into their mouths. They had entered a gigantic, hollow sphere. The doorway was set in its side with a sheer drop below it that Mother completely ignored. With her arms firmly through theirs, Mother stepped into empty space, and firmly drew the girls with her. Swiftly and safely, they floated towards the centre of the sphere. They had time to look around but there was no way to guess the size of the sphere. It was huge and somehow familiar.

Then Danielle exclaimed, "I've got it! We're in the very centre of the Rainbow Sun."

Emma added, "You're right, Danielle. Look at those colours! They're beautiful."

Everywhere above, below and all around was sky with the swirl of brilliant, colours. At the centre floated, quite unsupported, four chairs around a table set for afternoon tea. With his back to them, in a robe of golden light, a tall, elegant man peered with great concentration into a delicate white china teapot.

As they drew near Mother called, "Father, the ladies are here and we gasp for tea."

Father replaced the teapot lid, and came forward, with a warm smile of welcome. He said, "Emma, Danielle, we have so looked forward to your visit. Sit down and we can talk before you travel on to the Centre."

Emma whispered to Mother, "Should we kneel? We don't want to be rude to God."

Mother smiled and replied, "If you prefer to kneel, do so, but we have chairs for you to sit upon." Gingerly, they took their seats and, to their relief, they didn't drift away.

"I shall be Mother," announced Mother, as she firmly took charge of the teapot, "and you, Father, offer the cucumber sandwiches."

Danielle tasted her tea whilst Emma bit into a very real sandwich. Very respectfully, Danielle asked, "How should we address you, sir?"

With a delighted and broad smile, Father turned to Mother and said, "There you are, Mother, some people call me sir."

Mother gave Father a fond but quizzical glance and replied, "Oh well, you make the most of it then but, to everyone up here, you're just Father."

He shrugged his shoulders in mute appeal to the girls' sympathy, and said, "Now you know. Just call me Father."

Both girls immediately relaxed and felt very much part of the family.

"Do you always have afternoon tea?" asked Emma.

"No, we don't, but we thought you would enjoy it," replied Mother.

Danielle asked, "You mentioned a centre, Father. Isn't this the Centre of Creation?"

Father nodded and said, "Yes, it is. Everything in Creation, wherever it is now, was first created as a pattern in the Spheres of the Godhead. But, as you already know, before anything can be created, it has to be imagined in someone's mind. On Earth, the artist may imagine a picture in his or her mind. Only when he or she uses the skills that were taught to the hands and the eyes, does the created mind image become a beautiful painting on canvas seen by all.

Without the mind image first, there would be nothing for his or her skilled hands to paint. The true artist is never satisfied with the finished painting, even though everyone who sees it admires his or her skill and artistry. The artist is not satisfied because the painting could never match the perfection of the image created in his or her mind. If you can understand this, it will help when I tell you that Mother and myself are the skilled, trained eyes and hands of the artist who imagined the entire Creation. But we are not the mind of that artist, that mind exists on a level called Perfection.

The difference between the artist on Earth and the Creator mind on the Perfection level is the aim each has in mind. The artist longs to transfer and fix on to canvas the perfectly imagined picture with no loss of its perfection. Anything less than perfect, to the artist, also lacks truth. You could say that the artist tries to lock perfection into the painted creation.

This is the opposite to the aim of the Creator mind. The Creator mind tries to release its creations from being locked into the perfection of its imagination. In this way, just like children, they can evolve to adulthood. Otherwise those creations would have no freedom to choose for themselves.

They would be like puppets or like the characters in the author's imaginary story. That intelligence could create a trillion puppets but would still be entirely alone. Somehow the Creator mind had to find a way to create a less than perfect level that would allow individual freewill choice.

This we could compare to the man who writes plays for the theatre. First, he imagines all the characters and the story of the play, and then he finds a stage and the cast. Each cast member learns the part the man created and, on the night, performs in the play. Once again, if each member of the cast sticks exactly to the lines the playwright wrote, just like puppets, they have no free will.

Instead, the Creator mind creates the members of the cast and then provides the stage but doesn't write the lines. The cast has to make up the characters and the lines. Then as the play proceeds, each chooses in each moment what he or she will say or do."

Emma said, "I think I can understand that, but how can a perfect creator create anything less than perfect?"

Mother replied, "Remember what I explained in the orchard about the confusion on Earth. Some think that God is a he, some think that God a she. The truth is that God is both, perfectly blended as one mind."

Father continued. "If God was only he or she, you would be correct, Emma. It would be impossible for God to create anything less than perfect.

But God is 'He' and 'She' perfectly blended. This means that if God imagined any creation that did not include both he and she, that creation would be incomplete and so less than perfect.

So the Creator mind to solve the problem created a mind image on the perfection level. The image was of the 'He' half of the Creator mind only. Because the image lacked the 'She' half, it was incomplete and so less than perfect. This meant that it couldn't remain on the perfection level of the mind that created it. Instead the image had to drop below the perfection level.

As the image dropped from the perfection level this level was created, that is less than perfect for that mind image called God the Father to exist in. Because I am that special mind image, I am the link between the Perfection level and this level.

All Creator-mind creations imagined on the perfection level, are passed through the energies of my level, to become less than perfect, and free to think their thoughts. Mother explained to you about a powerful energy, called Love that is used to create. Everything in Creation is created from Love energy.

This Love energy is generated by the 'She' part of the Creator mind. Then the 'He' part of that mind directs that energy to create in its imagination, on the Perfection level.

This is how the Creator-blended mind works. Somehow the creation imagined by the 'He' part, and the love energy needed to create it provided by the 'She' part, must enter this level to be re-created by me. The problem was that though I can re-create, I cannot regenerate love energy.

To solve this problem the blended mind imagined another image. This time the image was of the 'She' part only of that blended mind, like myself incomplete so not perfect. That image also could not remain on that perfect level and so dropped through my level to create a level linked to mine.

God the Mother regenerates the love energies generated by the 'She' part of the blended mind. Then together we direct those energies to re-create, in this free will level, what the blended mind imagines on the Perfection level. So you see now that we are the hands and the eyes of the artist."

Mother broke the thoughtful silence. "Have another cup of tea, ladies. You both look as though you need it."

"Yes, please." gasped Emma. "It may ease my brain-spin."

They all laughed. Then Father asked, "Was that too complicated?"

Danielle replied, "No, I don't think so, though I still try to fit it all into my mind. But where does Ho, God the Son, fit into the story?"

Father said, "The best one to tell you about Ho is Creator mind when you reach the Centre, but I will explain a little to help you to understand.

All of us up here have urged you both to try to see the Creator's point of view as well as your own. We have explained that Mother and I am the hands and eyes of the perfect artist, but also Mother is the psychic link between that artist and myself. It was exactly the same way on Earth, long ago.

Priestesses were the psychic link between all of us up here and the priests whose role it was to teach truth to the people. Your Mum at home, is often the psychic link, via her intuition, between her higher self and Dad, until Dad also learns to use his own link to his higher self.

On this level, God the Mother is shown what is required by the Creator mind. Then she regenerates the love energy that will be needed by me to re-create what is required on this level. As we are two separated, independent creations of that mind, we cannot blend together in the same way as that mind but, to work together as re-creators, we have to combine our energies. So now we can look at Creation from the Creator mind's point of view.

You have travelled from your universe that seems so solid and permanent. You have entered the energy structure of the atom and travelled the vortex that creates the atom. You have then arrived in the fifth dimension. Next, at ever-increasing speeds of existence, you moved through the Angelic Spheres until you arrived here at the Godhead.

You think you have seen a great deal, but really you have seen the tiniest fraction of everything that exists. All that you have seen, or haven't seen, is totally dependent on the Creator mind for its continued existence. That mind provides the image and the love energy that keeps the whole of Creation in existence. But you might ask - what is the point of all this effort if the end result is that the Creator mind remains alone and solitary, up on the Perfection level?

The Creator mind doesn't want people to teach other people that they are abject, miserable sinners who will be punished by an angry God. The Creator mind doesn't need or want worshippers. What the Creator does want, up on the Perfection Level, are friends who are independent. They are independent because they have learnt how to create their own image of self and how to generate their own love energy.

This means that they are no longer dependent on the Creator mind for their continued existence. This is what is really meant in your Bible by the words, The gift of Eternal Life. Even if the Creator mind ceased to send the image and the energy, those self-created friends would continue to exist.

Those friends are the entire human race, not as they were, or as they are now but as they will be one day. The only way a perfect Creator could achieve this was to create a series of levels. Each level less perfect than the one before it, and then to create teacher angels for each level. This is the college that Ptah-Adam and Evam described to you. The Godhead was the highest and first of these less than perfect levels. The last level had to be special and different.

The power-level of the love energy that would form the levels had to be reduced without loss of its perfect speed. This was achieved at the centre of the vortex by the conversion of energy speed into spin-speed, the spin that creates atoms. From your point of view you could compare all those levels to a ladder or stairs that lead you upward to your Creator. But first those steps had to lead the life force downwards.

You see, it was only by the reduction in power-level of the love energy, and then the compulsion that made it spin on the spot, that made it possible for life force to find and then use its intelligence to take over ownership of that energy. Because that power level had to be so low, the life force also, had to be reduced in power-level to be able to exist in a universe made of atoms. The life force then had to evolve and climb to the human intelligence level, to learn its gifts. Each gift it learns increases its capacity to exist on a higher power-level of love energy and also it increases the power level capacity of the atoms it exists in at the time.

"Existence after existence, the life force gradually learns at its own speed. As it learns it evolves, and gradually climbs through the layers of the Ball-of-Wool Vortex until, one day, its power level matches the power level of the fifth dimension. The love energy was reduced in power-level by the intelligence of the Creator mind to make this possible. This same energy will have been raised to its original power level by the intelligence of the individual human mind.

The atoms made of love energy, that forms its flesh and blood body, or the reduced love energies of the astral level in which it exists, will have been raised by it, out of the vortex, to full power. That energy becomes the love energy power source for that human being. That human will have already created his or her own image. He or she would then have the ability to create his or her, own love-energy and would then have independent eternal life as a gift from his or her Creator. Sananda has already explained the process to you as the reason to develop gifted thought. I have explained it again to show you the Creator's intention and purpose, and the Creator's point of view."

"Emma said, "I can just about understand all of that about raising my capacity, but how can I create my own image if the Creator has created my image already?"

Mother smiled and replied, "Now, that is a very intelligent question and I will offer you some ideas about how to create your own image. But first you must understand that the Creator created your life force as a blank, clean sheet, ready for you to create your own image.

Now consider this. Each time you are reborn into the body of a tiny baby, you bring with you, from the astral levels, all the spiritual progress you have made during all of your previous lives. You don't bring memories because, each time, you must have a fresh, blank start to this next life. So, there you are a helpless, vulnerable, tiny baby. Set against the spiritual progress you brought with you are the pressures and influences that surround you. They may be good and help your progress or they may be bad and make it more difficult to make progress. This will depend very much on what previously you have chosen as a life in which to learn lessons. It will also depend on if previously you have chosen to try to help someone else to make progress in this next life. This, in turn, will help you to progress.

From birth onwards, throughout your childhood you have no choice but to let those others around you project their ideas of what should be your image on to your blank sheet. By the time you reach adulthood, that blank sheet is already a mixture of ways of thought projected on to that sheet by people that you love or have been taught to trust. You should do this, you should think that, you should believe in this, you shouldn't believe in that, and so on. As young adults, you have nothing else to use so you use this mixture of other people's thoughts to guide you through life.

"If your loving parents have taught you to seek for your Creator, that is helpful; simply because you trust them, you probably will seek. If, instead, those same loving parents have taught you that there is no Creator. To make your only goal pleasure and possessions, once again, because you trust them, you will believe them and follow their advice. This obviously is not helpful to your progress, but that is what happens to most people. Most people have never been taught to look inside themselves to find out what they are really like and what they really want to be. They have no idea why they exist so they push why out of their minds. Instead, they find other ways to cope with their confusion and self-doubts.

They don't realise that they are special and unique, and so they try to be like all the other confused, filled with self-doubt people. With so very many confused people that all exist together, confusion and self-doubt becomes the normal and acceptable way of life that all generations of parents teach their children. It seems so very normal that the person that does decide to seek inside is thought to be a little odd, even by their family and friends. This fear of failure to conform to the normal and acceptable way of thought will often stop this person even before they can begin to seek inside. So this is the first fear you will have to overcome, alone and without help from others.

Those others will gladly help you to be like they are because, by being the same as them, you confirm their beliefs and ease their self-doubts. To go it alone is the same as to doubt the truth of their belief. The person overcomes this fear when he or she realises that each person they have asked about God's, and man's purpose has given them a different answer or no answer at all. Each has a different idea, or no idea, of the truth. From this experience you learn, that it is pointless to even ask others, so this only leaves one person to ask and that person is you. "I don't know any more than the others", you may say, but you do. Even before you search inside you know when you are being truthful to yourself and when you are not. This means you can trust yourself to know your own thoughts and motives in a way that would be impossible for you to know about the thoughts of other people.

You then strengthen this self-knowledge as you develop crystal-clear self-honesty, even when it hurts. Of course, dishonesty with self is always more comfortable for a while, the same as is flattery or false promises from others, but always, sooner or later, you are forced to face the truth. So it is less painful to seek truth right at the start and at all times.

This, in itself, will make you seem different to many people and will worry those who avoid truth. The next fear to overcome is the fear of silence. The silence of meditation with only the sound and rhythm of your breath whilst you alone wait for guidance in some form from your higher self. This is your intuitive link. Because everyone is different, the guidance will take a different form that fits for that person.

But soon you will learn to rely on the truth of that guidance even though sometimes it is not what you hoped to hear.

The next step inward is to test everything you are told by others against the inner guidance. You must test everything because of the many ways people use to cope with fear, self-doubt and inner confusion. Sananda explained about the strong and the weak, but also there are others who are neither weak nor strong. These people have learned to use the authoritative tone of the strong. By the use of this tone, they always sound so sure of their knowledge that they even fool themselves and in this way they cope with their inner fears. The weak only hear the tone and follow like sheep. Really the weak should instead analyse for quality and truth what the user of the authoritative tone actually said.

Another way that some people use to cope with fear is to cling to tradition instead of to think things out for self. For these people, their knowledge of the traditional way allows them to feel entitled to use the tone of authority. First, that person convinces self, and then convinces other confused people, that because a method or belief is very ancient, it must be the correct and only way. If it was written in a book long ago, then the book and the words in the book become that person's authority. They have studied it deeply and become experts about what is written in the book. They become the teachers of the word whom through the ages, teach each next generation of teachers. No one who hasn't studied the book can argue with them.

The book, the word and the generations of teachers of the word all become parts of the tradition that strengthens the authority of today's teachers of the word. But just suppose that what was written long ago in that book was untrue or not the intended meaning. Then no matter how old the book is, or how many generations of sincere teachers taught it to their faithful followers, it is would be as untrue today as it was when it was written. All of those people were misguided by the few. Today, those teachers may be quite genuine in their belief, but it is the truth of what they teach that you must test, not their sincere belief that they teach the truth.

The test to use is to question what is taught. If it is true, then it will be strong enough to be questioned. If it is not true, intelligent questions will be discouraged by evasive and vague answers. Also, the teachers will imply that intelligent questions show your lack of faith; but faith in what?

Truth has no need of blind, unquestioned faith, it stands alone and doesn't need rituals or to be surrounded with mystery. Truth is inside every human being if they will take the trouble to look. So that is the task of the teacher, not to encourage people to blindly follow, but to encourage people to look inside and also to show them how to look inside."

Father nodded in agreement and added, "That has given you girls a few ideas about how and why to build your own image of self. Remind yourself that confusion, fear and doubt exist in all people, and this includes you. Quietly begin to create, in your imagination, your own future image. It doesn't matter what images others try to project on to you, don't blame them because they don't understand you. With kindness, just remember they cannot even understand themselves yet. Instead, build a private mind picture of you to aim for.

Aim for a You filled with love that forgives all hurts, all mistakes, all errors of judgement, and you must include your own. Blame, grief, guilt, anger and hatred are all products of confusion that clouds clear thought and, through fear of the unknown, stifles healthy curiosity. Each time you forget your image, forgive yourself and start afresh each day. What you aim for is a 'Me' that you are happy to be for eternity."

Mother asked, " Any more questions, ladies before you go?"

Danielle said, "Yes, I have a question, Mother. You said you would tell us the other reason for your orchard."

Mother smiled and replied, "The orchard represents the family team of twin flame angels led by Ptah Adam and Evam. They all volunteered to descend from their angelic spheres to guide life force in the physical universe. At first towards the human intelligence level and then to the ascension level. Eranus, the youngest Prince of Light in the team, had such a brilliant intellect he could not understand that life force could only learn and evolve at its own speed. You could say it was beyond his imagination. Because of this, Eranus misunderstood, and by his misguided actions introduced disharmony into the Creator's perfect plan.

Emma asked, "Do you mean the Devil was once an angel of light?"

Father replied, "Yes. The one you were taught to think of as the Devil was the youngest, twinned energy angel in the team, and he with his twin flame was sent to planet Earth. You have already met Erania, his twin, and once he was as loving and kind as she is. His name then was Eranus and we all deeply loved him, and we still do. He was chosen for the team because of his brilliant mind and love of all life. Eranus fell in love with his own brilliance and wanted to use creative powers without first being trained. Like high voltage electricity on Earth, you wouldn't meddle with it unless you had been trained to, would you, girls?" The girls agreed.

Mother continued, "Ptah Adam and Evam followed the Creator mind's instructions. They used vibrations to provide human bodies, like the ones you saw in the pattern store, but only when each wave of life force evolved to the individual human level. Eranus instead believed that if humans could breed children, this would speed their evolvment. The volunteer team was widely spread throughout your universe, and the team guided life force to the human level wherever it appeared. Each team member was trusted completely to work alone whilst Ptah Adam and Evam moved around the universe to wherever their special guidance and encouragement might be needed.

When you arrived at the spheres, Erania explained how certain vibrations or sounds created patterns and physical matter. Ptah Adam had been taught certain sound vibrations, rather like words. Special, power-filled words that created the human bodies when required. Whilst Ptah and Evam were absent from Earth, Eranus altered these special sounds and used them to create humans that could breed. Because he did this, Eranus completely altered the path of the human race. Once on that path, mankind had no choice but to follow it to the very end. Instead of ascension, out of the physical, guided by the team, as their sole aim with no distractions, their altered bodies made them want to mate together. But to mate and to breed children their bodies had to be very much stronger, heavier, and far more solid.

This meant that they always needed solid food. To get food, they had to work, to farm and to hunt to eat the physical bodies of the evolving levels of life force of the animal kingdom.

All of this simply for humans to support and feed their children. In this way, and quite unintentionally, Eranus introduced humans to the fear of death, death of the physical body. Each human body became worn out with hard work, age, and illness. Its wearer's struggle to physically survive seldom left time for he or she to aim for ascension. But it was the ascension process that would have converted that same physical body into light.

You heard Omar explain his poem, *The Moving Finger Writes*. From it, you learned that you cannot un-create what you have created. All you can try to do is to repair the damage, and this is what Ptah Adam and the team tried to do, even though they knew it would take a very long time. The only way they could do this was to leave their special powers at the top of the vortex, and to become ordinary physical human beings.

"Now, you two are used to life in a limited physical body, but you can imagine what an unpleasant experience it was for angels of light. Naturally, Ptah Adam and Evam would never expect their angelic team to do anything that they, their leaders, were not prepared to do. So Ptah Adam and Evam chose to be the first twinned angels to separate and to enter and exist in the physical bodies of a human man and woman. For them, this was an enormous sacrifice that took great courage and love for humanity. To honour them, I planted the orchard and each different fruit is the badge or crest of the twin flame angels who made that sacrifice.

To enter a human body made of frail flesh and blood, made of atoms, made of energy, Adam and Eve and their team had to leave most of their vast powers up here. Without those powers, many younger members of their angelic team became as confused as were the humans they were meant to help. Father added, "It's a very long story, too long to tell now. A story of angels of light who tried to draw confused humans away from the bad influence of Eranus. Also away from a few angels whose light had turned to darkness after they also had listened to Eranus."

Mother continued. "Unfortunately those vast powers, wrongly used, damaged the mind of poor Eranus so that he could only hate he could not love. After that happened he used his brilliance to tempt other angels and humans away from loving his Creator. Eranus cannot change until the damage repairs itself and only Eranus can choose to let this happen. He must choose to be repaired. Until he does choose, I changed his name to Satan who means the Misguided One, and Erania will not return to him until he chooses to be healed. Now Satan has no power other than his powers of persuasion. So, even damaged, Satan is used by the Creator for all intelligent life, angelic or human, to test the strength of its love for the Creator. Angels or humans, the Creator doesn't test you: you test yourself.

You listen to Satan and his ideas or you tell Satan to go away. For now, think about this. Individually Humans think of themselves as "Me" and Angels think of themselves as "Me". All were created at the same time and from the same source. Both have very important but also very different roles.

The humans' role is not only on Earth but also when they have left Earth. When you finally and permanently have left Classroom Earth and physical existence the angels' roles will be to teach all of you your important roles in the Creator mind's great plan. The plan has been delayed because Eranus made an error of judgement. That error caused mankind to lose its innocence and instead to experience for countless ages the wheel of reincarnation. Now it really is time to continue your journey to the Centre"

Father said, "Yes, young ladies. It is time for you to go. We promise that one day, when you are ready, we will meet again."

Mother embraced both of the girls and added, "It has been lovely to talk with you."

Emma answered, "It has been wonderful for us as well. What do we do now?"

Mother replied, "Father and myself will combine our energies to create a pathway to the Perfection Level."

Father added, "First, let us move from the table. Then, as Mother and I merge, both of you focus your thoughts on the Creator mind. Then that mind will draw you to it."

In the blink of an eye, the tea table and chairs disappeared. Then Gods the Father and Mother transformed themselves into two vast figures that blazed with golden light so brilliant that it paled the gorgeous colours inside the Rainbow Sun.

Between the two huge sources of light, suspended in the centre of the sun, was Emma and Danielle surrounded by their own ghostly Merkabah light. Slowly and majestically, the masculine and feminine energies moved towards each other to engulf the girls, and all their energies merged to become one. Again, both girls felt simultaneously a sensation of vastness and tininess, but also a joy-filled, excitement that made it hard to focus their thoughts on any-thing. Instead, Danielle frantically thought: Do something! Whilst Emma mentally gasped: Come and get us!

Instantly, something came and got them, so fast that it felt like a fall without a parachute. Suddenly, they had arrived at the Centre of Creation.

Chapter ten ends

Chapter Eleven. Beyond the Spheres, the Perfection Level

I don't know what I expected," remarked Danielle, "but certainly not an ordinary forest."

Emma glanced around and replied, "Well, it's hardly ordinary, is it? When you look hard at a tree or the grass, it changes and wavers in and out of focus. And look at the sky, did you ever see a sky like that before?"

Danielle glanced upwards and then rubbed her eyes. The sky was pure white, a dense glow of haze that seethed and boiled with ceaseless activity. The sky gave the forest the optimistic light of a warm, sunny morning on Earth. "No, I've never seen a sky like that before and I do admit that it's very nice, but those things up there do disconcert Me." replied Danielle.

"What things?" demanded Emma?

In reply, Danielle pointed upwards. Emma studied the sky and then, after a few moments, thought she saw something that came and went before she could be sure.

"There's another", said Danielle. This time it stayed a few seconds, blurred by mist. It was a glorious, crystal city, strange and beautiful. Then, as the city faded upward into the haze, a huge, scaly, silver lizard, with friendly, intelligent eyes that gazed into the distance, appeared, and then was gone. Next, a brief glimpse of the vast whirl of a vortex into which a whole galaxy of stars and their planets plunged. Vision after fantastic vision swiftly came and went until the girls had to rest their eyes and minds.

As their gaze left the sky, a polite cough behind them drew their astonished attention to its source.

"Are you the Creator mind?" they chorused incredulously. It was the ancient unicorn's turn to look astonished, as it wheezed, "Who, Me? No, I just work here. I'm your guide to the Creator's pool. The Creator will meet you there. Shall we go, ladies?"

The unicorn was very old and looked very wise. It was covered with long, silky, pure white hair. It had tiny hooves of gold and its shape was more like that of a graceful deer than of a horse. Huge blue eyes, warm, wise and kind, were set like precious jewels in a gentle, delicate face. From the centre of the forehead above the eyes, through the long, white, soft fringe, projected the familiar single, long horn that gives the unicorn its name. But this horn was of lightning blue light and, along its length, energy whirled and spiralled. Awe-struck the girls walked beside the fabulous creature, along the forest path.

Emma said politely, "I've seen pictures of unicorns but I didn't really believe they exist."

This amused the old unicorn that replied, "Oh, but we do, and we were created to serve the Creator mind long before the Godhead was created. Later, we were asked to help the angelic team on Earth to guide the original human race.

Even after mankind was changed and killed animals for food, we stayed nearby; always ready to help and to guide humans. We stayed until man, in his fear and his confusion killed every last one of us. So the Creator mind brought us home again. We love mankind and forgive them all. We know that soon their fear and confusion will dissolve and each human being will learn at last to love and trust him or her self."

Danielle replied, "Thank you for telling us your sad story."

The unicorn shook its head and said, "No, no, Danielle. There must be no room in your life for sadness. To be sad is to misunderstand events as they happen to you or to others. Each event is there because the person it happened to placed it there in his or her future as a lesson to learn. The people are sad because, during that life, they forget who placed it there and why. Instead, they blame chance, bad luck, coincidence or even their Creator, but in truth it was their choice. Only after that life ends do they realise how much of it was wasted by sadness or anger or guilt or envy and unnecessary fear and self-doubt.

Often groups of people may be together for several lives. Each arrives and departs in his or her, own timing into and out of physical life. This means that sometimes they are all together in the astral levels and, later, all together in the physical. Once you realise this, it will be obvious to both of you that when your grandfather dies, he could return to the physical when he is ready. So the granddad whose death you mourned and cried over may well choose to be born as your tiny grandson. Or as the son of another family, who will one day marry your granddaughter. I know this sounds strange to you young ladies, until you remind yourself that the group of people all agreed to learn lessons from each other. Previously they agreed to this when they were all together in the astral levels.

Here you can see illusion that works with a purpose. The illusion is the relationship the group shares with each other on Earth, not on the astral. Your granddad, wise and kind to you in one life, dies. He could then be re-born and be your grandson who thinks that you are very old-fashioned, in another life. Obviously the real relationship between the group members in the astral must differ to the ever changing relationships of the group in the physical. The purpose of the illusion is to learn the gifts. Each gift learnt opens those faucets or taps and allows that part of the love energy to flow through you.

It will help you if you understand the nature of sadness and grief. Because the physical illusion makes you forget your purpose, it is natural, when a beloved one dies, to experience grief. You could say that when you feel personal grief, this is the energy of compassion that tries to flow to you. You are sorry for you. The lesson, and the gift contained in the lesson, is to make the right choice of attitude to what you feel. When someone you love dies, you feel grief, like a pain. When someone you love loses someone they love, you feel compassion. But grief and compassion are exactly the same energies at work and so you feel a similar pain.

Many people fail to learn this lesson, time and time again. They will feel grief at a loss; then they will cling to that grief so that it blights their life for countless years. Really, what they do is to trap the energy as it tries to flow through their heart chakra.

It is your choice and right to trap the flow of compassion as ongoing grief but, if you do so, you will suffer ongoing, self-inflicted pain.

To learn the lesson and to pass with flying colours, when you feel grief, you will open your heart and allow that energy to flow outwards to all that feel grief, whoever and wherever they are. Each event that seems so terrible at the time teaches you something more about yourself. These are the hidden gems that Mel told you about. Somehow you struggle through that event. Then you are safely through, with that event now in your past instead of in your future.

The lesson is not the event but your attitude to how that event affected you. Positively, you can think, 'That was awful but I proved to myself that I am stronger than I thought. If I had to, I could face it again and know that I would find the inner strength to get through. Or, negatively, you could blight the rest of your life simply in dread of similar events. Never cling to anything because all is energy and energy must be allowed to flow where it will. Even your physical bodies, that seem so solid and permanent, are at their basic level, made of atoms. The atoms are renewed and refreshed with a continuous flow of energies to keep them in physical existence. All is energy so go with the flow, and now I must go. Follow the path to the pool and then wait. You will recognise the Creator, so don't be nervous.'

Before the girls could say goodbye, the beautiful, old unicorn flickered and was gone.

"Oh, what a lovely creature," said Emma.

"Gorgeous," replied Danielle, "but I still think it's sad that men killed all the unicorns."

Emma nodded thoughtfully and said, "On Earth long ago, the unicorns must have had physical bodies so probably men thought they were just like any other deer. Oh, look! I think we are near the pool."

They had walked through the leafy, calm silence of the slightly unreal forest. Now the footpath widened out into a grassy glade filled with beautiful flowers of all colours and species. The joyful sounds of bird song came from the trees that surrounded the glade. From the left edge of the glade, a little brook carried clear water to feed a very ordinary pool in the centre. There were no gorgeous crystals here, just a few rushes amid the rounded pebbles and lichen-covered stones that surrounded the natural pool. To the right, the brook carried the overflow back into the forest. On their side of the pool was a very ancient, weather worn, stone seat. Beyond the pool, the glade narrowed and their path wound its way onwards into the forest.

"There's no one here yet," said Emma, "so let's sit on that stone seat while we wait."

Danielle replied, "Good idea, Emma. It's lovely here, so peaceful and calm after our hectic journey. Just listen to those birds." Quietly, the girls basked in the tranquil, relaxed, joyful atmosphere. Somehow they knew the glade had always been here, and had waited for them to arrive. It had waited to fill them with peace and quiet confidence, but now, even as they relaxed, they sensed a subtle change.

The birdsong ceased, the air of tranquillity became an air of eager anticipation that also deeply affected the girls.

In a hushed voice, Danielle said, "The only time I felt this way before was as a child at the start of the Christmas pantomime in England."

Quietly, Emma replied, "I know what you mean, Danielle. That sensation of excitement in the audience just as the theatre lights are dimmed and the stage curtains are about to open."

In the distance, very faintly, the liquid notes of a flute gently broke the silence. Steadily, the melody filled and haunted the forest clearing. It was as if the flute player moved through the forest towards them. Emma and Danielle sat entranced as the music flowed around them. Each magical note welled up from the love-filled heart of the player. The melody spoke of the loneliness and longing of one who had waited in secret solitude for a beloved friend. Both girls felt very near to tears, but sadness was swept away as the mood and tempo changed.

Now the lilt of a joyful tune of hopes and anticipation fulfilled. The flautist entered the glade and filled it with harmony and song. Intuitively the girls knew that this was the blended Creator mind and it was this mind's joy and anticipation they had sensed before the melody began.

In England, it is a very old custom for parents to take their children to the pantomime. This is a Christmas show based on a traditional folk story where nothing is quite what it seems. Instantly, Danielle and Emma recognised this slimly built figure whose attire perfectly matched the forest colours and shades. This they knew was the young hero of the pantomime story, the character part of a fearless and brave young man traditionally always acted by a young actress instead of an actor. From the russet-red cocked hat with its long feather, the bloused sleeves, leather jerkin and tights to the thigh-length boots, this was Dick Whittington, or Jack of the Giant Beanstalk story, but also a perfect blend of masculine and feminine in one.

Now the music ended as the flute was lowered from the lips. The figure nimbly crossed the brook and walked over to their seat. Fascinated, the girls gazed. Sure enough, there was a human figure, but, just like the trees of the forest, it wavered and almost blurred as if a river of energy flowed through its frame. The face was neither man nor woman but both blended into something glorious and noble with love-filled warmth that enveloped them completely. For a moment, in silence, the three simply looked at each other. Then, with surprise, the girls sensed the shyness that the lone figure felt. Both girls stood up and smiled in welcome. Then the shyness was gone. With a look of delight that lit up the noble face, the words tumbled out.

"Emma! Danielle! I'm so pleased to see you here. I've waited so long for human company that I just went blank and couldn't think what to say."

"Danielle laughed and replied, "Oh, please don't worry, we often go blank, but what should we call you?"

The figure smiled and shrugged. "What would you like to call me?"

Thoughtfully, Emma said, "Well, God sounds a bit remote, and he, she or it sound all wrong, so let me think. We are on holiday in France. In one life we were Cathar teachers. This is the Perfection level. In the French language, the same word means perfect and is also a Christian name. We will call you Parfait."

Danielle and Parfait gazed admiringly at Emma. "Did you think that out all by yourself?" demanded Danielle.

"Well, yes I did," replied Emma with an unconvincing air of modesty. "I'm also good at anagrams and crosswords," she added.

As there was no possible answer to that reply, Danielle turned to Parfait and asked, "Why do you remind me of Ho-Lee-Gose even though we couldn't actually see Ho?"

Parfait sat cross-legged on the grass and gestured the girls to their seat. "Gran Yvonne is part of Higher Self Yvonne focused in the limitations of a physical body. In a similar way Ho is a part of my blended mind focused in the less than perfect levels. I know that sounds very odd so let me re-cap on what you have been told, but this time from my point of view.

You know I am the blended Creator mind and I cannot leave this Perfection level, and I live and exist to create more creators on this Perfection level. Really I am part of a process that never ends because the Creator mind that created me also was created by a Creator mind. The Creator minds that I create will also create Creator minds and so on. You may wonder what is the purpose of the process. The purpose is difficult to explain but the intended result is to replace nothingness with loving, creative intelligence.

We could say that where there was once fertile wasteland now grows a beautiful forest that evolves, spreads and expands. Just as each tree is different to all the other trees in a forest, each Creator mind must be unique and un-repeated. A tree has two functions. The first, as a seed, is to create a tree where previously there was no tree. The second, as a tree, is to grow seeds that contain everything the tree knows about the creation of a tree. When the seeds contain all they need to know, they leave the tree to seek out their own source of nourishment.

Now let us think a little about this source of nourishment that is used by all blended creator minds, and this includes my mind. This will help you to understand why your ascension has to include the energy-structure of your physical body, boosted up to its original power-level by your intelligence. Your scientists have proved that everything in the entire Creation is created from energy, energy that is compelled to act in a certain way. Also scientists have proved that energy cannot be destroyed, it can only be compelled to structure itself in different ways. If the structures are destroyed the energy is released and continues to exist.

This leaves us faced with a paradox because all of Creation and the intelligence of each creator mind are structured from energy. So some process must have existed before intelligence to have originally structured the energy. On Earth the ancient wisdom tells you that below is a mirror of above. This means that everything in your familiar physical existence is a reflection of what exists in the non-physical.

The non-physical includes this perfection level so now we must explore the process by which this high level and a Creator Mind first came into existence. Always we return to the thought that all of Creation is created from energy, and this must include the intelligence of a Creator. A limitless ocean of energy and a process, both have always existed. The ocean of live energy has been called Chaos because it lacks direction it simply exists. The ongoing effect of the process made the energy evolve and in some way this generated a focal point of intelligence.

The focal point contained chaotic energy given direction by the drive of the process in combination with the process itself. The source of energy was and is limitless. The energy is real and the process is real. The process was and is our familiar, versatile, evolutionary drive. In combination no limitation could be placed upon the intelligence that would evolve. To put this in familiar terms we call the ocean of energy, Chaos, and the process, blended with the energy, Evolvement. But the blend had to be exactly right. Only when the blend was exactly right could the result be a Creator Mind that is a perfectly balanced, harmonious, blend of both. We could say that the process is masculine and the energy source is feminine. The feminine aspect draws in, converts and supplies the chaotic energy but now imbued with her living intelligence. The masculine aspect uses intelligence to create with the supplied living energy.

Put another way, it was the effect of the drive to evolve upon the chaotic energies that generated intelligence. Once intelligence was created the process continued to drive this combined and blended intelligence to evolve. This is the highest level of the very same process that Charles Darwin defined in his theory of evolution. But in the physical the emphasis of the drive must first be on the ongoing evolution of the life force. The life force then compels the further evolvement of the physical body.

“Good Heavens!” laughed Emma and Danielle admiringly, “Did you think that out all by yourself?”

Parfait laughed, made a truly Gallic shrug of the shoulders, and modestly replied, “Oh, it was nothing really, a mere ‘Bagatelle’. Wait until you hear the rest.”

“Do go on.” replied Danielle, doubtfully.

“Each Creator mind must be unique and this means I cannot use a factory production belt, as on Earth, because it would produce identical Creator minds. Instead, just like the artist-craftsman in his workshop or studio on Earth, every creation is a work of art and of uniqueness that is un-repeated anywhere.

On Earth, busy, overworked people often say, 'Look, I've only got one pair of hands', but up here I don't have any hands. All I have is a mind with which to think and imagine. My mind is restricted to creations that once imagined are locked into being perfect for them to be able to remain on the Perfection level. They could not be unique because they would be simply extensions, or copies, of me, just like the factory belt system. I had to find a way to release my imagined creations from this trap.”

Emma said, "God the Father explained how you created a Godhead so that your creations would have free will choice".

Danielle added, "But he also said that you would explain about Ho-Lee-Gose".

Parfait nodded and said, "Yes, I will explain about Ho now I have given you the bigger picture of Creation. My unicorn told you that everything is made of energy. That energy is generated from the Perfection level by my mind and only another perfect mind would have the strength to bring that energy to a halt.

To create the levels of God the Father and Mother would have been enough if I had only wanted my creations to have free will and still remain part of me. But I wanted my creations to have the chance to take over ownership of some of my energy. This would allow them to become entirely independent of my imagination because they had learnt to imagine their own image. With my help, they could then climb back up to the Perfection level as unique, independent, Creator minds, each in their own way and their own timing.

To achieve this, somehow I had to slow the energy even though the instantaneous speed of existence of the energy cannot be reduced. I needed a series of levels for my creations to climb after each has ascended from the physical with their own image and their energy gift from me. These are the angelic levels that you passed through on your way here. As the energy speed could not be altered, the energy had to be diverted in such a way that it would take longer to pass through each next level. In this way the steps would be created that led down to another special level. On this special level the energy is then also gradually reduced in power-level, and finally its irreducible speed is converted into spin."

Danielle said, "You mean the physical universe, Parfait?"

Parfait smiled and said, "Exactly, Danielle, the physical universe, and this is where Ho enters the scene. Earlier, I told you that only another perfect mind like mine could halt the flow of my energy. To achieve what I have explained I didn't want it halted, I only wanted it to be, first diverted into waves, and then controlled to spin.

In God the Father is the image of half my mind, in God the Mother is the other half, both in the less than perfect levels. When they combined their separate energies, their very first creation was Ho. Ho is God the Son, the images of the two halves of my mind not blended but combined into one less than perfect creation.

You could say I used the two, separate aspects of the Godhead as stepping-stones into the less than perfect, freewill level. As a mind that was less than perfect, Ho couldn't halt my energies but Ho could divert and control them. To imagine an image as powerful as Ho took enormous floods of my energy. The reason for this was because all of the life force that was to exist in those, less than perfect levels, was created at the same instant as Ho. This included all life force in the physical universes.

The creation of Ho meant that the Godhead now formed the top three steps down from this level. The life force remained on the Godhead level; a reservoir of twinned-flame sparks of life force with nowhere yet to go. Ptah Adam explained to you how he and Evam were created as the highest angels. Together they would represent the Godhead in all of the angelic levels and also in the astral and physical levels after those levels had been created.

To explain how Ho created the levels, I will ask you both to imagine me, on the Perfection level, as a point of light that radiates straight lines in every direction. The lines of energy are in fact a perfect blend of masculine and feminine energy. Both the central point and all the lines are the Creator blended mind and the focus of that mind is the point of light. Everything that the focus imagines may be projected on to the straight lines of blended energy.

Just like the imaginary characters of an author, only when those lines of light have passed through a Godhead level would they be re-created less than perfect. The energy would first become less than perfect because the masculine energy would have to pass through God the Father and the feminine energy through God the Mother. Then all of my creations imagined on this perfect level would be re-created by the Godhead from energy that was twinned but not blended. In this way I have given my creations freewill.

The lines of light are straight until they try to pass through Ho's level. But there Ho resists the force of the lines that try to pass through; just enough to put kinks or waves into the straight lines. The speed of the energy in the lines is unaltered but now the lines must follow the waves instead of a direct route.

This is the level of the highest angels twinned-flame sparks transformed by the energies of Gods the Father and Mother to populate that high level. To create the next level Ho added more resistance to the now wavy lines. This put more waves in them for the lines to follow than in the previous level. More twinned-flame sparks were transformed by the Godhead and then passed through the energies of the highest angels to populate this next level down. Each next lower level and its angels were created in this way. You may recall that when you left the Ball-of-Wool Vortex and followed those lines. Each line had far more waves in it than it had when you left the Merkabah vehicle at the Rainbow Sun.

With Ho you have already entered the nucleus of the atom and then travelled up the energy power-levels of the vortex. Because of that you already understand the purpose of the Astral Vortex and how it works. I have tried to explain in a way that I hope you can understand, about Ho and the levels, straight and wavy lines and all of the rest of it.

The important thing to realise is that all life force is non-physical. For the life force of the angels their images are projected onto a structure of waves through which passes instantaneous energy. In the Astral levels all life force images are projected onto the layers of a structure through which that same energy then passes.

The energy is still instantaneous but the structure is a vortex and each of its many layers reduces the power-level of the energy. In this way there is an astral layer with a power-level to match the achieved power-level of any life force that for a while leaves the physical.

Non-physical life force in physical existence is projected onto and amid the same instantaneous energy. But only after that energy has arrived at the centre of the vortex where it could only spin and then drop into the sub-atomic level. There it is compelled to form itself into the structure of the low power-level atoms of physical matter.

I have tried to use the familiar terminology that you use in the physical in terms of speed, spin-speed, distance and the passage of time. Difficult though it is to grasp, none of those terms really apply because every part of it is contained in my mind. From the Godhead, angelic levels and physical universes, all are thought structures in my mind."

Danielle remarked, "I agree, that it is very difficult to grasp, Parfait, because that must mean that Emma and I are also simply thought structures in your mind."

Parfait smiled and replied, "Clever girl, Danielle. Now you understand why I want you to create your own image and to ascend out of the physical complete with your independent energy source as a gift from me."

Emma said, "That is a huge idea to assimilate all at once, Parfait. I still cannot see how it could be possible for humans to become Creator-blended minds up on your Perfection level. I can understand what you and Ho did and why you did it, but the result in the physical universe is not humans who are he and she.

We all are either he or she. When we ascend with our own self-created image and our energy gift and merge with our higher self, we will still be he or she."

Parfait laughed and said, "No wonder you are good at doing puzzles, Emma. That is a very logical question and it has a logical answer. To make it easier to absorb, I'll give you it in two parts. First of all, you described the Perfection level as mine as if this level and my mind are the same thing. That isn't correct. The Perfection level is limitless. It is where all blended Creator minds exist.

You may recall that I compared those minds to the trees in a forest that continuously expands. Each tree created itself and is independent of and is different from all of the other trees. Next, always remember that you are a Creator mind already. On Earth, you may create all sorts of ideas and plans in your head. You could imagine your entire physical universe inside your head. Your head is small and the universe is vast but that doesn't limit you.

An architect, in his imagination, can create a skyscraper building with no limit to its height. To transfer his thought creation into the physical matter of Earth, he must then manipulate physical matter. He must do this in such a way that what he effortlessly created in his mind is then reproduced in concrete and steel for all to see. He cannot do this at the speed of thought but only at the speed physical matter will allow.

Sananda has explained to you the reason for the delay between thought and action. What I want you to understand is that each human is already a creator mind that continuously creates despite all the limitations of existence in physical matter. When you ascend from physical matter, all of those limitations will be left behind but you will still be a creator mind.

The whole purpose of intelligence is to create, and it generates its own energy to fulfil that purpose. Intelligence always seeks experiences that will help it to grow, evolve, and expand wherever that intelligence is placed. What you think of as yourself, is the focus of your intelligence that now exists in a physical body.

These are your present limitations because all of your creations and all of the experiences you seek have to filter their way through your physical senses to or from that focus called, Me.

For example, your 'Me' may seek the experience of a lovely vacation by the sea. The 'Me' inside your head will first plan the trip but, for the trip to take place, you must book your travel. Then you must pack your bags, travel to the sea, unpack in your hotel, and only then are you free to lay 'Me's' physical body on the beach to bask in the sunshine. Your physical body didn't seek that experience, your non-physical 'Me' sought and had to go through all of that physical delay to experience it. Just as Sananda told you, when you ascend, there are no limits or delays. You will be able to experience and to create instantly. Does that answer the part of your question about whether you can be a Creator mind, Emma?"

Emma nodded and replied, "Yes, Parfait. I think I understand, but you still haven't explained about he and she."

Parfait smiled. "That is the second part of the question, Emma. Before I explain he and she, it will help you to understand if for a moment we again return to our forest of Creator trees analogy. You could compare me to a seed that became one of those trees. You could then compare the Godhead and all the angels, and the angelic levels, to the branches of the tree that I became. They will always be part of me. Next, We compared the Ball-of-Wool shaped astral Vortex level, and all of the physical universes created in that level, to seedpods.

These are the seedpods in which the new Creator seeds will germinate. Then they will evolve to ascend into the non-physical to evolve yet more towards maturity. Then finally they will leave their parent tree. You already know the similarity between angels and humans; both were created from twinned-flame sparks. We will look now at the differences between angels and humans. All twinned-flame sparks have the potential to become intelligent and aware that they are an individual intelligence. This has to be so simply because they were created from the energies of my intelligence.

When we talk about intelligence, we don't mean a genius mathematician is intelligent but a dunce is not. We mean, any intelligence that can think of itself as 'me'. This level of individual awareness only blossoms at the human level of intelligence. The animal kingdom has intelligence but not evolved enough yet for an animal to be able to think of itself as 'me'. In that sense it cannot be considered as intelligent and aware.

In your schools the different levels or grades have teachers only qualified to teach up to a certain grade and no higher. The same applies in the angelic levels. The teacher angels of one level would teach all they know and then pass their student up to the next level for further tuition.

This is the function of the angels. They were created from twinned-flame sparks of my energy and trained for the role of teachers. This meant that, they would always be part of myself. The Godhead could transform each spark into a pair of twinned-flame angels with aware intelligence fully activated. Each twin could function alone as a free-will creation but would function at his or her highest potential when merged with the other twin.

On this Perfect level, the male and female parts of my mind are blended and cannot separate. From the Godhead down through all the free will levels, my twin angels can choose to combine their energies or not, but they cannot blend. As they cannot blend, they cannot generate their own energies and so will always have to use mine and remain part of me. Except for Ptah Adam and Evam and their angelic team, none of the teacher angels will ever travel down the vortex to enter a physical body. They will not ascend or convert a physical body into an energy gift; for that reason they will always be part of me.

Next we look at humans, but first at the twinned-flame sparks that eventually would become humans. These are exactly the same as the twinned-flame sparks that became angels. After Ho had created all the angelic levels he next created the vortex level and the physical universes. Ho did this by reduction of the power-level of my energies until the energy was low in power-level and compelled to spin on the spot. Its control could then be taken over by an individual; free will endowed intelligence that is life force evolved to the human level.

The atoms of physical matter are so low powered, compared to the rest of creation, that they are fragile and must be treated with care. This is what Higher Self, Yvonne meant. If the energies that passed through her had passed through Gran Yvonne, they would have done enormous damage to her physical body. What, to your senses, seems so strong and solid is really a temporary, very fragile, artificial structure of whirling energy and spaces enclosed by that energy.

It was into this very fragile, low powered level that the high powered, twinned-flame sparks were to exist and evolve as life force. Everything possible had to be done to reduce their ability to channel my powerful energies. The intelligence of twin angels combined can channel more than double the energy power they could channel when not combined. For this reason, the potential for intelligence of the twinned-flame sparks was not activated. This reduced their speed of existence to below that of the lowest angelic level.

The life force dropped through all the angelic levels to the fifth dimension at the top of the Astral Vortex. Next each he and she twin was separated and this reduced their powers by more than half. Still their individual power-levels were too high. Then each twin lost more power as each was separated from his or her higher self. Only then as dormant life force could they descend to the centre of the vortex, to become part of Mother Earth. There they had to await their individual entrances into physical existence somewhere in the physical universe.

The individual evolvment to the human level you already know, but that is why you are he or she. Somewhere in the universe, or maybe on Earth, the other half of your twinned-flame spark also evolves towards his ascension and his energy gift. One day, after you both ascend in your own timing, you and he will meet each other again and be able to combine with each other, just like the twin-flame angels. Each level of angels will teach you and your twin-flame how to use your creative gifts and powers. When you both reach the Godhead, you will receive more tuition; then you and your twin will blend to become one mind as you ascend to the Perfection level. There you will receive your final tuition from me. Then you will depart, as a fully-fledged, creator, blended mind that will be my equal and my friend.

Now, does that answer your question, Emma?"

Emma laughed and replied, "It certainly does, Parfait. It is logical that if your energy gift could only be collected in a level of low power, the ones who went there to collect it would have to be reduced to the same low powered level. But the answer raises more questions.

For example, though they could combine again only after they both ascended, why could the twins not evolve together instead of to meet as complete strangers when they do ascend? You told us that the end result would be the twins blended as one mind like yours. But they were separated and unaware that the other twin existed. This means that they would life after life have sought for partners to share relationships. We now know those relationships only last for those physical lifetimes."

Parfait grinned and said, "Another excellent, logical observation, Emma. As separated sparks, the dormant life force, and this includes you and your twin to be, arrived at the lowest astral level, to await a threshold into physical life. The astral levels link Mother Nature with all places in your universe where life force is able to evolve in and out of physical existence. This is because the astral, with its levels, is the vortex that creates the sub-atomic level that in turn creates the entire physical universe. This means that physical distances measured in billions of light years may separate those planets where life force could physically exist. But on the astral where there is no distance or time, they are not separated at all.

When a threshold for dormant 'you' appeared, you would enter physical existence. The same would apply to your dormant twin to-be, but those two thresholds might lead to opposite ends of the physical universe. Later, when separately you both evolved to the human level you both would have free will choice. By then you both would probably choose, on the astral, to be reborn on the planet you are familiar with. Because it would be familiar you both would make that same choice again and again.

In the energy pattern of the real you is held the memory of your twin flame. Until you are reunited, although you won't know why, you will feel incomplete. In your twin is hidden the memory of you and the same sense of incompleteness. You must remind yourself that ascension is for people who have found their own inner strength. They have fought and conquered all of their doubts and fears. They have learnt to love and to trust themselves. They have learnt to trust that whatever they give, I will replace with more than they gave. With that trust, they can open their selves wide to allow the full power of my energy to flow through them to others. Each individual "Me" becomes completely self-reliant.

Everything is energy, even an argument between two people. The one who wins the dispute feels high and the one who loses it feels low because the winner has drained energy from the loser. So in everyday life, human beings drain energy from each other all the time. They don't realise that they have a direct link with me and that I can supply all of the energy they will ever need.

Humans have learnt many tricks with which to drain energy from others. For example, to encourage someone to feel guilty or to feel pity for you, or to sap someone's self-confidence so that they depend on yours.

Others use their intimate knowledge of a person's emotions and weaknesses to control that person. Many are the ways to drain energy from others.

Emma you mentioned the many, loving relationships in physical life. All of these contain lessons for both partners. Many relationships fail because they depend upon one partner that drains energy from the other, and the other, drained partner allows this drain to continue. This happens even though neither partner is consciously aware that this is what they do. Both partners may live many lives with many different partners before each learns the lesson. For the one not to drain energy, and for the other to not allow his or her energy to be drained. When you ascend, that memory will trigger recognition of your twin. When you both meet, it will be, as very strong, self-reliant people who's energy combined will achieve miracles.

When Satan, the Misguided One, created human bodies that could breed, he also used that sense of incompleteness, but not the memory of the other twin. Satan did this to draw humans together to breed. Although Satan was wrong to interfere and caused unnecessary delay, the end result will be the same. Each partner, when they return to the astral, will eventually realise the true temporary nature of their relationships in the last physical life. Each partner will then understand the lessons that were to be learnt during that last lifetime. Each lesson learnt will bring each person nearer to his or her own self-reliance, and source of inner strength and then to his or her ascension. I think that answers your question, Emma. But Danielle, you have kept very quiet, it's your turn now so ask away."

Danielle replied, "Yes, I do have a question, Parfait, to do with humans as he or she. You have told us that I will always be she until I finally blend with my twin flame. If that is true, why was I a young man who piloted a German bomber in that life?"

"That is a fair question, Danielle," replied Parfait. "The short answer is because you chose to be that young man. In previous lives, you had always existed in a woman's body. Because of this, you had never really understood men. The way that men think and feel about the pressures of life they feel compelled to bear, simply because all the others around them expect it of them. So let us look at your life as Carl and then you will realise the courage it took for you to choose that experience.

Carl was born to parents who deeply loved him. With his blank sheet start to that physical life, he had no memory of your previous plans made in the astral. As an infant, then a young boy, really Carl was a little girl in a little boy's body. For this reason Carl felt drawn to the more gentle things in life. He preferred his sister's dolls and dolls house to the toy soldiers and toy guns that his father bought for Carl to play with. His father, who didn't understand, thought this very strange and unnatural because he truly believed that all little boys like guns.

When Carl grew older and went to school, because he was really she, he had no urge to join the rough and tumble of the sports field or of the boxing ring. He didn't like it and couldn't see the point of it anyway. Eventually, so as not to seem odd, he had to join in with all of the other boys. But Carl still hated it because now he was drawn to art and colour, to reading, to music and to poetry. Carl tried very hard to understand why he felt so different to all of the other boys. He had no one to talk to about this, no one to reassure him, so he kept the pain of his guilt and unhappiness hidden inside.

When Carl reached the age of puberty, he suffered more confusion and guilt when his body was attracted to girls and the girl that he really was became attracted to boys. This was the hidden tug-of-war misery that he had to suffer. When Carl became a young adult, life became even harder for him. Even with the trusted few with whom he dared to share his torment, their ignorance of reincarnation made them regard Carl as a man who thought he was a woman, or wished he was a woman.

But Carl knew that he was a woman in the body of a man even though he didn't know why. Previously, on the astral, you had chosen that it would be a short life and you chose to be in that pilot seat when the bomber was blown up. Does that answer your question, Danielle?"

Danielle nodded and replied, "Poor Carl, there was no way that he could win. Even his father didn't realise the truth, that he had a daughter in a male body, and why. But, Parfait, why are there so many more, people in Carl's position today? They no longer hang their heads in shame, and far fewer people would expect them to, even though people are still ignorant of rebirth and what it means."

Parfait said, "Let me explain. Your role in the physical is to learn to use gifted thought and where you are able; to draw other people towards gifted thought. You and all those other people combined total up to what is called the planetary consciousness. This is a blend of the way those countless millions of people think on the planet. As you know, in the past, those people were divided by vast oceans or deserts, or by what their leaders and their priests conditioned them to believe. The psychic, intuitive powers of women made them independent of the priests. For that reason, women became a danger to the powerful influence of the priests. Women also became a danger to the power of the leaders of the people.

That power has always depended upon men's failure to develop their own psychic gifts and, instead, to rely on the priests' and leader's guidance. The priests, backed by the leaders, conditioned the populations throughout most of the world to believe that women were of less value than were men. To keep their powers the priests taught men to believe that women were men's possessions to be valued less than the men's domestic animals.

To successfully condition minds the process always begins in childhood. Both, men and women believed it and then conditioned their own children to believe the same. Generation after generation, women were respected only for their role of child-bearers. At the same time, the priests reinforced this inflexible, conditioned mode of thought. The priests taught and still teach that it is a sin against God to delve into anything to do with the development of psychic gifts or powers. This left the thought-conditioned uneducated women terrified of their own intuition. Today, the power of the priests is far less except in a few countries, but the conditioned thoughts linger on.

Even today the priests teach that the man Adam was tempted by the woman Eve to disobey God. The truth is that the self-damaged angel, Satan disobeyed the angelic team leaders Ptah Adam and Evam. Satan distorted the truth because he wanted to be the only God to be worshipped by the very mankind that he had deceived and betrayed. The greatest threat to his plans, was, and is, the natural psychic, intuitive powers of women.

Only in this last century have women managed to gain a semblance of equality with men. That is in some countries, but certainly not all. The result is an unbalanced, planetary consciousness that for countless centuries has shunned psychic guidance.

Dominated by the masculine aspect's fears, the result is aimlessness, selfishness and confusion. With psychic guidance, the human race would know exactly why it exists. Without the guidance, it hasn't a clue why. To regain balance to the planetary consciousness, more and more female me's, on the astral level, now choose to return to physical life as males, like Carl. They choose this even though, like Carl, once born they have no memory of that choice.

The result will be more and more of the male population, that think as women think instead of as men think. During Carl's unhappy life, he was compelled to always make himself think and act like a man. Today, though many people still lack knowledge of rebirth, they are more tolerant of differences. This is a sign that the spiritual level of the planetary consciousness has risen above what it was in the past. In that way, the balance will return.

Improved methods of travel have brought countries closer together. Global communications, television and radio brought instant news to all to make their own judgements, only affected by what their leaders allowed them to know. Now, global computer networks exist for all. These bypass all leaders and allow truth to flow throughout your world between individuals.

Gradually, but at a rate that accelerates, people now realise that they share much in common with those they were taught to believe were very different to them. Now, each 'Me', may grow to include more than trusted family and friends. Their growth of trust may encourage others around them to grow. All this is about to take place on your world now. It will happen even though most of those people lack knowledge of rebirth, of psychic links and of their true purpose as human beings."

Emma sighed. "It all sounds wonderful but I know I'll never remember all of this tomorrow."

Parfait smiled sympathetically at her worried expression. "Relax, Emma, and simply enjoy now. Your higher self has stored everything you have been taught on your journey. When you need access to it, just quietly tune in and you'll get what you need at the time."

Emma replied, "Thank goodness for that! May I ask another question?"

Parfait shrugged. "Ask away."

Emma collected her thoughts for a moment. "I expected palaces and temples and lots of wise men that sit upon thrones. You know, the sort of set up religion teaches us to expect. But everyone we have met on our journey is busy doing some task. They have all explained things in a way we could understand. We have seen Mother in her orchard and Father in his storehouse of patterns, and we have met you in your forest glade. Everyone has been warm and friendly and no one has expected us to kneel or bow. All have treated us like equals, so why has mankind got it so wrong?"

Parfait replied, "It's a good question, Emma. Everyone you have met on your journey knows that one day you will be a Creator, like me, so of course we all treat you like equals. You are equal to us, so never forget it. But you live in a world where they have forgotten it, a world full of fear and self-doubt.

Many people are afraid to use their imagination. Sadly, this includes many teachers of religions whose true role is to teach ordinary people about non-physical existence. God the Father explained how tradition could restrict flexibility of thought and imagination. A priest is an ordinary man, who does his best for his flock in spite of his self-doubts and private worries.

To become a priest and then to be allowed to remain as a priest, he must strictly follow laid down traditions. These traditions insist that we are gods up here to be worshipped. Ordinary people observe that kings, popes and leaders of vast religions live in palaces and temples, and often wear robes heavy with gold and priceless gems.

Quite naturally, with no one to tell them differently, they would believe that up here we would as well. Now you know it's not true. Wherever you are, Emma, and wherever you are, Danielle, you are your own palace and temple simply because you are there. Even in the deepest dungeon, your light will shine out of you to uplift and re-assure others if you will truly believe in your unique self.

A priest teaches a man a prayer to say to himself, or the priest recites a prayer while the man listens to him. When the prayer is finished, both carry on with their daily lives. Neither of them sits in silence, after the prayer, to wait for answers. Through the man's higher self, I already know what hopes and fears are in the man's mind and so I don't need his prayers. What I do need is his meditative silence to give him the answers he not wants but needs. Can you two young ladies understand that?"

Danielle nodded. "Yes, I can see the difference and, if the man knew this, he wouldn't need the priest."

Parfait replied, "You are almost right, Danielle, but not quite. The priest is needed today just as the Cathar parfais were needed in their time. Only a man, who has made it his life's work, has the dedication and time to guide ordinary folk on to the path. But he cannot do that effectively whilst locked into a tradition that lacks logic and is surrounded by unnecessary mystique and holiness. It is that that has emptied his church of followers.

So the priest must choose to break free from tradition and open his mind to truth for his own sake and for the sake of his followers. His alternative is to remain loyal to the religious dogma and tradition that has isolated him from those that he would guide. It is a difficult choice for him but unavoidable if he is to be true to himself. Soon it will be time for you to return to your vacation but there is time for one last question."

Danielle replied, "I have a question from both of us. Gran Yvonne is psychic and sometimes she can look into our future and then tell us what she sees. Often, it comes true, but if it is already fixed in our future, how can we have free will choice?"

Parfait laughed, and teased, "A puzzle, isn't it? Let's try to keep it simple.

Before we talk of the future, let's look at the present. Gran Yvonne looks out of the window and sees a huge tiger that prowls just outside of the house. She warns you not to walk out of the house.

Now you have a free will choice to make; to heed or to ignore her warning. By your choice, you decide the path of your future. You heed the warning, then enjoy the rest of your holiday. Or you ignore the warning and maybe end up in a hospital bed.

Now let's look at the future or, I should say, futures because each choice is a fork in the road ahead so let's see how it works. There, in the physical, time exists and you have to experience each moment of it in sequence, past, now, and future. In the non-physical levels, there is only now. Everything that has, that is, and that will happen, takes place in the same instant that we call now. Gran Yvonne's higher self is a non-physical being that exists above the astral vortex. If she alters her 'now' focus she can tune in to the now of any of those happenings, past, present, or future.

When Grand Yvonne tries to see your future, she tunes in to her higher self on that timeless level and her higher self tunes in to Gran's and your 'now'. This is the difference. When not tuned into Gran's now, higher self can see past, present and future as a complete woven tapestry that was woven by your choices throughout your many lives. Tuned in to Gran's now, higher self, can only see what your past and present choices, up to this moment, have woven into your future.

This is like a tapestry that is still being woven. In the same way, and for the same reason, when you are on the astral, via your higher self, you can look ahead into that future physical life and set up lessons in that future. Then, later on, you live that physical life and you face those lessons.

So Grand Yvonne, tuned in to her higher self, is shown your future as it is plotted by your choices made up to this moment. If after Gran tells you what she received, you put it in the back of your mind, to wait and see, then what Gran saw would probably happen. But if, when Gran tells you, you decide you don't want that, your choices, from the moment you were told, could alter that future. The same happens when your choices made on the astral are later changed by unaware you in physical life.

So it is fixed only in the non-physical levels because it has already happened. In the physical, where time exists, you still have those choices to make, and they will be your free will choices. In this way your choices create your future paths. Does that answer help?"

Emma laughed and said, "Yes, I think so, Parfait. I'll know when I've fitted it into my mind."

Parfait continued. "This is why you experience free will and the passage of time together. Your tapestry is woven from your choices, from start to finish. Many are conscious, aware choices; many more are choices made without conscious, aware thought, things you do automatically. You cross the road now or a little further on. You have your supper now or you telephone your friend first, and so on. All of these choices, aware or unaware, decide your future and can change it in this moment that you call, 'now'.

For example, you cross the road later, quite unaware that by doing so you bypassed a robber who waits in an alley to rob passers-by. You telephone your friend before supper, instead of after, and find that she's just going out. So you would have missed your friend and the news she has for you that would maybe change the direction of your life.

If you can understand this, you will realise that when Grand Yvonne looks into the future for you, she sees your future made up from all of those linked, aware and unaware choices up to that moment. If you then change what she saw, then when she or another medium looks again for you, a totally different future lay out would be revealed to you.

That future will be made up from a different weave of your future freewill choices. These will always be your choices made during your now. This is what is meant by, you create your own future. In the astral, via your higher self you can see the paths you will maybe follow in that next life and you will set your lessons upon those paths but, when you live that life set in time, you can only follow each path to see where it takes you.

So now you may understand the benefits you gain when you develop your intuitive link to your higher self. That developed link would always give you guidance based on higher self's access to the future. Then faced with choices that involve your future you would always know which is the right choice. Then you would face your future with a positive outlook.

Parfait paused and then said, "Earlier, you mentioned my lovely, peaceful, forest glade, Emma. The sky above it is my blended mind, hard at work as it imagines more and more creations. Both of you have guessed that Parfait, as you have named me, is just a tiny part of that blended mind's focus, dressed in a way you'd recognise. I created this glade for when I want to be quiet. Both of you are welcome to visit the glade, in your imaginations, any time that you need quietness and peace of mind."

Danielle replied, "What a lovely idea. It's beautiful here, but when we arrived here what did you mean when you said that it's such a long time since you had human company? Does that mean you were once human?"

Emma added, "And why, out of all the humans, did you choose us to visit you?"

Parfait smiled and said, "Clever girl. Yes, just like Emma and you, once I was an incomplete, fear-filled, self-doubt filled human that had to climb that long, long ladder to my Creator's level of perfection.

So, from my own hard experience, I can assure you that as soon as you develop gifted thought, your doubts and fears will evaporate just like morning mist. After you ascend, you will never feel incomplete again. To learn will be easy for you. Emma asked why I invited you two. The reason is because you have worked for me during many lives. Always you have tried to replace darkness with light whatever the cost has been to yourselves. You are typical of countless people who have chosen to be reborn into physical life at this special time. You and they will give mankind the self-confidence to evolve towards its destiny.

Mankind is not a mindless mob; it is made up of individual, sensitive men and women. Each has to exist as best they may with his or her secret hopes and dreams, doubts and fears. Your helper role is to live without fear so that each he or she will learn from you that it is possible to live without fear. With that knowledge, each will find their own way to banish fear forever from their lives. Others will learn from their examples. In this way, the fear-free way of life will spread like a forest fire throughout mankind. Ascension and all we have shown you will follow for each individual when each removes that self-built barrier of fear. That is your task.

The very hardest part of the human climb to the perfection level is as an incomplete individual he or she, who strives to ascend out of the physical. Only then could that individual be rejoined to his or her higher self. Only then could that incomplete individual achieve completeness with his or her twin flame, soul mate. The two soul mates combine their energies. Then their faster speed of existence allows them to gradually ascend higher and higher through the angelic levels

Because of this, each human blended creator mind arrives in its own individual timing and readiness here on the perfection level. Always there are a few human blended creator minds that have arrived on this level. They are taught by me to become creators, unique and independent. Then they depart to take their rightful place in an ever-growing community of blended creator minds. I shall have to leave you because a few have arrived and wait for me now.

Remember to combine your task with a full and happy life. I shall leave you by the pool. No goodbyes because I am always with you. Instead, I ask you both to gaze into the reflections of my mind on the surface of the pool and believe what you see. I love you both."

They were alone and silent. Their eyes held by the ripples and the white, silvery sheen that filled their vision. Parfait, the pool and the tree-enclosed glade were no more. Only the silvery-whiteness that drew them into its depths until they were part of it. There was a sense of distance, but not the distance seen by open eyes. This was like distance visualised behind eyes firmly closed.

Suspended motionless before them was the hugeness of the blended Creator mind of Parfait, their Creator. At first, it filled their vision as a sphere of light on the Perfection level. Then it seemed to recede so that now their vision included all the spheres of the angelic levels that enclosed it and enclosed each other. They could see the Rainbow Sun of the Godhead, the colours and rays that scintillated and streamed from the Sphere of Hidden Gems. Many more of the angelic spheres could be seen through the Sphere of the Youngest Angels.

Again the scene receded to now include, like clouds around a planet, the Ball-of-Wool, astral vortex level. Each cloud, not just one vortex but many, all interlocked energies that whirled and that, at their centres, combined to create and contain a physical universe, a cradle and classroom for life force. There were so many clouds that the girls knew that there must be many, many, physical universes.

Irresistibly, they were drawn nearer to the vortex level to observe ascended human beings, here and there.

These were filled with their own brilliant light as they ascended out of the vortex. Their joy radiated out from them to be shared with Emma and Danielle and all of Creation. Then the girls noticed that each of these beautiful beings moved with purpose as if they knew exactly what to do next. Up here there were no secrets so the girls could hear their thoughts as each ascended human being left the vortex.

Each radiant being eagerly gazed around this fifth dimension, some were puzzled by a hope that each felt. For some, the hope was explained and fulfilled as, towards them, was drawn their twin flame to be reunited in another blaze of joy and light. Again, this time together, the twin flames ascend to the angelic levels.

For other ascended beings, there was no reunion yet because their twin flame was somewhere else, lower down the ascension path.

The timing was not yet right for these beings. So, filled with generosity and compassion that they had learnt the hard way, there was only one route with which they could bear to exist. The girls observed, and were filled with admiration, as these solitary beings left their reclaimed powers behind them. These ascended beings then turned back and re-entered the vortex, determined to help mankind dispel the clouds of confusion and illusion. Happiness could not be complete until it included all.

Again, the scene changed and now the girls witnessed the progress of the reunited twin flames through the angelic spheres to the Godhead. Then, as the twins rose to the Perfection level, they blended completely with each other and entered their Creator's level to receive yet more knowledge. Now the entire creation was enclosed and hidden by another sphere. This sphere was translucent and ablaze with brilliant, pearly, iridescent white light.

Once more, Emma and Danielle were filled with intense excitement and joy. This vast, imaginary space was filled with light and they were thrilled by the music of the spheres. Then through the surface of the translucent sphere, drifted a series of blended-creator minds, each ablaze with their own light.

Each had learnt and earned independence. Each consisted of its own chosen image impinged onto its energy gift from its creator parent. Each was a blended son and daughter ready to leave their parents' home.

For a few moments these minds, filled with love and harmony, orbited around their parent, ablaze like golden suns. Finally each moved away in a different direction, intent upon their individual destinies.

Emma and Danielle were overcome by the power of the glorious scenes they had witnessed. They scarcely noticed when the translucent sphere faded to reveal, once again, all of the levels of creation. Surrounded by their faithful Merkabah light, they were moved at dizzy speed towards a certain energy cloud on the vortex level. Now they fell into the vortex of energy, faster and faster, deeper and deeper. As they fell, they felt the heaviness of sleep steal over them. Gamely as they fought to stay awake, they knew the sensation of an endless fall had gone. Now they gently drifted, like two snowflakes or feathers. Down a tunnel of golden light that stretched upwards into a familiar, star-filled night sky.

The battle against sleep nearly lost, they barely noticed their descent through the centre of a blazing triangle of vivid lightning that linked a large and two smaller clouds. Gently and safely they drifted down, undisturbed by the electrical storm. Their bodies felt warm and heavy as they gently re-entered them on the big, old bed. The golden tunnel vanished and all at Chez Brittain slept.

The storm had passed. Brilliant morning sunshine streamed through the whiteness of the fly screen. A smiling Yvonne awakened the girls from their slumbers.

"I sense you've had a busy time. Did you sleep well, girls?" she asked.

Emma and Danielle smiled sleepily at each other, and Emma replied, "We had a funny sort of night, Yvonne. We'll tell you about it later."

At that moment, David called up the stairs "I've boiled the kettle, girls, "Tea or coffee, and where would you like to go today?"

Together, Emma and Danielle called, "Montsegur, please".

Finish

Conclusion.

We hope that this Ascension fable has made you laugh. We also hope that it has tempted you to think of the stranger that you always think of as 'Me' in a much deeper and special way. There is so much to learn about the uniqueness of 'Me'. The temptation is always there to rely upon, and remain content to simply exist in, the world of leaders and experts. Unfortunately the price of this contentment is exorbitant because it requires you to also adopt their judgmental role as your way of life. As a result, and on an unconscious level, we all tend to think of this human as special, but that human as not special, whilst somewhere in between the two we place self.

If you are able to accept as truth your own uniqueness, this also has to apply to each member of mankind. In turn this requires you to regard yourself as an incomparable masterpiece in a vast gallery of incomparable masterpieces. When you adopt this outlook as your chosen way of life the judgmental role becomes irrelevant, and a barrier to your own freedom of thought.

We all are born into a world that, through confused thinking, functions in the way that it does. As children we become tainted with this confused mode of thought and it becomes our unconsciously chosen way of life. We have no choice but to exist alongside the confusion, but as adults each of us owes it to our individual uniqueness to think things out for ourselves. The purpose of our light-hearted fable is to provide as a solid basis for thought a flexible and logical structure. On this structure are firmly based the spiritual beliefs of we, the authors. We seek neither, converts nor members, because that would defeat the object of our fable. Seekers may if they wish use the offered structure as guidance whilst each seeker seeks his or her, own truth. Such a focused and comprehensive structure is intended to help to convince each individual seeker to seek to become a friend and equal of our Creator.

Each person that learns to live and glory in his or her uniqueness moment by moment will have chosen to be added to the growing total of fully aware adult thinkers. These, by their individual examples will together awaken all of mankind to awareness of its real purpose.

Will you join them?

Best wishes on the Path
From
David and Yvonne Brittain
15-8-2001.